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CONTENTS

To Our Lady.—(Poem).....	257
Cardinal Mercier.—Some Personal Recollections..	<i>The Rev. J. B. Culemans, Ph. D.</i>257
Gervase Winter.—(Continued).....	<i>Agnes Blundell</i>263
A Modern Martyr.....	<i>Arthur Barry</i>266
From Earthly Chain.—(Poem).....	<i>James Glassford</i>272
When the Grandduke Intervened.....	272
How Washington Helped Napoleon.....	<i>H. Twitchell</i>274
A Double Conversion.....	276
The Roses of Hildersheim.....	277
From Toilers in Foreign Fields.....	277
Notes and Remarks:	

Said by a Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church.—A Chinese Worthy; Women's Dress.—Apprecia- tion of Dr. Maurice Francis Egan.—Two Eminent American Educators Express Themselves.—From a Non-Catholic Scholar.—An Interesting and Informing Frenchman.—The Oblates of Mary Immaculate.— Carlyle's Other Side.—Wise Words.....	278
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FOR YOUNG FOLKS

He Loves Them All.—(Poem).....	<i>L. M. C.</i>282
Carmelita.—(Continued).....	<i>Mary T. Waggaman</i>282
Word Wanderers.....	<i>E. L. Dorsey</i>285
With Authors and Publishers.....	287
Obituary	288

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 27.—St. Leander, B. Ember Day.
Fast.
SUNDAY, 28.—SECOND OF LENT. St. Oswald, B.
MARCH.
MONDAY, 1.—St. Albinus, B. C. St. David, B.
TUESDAY, 2.—St. Simplicius, P. St. Chad, B.

WEDNESDAY, 3.—St. Ælred, Ab.
THURSDAY, 4.—St. Casimir, K. St. Lucius, P.
M.
FRIDAY, 5.—St. Kyran, B.
SATURDAY, 6.—SS. Perpetua and Felicitas,
MM.

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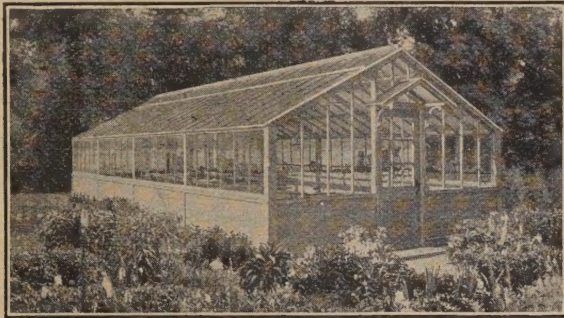
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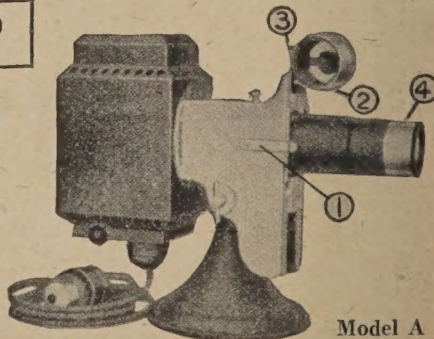
Open the door of the projector by gently raising the spring 1. Insert reel at 2, pulling the film down and engaging the slots in the sides of the film in the two cogs that can be seen when the door of the projector is opened. Turn on electricity. By means of button 3, pushing it down gently a little at a time, "frame" your first picture or title.

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Vol. XXIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 27, 1926.

No. 9.

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To Our Lady.

(A Sixteenth-Century Hymn by an Unknown Writer.
Transcribed from a MS. entitled "Virgo, Rosa Vir-
ginum, Tuum Precor Filium.")

QUEEN of Heaven, blessed may thou be,

For God's Son born He was of thee,

For to make us free,—

Gloria Tibi, Domine!

Jesu, God's Son, born He was

In a crib with hay and grass,

And died for us upon the Cross,—

Gloria Tibi, Domine!

To Our Lady make we our moan,

That she may pray to her dear Son

That we may to His bliss come,—

Gloria Tibi, Domine!

Cardinal Mercier.—Some Personal Recollections.

BY THE REV. J. B. CULEMANS, PH. D.

A WHOLE world found inspira-
tion in his life, a whole world
mourns his passing. There
was about him nothing of the
traditional aloofness of the great eccle-
siastic. A giant in stature and a giant
in mind; of slender build, a large fore-
head, kindly eyes and ascetic features,
a prominent nose, a mouth and a chin
that could set in grim determination;
an ambling gait; a man of great accom-
plishments and yet greater humility;
broad in his sympathies, yet obdurate
as a rock in his fight for the right:
such he was to those familiar with
his daily comings and goings. He fought

his battles on this world's stage with
skill and courage. Yet there was some-
thing so other-worldly about his per-
son that his opponents respected him;
and all who enjoyed a closer acquaint-
ance with him were deeply and rever-
ently impressed with the fact that he
was indeed a man who walked with
God. That was also the outstanding
impression left upon not a few non-
Catholics who came casually in contact
with him during his short sojourn in
the United States.

I.

Professor Mercier owed much to Car-
dinal Newman, especially to the latter's
"Idea of a University," a clear, enlight-
ening exposition of the place and rôle
of philosophy in the scheme of human
life and knowledge. With his wonted
brilliant simplicity, the Cardinal traces
the relations of philosophy to other hu-
man sciences as well as to theology,
and shows its broadening effect upon
every mind that can lay claim to real
education. Professor Mercier incorpo-
rated Newman's ideas in his own teach-
ing, and quoted Newman repeatedly.
When he was called to Louvain Uni-
versity to fill a chair in the Faculty of
Philosophy and Letters, Cartesianism
reigned supreme. Somehow, it was
made to accommodate itself, however
reluctantly, to the newer discoveries of
science, and even to the tenets of Cath-
olic theology, forsooth, because Descar-
tes himself was a Catholic. But Des-
cartes' mechanical theory of man, of the
soul and the source of its knowledge,

and the manner of its presence in the body and its action upon it, could not be squared with the data of experience and of science.

Descartes was incontinently discarded; his summary dismissal amounted to a *coup d'état*. Vested interests raised a clamor against the young and rash innovator who would bring back a discredited Aristotle and the well-nigh forgotten teachings of his followers, the Medieval schoolmen. Nothing daunted, the professor kept on his way. He called to his aid biology, anatomy, neurology. Here he was on modern ground indeed. It was a battle of the giants, as the newest facts of science were made the foundation stone of a rejuvenated Scholasticism, while being turned at the same time into battering rams against Cartesianism. The bewildered academic world looked on, with that eager interest, that tense expectancy, characteristic of seething intellectual life.

The young professor came rapidly to the fore. His thorough mental equipment, his honesty, his enthusiasm, were patent to all. He had discovered the secret of clothing with living flesh the withering bones of philosophy. His students became aware that a new power had entered into their lives. They had come under the spell of a great personality, an independent mind. They followed whither he led; and they sensed vaguely that he was to lead to as yet unexplored, dimly discerned heights. Some day a sympathetic biographer will give more intimate details of that Homeric struggle in university life between rival systems of philosophy for the intellectual mastery of coming generations.

For, encouraged by his success in the chair of Philosophy and Letters, Professor Mercier contemplated the founding of a new school at the university, which should be entirely devoted to phil-

osophical study based on methodical scientific inquiry; to the furtherance of that synthetic knowledge which, in common with Cardinal Newman, he firmly believed should be its own end. It was a large undertaking. The time did not seem ripe for it. When the subject was broached, people began asking on all sides as they did in Newman's day: "What is the use of it? What is the gain of this philosophy? Even supposing it to enable us to exercise the degree of trust exactly due to every science respectively, and to estimate precisely the value of every truth which is anywhere to be found, how are we better for this master view of things? Does it not reverse the principle of the division of labor? Will practical objects be obtained better or worse by its cultivation? To what then does it lead? Where does it end? What does it do? How does it profit? What does it promise? Particular sciences are, respectively, the basis of definite arts, which carry on to results, tangible and beneficial, the truths which are the subjects of the knowledge attained. What is the art of this science of sciences? What is the fruit of such a philosophy?"

And with Newman he answered boldly: "Knowledge is capable of being its own end. Such is the constitution of the human mind that any kind of knowledge, if it be really such, is its own reward. And if this be true of all knowledge, it is also true of that special philosophy, which I have made to consist in a comprehensive view of truth in all its branches, of the relations of science to science, of their mutual bearings and their respective values. What the worth of such an acquirement is, compared with other objects which we seek—wealth or honor or the conveniences and comforts of life,—I do not profess here to discuss; but I would maintain, and mean to show, that it is, an object, in its

own nature so really and undeniably good as to be the compensation of a great deal of thought in the compassing, and a great deal of trouble in the attaining."

Along these lines, the "Séminaire Philosophique" was projected for the thorough training of picked students for the priesthood. The name met with strong opposition, because, almost a century earlier, King Joseph II. of Austria had founded at Louvain a clerical institution of similar name, with Erastian tendencies. An acrimonious debate ensued. Professor Mercier was summoned to Rome. The occupant of Peter's Chair had been papal nuncio in Brussels, and was besides a deep student, familiar with Thomistic philosophy. Anxious to bring it into close contact with modern science and the modern mind, he had already issued his famous Encyclical, *Æterni Patris*. In Rome itself, Cartesianism had held undisputed sway, and was but slowly giving way to a nascent Thomism. There was cavilling; there was uncertainty as to ways and methods.

But Pope Leo was not to be daunted. His brother, Cardinal Pecci, was a clear thinker, and became a valuable assistant in bringing about the needed reforms. Before these two men, Professor Mercier stated his plans in detail. It was a memorable meeting, and proved a turning-point—as the future Cardinal loved to recall afterwards—in the teaching of philosophy. The Pope himself took a determined step, and ordered the creation at Louvain University of an "Institut Supérieur de Philosophie." He contributed 150,000 lire to help defray the initial expenses of the foundation. The seminary for ecclesiastical students attached to it would be called after him: Séminaire Léon XIII.

The way was now opened. Opposition was not silenced, although the op-

ponents were driven to cover. Professor Mercier saw the dawn of a new era before him. He believed firmly that the broad, intellectual culture, the enlargement of mind, of which Cardinal Newman spoke so insistently as the fruit of a real education, should be made available to laymen as well as to clerics. He was well aware that the opposition, the conflict, between science and religion was constantly brought to the fore, and made a reproach to the Church; that even among the masses, the *fatidic dicta* of science were supplanting the teachings of religion, or at least unsettling religious convictions; that Catholic scientists were looked upon as hirelings in the service of their faith, not as disinterested investigators whose work could stand on its own merits; that they were held to live under the threat of excommunication, and were hampered in their researches by their creed; that they must either give up their faith, or else the untrammelled pursuit of science.

The remedy, he insisted, lies in training men who shall cultivate science as an end in itself, without any professional or apologetic preoccupations; men who shall be given ample means and fullest freedom in doing so. For, indeed, philosophy in our day is no longer the *a priori* systematization of ideas it once was. It must remain in constant contact with, and it must take account of, all the new facts brought to light by astronomy, physiology, biology, chemistry, physics, and the numberless particular sciences which are becoming so fruitful in results, and are cultivated with an ever-increasing tenacity of purpose. In a word, to be acceptable to the world at large, a synthetic philosophy must go hand in hand with the analytical sciences that are revealing to us, day by day, the wonderful structure and complexity of the universe in which we live.

II.

Here was a broad programme, an ambitious programme,—a programme that aroused the highest hopes on all sides. Catholic philosophy, the Catholic world-view, would at last come into its own, reach eminent scientists outside the Church, and the masses as well. It would challenge men of culture, estranged from the faith through misrepresentation and ignorance; it would gain a hearing in the press, influence political thought and social life; it would throw new light upon thorny economic questions of the day; it would study the present against the background of the past, and establish that continuity of development in human thought on which Christian civilization was grounded, and in which it had found its highest development. There had been halts, retrogressions, violent breaks; but all through these long ages, the old truths had held their own, and could hold their own in this new scientific era now in the making. To go forth and to rally men for such a crusade was an adventure, inspiring to pioneers. There was nothing they dared not hope for; there was nothing they need fear.

Then, like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky, came the order from Rome that philosophy must be taught in the traditional language of the Church, that Thomas Aquinas must be explained in his own tongue, Latin. At one stroke the edifice that had been so enthusiastically and painstakingly reared, seemed to crumble to the ground. However carefully and thoroughly they had been drilled in it, to the students, taken at large, Latin remained a dead language; it would always be a serious handicap to them. It was no longer adapted to the needs of the times. The errors of the day were disseminated in the vernacular. Only through the medium of a living tongue could they hope to reach the minds and hearts of the living genera-

tions. To insist on Latin alone would be tantamount to defeating the very purpose for which the new school was organized.

Without hesitation, but with a heavy heart, Professor Mercier submitted to the new order from higher authority, the while he pleaded quietly and earnestly to have it set aside. His opponents were still powerful. But he had reason on his side; and he could point to the by no means small measure of success which had already been attained. He won the day: the order was rescinded. The eternal philosophy of Aristotle and St. Thomas would be set before men in their everyday language. It would be brought out of musty tomes and endowed with vigorous life. The old and the new would be made to blend. As Newman put it, "while the world lasts will Aristotle's doctrine last, for he is the oracle of nature and of truth. While we are men we can not help, to a great extent, being Aristotelians, for the great master does but analyze the thoughts, feelings, views and opinions of humankind. He has told us the meaning of our own words and ideas before we were born. In many subject-matters, to think correctly is to think like Aristotle; and we are his disciples whether we will or no, though we may not know it."

It was the final triumph of Professor Mercier. The last obstacle to expansion and influence was removed. The higher life became a reality, at the cost of what anxiety and petty persecution and stolid indifference, a future historian will tell in detail. From that day on, the new school of philosophy made rapid strides. Laymen came in greater numbers. An élite of students, preparing for a professional career in other faculties of the university, found time for additional courses in philosophy, conscious of the larger outlook on life which it gave them. Others came lit-

erally from the four corners of the earth, from the two Americas and from nearly every country in Europe. It was a cosmopolitan gathering that found its way to the class rooms, the laboratories, the informal evening meetings organized for the discussion of results and the further problems of research they suggested. Publications of real scientific value multiplied apace.

The fame of the institution spread rapidly to other centres of learning. Non-Catholic universities took notice, and voiced their appreciation of the work done at Louvain. The conspiracy of silence had been broken. Catholics looked up proudly once more at finding themselves leaders in a field that had been so long pre-empted by their opponents. With uncommon vision, tireless perseverance in the face of obstacles, Professor Mercier had brought to fruition the high ideals of Leo XIII.; and he had done it single-handed, for he himself had trained the earnest collaborators whom he personally selected to work with him.

But the man and the priest remained unchanged. In his modest Gothic home he was accessible to all. As a confessor he was much sought after. Without hesitation or the slightest evidence of annoyance, he would interrupt his study or his writing to receive a penitent. His great joy was to be among the young clerics of his seminary. Only the most pressing engagements would keep him from taking his meals with them at noon and in the evening; he always selected one or more as his companions on his walks. His example was the unwritten rule of life in the seminary. The large amount of freedom he allowed them was meant to make them self-reliant, to develop initiative; and that freedom was not abused. A silent appeal to honor and a living ideal to live up to were incentives not to be resisted. He himself conducted the re-

treasts and the monthly days of recollection. It was always a privilege to listen to his simple, unadorned talks, breathing forth deep faith and reasoned spirituality. One could easily imagine a Thomas Aquinas or a Bonaventure addressing their listeners in such words as these, that spoke alike to mind and heart. It was a piety that appealed to man, not merely to his emotions.

When Cardinal Goossens died, there was none of the usual hesitation and delay in the choice of a successor. Monsignor Mercier—for years before Rome had bestowed upon him the title of Domestic Prelate—was the unanimous choice. Hitherto his activities had been entirely confined to the classroom and the direction of youth. In this new and wider field, he became at once an able administrator and an influential leader. The world at large remembers him best by his record of courage and endurance during the war. Those who knew him more closely recall by preference his simply busy life, his accessibility to the poor and the lowly who flocked to him for comfort and advice. He did not hesitate to break long-established customs by setting regular hours for the reception of all layfolk. To the plain almost austere room of the old archiepiscopal palace, in the shadow of the great Cathedral of St. Rombaut with its renowned chimes, came the great and the humble alike. On the table stood a large crucifix, a mute witness, a silent yet eloquent partner in the conversation. Its meaning could not be mistaken by any one, not even by the many non-Catholics who found their way to that room after the war. The deep and unobtrusive spirituality of the Cardinal was the one vivid impression carried away by all who came in contact with him.

He was not a recluse nor a stranger to the affairs of the world. Indeed, he

could be a biting and relentless polemist. More than one unwary writer or journalist found to his great discomfiture that he was dealing with one who gave no quarter where the truth was concerned. When occasion called for it, the Cardinal could dip his pen in acid, marshall his facts in battle array, and pursue his antagonist until he had utterly routed him. Some of his controversial writings are masterpieces of close argument and cutting sarcasm. No trespasser was ever guilty of a second offence.

He was fully aware of the great power of the press. Not only did he use it on every possible occasion when good might be accomplished thereby, but the importance of the daily press appealed to him most of all. While his country boasts of a large number of up-to-date Catholic dailies, it is not lacking in anti-Catholic dailies of Masonic affiliations, that have a large following, and attack the Church with venomous bitterness. Shortly after the war, the Cardinal bought a Brussels daily, *Le XXe-Siècle*, a Catholic paper of many years' standing, that together with the government, had migrated to Havre, France, after the occupation of the capital. He put trained priests and laymen in charge. Under his inspiration, it did valiant battle for the faith. While he himself remained in the background, and allowed the writers fullest liberty, he was ever ready to support them in all their endeavors. He was always the soldier in the service of the Master, in the front rank, unafraid, never weary.

His personal habits and tastes were of the simplest. However preoccupied he might be with the thousand and one details that fall to the lot of a busy administrator and author, he never seemed to lose that spirit of recollection of the man whose eyes are on God while his feet tread the earth. It found an exuberant outlet in his books, "*A Mes Séminaristes*" and "*Retraite Pastorale*."

These published volumes of spiritual conferences are but a faint echo of the spoken word vibrant with the intense fervor of a St. Francis de Sales, as the preacher, quietly seated, held spell-bound by his voice his younger hearers, or the veteran workers in the vineyard, ever urging on gently, insistently, to the highest ideals, painting them in glowing terms, yet not unaware of human frailties. And the austerities he practised will some day surprise and edify those who knew him only in his rôle of public man, or as the friend of Herbert Spencer, and the confidant of Lord Halifax and the English High Church party.

He loomed large in the public eye; he had become an international figure. In his own land, all opposition was silenced as he lay in the repose of death. Few men have so little sought the plaudits of the world and received them so abundantly. As historians look back upon his life and work, the real secret of his influence will be found in the advice which he gave constantly to his seminarians: "Never waste yourselves upon external activities to the detriment of the inner life and close communion with God." That aspect of his personality, that hidden wellspring of his greatness, did not escape the secular journalist who wrote upon his death: "He had lived such a life that upon his face had grown that expression of benediction which to the end of his days was his supreme physical characteristic."

THINK of a little child trying to get at the handle of a door to open it when it is too small to reach it. Any one near by would, of course, help it by opening the door: one could not help doing so. No more can God help opening the door for us when we pray for high graces. He is more touched at our trying to reach that handle than words can say.—*Faber*.

Gervase Winter.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XII.

THE books in Pendrillas library were a strangely mixed collection. Here was a Sixteenth Century Virgil with its heavy woodcuts of ancient Romans in ruffs and broadswords, cheek by jowl with a first edition of "Berwick's Birds." Next would come an immense array of sermons by some unknown divine, with a priceless early issue of Sir Henry Cotton's poems squeezed in at the end. It was evident that interest in books had languished in the Nineteenth Century. Nothing of any importance had been added since the Mervyn of Regency days had died.

But setting aside the sparse treasures, there was an astonishing amount of good things. The Eighteenth Century plates and steel engravings were a joy to behold; and Winter lingered over his task. The June evenings were chilly in this mountain fastness, so it was pleasant to find a wood fire leaping on the hearth when he returned to his work after dinner. It was, after all, a labor of love, and though Mervyn had begged him to leave the task for daylight hours, he felt irresistibly drawn back to it. It was a joy to handle the old calf and vellum bindings, to reassemble many scattered volumes, to pore at leisure over the beautifully printed pages.

On one side of the great room all was in order; it was plain to see where the war had broken in upon the work. The old black-oak refectory table afforded glorious space where the great tomes could be spread and examined at ease. Here was a small leather-bound volume which had been pushed to the back of the shelf; Gervase, even as his fingers touched the little dusty book, felt that he had grasped a treasure. It was a

second volume of the Book of Psalms beautifully written and illuminated on vellum. His heart began to beat quickly as he carefully wiped it with his handkerchief and reverently opened the pages. They cracked under his touch, stiffened by long neglect. Yes, there could be no mistake. It was a treasure indeed, if only the companion volume could be discovered.

Winter emptied the shelf with scant ceremony, feeling behind in every crevice and corner. The contents of the shelves above, and below likewise joined their fellows on the floor. All in vain. A sudden flash of subconscious memory showed him a row of little books in the drawing-room cabinet. Could it be among them? He rushed towards the door, and then paused to look impatiently at his watch. It was already midnight, and the house was in darkness. He would have to walk with great circumspection not to raise an alarm; but he felt he could not endure the suspense until the morrow.

The passage was very dark, but the stairs were barred with bright blue moonlight. The long gallery at the top was shadowy and silent, save for a weird little moaning sound of wind under old ill-fitting doors. Gervase groped his way along, his fingers following the bevelled edge of the paneling. He could not quite remember which was the door of the drawing-room, but no matter, all these chambers would be deserted at this time of night; and provided he moved quietly no one would be disturbed. Inevitably he chose the wrong door, and stood spellbound, flung, it seemed to him, into the midst of a Mediæval romance. He was gazing into a great, empty, vaulted chamber. The moon, riding white and high, cast in a flood of radiance through an oriel window, and long shafts of blue light fell on the stone pavement. A rush of cool night air, sweet with the breath of mountain hayfields, buffeted him in

the face, and warned him that the tall stone mullions were unglazed. There was no furniture in the room; but as he stood gazing, Winter became aware that it was not unoccupied. There was a movement of the shadow by the window, part of it detached itself, lifted itself, and became defined as a kneeling figure. A faint, agonized whisper broke upon the air.

"O my God! O my God! I give them all to you—all! I keep back nothing!" And then fainter yet, but still distinguishable, came the cry: "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, help me!"

For one wild moment, Gervase's mind had leapt to the idea of a ghostly visitant; now he knew himself to be the witness of a human soul in anguish. He knew the voice and the slight, girlish figure, pressed against the cold stone. He tried to withdraw, but the door slid from his fingers and closed with a shattering crash.

"Who is there? Who is it?" cried Miss Mervyn, springing up. "Ralph, is it you?" Then, as Gervase hesitated how to answer, she called in an accent of incredulous joy: "Hughie!"

"It's I," he answered hastily; "it's only me—I've blundered into the wrong room by mistake!"

He made a quick effort to withdraw, but could not find the door again. The elusive moonbeams seemed to glimmer everywhere on the blank wall.

Hilary advanced towards him, a flashlight in her hand. Its bright rays projected in an arc before her, but threw no light upon her own figure, which was darkly outlined against the moonlight.

"I'm awfully sorry," muttered Gervase. "I can't find the door again."

"You startled me," said Hilary accusingly. She stood still, and her voice sounded piteous. He knew that she was struggling with tears.

"You should not be here alone in this ghostly place," he said hastily.

"Oh, ghosts! There are no ghosts," returned Hilary in that new, forlorn little voice of hers. "The dead don't come back. We long and long for them, but they don't come back!" He heard her catch her breath.

"How can there be a God if He lets you suffer like this!" exclaimed the young man. "You at least have deserved no punishment! No wonder we doubt if no one is to be spared."

"He did not spare His only Son," murmured Hilary. She could not say any more for a moment; then regaining control of herself, she added: "Come here a moment."

She moved before him into the moonlight of the window embrasure. Winter followed her obediently and, looking down, perceived, bright in the moon, the remains of the old chapel below him.

"This was the infirmary," announced Hilary. "Look!"

She flashed her torch against the wall, and for a moment the circle of light glimmered over a flattened bas-relief of the Crucifixion—an ancient stone panel. "The sick," she continued, "could see the altar from here; and if you lean out you'll find the remains of the little spiral staircase which was used to bring them Holy Communion. Our Lord has been here so often—that is why I like to come here to pray. There was no suffering He did not endure for our sake, and yet—"

She stopped speaking.

"Don't go for a minute!"—Gervase blurted out the words, and then was silent, struggling with the impulse that urged him.

"Our Lord wept over Lazarus," murmured Hilary, "though He knew He was going to call him back to life. He does not mind if we grieve as long as we do not turn away from the cross."

"Why does God lay such things upon us?" asked Winter hoarsely.

"To make us love Him—to teach us

to compassionate Him. Isn't it wonderful that God wants *our* pity? And after all, it is only for a very little while—and it is the price of eternal happiness. Forever and forever and forever—"

Her voice trailed away, but she resumed presently:

"My brothers, for instance, when they look back, must see us here now and the monks of old all on the same plane. They have escaped out of time; I believe they are safe with God. But, of course, I shall never cease to pray for them," she went on eagerly. "Don't think, though, that I grudge them their happiness—it is only the body that cries out against the loneliness. God knows, I give them freely—Ralph, too, —even Ralph—"

"But Lord Mervyn is in no danger, surely?" cried Gervase in a startled tone. "He looks the picture of health. You mustn't let yourself get morbid."

"Oh, no, in no danger!" she repeated in a curious tone. "I hope he will live to a ripe old age."

She began to lead the way towards the door, and Winter slowly followed her. As she walked ahead of him in the darkness, Hilary said gently:

"It must be very hard for you if you can't bring your loneliness to Our Lord. He is always waiting—always there. 'Can a woman forget the infant at her breast? And even if she should forget, yet will not I forget you.' You will find your mother again in Him. He had to bear it all Himself, so that *you* might be sure He understood. 'Woman, behold thy Son,' and she was standing at the foot of the Cross, watching Him die."

There was no sound behind her but that of Winter's limping steps. As they emerged into the gallery, Hilary turned, locked the infirmary door, and held the flashlight towards him.

"You had better take this now, or you might lose your way again. We

won't"—her voice quivered a little—"we won't mention this to-morrow. Good-night!"

He made no response and she moved away light-footed. He stood still listening to the successive quiet opening and closing of doors. Then when all was still, Gervase turned the key in the lock and went back into the cavernous darkness of the infirmary. The moonbeams had flitted on. As he traversed the floor, he found himself calling on the dead as Hilary had done a little while ago: "Mother, mother, mother!" until it almost seemed as if she must come to him.

An agony of desolation pressed on his heart. How had this girl surprised his secret—how had she guessed at his loneliness? She had shown no anger at his intrusion, but, instead, had set her own grief aside in order to tender some comfort to his.

He groped his way to the window and lighting the torch, illumined the worn sculpture on the wall. There was the stiff archaic figure of Christ's Mother, leaning against the Cross, her clasped hands raised towards those pierced feet. The features were indistinguishable, but how definitely the attitude expressed mourning! The face was upturned towards the Crucified. A pang of pain tore at Gervase's heart, and the light slipped from his fingers. Oh, that Mother, was there none to comfort her?

He fell upon his knees, his own grief merged in the sorrow of that desolation two thousands years ago, his lips pressed to the worn stone.

"Mother! Mother!"

But it was Christ's Mother that Gervase now called upon, and claimed her, too, for his own.

(To be Continued.)

It is not easy to stop the fire when the water is at a distance; friends at hand are better than relations far off.

—Chinese.

A Modern Martyr.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

I.

A CONSIDERATION that can not but encourage those who hope for the full restoration of Catholic rights—yes, and privileges—in France, is the historical fact that in every foreign mission of the world for centuries past French religious have been conspicuous, and that on the glorious muster-roll of the Church's martyrs in modern times French names occur more frequently perhaps than those of any other nationality.

One such name, François-Regis Clet, was borne by a martyr in China in the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century, and in the closing year of that century was honored by Leo XIII. with the prefix "Blessed." The tenth of fifteen children born to Césaire Clet and Claudine Bourquy, of Grenoble, François-Regis was baptized, the day after his birth, on August 20, 1748. Belonging to a Christian family in which many religious and priestly vocations had already appeared, the boy grew up in an atmosphere and environment that permanently stamped his soul with the imprint of virtue.

His ecclesiastical vocation manifested itself at an early date. A pupil of the Oratorians who then conducted a Little Seminary near Grenoble, he made a brilliant course of studies, excelling in literature, and being an accomplished Latinist as well. His preliminary studies finished, he entered the Grand Seminary at Grenoble, but remained there only a few months. Like his sister Anne, who had taken the Carmelite habit, and his brother François, who had become a Carthusian in 1764, the young man felt himself drawn to the religious life. In March, 1769, he accordingly entered the novitiate of the Congregation of the Mission at Lyons.

Two years later he took the usual vows, and in 1773 was ordained priest.

Some months after his ordination he was sent by his superiors to Annecy as professor of Moral Theology in the Grand Seminary of that city. There Father Clet remained for fifteen years. Details as to this period of his career are somewhat meagre, but we know that his reputation as a scholar was so great that he was continually being consulted about theological difficulties and cases of conscience. In fact, he was nicknamed "The Living Library." In 1788, on the death of Father Jacquier, Superior-General of the Congregation of the Mission, provincial delegates were sent to Paris to elect his successor; and the province of Lyons was represented by Father Clet, who, scarcely forty as yet, was the youngest among the assembled delegates. The election over, he was preparing to return to Savoy when the new Superior-General, Father Cayla de la Garde, told him that he had been appointed director of the novitiate at St. Lazare. He filled this position most acceptably for about a year, when the Revolution broke out. The novitiate was sacked; and, an urgent appeal from the Mission Fathers in China for more missionaries being received about the same time, Father Clet realized a long-cherished hope by obtaining permission to join those of his brethren who were evangelizing the Chinese.

Toward the close of 1791, in company with two younger missionaries, he arrived at Macao, the Portuguese settlement at the mouth of the Canton River; and, after spending some months there to familiarize himself with the Chinese language, he received orders to proceed to Kiang-Si. Assuming a necessary disguise, he reached his destination only after a long and uncomfortable journey of thirty days. The very next day, October 15, 1792, he wrote to his sister, Marie-Thérèse, to apprise her of his

arrival. "A new career," runs one paragraph of his letter, "opens before me. It is to renew the religious spirit in the oldtime Christians who have been left to themselves for so many years, and to convert the pagans. Such, I hope, is to be my work until death."

The servant of God shows himself in this letter such as he was to be during his sojourn of twenty-eight years in China,—always cheerful and smiling, never complaining, no matter what discomforts he had to endure; making himself at home in a miserable hut, which he styled his straw palace. His mission was the poorest and most abandoned in the Chinese Empire, although it was situated in one of the most fertile and thickly settled provinces.

Father Clet was isolated in the midst of this human beehive. For a long time no European had lived in the region. The last Catholic missionary in Kiang-Si had been an old Chinese Jesuit, Father Yang. In 1787 he had been denounced to the mandarin, arrested and sent to Peking to be tried. The French missionaries of Pe-tang interceded in his behalf and had him set at liberty. Since then he had lived in the capital, sharing the labors of Father Raux and his companions.

The difficulty which Father Clet, scholarly and able as he was, experienced in learning the Chinese language accentuated the sadness of his isolation. In 1798, six years after his arrival in the Middle Kingdom, he wrote to his brother, the Carthusian: "The Chinese language is unmanageable. The characters that form it are designed to express, not sounds but ideas. Hence the enormous number of these characters—there are not fewer than sixty thousand of them. I came to China too late to acquire a passable knowledge of them."

If he never learned to speak Chinese thoroughly well, he at least rapidly accommodated himself to Chinese customs and the life of the people. He

adopted the native style of dress, and found it more convenient and comfortable than that of Europeans. He wore his full beard and shaved his head, except on top. His bed was a board covered with straw, a mat, and a rug.

Owing to his difficulty in learning the language, and to the need of more apostolic laborers in Hou-Kouang, where the Christians were much more numerous, Father Clet remained in Kiang-Si only a year. During that period he baptized more than a hundred adults. He might have given baptism to a much larger number, but he made it a point to receive only those who were thoroughly instructed. Toward the close of 1793, he put himself at the disposal of Father Aubin in Hou-Kouang, in which province he was to pass the last twenty-seven years of his life.

While this new field of his labors was among the most fertile districts of China, being called indeed "the flower of the Empire," the missionaries were, nevertheless, frequently in a state of destitution. Father Clet wrote to his brother that the Christians were, almost all of them, poor; their houses were mere huts. At least two-thirds of them lacked clothing sufficiently warm to protect them from the severity of Winter weather; and, in lieu of quilts, they covered themselves with straw in order to sleep. For fuel they gathered combustible plants. "We have here," he wrote, "no wealthy Christians whose superfluity might help the indigence of the poor."

The habitual residence of the Lazarists was at Kucheng, a town situated in the mountains to the west of Lake Tong-ting. Therein were grouped most of the flock confided to the care of Fathers Aubin, Pesné, and Clet. The missionaries took their turn in traveling from twenty to forty and fifty leagues, to look after the spiritual interests of other Christian groups. The persecution of 1784 had resulted in the

defection of a large number of the Hou-Kouang Catholics, who had at that time only one priest to attend them,—Father Louis Ko, an old Chinese Jesuit. Father Aubin experienced much difficulty in putting down certain practices that were more or less idolatrous. He was effectively aided in this work by Father Pesné, and especially by Father Clet. Their combined efforts finally succeeded in re-establishing Catholicity in its pristine fervor, despite the varied opposition of apostates.

In 1795, Father Aubin, called to Pekin by his superior, Father Raux, who wished to have him named vicar-apostolic of Hou-Kouang, was arrested and probably poisoned by a mandarin of Singan-fu. A year later, Father Pesné, worn out by the fatigue incident to his missionary work, died of a hemorrhage. Accordingly, Father Clet was again isolated, and was deprived of the assistance of his confrères, just when a new persecution appeared to be threatening the Christians of China.

Fears of such a persecution followed the death, in February, 1796, of the Emperor Kieu-long, and the subsequent ceremony of the "kotow" before his coffin. The kotow consisted in prostrating one's self, or in kneeling three separate times and touching the ground with the forehead at each kneeling. After a thorough investigation and discussion of the matter, the Church had declared the ceremony superstitious and idolatrous, and strictly forbidden the toleration or observance thereof. In consequence, when the Catholic missionaries of Pekin were summoned to perform the kotow before the dead Emperor's bier, they declined to do so. They had, of course, foreseen the probable consequence of their refusal. But Providence, who holds in His hands the hearts of kings, so disposed matters that they were not molested for their refusal. Accordingly, there was no persecution from that cause.

A quasi-persecution, however, resulted from the murderous activities of the Pei-lien-Kiao. This sect, desirous of overturning the Tartar dynasty, raised the standard of revolt when Kia-King succeeded to the throne; and during six years its members devastated various provinces and massacred thousands of their inhabitants. The Catholics underwent a twofold danger. They suffered from the attacks of the Pei-lien-Kiao, and nevertheless were accused by the pagans of being in league with that association. In 1801, Father Clet narrowly escaped being murdered by the fanatics, who pillaged his residence.

Apart from these vexations, Catholicity enjoyed comparative liberty during the early years of the reign of Kia-King. Father Clet, without giving up the precautions which prudence counselled, threw off certain constraints in the exercise of his functions. "Our worship," he wrote in 1802, "is not so secret that the pagans near our missions are not aware of it. I am known to them very well as a European, but they say nothing about it. They even see me, occasionally, publicly accompanying the dead to the cemetery, with my surplice and stole on, too."

II.

After the deaths of Fathers Aubin and Pesné, our missionary had charge of about ten thousand native Catholics, two thousand of whom dwelt near his habitual residence; the others were scattered throughout the district of Hou-Kouang. To aid him in his ultra-strenuous ministry he had only one or two Chinese priests. In vain did he appeal to his superiors in Pekin for assistants. It was only in 1810 that they could spare him Father Dumazel. To supply in some measure this dearth of missionaries, the servant of God multiplied himself and worked with an ardor that his muscular forces could hardly sustain. He undertook journeys that kept him as long as a full year

from his "straw palace," visiting in the course of such journeys bands of Christians who had been twenty years without seeing a priest. Writing in July, 1802, to the Vicar-General of St. Lazare, Father Ghislain declared: "Father Clet is overburdened, and he will end like Father Raux unless you vigorously order him to take care of himself." Father Raux had died the previous year, literally worn out by his incessant labors. On his return from his long and fatiguing trips, Father Clet "rested himself" by spending eight or ten hours a day in the confessional. His zeal, as well as his spirit of humility and poverty, was the admiration of his confrères in Peking.

In the letter in which he joyfully announced the long-desired arrival in Hou-Kouang of Father Dumazel, in 1810, he earnestly asked to be relieved of the superiorship of the mission, an office for which he believed himself quite unfitted. "You know well enough," he remarked, "that I was charged with this burden simply from the necessity of making an arrow of whatever wood happens to be at hand." His superiors turning a deaf ear to his appeal, he wrote to the higher authorities of the Congregation in France, begging them to appoint Father Dumazel superior in his stead. "As for me," he said more humbly than exactly, "I have not found out the secret of making myself either loved or feared. I am very weary of commanding, and am, at most, good only for obeying." His abilities and merits were too well known, however; and he was forced to remain administrator of the Hou-Kouang mission until his death.

As a matter of fact, he was an admirable superior. His relations with his subjects were marked with gentleness and cordiality. He never undertook anything of real importance without consulting them, and he showed a truly fatherly interest in their spiritual and temporal welfare. While he him-

self was rather imprudent than careful in the matter of work, he showed himself firm in making his subordinates care for their health.

Here are some of the wise counsels he gave them at the beginning of the persecution of 1811: "Don't believe yourselves to be so soon worthy of becoming Confessors of the Faith. You are not obliged to present yourselves uselessly before the mandarin in order to fortify the faith of a few weak Christians. I say *uselessly*; for hardly would you say a word or two before your arrest would follow, to the great detriment of the immense majority of your flock, thus deprived of their shepherd. Hide yourselves rather, to reappear when the tempest calms down. The present tempest rages against the shepherds rather than their flocks. If, however, the flocks were actively persecuted for defending their pastors, then these latter should give themselves up for their people. Outside of such a case, it is your duty to fly."

The occasion of the persecution of 1811 was the finding on the person of a missionary, arrested at Chan-si in the beginning of that year, papers enumerating the powers he held from the vicar apostolic of the province in which he was to exercise his ministry. This was enough to warrant an accusation that the Christians had entered into a conspiracy with a view to becoming the rulers of China. A decree of the Emperor ordered the expulsion of all Europeans, with the exception of three Portuguese missionaries who were members of the "tribunal of mathematics," and who were attached to the church in Nam-tang, or the southern quarter. The Spaniards and Italians immediately abandoned their residences and flocks in the eastern and western quarters; but the French Lazarists decided to remain until the last extremity. They addressed to the Emperor a memorial, exposing the calumnies of which the

Catholic pastors and their flocks were the victims, and the order of exile was revoked.

The edicts against the Christians, however, still remained in vigor. One of these commanded the faithful to abjure their religion in the course of the year, and threatened rigorous punishment in case of a refusal to do so. In July, 1812, there was a rumor at Kucheng that the Christians were about to rise in revolt. Denounced to the mandarins, Father Clet was forced to hide himself to escape from the fury of his enemies. The house in which he habitually resided, and which had just been rebuilt, was demolished, and his church and school were razed. God did not, however, permit His servant to fall into the hands of these fanatics: he had still eight years to live before winning the crown of martyrdom.

Two years before his death, Father Clet received a severe blow in the premature passing away of Father Dumazel, the companion for whose advent he had longed so ardently, and whom he hoped to leave behind him as his successor. The hour for his last sacrifice and his supreme trial was drawing near. As if the victim had not been sufficiently purified in the crucible of suffering, God sent him bodily infirmities which completed the ruin of his once robust health. In 1818 Father Clet was reduced to almost complete immobility by a very painful sore on his ankle, which was cured only a year and a half later, on the eve of the persecution that was to send him to prison and eventually to martyrdom. The want of the necessary care, consequent upon his dire poverty, aggravated not a little the suffering occasioned by his infirmity.

At length our missionary seemed to be approaching the end of his career: his virtue had been purified in the fires of sacrifice and trial, the measure of his meritorious works was full. Far from futile had been his twenty-seven

years in Hou-Kouang. Since his arrival the mission conditions had notably improved: scandals had disappeared, abuses had been uprooted, and a whole multitude of Chinese had been converted. During the latter years of his apostolate his name and fame were great, and that not merely among the Christians. If the missionaries and the faithful loved him and revered him as a father and a saint, the pagans looked upon him as a privileged mortal, a friend of "the Master of Heaven"; they turned to him in their troubles, or when plagues devastated the country, to obtain through his prayers the cessation of these evils.

Years later, when the process of his beatification was begun, credible witnesses testified as to different marvels wrought by his intercession. On one occasion, among others, the dwellers in a neighboring hamlet came to him imploring him to get them a supply of rain. He immediately sent his Christians to the chapel to pray, and shut himself up in his room. He remained there praying fully two hours. On coming out, with tears in his eyes, he said to the suppliants who awaited his reply: "You will have plenty,—perhaps too much." And shortly afterward rain fell so copiously that the people began to fear there would be a flood.

An object of popular veneration, Father Clet was to be crowned with the signal glory of martyrdom. Toward the close of his life he asked of God every night the grace of dying for Him. His prayer was granted. On May 14, 1818, between the hours of five and six in the evening, dense clouds suddenly covered Peking and its suburbs. The Christians were accused of being the cause of this atmospheric phenomenon; and as a result, persecution became rampant throughout the Empire. It broke out first of all in Hou-Kouang. A pagan set fire to his own house, and, out of revenge

against a Christian whom he hated, accused this latter of starting the conflagration on the advice of Father Clet. The mandarins organized a search for the European, and offered a reward for his capture.

Father Clet at first hid himself in caves and in the forest; and even succeeded in escaping to Ho-nan, where he took refuge with a Christian family. He thought himself in surety, and wrote to Father Lamiot for some money and the objects necessary for the administration of the sacraments. Betrayed and denounced, however, by an apostate, he was taken prisoner on June 16, 1819. It developed that he had been miraculously forewarned, and had himself predicted his arrest and imprisonment. When he saw his betrayer among the soldiers who seized him, he said to him as Our Blessed Lord to Judas: "Friend, why hast thou come hither?" And then in a compassionate tone he added: "I pity you."

During the eight months that elapsed from his arrest until his execution, Father Clet was dragged from one prison to another, being incarcerated for intervals more or less brief in no fewer than twenty-seven. He was treated with savage cruelty by more than one of the mandarins to whom he was successively confided, having his face buffeted with heavy leather straps, being obliged to rest with his bare knees for hours at a time on iron chains, bound down at night to a plank by a chain that prevented his raising his head, and being carried from one prison to another in a cage, with irons on his hands and feet and an iron chain about his neck. Yet though his face was covered with wounds, and his clothes soaked with blood, his countenance was uniformly cheerful, there was always a smile on his lips, and he uttered no complaints.

In the last of his prisons, at Hou-pe, the future martyr had for companions

his brother Lazarists, Father Lamiot, superior of the Pekin mission, and Father Chen, a native priest. On New Year's Day, 1820, the three of them were led to the tribunal to receive a definitive sentence. After briefly examining them, the grand mandarin declared Father Lamiot freed from every accusation. He then ordered Father Chen to abjure the Christian religion; and, on the latter's refusal, the judge declared that both Father Chen and Father Clet merited death, which sentence, before its execution, needed the ratification of the Emperor. That potentate's decision did not arrive for more than a month.

About the middle of February, however, the last word on the matter was received from Kia-King. It declared that the European Lieou (the Chinese name of Father Clet) had deceived and corrupted great numbers by teaching them his religion, and that accordingly he should be attached to a cross and die by strangulation. As for Father Chen, life was granted to him, but he was condemned to exile. Father Lamiot also, notwithstanding his proclaimed innocence, was barred from residence in Pekin or elsewhere in the Chinese Empire.

Early in the morning of February 18, the guards entered the cell occupied by Fathers Clet and Chen, and told the former that he was to accompany them. "Are you to bring me back here?" asked the missionary. As the men evaded a direct reply, Father Chen said: "Tell the truth. Missionaries are not afraid to die." They then acknowledged that the prisoner was not to be brought back. An expression of lively joy illumined the countenance of Father Clet, who asked only a few moments' delay—to confess and receive absolution.

He was taken outside the city's walls to the usual place of execution, where a cross had been erected. The martyr

asked the mandarins present permission to say a short prayer. On their consenting, he knelt down for a few moments; then, rising, said to his executioners, "Proceed." He was lashed to the cross with ropes, which, starting from his neck, tied his hands behind his back, and pressed his feet one against the other. Death by strangulation in China entails a long and cruel agony. The victim is not allowed to die until his respiration has been restored three several times, so that he actually undergoes the horrors of a triple death. Father Clet underwent the full agony of the execution; but throughout his terrible sufferings his face (as eye-witnesses attested) was radiant, as if illumined by a ray of that glory which his soul was about to enjoy.

Biographers of the martyr note that the hand of God weighed heavily on all who had persecuted him. Within six months after his execution, death in some horrible shape or other overtook them—from the apostate who betrayed him to the Emperor himself, who was killed by a stroke of lightning. The very pagans were impressed by these facts. "See," they said, "how all the persecutors of that religion have perished! Ever since "old Lieou" was murdered, we have never had good crops, but only misfortune after misfortune."

The body of Father Clet, buried at first in the Christian cemetery at Oucheng-fu, was brought in 1868 to the seat of the Lazarist Congregation in Paris. In 1843, the heroicity of the martyr's virtue was canonically certified by the Congregation of Rites, and Pope Gregory XVI. signed the decree authorizing the process of beatification. Finally, on May 27, 1900, Pope Leo XIII. gave the finishing touch to that process; and France's gift to China, known in the Middle Kingdom as "old Lieou," became to the world Blessed François-Regis Clet.

From Earthly Chain.

FROM THE ITALIAN, BY JAMES GLASSFORD.

MY soul such pleasure oft in sleep receives,
That death begins to seem a pleasant thing;
Nor to be armed, perhaps, with such a sting
As, brooding o'er, the faint heart grieves.
For if the mind alone sees, hears, believes,
While every limb is dead and languishing,
And greatest pleasure to herself can bring
When least the body feels and least achieves,
Well may the hope be cherished that when
quite

Loosed from the burthen of her earthly chain
She hears and sees, and knows her true delight.
Rejoice, then, troubled spirit, though in pain;
If thou canst take e'en here so sweet a flight,
What wilt thou in thy native seats again!

When the Grandduke Intervened.

THE Winter of 1891-2 was an unusually severe one even for Russia, and the famine which then raged there was at its height. The suffering among the poor was so great that those who could secure enough bread at the advanced price considered themselves fortunate. As always happens, many shopkeepers took advantage of the situation to increase their gains, in spite of strict laws against extortion.

One day a stranger of poverty-stricken appearance, muffled up to the ears in a patched and threadbare cloak, entered a baker's shop in the outskirts of Moscow. It was already dark, and the place was crowded with late customers. The stranger stood silent and motionless in a corner until his turn came to be served; then, stepping up to the keeper, he asked:

"What is the price of your bread to-day, master?"

"Three kopecks and a half the pound," was the reply.

"So dear as that?"

"That is cheap for times like these."

"But I have only three kopecks."

"Go and fetch the other half kopeck,

and then you shall have your load."

"Where am I to get it, if I have not so much left at home?"

"Then you will have to do without the bread."

"O master, be kind! Have pity on a poor workingman, whose wife and children are starving. Accept the three kopecks; after all, it is a fair price."

"I have told you before and I tell you again, go and fetch the other half kopeck; otherwise you can get no bread at this shop. Do you hear what I say?"

"You are very hard upon a poor man."

"Hard or not hard, that is the price of the bread. If it suits you, well and good; if not, you can go your way."

"For the sake of a half kopeck you would let a poor family die of hunger?"

"You have bothered me long enough. Be off about your business! I have no time to waste on you. Be off, I say!" As he uttered these words, he raised his arm with a menacing gesture.

The intruder did not exhibit the submission which generally characterizes the Russian peasant. Instead of withdrawing, he continued with unwonted pertinacity:

"The Government has imported large supplies of corn, but you still keep up the prices—or, rather, you continually raise them. No one can deny that you are utterly without ordinary charity or kind feeling for the poor."

"Take care what you say, or else I will teach you to respect your betters."

"I respect honest people, not those who grind the faces of the poor."

"Will you be gone?"

"I will not go until you have given me a loaf for my three kopecks; that is a reasonable price, and you bakers have no right to charge as much as you choose. Let me advise you, master, to do as I ask."

"I advise *you* for your own sake to be off; I will not stand your impudence any longer."

"And I repeat to you that I do not mean to go."

"You do not mean to go!" roared the baker, in a rage. "Wait a bit: I will find a way of getting rid of you." So saying, he took up a stout cudgel, and brandished it over his head, while he shouted in an angry voice: "If you do not take yourself off this moment, I will beat you black and blue!"

"Will you really? Not quite so fast!" And, suddenly seizing the stick, the stranger wrested it out of the other's hands.

The baker cried loudly for help, and his man ran to his assistance; amid a great uproar, with threats enforced by blows, they thrust the intruder out of the shop.

In the street a crowd had collected, attracted by the altercation and noise. Amongst them were two or three constables, who elbowed their way through the throng up to the shop door. When they saw what was going on, they arrested the stranger, and took him to the police-station. The baker and his helper followed to give evidence, and the usual escort of idlers, men and boys, was not wanting.

When the stranger was brought before the inspector to be interrogated, the latter asked him, with a supercilious air, who had taught a low fellow like him to behave in such a disorderly manner, and make disturbances in the city.

"Sir," replied the man, "I had no intention of making any disturbance. I went into the shop to buy a loaf."

"What was the dispute about, then?"

"The baker would not take three kopecks for a loaf, but demanded three and a half—"

"I was quite right," interrupted the baker, angrily.

"You hold your tongue! Who gave you leave to speak?" exclaimed the inspector. Then, addressing himself again to the prisoner, he continued:

"If you thought this man charged too much, why did you not go elsewhere, instead of causing a disturbance? You are guilty of a breach of the peace."

"But, sir, the disturbance was none of my causing, God knows. The man took a stick to beat me; I did nothing but take it from him, without so much as hurting a hair of his head."

"But you abused him—"

"Aye, and soundly, too!" muttered the baker under his breath.

"I said nothing more than that he was hard upon a poor man."

"Now," said the inspector, addressing the baker, "let us hear what you have to say. Is it true that he said nothing and did nothing more than this?"

"Sir," replied the baker, "do you consider it a slight insult to accuse me of oppressing the poor? I have to pay high prices for my flour."

The inspector stroked his long moustache. "Certainly it is a grave affront," he said—adding to himself, "and one which you richly deserve."

Then turning to the prisoner, he put to him the questions with which he ought to have begun his interrogatory:

"What is your name? What is your trade? Do you know how to write?"

Answering the last question in the affirmative, the prisoner was bidden to write down his name and his trade. He took a pen from the desk and wrote on the paper before him, in a clear, bold hand: "Grandduke Sergius, Governor of Moscow." Then he handed the paper to the inspector.

The consternation of the astonished official may easily be imagined. He sprang to his feet, went up to the Grandduke and looked at him full in the face. Then he kissed his hands, and begged pardon for having failed to recognize him under his disguise. When the baker heard in whose presence he was, he fell on his knees and humbly begged for mercy.

"You did nothing more than your plain duty," the Grandduke said, addressing the inspector. "But as for you," he continued, turning to the suppliant baker, "you will pay a heavy penalty,—not for the personal offence offered to me (for you did not know who I was), but for the wrong you have done to the poor, by selling your bread at a price which now may almost be called prohibitive for the laboring classes."

Then he gave orders that summary punishment should be inflicted on the offender according to Russian law. His commands were executed forthwith; the unhappy baker had a taste of the knout, which effectually cured him of any desire to grow rich at the expense of his suffering fellow-countrymen. It need hardly be said that the Grandduke became extremely popular amongst the poor of the city, among whom the story of his intervention in their behalf was often repeated.

How Washington Helped Napoleon.

BY H. TWITCHELL.

ON the Place d'Iéna in Paris, opposite the American Embassy, stands a noble equestrian statue of George Washington, for the erection of which women in the United States raised funds. Daniel Chester French was the sculptor, and his fine work won for him the gold medal of honor at the Paris Exposition of 1900. On July 3, of that year, when Paris was full of distinguished visitors, the statue was dedicated with great ceremony.

Americans, as a rule, pay little attention to it, preferring the art galleries, or the tomb of Napoleon under the dome of the Invalides, beside which they stand for hours in awed silence. But the French, the Serbs, the Greeks, the Roumanians, the Russians and many other oppressed Europeans, gather around the statue, for the name

of Washington brought a new idea into old Europe,—a hope of freedom, liberty and equality.

Washington died on December 14, 1799. The news did not reach Paris until a month later, strange as it may seem to us in these days of telegraphs and wireless. It was a critical moment in French politics. Napoleon had just made himself First Consul by force and intimidation. He wanted to move into the Tuileries, but he needed a pretext; and old letters, recently published, showed how he used the first Washington funeral oration to bring about the desired *coup d'état*. His legislative body had voted that their president should deliver the Washington eulogy. Napoleon promptly made use of this idea, for he needed its help in order to realize his wish. First of all, he stirred up a public sentiment.

"Washington is dead!" he had placarded all over Paris. "That great man combated tyranny. His memory will always be dear to the French people, to the French army, etc. In consequence, the First Consul orders black crêpe for the army and all public institutions for the period of ten days." In conclusion, Napoleon announced that the Washington eulogy would be delivered in the Invalides, then called the Temple of Mars, on the same day that the army would depose there the flags, banners and other trophies captured in Egypt.

But who could be found to do justice to so important a theme? Fate came to Napoleon's aid. Aristocrats were not in favor in Paris at this period, and many had left the city. The eloquent, silver-voiced Fontanes had remained, but kept in hiding, going out only at night. On one of his nocturnal excursions, he was run down by a cab. The injured man, though recognized by Fouché's police, was not arrested. Instead, news of his presence in Paris was taken to

Napoleon. "Bring him to me," ordered the First Consul. Then Fontanes was given his choice: to deliver a funeral oration, befitting the occasion, or—he knew the alternative.

To show his entire devotion to democracy, Napoleon had just given his consent to the marriage of his sister, Caroline, to Murat, the son of a poor innkeeper.

Fontanes spoke with eloquence. He intermingled Washington's virtues with Napoleon's latest glory, so that in the end the American's virtues seemed to be Napoleon's. The coming marriage of Caroline and Murat was announced at the same time. All was mixed together in the public mind with Washington's unselfish patriotism: the First Consul was about to occupy the residence of the old kings, to sleep in the bed of the Bourbons; and was he not giving his sister in marriage to the son of a poor innkeeper? Such democracy!

"So," says a chronicler of the times, "from this clever combination, it resulted that on the day when the Washington oration was published, as the consuls rode in state to the Tuileries, escorted by the son of the innkeeper, now Napoleon's brother-in-law, the good Republicans of Paris dreamed of nothing but to follow what they could but admire and applaud."

SIMON of Cyrene and Veronica had the great privilege of rendering Our Lord special services on His painful journey. How I envy them! But I have many an opportunity of doing the same. "As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me," is what my King will say to me one day, and He will be just as grateful as He was to Simon; and every act of charity that I do for Him will make the image of Himself in my heart even more distinct than it was on the veil of Veronica.—*Mother St. Paul.*

A Double Conversion.

SOME years ago there lived in Paris an old colonel who had retired from the army; he was a man of honor, true to his friends, and upright in his conduct, but totally indifferent to religion. He had a wife and daughter, who prayed unceasingly that the grace of conversion might be vouchsafed to a soul so dear to them. Among the few that frequented the colonel's little apartments in the Rue du Bac was an old brother officer, who dropped in every other evening to smoke and play whist, or to talk over the more exciting events of former days.

Our veteran fell ill,—dangerously ill; his wife and daughter could not shut their eyes to the fact that the end was drawing near, yet they dared not broach the subject of the last Sacraments; for he had firmly and repeatedly declared that he would not be interfered with on this point. They only prayed more fervently, and when the old comrade came to inquire for his friend, they told him the sad truth, and begged him to urge the patient to see a priest and make his peace with God.

At first the officer listened to the request with undisguised coldness; he pleaded his inability to execute such a serious commission, as he himself was not a practical Catholic; indeed, he feared he had lost his faith. Not discouraged by these excuses, the two ladies besought him more earnestly and with tears, assuring him that this was their last resource. Unable to withstand any longer such an appeal to his friendship, he yielded, and promised to do the best he could. He entered the sick chamber, while the pious women knelt outside the door with throbbing hearts, awaiting the result of the attempt. After a few preliminary remarks, the old officer at last summoned up courage.

"I fear, my dear fellow," he began,

somewhat abruptly, "you are in a bad way. If I were you, I would lose no time in going to confession."

"Nonsense! Go to confession! Would you go yourself?"

"As true as I am standing here, I would not hesitate,—I mean if I were in your condition, comrade."

"But I don't know any priest."

"Never mind; I'll send you one I know very well—my confessor. He is just the right sort of man. I am sure you will be greatly pleased with him."

"Your confessor! I didn't know you had one,—you never spoke of religion. Send him to me."

The missionary triumphantly left the room, and announced the good tidings to the anxious wife and daughter. They could scarcely believe in so complete and speedy a success, and heartily thanked the kind friend to whose courageous intervention it was due.

"But I am in a plight," he said. "The truth is, I haven't been to confession since the time I was wounded, and I don't know a single priest in Paris or anywhere else. I have fought shy of priests all my life."

"Go to the Abbé S——, curate of St.-Germain-des-Prés, and ask him to come at once."

The old officer lost no time in calling on the Abbé S——, whom he found in the sacristy of his church, and to whom he explained the case.

"Monsieur l'Abbé, you must say that you know me very well—that I am not the worst of Christians either,—that you are my confessor. This will make things easy for him."

"But, Monsieur," rejoined the priest, smiling, "I can not tell such untruths even with the best motive."

"Then the whole affair will be a miserable failure."

"It can very easily be made a success if you will only kneel down and make your confession."

"You don't mean here, now? There is

too great a hurry. Besides, I am not prepared. I haven't been to confession for twenty years. I'm the greatest sinner in all France, and I've just told my old friend two of the biggest lies he ever heard."

"It will not take long," said the Abbé, encouragingly; "I will prepare you." And, opening the door of a small room reserved for such penitents, he pointed to a *prie-dieu*. "I am sure you would not have your friend die without being reconciled to the Church."

The old soldier somewhat reluctantly knelt down. The good priest helped him to examine his conscience, excited his contrition, and he soon rose from his knees another man,—as happy as could be; he warmly thanked the Abbé S——, who prepared to set out at once for the house of the colonel.

That very evening the dying man was reconciled with God. He lingered only a few days longer, then expired with the most consoling sentiments of repentance and gratitude for the supreme grace of the last hour.

The Roses of Hildersheim.

Louis the Pious, once while hunting, pitched his tent at the spot where the magnificent cathedral of Hildersheim now stands; and his chaplain proceeded to erect a portable altar and say Mass, after hanging a silver reliquary, containing relics of the Blessed Virgin, upon a low rosebush that grew near by. On leaving, he forgot the reliquary, and returned, but searched around in vain. At length, to his amazement, he perceived the shrub he sought; and there was the reliquary, but fresh roses had bloomed all about it, enwreathing it completely. The King immediately began the erection of a church on the spot, dedicating it to the Queen of Heaven; and the roses that still grow about its outer walls are said to be offshoots of the early stock.

From Toilers in Foreign Fields.

THE custom of making an offering for some religious purpose on the occasion of joyous celebrations, or as an expression of gratitude to God for blessings received, calamities averted, etc., is a highly commendable one; and we are gratified to notice that it is becoming more general among American Catholics. A remarkable conversion of recent occurrence is attributed—rightly, we think—to an alms (one that doubtless involved a generous sacrifice) given toward a good work recommended in these pages. Many would call this extraordinary occurrence a miracle, and perhaps it was.

It is to be deplored, however, that the generosity of pious people is not always so well ordered as in the case to which we have referred. Priests, in large cities especially, are sometimes embarrassed to find space in their churches for superfluous statues, lamps, memorial windows, etc., the cost of which in not a few instances would go far toward the erection of a church in some needy foreign mission. Offerings for the dead, too, are superabundant in some places.

Alas! how few seem to have any realization of the crying needs of our missionaries in distant lands—of the many places where the most promising undertakings languish for lack of support; where catechists could bring whole villages into the Fold; where slowly-dying lepers cry for shelter and a crust of bread; and unfortunate children, whose parents have deserted them or perished in famines, floods or cyclones, flock to the nearest establishment of Catholic missionaries in the expectation of finding food, clothing, and a refuge!

We have just been re-reading a batch of letters from missionaries—bishops, priests, and nuns—in different parts of the world. What edifying, though sad, letters they are!—edifying because they

tell of wondrous work that is being done for religion, at the cost of sacrifices and hardships impossible to be wholly concealed; sad, on account of the urgent need they express of help, which is often slow in coming, generally inadequate, or wholly denied.

A bishop in the Philippines writes: 'You ask about the savages here. I do not hesitate to say—and I have travelled in many pagan countries—that there is no place in the whole world where a greater number of souls could be won with comparatively little effort. . . . The Philippines and China are surely among the most promising missionary fields in the world at present.'

A Sister of Charity, who has been in China for many years, and labored in different places there, writes: 'If we only had means to establish a sufficient number of catechumenates, we could get all the rising generation. The children drink in Christian doctrine, and their elders are easily influenced through them. . . . The poor sufferers, of all sorts and conditions, who flock to our dispensaries are so grateful and well disposed—all eager to learn about our holy religion. Those who embrace it are wondrously faithful and fervent. A golden opportunity is now presented in China. There are conversions on all sides, and they might be multiplied. If people in your country, who have so much money to spend, could only know of all the good that might be done here with even a little of it!'

Think of it, dear Catholic readers, a tithe of the money spent so freely for comforts, luxuries, and superfluities of all sorts, would work wonders in our foreign mission fields. Think of those eager neophytes, abandoned children, forsaken lepers, those fellow-Christians of yours exposed to the wiles of sectarians and schismatics; and of those poor pagans, sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, whose souls cry out to you from this page!

Notes and Remarks.

Strange as the statement may seem, much of what Bishop Brent, of the Protestant Episcopal Church, has to say about religion might be said from any Catholic pulpit. We have often had occasion to quote this good man and to praise his truly Christian spirit. No outsider could be nearer the Fold than he is. For many years he has been an outspoken advocate of devotion to the Mother of our Redeemer. Pleading on a recent occasion for the unity of Christians, he did not hesitate to say: "If we look at the Roman Catholic Church, we see an example of unity which far outweighs all opposition we may have for the practice of that Church. One of the chief aims of Protestantism should be to understand the Roman Catholic Church through its own literature rather than through literature given out by other Churches."

If all non-Catholics could only be induced to listen to what the Church has to say for herself, and to disregard what is said of her by her opponents,—also to make allowance for those among her champions whose zeal is in excess of their charity!

Anyone who was privileged to have a conversation, even a short one, as ours was, with the late Dr. Wu, Chinese Minister to the United States, is not likely to forget that worthy. A more interesting personage it would be hard to name. His face beamed with intelligence, and everything he said was pointed, sharply so at times. He liked to ask questions, though he probably expected no answer to many of them, for instance: "Why do not women in this beautiful country of yours wear more clothes? Why do not wives have more children? Could anything be more comfortable than my garb? People ought to dress in this way," he added, displaying his flowing robes. One had to admit

that they were very elegant, and appeared to be altogether comfortable. How shocked, not to say horrified, Dr. Wu would be—and he would have no reluctance whatever in saying so—at the extreme style of dress now followed by American women!

Dr. Wu spoke our language with the greatest fluency, never hesitating for a word, unless he wished to conceal his thought, or intended to say much without seeming to say much of anything,—as was the case in a curious letter with which he once favored us, referring to Christian missionaries in China. Read between the lines, the meaning of this letter was plain enough, though it meant very little apart from the one to which it was in answer.

Now to the point of this note. A cable dispatch from Rome last week to our daily newspaper stated that the Holy Father, in a private audience with Lenten preachers and parish priests, recommended them to declaim against immodesty in women's dress. Perhaps it would be with good effect if the clergy everywhere were to assure women folk that the present style would be very shocking to pagans.

Friends and admirers of the late Dr. Maurice Francis Egan will be gratified to hear of the tribute lately paid to his memory under the auspices of the International Association of Arts and Letters. One of the best, brightest and most amiable of men was Dr. Egan; but, as all who knew him intimately are aware, he often misrepresented himself—seemed to take delight in doing so. Appreciation of him is, therefore, particularly welcome. The only notice of the tribute to which we refer that has come to our attention appeared in the *Commonweal*, the editor of which writes: "Especial significance was lent the occasion by the presence of official representatives of Denmark, who recalled the former Minister's happy and

useful years in Copenhagen. Dr. Clarence Owens, president of the association, described an effort to which Dr. Egan had contributed a great deal by reason of his Danish experience, and which is both so important and so little known that it deserves mention: 'Fourteen years ago Dr. Egan was invited to deliver a series of addresses throughout the United States on the question of Danish co-operation and standardization,' said the speaker. 'His patriotic and unselfish service in this work was one of the chief inspirations that led to the organization of the American commission, under the auspices of the Southern Commercial Congress, that made its investigations of agricultural economics and co-operation in eighteen countries of Europe. Its report is the basis of the federal farm-loan act, under which approximately two billion dollars have been loaned to American farmers, stabilizing and regenerating rural America!'"

Two eminent American educators, Dr. Henry Lewis Smith, president of Washington and Lee University and Professor E. A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, we are sorry to say, must be classed among men of incaution and unwisdom. In terms polysyllabic and words incongruous, they are reported to have expressed themselves as being entirely and unalterably antagonistic to the "multitudinous diversions and exhilarations of personal freedom characteristic of the present academic environment;" as in opposition to "loafers," "boozers," "hip-flask toters," and "fellows that think it smart to violate laws," so many of whom are now camped at colleges. In other words, Dr. Smith and Prof. Ross hold that educational institutions are intended for the acquisition of knowledge and the up-building of character, that in them the spirit of sport should at all times be subordinated to the spirit of study. In

what way an opinion so eccentric and exaggerated could have been arrived at is matter for conjecture. We fear that these two educators must be regarded as "back numbers."

Dr. Ross declares that if he were president of the university to which he is attached, he would eliminate the undesirables, so that when he "got through," the atmosphere of earnestness and hard work might be restored. He would rather be right than be president—of the University of Wisconsin. But it is altogether unlikely, we think, that an educator so reckless as to use "through" as he does, even in moments of perfervidness, will ever have that honor thrust upon him. Besides his disregard of verbalistic restrictions, there is his unpardonable addiction to the strange notion that young men in educational institutions who do not study and will not conform to discipline ought to be somewhere else.

To the ever-lengthening list of non-Catholic scholars, whose views on religious subjects demand especial attention from the general public, must be added Prof. David Owen, of the department of history of Yale University. He is quoted in a "special" to the *New York Herald-Tribune* as having told an audience in Dwight Hall (New Haven), on the 14th inst., that Protestantism has removed much of the romance and beauty from Christianity, that it has tended to debase itself to the ideals of the political and economic order, and has not supplied the need for a supernatural society.

"The factors which account for the weakness in Protestantism," he said, "are the constant search for authority and the setting up of one authority after another, only to see each bowled over, and the division of Christendom into sects which to-day have outlived whatever relation they may have had to

the original separation. This division into sects is altogether unnecessary, there not being enough difference in religious belief to warrant Protestants calling themselves Baptists, Congregationalists or Methodists."

Professor Owen declared that the authority of Catholics has been an infallible Bible interpreted by an infallible Church.

"Don't make the mistake of judging the French nation by the French Government," said "The Man from France," who came into the office of the *Dearborn Independent* last week. "You in the United States once drove a line of distinction between the German people and the Prussian Government. You must think in the same way of France. In probably no land, except China, can you witness the same spectacle of a government so completely detached from the people. The French nation is fairly prosperous; the French Government is bankrupt. The French Government is more or less a side issue, like a private business in whose financial difficulties the public have no interest. French industry is very busy, they are even importing labor; but the Government has little if anything to do with it. The French Government is apparently worrying a little about the foreign debt; but you can bet your last franc that the French people are not."

The editor of the *Dearborn Independent* must be hoping that "The Man from France" will repeat his visit. The French Government worrying about its debt to Uncle Sam—"it is to laugh," as a Frenchman would say.

The celebration of the anniversary of their founding by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate recalls the fine tribute paid to them by that celebrated Irish soldier and noble Catholic, Sir William Butler. He refers only to their work in the

great Northwest; but they deserve like praise for zeal and self-sacrifice wherever they labor, under the burning sun of the Tropics or at the frozen North. They are foremost among the pioneers of civilization. Sir William writes in "The Great Lone Land":

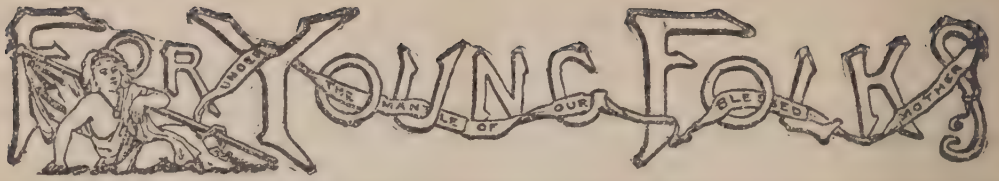
. . . . It is a curious contrast to find in this distant, strange land men of culture and high mental excellence devoting their lives to the task of civilizing the wild Indians of the forest and the prairie; going far in advance of the settler, whose advent they have but too much cause to dread. . . . He who has travelled through the vast colonial empire of Britain—that empire which covers one-third of the entire habitable surface of the globe, and probably half of the lone lands of the world—must often have met with men dwelling in the midst of wild, savage peoples, whom they tended with a strange and mother-like devotion. If you asked who was this stranger who dwelt thus among wild men in these lone places, you were told he was the French missionary; and if you sought him in his lonely hut, you found ever the same surroundings, the same simple evidences of a faith which seemed more than human. I do not speak from hearsay or book-knowledge; I have myself witnessed the scenes I now try to recall; and it has ever been the same. East and West, far in advance of trader or merchant, of sailor or soldier, has gone this dark-haired, fragile man, whose earliest memories are thick with sunny scenes by the bank of Loire, or vine-clad slope of Rhone or Garonne, and whose vision, in this life at least, is never destined to rest again upon these oft-remembered places. . . .

Most persons probably think of Thomas Carlyle, the Sage of Chelsea, as a cross-grained individual who found real satisfaction in saying and doing disagreeable things, caring nothing at all whose feelings he might wound or to what extent. But he had another side, it seems; and it is doubtless because he showed it so seldom that he is generally

regarded as what he himself would have called a "very deeficult person, wi' a nippy tongue." The Rev. Mr. Blunt, at one time rector of Chelsea, relates that when the future sage was six years old, being left in the house alone on a Winter's day, an old man came to the door to ask for something to eat. It happened that there was no accessible food in the house, but the boy bade the man wait while he dragged a form in front of the dresser, so that he might get his "penny-pig" off the shelf. This he broke, and gave the old man all the money it contained. In relating this incident of his childhood to Mr. Blunt, Carlyle remarked impressively: "I never knew before what the joy of heaven must be like."

Kindly allowance should be made for all such rough characters as Carlyle. It is to be remembered, too, that at times he suffered tortures from dyspepsia. St. Jerome was wont to say, "I am a Dalmatian," by way of apology for the harshness which he sometimes showed. His countrymen were notorious for their rudeness. But he could be gentleness itself, as many of his letters abundantly testify. No two mortals were ever more unlike than St. Jerome and St. Francis de Sales; they are saints and doctors of the Church, however; and we venerate both of them.

Answering some objections to our parochial schools—fallacious objections, already answered times without number—an anonymous writer wisely observes: "It is fast becoming a question in parishes without parochial schools whether growing boys and girls will remain practical Catholics, or drift into indifference or irreligion. Perhaps the most marked tendency of our age is the craving for knowledge; and if Catholics do not see that their children learn truth, then false prophets will not fail to teach them error."



He Loves Them All.

BY L. M. C.

GOD made all living things on earth,
However great, however small;
They all were fashioned by His hands,—
He loves them all.

All beasts, the lion and the lamb,
All birds, the eagle and the dove,
None is too wild and none too weak
To share His love.

We can not doubt it, He who hears
Our prayers, and who supplies our needs,
He nourishes with sun and rain
The trees and seeds.

And we who pray "God's will be done
On earth as it is done above"
Must also love them even as He,
God who is Love.

Carmelita.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IX.—A "CONFERENCE."

BUT the Camp was not unmindful of neighborly duty on trying occasions, and though the death of an "ole Injun" woman was usually a "nachal" affair not to be considered seriously, old Monica's passing had roused painful interest. So Father Ben was met halfway to the valley by a solemn trio deputed by the "boys" to take things in hand.

"Bein' Carmelita's 'gardeens,'" explained Rube, "it's fur us to see that the old woman is planted decent and respectable, ez Carmelita would like; and we was countin' likewise on hev'in' a talk with you 'bout the little girl."

"Just what I was thinking about myself," said Father Ben. "Come back to

the house with me, and we'll have a conference on the subject."

"Don't know nuthin' 'bout conferences," said Rube, "we're plain, rough mountain folks with no schoolin', but we're ready to do what you say 'bout that little girl that ain't got no one to look after her now. Because all we've heern and all we've seen shows us you will only tell us what is honest and square and right."

"And as that is equally true of you, my good friends, we ought to come to some agreement at once," said Father Ben, as he led the way into the house where old Monica had been laid out on her own narrow couch and shrouded in a gay Indian blanket that only left her withered face visible. But Diego had been out with the sun, and all around her were heaped boughs of Autumn leaves, purpling grapes and scarlet-berried vines, the Indian boy's tribute to the aged of his race and tribe.

"The 'boys' would hev knocked together a coffin ez bein' more Christian like," explained Rube, as, after a solemn look at the dead, the visitors passed into the sitting room, "but Diego said his grandmother had woven the blanket herself, and it was enough."

"Well, perhaps he is right; the Indians have their own ways which it is not always wise to dispute," said Father Ben, as the "conference" gathered around the hearth fire. "And speaking of those ways, Monica told me last night of a silver box that Carmelita's father had in his possession and to which he seemed to attach great value. It may only have been a fancy, a death dream with the poor creature, who was very far gone; but she said that because her master had guarded it so carefully she was afraid it held some

secret that might bring harm to Carmelita, so after the father's death she had buried it out of reach."

"Buried it!" echoed Carmelita's "gardeens" in chorus,—*"buried a silver box!"*

"She was talking nutty, I guess," said Pete Wilkins.

"No, she warn't," declared big Rube. "It's just the durn fool thing an old Injun like that would do. Here we've been searchin' the place for letters or papers, or suthin' that a man would nachally leave behind him, and couldn't find nuthin' at all, and hyah this old ijiot of an Indian goes and buries what might have told us all we want to know."

"I'm thinkin' with the Padre here," said Jim Cody. "Like as not that silver box was all pipe dreams. The old woman had only half sense, anyhow."

"I wouldn't swear to that," put in Pete Wilkins. "Mebbe she didn't have white sense, but she hed Injun sense, which is a different thing. She could keep her mouth shet, which is more'n most white women kin do, ez any man that was ever married knows. But 'bout that box, Injun sense didn't come in—we couldn't expect it. Kingdon got me to stop once at Martin's Ridge to get physic for him, and the old doctor that died last year packed a lot of powders and things in a tin box, and told me to be keerful of it, for there was pison enough to kill twenty men if it wasn't handled right. Like as not it was that tin box that Kingdon kept put away whar nobody could see or tech it. You see, he had the cough mighty bad, and had to doctor it pretty strong."

"That may be," said Father Ben. "Still, I will talk to Diego before I leave, and find out if he knows anything about the matter; for I must leave early to-morrow morning. I have an important engagement at Las Casas which must be kept. The question before us is what to do with this poor little girl who

seems to be left entirely in your friendly care. She can not remain here now that the old woman is gone."

"She can't for sure," said big Rube gloomily. "That's wot I've been sayin' all along. But you saw how she kicked the traces and nigh killed herself at the thought of goin' away."

"Yes, I saw," was the quiet answer. "Nevertheless, kick as she may, she will have to go."

"She will sure," agreed the "gardeens" again. "But who is to rope her into it?" asked big Rube,—*"not me for one. I wouldn't lay a rough hand on that little girl for all the gold in these mountains."*

"Nor me—nor me, nuther," was the assenting echo.

"There is no question of rough handling," said Father Ben. "God forbid! I have been considering the matter all night and have a proposition to make. The right place for this little orphaned child is a good school."

"Aye, that's the thing," agreed the "gardeens" heartily,—*"that's wot we stand ready to pay fur. Ef we can get her there,"* they added rather hopelessly.

"It's the Convent of Monte Maria," began Father Ben.

"A convent!" echoed the "gardeens." "A convent! You ain't thinkin' of makin' her into a nun. We couldn't stand for that, could we, 'boys'?"

"I am not thinking of making her a nun," laughed Father Ben. "In the first place she is altogether too young; and even if she were older, we don't 'make' nuns; they choose the life for themselves; and a very happy life it is as you would know if you saw the good Sisters who teach and care for the little girls at Monte Maria. It is a beautiful place, with trees and gardens and playgrounds; and there are fifty or more little girls, many of them with rich parents and homes of their own, who are glad to be there under the good Sisters' loving care. They are taught

all things that little girls must learn if they are to grow up into wise, good and lovely women."

"That's wot we are aimin' at for Carmelita," broke in big Rube eagerly; "she is the pattern for all that sure, and we, ez her three 'gardeens,' are ready to put down the cash to pay fur it."

"I have been thinking of that, too," continued Father Ben kindly. "It seems a little unfair that hard-working men like you should be burdened with such a responsibility. As it is impossible for the child to live here, it seems to me this place should be sold and the money used for the little girl's support."

"No," answered big Rube quickly; "we've talked that over too; and we can't think 'bout it. Ef her father hed left any will or given any orders, it would hev to be done; but considerin' how she's lived here all these years like a bird in a nest, we can't take that nest from her. We ain't agreein' to give Carmelita up,—no sir, by no means! This here shack is her home, and it's goin' to stay her home. When she wants to come back she's goin' to find it here waitin' fur her, safe and sure as she left it. Schools may be very well in their way, we ain't sayin' nuthin' agin them, but every woman, young or old, orter hev a home—it's their natur. So Carmelita keeps this here home, and we'll keep it fur her."

"Well, just as you say," was the answer. "I don't know exactly what the terms are at Monte Maria, but I am sure the good Sisters will make them satisfactory. Sister Patricia is an old friend of mine, and I will write to her about Carmelita, and give you a letter of introduction besides. And I will give you all the directions for reaching the convent from San Raphael, which is the nearest railroad station. You ought to take her as soon as possible, for I think the school will open next week."

The "gardeens" looked at each other doubtfully. "You've got it laid out all

fine, Padre," said Pete Wilkins; "but the first question is how are we to make Carmelita go? She is dead set agin it, as she showed us last night."

"Perhaps she has learned a lesson," was the answer. "Since she can not run away from me to-day I'll have a talk with her myself."

"Ef you would, Padre," said Rube with a long-drawn breath of relief. "I dunno how she will take it, but she hez heerd 'bout how you found her on the mountain when the rest of us hed giv her up, and she orter feel friendly to you. And you can argufy better than us 'boys.' Lay it on thick about the trees and the playgrounds, so she won't think she is goin' to be shet up; and let her know clar and plain how this shack is goin' to be kept open fur her whenever she wants to come back."

"I'll do the best I can," said Father Ben smiling. "Though after all, my friends, your Carmelita is only a child, and should be taught to obey. I will try what I can do since her guardians give her up. Can I see Carmelita?" he asked, as old Nokoma came from the inner room with a bowl of untouched milk.

"See her! It is as you please," answered the old Indian; "but she will not talk, she will not eat, since she has heard of Monica,—she would die."

"Lord!" gasped the "gardeens" in fresh dismay; "and she will if you don't watch her, you old dumb head."

"Tut, tut, tut," said Father Ben cheerily, "she will do nothing of the kind. It is plain that some one must take this poor little headstrong child in hand. Tell her I am coming in to see her," he said to old Nokoma. "Well, what did she say?" he asked as the old woman did his bidding and returned.

"Nothin'," was the answer. "She will not talk."

"Then I will," said Father Ben decidedly. "You see, my men; we can't let a child like this have her foolish way. Take me to her, old woman," and he

followed the silent old Indian through the curtained doorway that separated Carmelita's room from her father's. It was a far different place from the bare masculine apartment of the late master of Kingdon Lodge. Soft fur rugs carpeted the earthen floor, gay Indian blankets draped the rude walls; there was a chest of drawers whose curious carving would have delighted a collector, above it was a quaint old mirror framed in dull silver, the pillows of the low, wide couch were covered with Mexican drawn work. And with her face buried in their downy depths, lay Carmelita just as she had been found on the mountain, the briers still clinging to her gay little jacket.

Father Ben stood for a moment looking down on the small figure in pitying silence. Then he spoke gently:

"Look up, Carmelita; I want to talk to you."

A tremor went through the childish form, but there was no answer.

"I want to talk to you as your own dear father would talk to you if he were here in my place; you must listen to me as you would listen to him."

"No—no—no," came the sobbing answer. "My daddy is dead—Monica is dead,—I want to die, too."

"Oh, no, you don't," continued Father Ben. "You only think so. If I should try to smother you with these pillows now you would fight like a wild cat."

She whirled round suddenly and lifted her face to him—such a pitiful little despairing face, lit by wild, woful eyes. "No, I wouldn't," she burst forth! "I wouldn't—I'd be glad! Smother me, for my legs are all broken and I can't walk or jump or run any more—and Monica is dead, and I want to die, too. You can kill me, I won't care a bit!"

"Oh, no," laughed her visitor. "I wouldn't like to kill you after all the trouble I had finding you last night. And the doctor says your legs will be all right in a few days, and you will

be able to run and jump lively as ever. You were a foolish child to run away from me as you did."

"I thought you had come to take me away," was the faltered answer, "from my home, from Monica. And now she is dead—and daddy is dead. I want to die, too—I want to die, too."

"But you can not; you will not," went on the quiet voice that calmed the little listener despite herself. "None of us, old or young, must die until the good God calls us. He might have called you last night in the darkness; but He did not. He showed me how to find you and save you, so you can live a good, happy child. Poor old Monica is gone, but she was old and feeble and sick; and you should be glad that she is at rest. And almost with her last breath she asked me to take care of you."

(To be Continued.)

Word Wanderers.

BY E. L. DORSEY.

THE most ordinary word has a meaning that puts us in touch with other days, ways, manners and men; even slang words are often but lost children whose soiled faces and tangled locks alone prevent them from being recognized.

Take the merry adjective "jovial." It meant one born under the planet of Jupiter or Jove, who was supposed to be perpetually joyful: martial, mercurial and saturnine are, of course, derived from the planets Mars, Mercury and Saturn.

The food-names count as an important item of word-identification. Take the teas, for instance: Hyson means "before the rain." Bohea is the name of the hills among which it is grown. Pekoe means "white hair," referring to the down on the tender leaves. Sou-chong means "small plant." Twankey is the name of the river; and Congou is the misspelling of Congo, which means

"labor," and expresses the extra care taken in preparation.

Spinach is from the Arabian word *Hispanach*, the Spanish plant. The name of the great American dainty, pie, is the contraction of *pastie*. In the old cook-books the word is given *pie*. Jelly is so manifestly from the Latin *gelo* (to congeal), and biscuit from *biscuit* (twice-baked), that they need no translation.

Story is but the contraction of history. And the journeyman of song and story is one who works for daily wages (from *journée*, day). The pistol of the soldier takes its name from the Italian town Pistoja, whence the weapon was first brought to England in 1526.

Charlie, Peg, and Meg or Mag were not originally nicknames; for Charlie is the Gaelic form of Charles; Peg is from the Danish word *pigé* (a girl); and Meg is from the German *magd* (a maid). The title mandarin is not Chinese, but is a Portuguese word, first applied to the Chinese officials. It is from *mandar* (to govern), and the middle-age Latin *mandaria* (dominion).

The names given the early discoveries by Catholic sailors and soldiers are interesting witnesses to their faith, as Natal, so called by Vasco da Gama because he first saw it on Christmas Day—*Christi dies natalis*.

The list of ever-renewed monuments of flowers that Science rears to the botanist who first introduces some fragile loveliness to the world is infinitely varied. Take our poinsettia—or Christmas flower, as we often call its crimson star with the heart of gold,—or the magnolia. The first was named for a United States Minister to Mexico who enriched us with this tropical plant; the second was named for Pierre Magnol, professor of botany at Montpellier, and dead since the Seventeenth Century.

As a uniform designates a certain regiment or branch of service, so sometimes a regiment gives its name to a

certain type of soldier the world over, as Hussar. This comes from the Hungarian word *husz* (twenty), and the tradition is that one of these dashing soldiers was a match for twenty of the enemy. But the historian tells us that when the Turks overran Eastern Europe, every twenty houses had to equip and maintain in the field one soldier; they were called hussars to distinguish them from the regular troops, and they proved so gallant that the finest cavalymen of all countries have been so called.

The twanging bit of steel we know as the Jew's-harp is really *jeu-harpe*, and the joyful word jubilee comes from the Hebrew *yobel*, a horn, because every fifty years the first day of the grand Sabbatical year was proclaimed by a blast on the horn called "*yobel*," and all slaves of Hebrew blood were freed, and all alienated lands restored to their former owners.

Two fish that have had their names oddly changed are the porpoise and the grampus; for the first is really *porc* (hog) *poisson* (fish), and the latter *grand-poisson*.

Our word pier is the child of the Danish *pyr* and the Swedish *fyr*, which both mean the beacon or light by the shore, to mark a landing place. We give it to the place itself.

The laundress when she asks for starch is using the German *starke*, for strength or stiffness. The sportsman when he calls to his spaniel does not always realize that its ancestors came from Hispaniola in the West Indies, hence its name; and whoever sights from the masthead and calls out "Iceberg!" is speaking German; for *eis* is ice, and *berg* is mountain.

Words have no frontier: they slip back and forth through the world at will, sometimes deformed, but always with tales to tell and songs to sing of the places where they lingered and the peoples they have known.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—“A Reconstruction of the Old-Latin Text, or Texts of the Gospels used by St. Augustine: With a Study of their Character,” by C. H. Milne, of Stewart’s College, Edinburgh, is announced for early publication by the Cambridge University Press.

—Messrs. Methuen, London, announce an English translation of “Astronomy To-day,” by the Abbé Moreux, the Director of the Observatory at Bourges, who predicted the earthquake at Messina in 1908, and recently foretold a series of colder Winters and warmer Summers. In the present work the Abbé discusses the latest explanations of problems which have for a long time puzzled astronomers everywhere.

—The Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J., writes for everyone in his new book, “Man.” (Macmillan Co.) Its theme is the essential relations of man with God. One might describe it as the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius presented in a style which will please and convince the modern mind. To read “Man” meditatively and prayerfully, as it should be read, is to make a retreat and to acquire that precious fruit which St. Paul calls “the renewal of the spirit of our mind.”

—To Pustet’s *Bibliotheca Ascetica* have just been added three new volumes, containing several of the best-known treatises written by the saintly Cardinal Bellarmine. They are admirable both for sound teaching and solid piety. The volumes are of convenient size, well printed, durably bound in black linen, and provided with silk markers. The frontispiece of Volume I. is an unfamiliar picture of Bellarmine, which many will be pleased to see. We hope that these precious little books will find favor with priests and ecclesiastical students.

—The International Truth Society offers, under the title “Journeys to the Catholic Church,” autobiographical accounts of the entrance into the Fold of Floyd Keeler, John Meyer, Frances Frisbie, and M. S. J. These pamphlets are well calculated to confirm

Catholics in the Faith, as well as to influence non-Catholics to embrace it. The same excellent Society has recently published also two informational pamphlets, “The Theory of Evolution,” by the Rev. Albert Fletcher and “Objections to the Church,” by the Very Rev. William Hogan, C. SS. R.

—The “Melk” copy of the Gutenberg Bible, so called because for several hundred years it belonged to the Benedictine monastery of Melk, Austria, was sold at auction last week in New York, for \$106,000, and acquired by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, a well-known American bibliophile. No single volume, it is said, ever brought a larger amount at either public or private sale. The treasure is intact and has been declared genuine by experts of the British Museum, etc. It bears the title “Biblia Latina,” and the line “Mainz, Johann Gutenberg, 1455.” As everyone knows, this edition of the Bible is held to be the first book printed from movable type.

—We are hoping that those who have charge of book racks will not overlook “The Four Great Evils of the Day,” adapted from Cardinal Manning by the Rev. Fr. F. J. Rembler, C. M., and issued in neat pamphlet form by the Central Bureau of the Central Verein. The evils which the great Cardinal pointed out and which Fr. Rembler emphasizes are: (1) the revolt of the human intellect from God; (2) the revolt of the human will from God; (3) the revolt of society from God; and (4) the spirit of Antichrist, which manifests itself especially in impatience of all revealed religion, and opposition and enmity towards the Church, the Papacy, the priesthood, the religious life, etc.

—“Boy Guidance,” edited by the Rev. Kilian Hennrich, O. M. Cap., is in no sense a textbook in the new science now commonly designated by that term,—also as “boyology.” It is rather a series of more or less disconnected papers on the manifold problems which confront the worker among boys. About half of the nineteen chapters are contributed by the

editor; the others by men who have gained equal eminence in some particular field of sociology. The volume is concerned primarily with the work of the Catholic Boys' Brigade; and, in view of the intensive and expensive efforts now being made by the Knights of Columbus in this enterprise, one is surprised to find no mention made of their organization. Benziger Brothers.

—It is only those who have themselves suffered deeply that can write well about suffering. The reason is not so much that they have personally tasted pain and sorrow, as that suffering seems to purge the mind of much which obscures a clear vision of the relative values of things, while engendering a ready and generous sympathy with all forms of misfortune in others. Perhaps it is because Miss Henriette Brey had herself long been an invalid that she has been able to write so beautifully in "When the Soul is in Darkness" about the sufferings of Christ and His Blessed Mother, and to find in the consideration of them so much consolation, light and strength. Readers of her book, translated from the German by the Rev. T. C. Petersen, C. S. P., will derive a deeper insight into the Passion of Christ, and hence an effective stimulus to more Christlike living. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons.

—"Shinto: The Way of the Gods in Japan" is the title of a handsome quarto volume, with 102 illustrations and twelve finely colored plates, which, though dated 1923, has just come to us from Leipzig. The text is in German and English, in parallel columns. The object of the work was to collect and explain the references to Shintoism (now the State religion of Japan) in the reports, printed and unprinted, of the Jesuit missionaries there in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. The author, the Rev. George Schurhammer, S. J., has performed his laborious task with the thoroughness characteristic of German scholarship; and the publisher, H. Kurt Schroeder, has produced a volume which, on account of the care he has bestowed upon it, will be doubly prized by all who are in any way interested in the Land of the Rising Sun,

where so many followers of Christ have suffered and died, and where fresh efforts are now being made to extend His Kingdom. The book is dedicated to St. Francis Xavier and to the author's fellow Jesuits at the University of Tokyo. One can not help experiencing delight on seeing works of this kind, and it must be acknowledged that most of them come from Germany. Let us try to rid ourselves of all the senseless prejudice which so many of us acquired during the Great War. Germany is a land of scholars.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii: 3.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. James H. McGean, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Michael Miller, diocese of Erie; and Rev. P. L. O'Leary, C. S. V.

Brother Philip Neri and Brother Alexander, C. S. C.

Sister M. Philip, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister M. Clauer, Sister M. Aurelia, Sister M. Evangelist, and Sister M. Stephen, Sisters of St. Joseph.

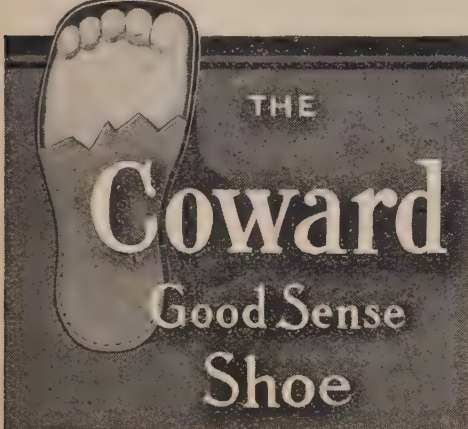
Mr. Charles Newman, Mr. John Linder, Mr. William Acheson, Mr. John A. Murray, Mr. W. L. Barbier, Mr. Robert Frawley, Mr. John Bock, Mr. William Keating, Mr. Richard English, Mrs. Michael Corcoran, Mr. John Hawe, Mrs. Ann Cronin, Mr. H. J. Ruemker, Mrs. F. T. Stahl, Mrs. Charles O'Brien, Mr. Joseph Tillman, Mr. P. H. Kane, Mr. F. P. Vincent, Miss Mary F. Lee, Mrs. Mary Noone, Mr. Joseph Birkenmeier, Mr. James Shemley, Mr. Joseph Kirby, and Mrs. Emily Grace.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indul.)

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CONTENTS

The God-Man.—(Poem).....	Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.....	449
Alaska's First Resident Priest.....	A Missionary S. S. A.	449
Gervase Winter.—(Continued).....	Agnes Blundell.....	456
Te Sæculorum Principem.....	Translated by Allan G. McDougall.....	459
A Hidden Apostolate.—III.....	O. S. D.....	459
The Party at Ballymoat.....	Valentine Paraiso.....	462
Family Life in Spain.....	Denis A. McCarthy, LL. D., Ph. D.....	467
The Holy Rood.....		469
Inept Criticism.....		469

Notes and Remarks:

Christians Who Could Not Abide a Statue of the Mother of Christ.—Appropriate to All Seasons.—The Last of the Edgeworth Family.—Punishment for Criminals.—“A Brick.”—Cardinal Cagliero.—“Spilling the Beans.”—An Uninformed Parson.—Notably Wise Sayings.—Appreciation of G. K. Chesterton.	470
--	-----

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Following Father.—(Poem).....	Florence Jones Had'ey.....	474
Carmelita.—(Continued)	Mary T. Waggaman.....	474
A Good Fairy-Tale.....		478
With Authors and Publishers.....		479
Obituary		480

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 10.—St. Michael de Sanctis.
 SUNDAY, 11.—LOW SUNDAY. St. Leo, the Great,
 P. D.
 MONDAY, 12.—St. Constantine, B. C. St. Ju-
 lius, P.
 TUESDAY, 13.—St. Hermenegild, M.
 WEDNESDAY, 14.—St. Justin, M. SS. Tiburtius

and Comp's, MM.
 THURSDAY, 15.—SS. Basilissa and Anastasia,
 MM.
 FRIDAY, 16.—St. Magnus, M. St. Benedict
 Labre, C.
 SATURDAY, 17.—St. Anicetus, P. M. St.
 Stephen, Ab.

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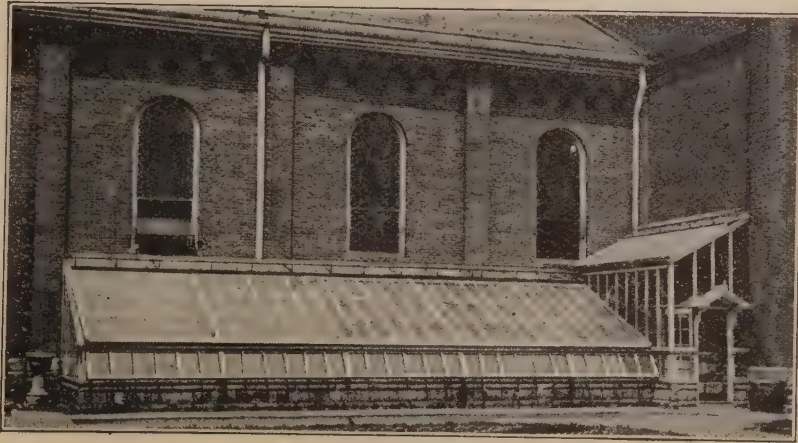
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Vol. XXIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 10, 1926.

No. 15.

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The God-Man.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

THEY pierced Thy hands and feet, ah, yes,
The nails were sharper than their eyes,
Who saw Thee three long years and did not
guess
Thine open secret, pierce Thy disguise.

Alaska's First Resident Priest.

BY A MISSIONARY S. S. A.



HE career of the late Very Rev. John Althoff was the amplification of his favorable introduction to the readers of THE AVE MARIA, when, exactly forty-eight years ago, this periodical presented him as the first resident priest of far-off Alaska.

On December 30 last, when he closed his eyes on things mortal to open them on the Book of Life, they rested on the very compact, golden page which recorded his long priestly ministry.

Father Althoff, born in Haarlem, Holland, gave himself to the Northwest Pacific Church in early youth. To fit himself for the task of leading souls to heaven, he went to the American College at Louvain. Here he specialized in North American lines of operation. The name "American College" explains its purpose. It was founded in 1857 by two American bishops, Rt. Rev. M. J. Spalding and Rt. Rev. P. P. Lefevre. Its object was to enable American-born students to study life and conditions in

the Old World while preparing for the priesthood, and to afford European seminarists easy means of preparing for future work in the pioneer settlements of America.

Bishop M. Demers, so sadly in need of priests for his unremunerative diocese of Vancouver Island and Alaska, became a patron of the College by donating one thousand dollars. This membership entitled him to draw from its alumni such priests as were desirous of devoting their labors to his spiritual territory. It proved an incalculable investment. From that ecclesiastical institution the diocese of Victoria received missionaries of the calibre of Archbishop Seghers, martyr-apostle of Alaska, Very Rev. J. Jonckau, and Very Rev. Aug. Brabant, who had the moral courage to stay among the Indians of the west coast of Vancouver Island for thirty years, though during the first eight, not one heathen was converted. So out of the way of civilization was Father Brabant that he used to say in his droll way: "The only whites on the coast are myself and my dog," a mas-tiff,—the missionary's sole friend.

Many other priests cast in the same strong mould came from Louvain to wrestle with the sternest conditions allied with the service of Mother Church in Northwestern America.

Father Althoff, with Father Eussen, also from the American College of Louvain, arrived in Victoria one Sunday morning in November, 1878. They drove to the Bishop's house, an old

building on Humboldt St. After first greetings, Father Althoff, kid-gloved, asked: "May the 'domestic' come and help with the baggage?"—"Certainly," said the Bishop, and rising, he rolled up his sleeves and went to the loaded wagon. The newcomers understood that their missionary life had begun, and it allowed them no breathing time; for the very next day they were assigned to their posts.

During their long journey from Holland, the young priests had often conversed about Alaska, recently opened to apostolic zeal by Bishop Seghers' tour there. Father Eussen had said with a catch in his breath, "Suppose we should be sent to Alaska?" Father Althoff had rejected the rash supposition and quieted fear with the plausible statement: "The Bishop would not send young men like us, but experienced priests, whose places we shall take nearer headquarters." This was one of the few times that Father Althoff's penetration was at fault. Bishop Seghers had received a report from Louvain which had decided his choice. The fine qualifications attributed to this particular priest met the Bishop's requirements for the first resident priest in Alaska; consequently the appointment of the new missionary to that far-off northern frontier had been decreed before he had left his native land.

When Father Althoff received this appointment from the Bishop's lips, and was told to prepare to leave for Wrangel in the early Spring, his six foot of manhood shook like a leaf. Sitka, though the capital, was not so important as Wrangel, which was the depot for the Cassiar mines. The Bishop accompanied him to that port, on the beautiful Wrangel Narrows, April 7, 1879.

From the first the young priest became an outstanding personage. The sacerdotal stamp, ever evident in his character, his resourcefulness as man,

business adviser and entertainer made him the most important person in any gathering, yet he under-estimated himself to a fault. Speaking of his years in Wrangel, years of anxiety and mental fear, he said in his colorful way: "When I am all alone and I think over some of the green-horn things I did in those days when I passed from the seminary into Alaska, far from spiritual guides, I feel like putting myself in a corner, face to the wall and blushing to the roots of my hair." His mistakes, if any, had no serious consequences, and his personal opinion to the contrary, Alaska considered him the right priest in the right place.

We are apt to picture missionaries standing, crucifix in hand, preaching to multitudes of heathens. This was St. Francis Xavier's luck; but in this part of America, the picture of the Good Shepherd seeking a strayed sheep in solitary places applies more correctly.

Those Wrangel years were isolated, inactive years, if so we may call the hidden life of our Blessed Lord. The energies of Father Althoff's athletic frame were confined to saying his daily Mass, at which, Sundays included, he was the congregation and celebrant. The miners admired the fine priest, with the pleasant, friendly word suited to each; they had enough religious sense to understand his unselfish reason for being among them; but they were godless, the country was godless and they wanted no change. In such an environment little could be done with the Indians.

The Episcopalians had a good start. Their church, and a mission boarding school dated some years back, and richly laden cases from New York, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities, had already won over the natives. Sheldon Jackson, the great figure between Alaska and the Atlantic States, had instituted a plan which worked effectively. He enlisted millionaire ladies to adopt a

native child for whom they would provide. Each child in the mission school went by the name of her patroness. Through this system, tons of costly clothes worn but a few times by leaders of fashion, and jewelry even, found its way to Wrangel. The adopted child received a fraction of them. There were no wireless in those days to tell tales out of Alaska. However, the natives appreciated "that half a loaf is better than none." Alongside these material baits, Father Althoff could offer only the hard laws of the Ten Commandments and the invisible graces of the Sacraments. He lived very much alone. The rough, golden-hearted miners respected his caution and pitied his lonely, discouraging life. But the ice was about to be broken.

It was New Year's, 1880. Father had said Holy Mass by himself, and during the day was keeping company with his own thoughts. In the early afternoon he heard a knock at his cabin door. Although Alaska in those days dispensed with the amenities of society, Father Althoff rose and admitted a visitor—a New Year's caller. He was dressed (let it be said with apologies to Wrangel) like a city gentleman and his toilette was crowned by a shining beaver "stovepipe." The host understood hospitality, and the visitor appreciated it as he sat and smoked a cigar such as wealthy Holland parents would send to their missionary son for his first New Year's gift in Alaska.

The call was a welcome break in the young priest's life. It was not to be the only one. Some time after the first caller had gone, a second presented himself. He, too, was a little bashful in his seldom-worn toggery, but a proffered cigar put him at his ease. Such a New Year's Day as it was for Wrangel's missionary! No less than five callers.

The red-letter afternoon over, Father Althoff was left to himself with a new train of thought. "Who would have

imagined," he mused, "that those chaps whom I have always seen in rain-coats, rain-caps, and gum-boots, would have such stylish suits, and, above all, such perfect beaver hats?"

And this is where the laugh was on him. There was only *one beaver hat*, and the visitors had taken turns in wearing it. Afterwards these good-natured "dudes" let out the secret. "Father, we felt kind of bad for you there by yourself on New Year's Day, so we schemed to divert you by calling on you in society style. Each one raked out the finest clothes he had for a general contribution and distribution. There were not enough to make complete suits to go all way round, so that we could be presentable as a body. The big hit was the 'stovepipe.' We agreed to pass it, and some of the fine duds, to one another, and call on you singly." What a good world this is after all!

It was during Father Althoff's stay in Wrangel that advantage was taken of his clerical character for a very strange purpose. His spiritual jurisdiction took him to the Cassiar mining camps, a tramp journey of several days across mountains, rivers and lakes. He told as a remarkable instance that once, after a severe Winter, he came to a lake which was so thick with rats that the boats made their way through with difficulty. The explanation was that in migrating, the rat colony had been caught in the forming ice, and its dead remains freed in its breaking up.

Pursuing his way alone through miles of uninhabited region, Father Althoff was crossing a field of ice when, at a curve, a man came face to face with him. Recognizing the priest, that individual became unreasonably angry and began to rate him wildly. "Why don't you stay at home? What business have you out here? Stick to your prayers in your cabin!"

The missionary did not know what to make of it. He could not remember

having given any cause of offence to this person who was a comparative stranger. He remained nonplussed over the matter for some months till one day in Wrangel, he again happened to meet the man. Approaching the priest apologetically he said, "Father, I suppose you were puzzled over my manner when I spoke so angrily to you."—"Well, yes, I saw no reason for it."—"No, not on your part, but the case was this: I had smuggled a thousand dollars' worth of rum, and hidden it under the floor of your cabin when you were away on one of your trips. When I met you on the trail, and knew that you must be absent a month or more, I feared some one might have made himself at home and found my cache."

The good priest used to finish the story with a strained smile, remarking, "I had wintered over a floor lined with fourteen kegs of rum. Circumstantial evidence would have been extremely strong against me in this case had the liquor been discovered."

"There is a reflection of the divinity in everyone," which is another way of saying that our souls are made to the image of God, therefore there is goodness in every person. Father Althoff had a proof of this from an unexpected source during that first Winter in Alaska. He was subject to quincy. The Northern climate did not at first mitigate this chronic disorder, and he had a merciless attack which laid him prostrate. He remained in his cabin unattended, unvisited. On the third day of his sickness there was a tap at the door, followed by the entrance of a colored man, who explained: "I missed you, Father, and I feared you might be sick."

Necessity and a kind heart are often worth a doctor's license and a trained nurse's diploma. The intuitive nursing of the good Negro restored the sick priest. It was "bread cast upon the waters." About ten years later, when

the discovery of gold quartz in Juneau left Wrangel a deserted post, the priest and the colored man were again brought together by sickness; this time, the latter was the patient. He came to St. Ann's Hospital, that haven for Alaskan miners and adventurers. Father Althoff, chaplain and factotum, as well as parish priest of Southeastern Alaska, constituted himself his special nurse, but he could not stay death.

The name of the ex-slave stood for mildness and whiteness in a reckless country. The priest-nurse touched upon the eternal truths. Finding the patient responsive, he went further and hazarded the question: "Would you like to be baptized?" The poor man had professed no creed. "I have wanted to be a Catholic ever since I knew you, but I did not know if the likes of me could be taken in."

This reception into the Church was one of the greatest joys of Father Althoff's ministry in the North. How gently he assisted the dying neophyte, sacramentally and physically! When all was over, he laid him reverently in the coffin made by his consecrated hands. The priest was undertaker, lawyer, doctor, carpenter, steward, and whatever trade circumstances demanded. All this was incidental to his holy calling of propagating the Faith, but employments like these were eloquent sermons.

After a break of three years in his Alaskan life, which interval he spent in Nanaimo, Father Althoff again went North to the embryo town of Juneau. On nearing port, the captain who had long ago succumbed to the young priest's popularity, took him aside, and said: "Father, you are a young man beginning a career in this new town. I would like to see you do as well as the best of them; call upon me as a son upon his father. Take this for a start." It was fifty dollars. The priest, who had turned from the opportunities of

multiplying his inherited thousands that he might win over just such souls as the captain's, always related this incident with sadness, adding: "The captain did not in the least understand that it was the fulfilling of his Catholic obligations I wanted, not his money."

Renouncing worldly advantages was only the initial part of his oblation to the cause of spiritual conquest. Father Althoff gave with verve all that was in him—muscle and sinew, heart and brain, comfort and rest—without any cooling off during forty-seven years of priesthood in frontier places.

The priest like any other Catholic is bound to go to confession. Father Althoff, who was nearly one thousand miles away from any priest, could go but once a year. To fulfil this obligation he had to take the trip to Victoria, which occupied seven or eight days in Winter and five or six in the tourist season. The just man falls several times, and the holier a soul is the more conscious it is of its weaknesses. When our lone missionary felt the need of going to confession, he went into the sanctuary, opened the tabernacle door, then knelt and confessed to the Sacred Host. We can almost see the hand of the Divine Prisoner raised in absolution.

Being for many years the only priest in Alaska, he occasionally went to Sitka for the sake of the few Catholics there. On one of these visits he called upon a man who was in the grip of a fatal disease, but, with the usual deceptive sight of the dying, he saw the end afar off. Grieved that the sick man put off receiving the sacraments, Father Althoff said: "It may happen that when you do want the priest he will be out of reach."

Some months afterwards when Juneau was hugging comfort against a rising "Taku"—the term "blizzard" seems mild in comparison to the Taku of the North Pacific,—messengers came from Sitka saying that the man was dying and had called for the

priest. Father Althoff knew what the trip meant—one hundred and fifty miles in a canoe, partly through ice-berged channels and the open sea, on a stormy night.

The race lasted twenty hours without a halt of any kind, for a soul was at stake. The Eastern papers spoke of it with amazement. It was quite the heroic event of the year. But alas, for postponing God's hour of grace, the patient had been dead about an hour when the minister of Mother Church arrived.

Miners, prospectors, merchants and capitalists met their counterpart in this versatile Alaskan missionary. Like an expert he grasped the technicalities of their occupations. Each individual knew that his projects found response in the heart and intellect of that solitary priest. Not unfrequently they found response in his purse, for he helped many a "broke man," as well as many a hopeful one. This was especially the case at the time of the mad gold rush to the Klondike in 1897. There were more losers than winners, but the world does not learn easily.

One of the Klondyke hopefuls spoke of his ambitions to Father Althoff, and his lack of means to attain them; forty dollars would do it. He was sure of success—who that went over the White Horse Pass was not?—grateful recognition would follow. The borrower was Mr. James McNamee whose luck was phenomenal. He was proportionally grateful. His thank offering to the lender was a chain of the finest gold nuggets, and later on, a large loan on easy terms for the cathedral.

Father Althoff's territory was appallingly large, but he was equal to its needs, and his work was everywhere admired. Unfortunately, he minimized his powers. Far was it from him to shirk duty, but it was his conviction that a religious Order should take over the missionary work in the country. He left nothing undone to accomplish the

installation there of the Jesuits or Oblates. He went to Baltimore to urge this arrangement with Cardinal Gibbons. His Eminence was reluctant to accept the resignation of one who was so fittingly Alaska's priest, and proposed to elevate the territory to a Vicariate-Apostolic, and consecrate him its first bishop. The great priest to whom service, not dignities appealed, recoiled from the idea. In time the Jesuits accepted the field. Rejoicing that it was in charge of so able and zealous a body of men, Father Althoff generously withdrew, after he had given seventeen years of the noblest constituents of man and priest to Alaska. He was reproached, and later he reproached himself, for having been so insistent, and not biding God's time in so important a matter as the transfer of that portion of the territory from the secular to the regular clergy.

The next nine years he was connected with the cathedral in Victoria, B. C. His splendid qualities which corresponded so faithfully to the conception of priest, friend and gentleman, won for him in parish work the esteem he had enjoyed in Alaska. His zeal, though energetic, was tactful. Once the weak had approached him with a desire to amend, he could have braved fiends to help them.

A noted surgeon had spent two hours operating on a deluded but repentant woman. All that time Father Althoff, who had been quick to answer the Catholic's cry, "a priest," was praying in an adjoining room. Late in the evening the medical man came to the hospital to see how his patient was. He found this true shepherd of souls kneeling at the foot of the bed saying the Rosary, half aloud and in French, the mother tongue of the reconciled sinner. Again in the wee hours of the morning the doctor dropped in to observe the case; to his astonishment he saw the man of God near the patient's bed. The

nurse, in a whisper, explained: "Father has been here all the time since you operated; he prays most of the time, and is staying to prevent that woman's partner from disturbing her peace of mind."

The man of science was so impressed that next day he could speak of little else, and repeated everywhere: "There is one man in Victoria, yes, one man, and he is Father Althoff; only such a man could spend nearly twenty-four hours guarding a dying girl from the presence of her evil genius."

In 1899, Father Althoff went to France on a mission connected with the Propagation of the Faith. His business done, he wired to Haarlem that he would soon be home. His father received the telegram at his club. He had not known that his son was in Europe.

Rising, he said, "Gentlemen, I am going home to prepare for death." There were remonstrances on all sides. "Why, you are in perfect health. You have not complained of ache or pain, and you are a most healthy specimen of vigorous age."

"Yes, I feel just as you say, but I have the sign that I shall die very soon."

"What is the sign, if we may know?"

"Every day since my son's ordination I have prayed that he might assist me at my death. This telegram tells me he is coming home for a few days. His trips from America are too far apart, and I am too old, to expect that I shall live to see him after this. God has answered my prayer."

The missionary arrived and there was a happy family reunion. Nobody had paid heed to the old gentleman's premonition — everyone was well and joyful. Before taking a final leave of his parents and relatives, Father Althoff went to a city at some distance. When he returned after a few days, he was met at the train with the message, "We were about to wire for you. Father is seriously ill." The prayer of

faith was answered. The old gentleman received the last rites from his missionary son, and passed away in great consolation. To assist his father at the supreme hour may have been a reward to the priest who always administered Extreme Unction to white, black and Indian with earnest piety. When he was chaplain to religious communities, the members all wished to die during his term, that they might benefit by his encouragement and prayers.

In 1902 he went to Nelson in the mountainous, interior part of British Columbia; and then blessings began to pour on the Catholic congregation, the church, the population. The unfinished church was in debt. It seemed mere play for Father Althoff to finish the church, furnish it with costly appurtenances, pay everything, then do the same to the Sister's hospital and school, and lastly fit up his residence. He never tolerated bazaars, church fairs, or any money-raising schemes; but he was a financier, and financiers, like poets, are born, not made.

Wherever this true man of God passed, he left the memory of some uncommon deed, which, in the chain of his Christlike acts, stood out like a peak in our lofty ranges. In Nelson, it was his devotedness during the epidemic of influenza in 1918. Nearly every family had its sick, but while children were spared, iron-muscled miners and loggers died in their strength. There was urgent work for many priests, but all those in the territory were prostrate with the scourge. Our good Samaritan attended to his own afflicted flock and to the missions of his brother priests. He went back and forth during the severest period of a Canadian Winter, often on a wagon-load of coffins.

Time, which from Alaska to the interior of British Columbia had intensified his holy calling, had not warded off age. A year or so ago he had a slight paralytic stroke, but he was soon in

active service again. This last Christmas after church services and social civilities, he visited one of the outlying settlements. He returned home that night to die as we would have so noble a priest die. Next morning, December 30, he said Holy Mass. At the breakfast table, he felt indisposed and went to telephone for his doctor, then reclined in his armchair. Two answered the summons. While one doctor was taking the patient's pulse, the other said to a Jesuit: "Lose no time to anoint him." In twenty minutes, peacefully, without agony, the great missionary had passed away.

With the news of his holy death consternation and grief spread through the city; loving and reverent action followed. Round the beloved remains, exposed in the hospital chapel, the Knights of Columbus and the different societies succeeded one another. One or the other of the young priests of the district—districts are very extensive in British Columbia—was always present. What a father they had lost! one who lauded their zeal, enjoyed their liveliness, but who required fidelity to their vocational exercises. He kept open house for them, but after Holy Mass and the morning meal, not a word was spoken till they had said their breviary.

The sorrow of the altar boys was pathetic; they had not the heart to serve in the sanctuary, not even for the Requiem. The religious denominations gave eulogies and had special prayers at their Sunday services. They also sent official delegations to the funeral. At this, the civic organizations were represented and the city council attended in a body. Groups of laymen came from all the towns in the Kootenay. Gently as love only could do it, Nelson's beloved pastor and Alaska's pioneer priest was lowered into his last earthly resting-place beneath the softly-falling snow.

Gervase Winter.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XVII.

LORD MERVYN, I want to speak to you," said Meggie breathlessly.

The young man was walking up and down between the dark yews, his hands clasped behind him, his eyes on the ground. He glanced up as Meggie came darting out of the bushes.

"Is anything wrong?" he asked in surprise.

"Only with me," she faltered. "Perhaps you will think I did wrong in coming to you, only you are always so kind—"

"Well, what is the trouble, Miss Pryce?" asked Mervyn. "Has one of the boys been too much for you?"

She studied his face. After the first glance his eyes had not rested on her.

"I can manage the children—only—I wish you had never had me here—never let me see how different life might be! Oh, I wish I was dead!" she ended passionately.

"It is easy to talk glibly of death," he returned, "but it is not so easy to face it and the account we must render afterwards."

"God wouldn't be hard on such a poor little creature as me," murmured Meggie coaxingly. "And you wouldn't be hard on me if you realized how I long for the things which come to you as a birth-right, which you don't even notice—"

She stopped, but still he was not looking at her.

"Well, but what is the special trouble just now, Miss Pryce? And how can I help you?"

"I suppose you wouldn't understand. You don't know what it is to be born with a millstone round your neck, to long and long for beautiful things and to be crushed down by sordid surroundings; to struggle and fight for a place

in the sun, and then every time you get up a step or two of the ladder to be thrust back again."

"But a temporary check doesn't mean defeat," said Mervyn kindly. "You'll soon be strong enough to make a fresh start."

"You mean I'll soon be strong enough to be turned out into the cold," replied Meggie, stepping in front of him and tossing her bright head and burning eyes into his range of vision. "You can't guess what it means, I suppose, to have lived here all these months with pretty things about me,—yes, and nicely served meals and clean table-cloths. You know what you felt about such things when you first got back from the war! And interesting talk and books and pictures and music! It's ordinary home-life to you; and you have always had nice people to care for you."

She paused for breath.

"I don't know why you come to me," said Mervyn slowly.

"Then when I leave here," went on Meggie hastily, "I shall have to go back to work in an office and live in a dingy, stuffy, furnished room, and wash my own clothes and get my meals, cold or good, at an A, B, C, shop. And that will go on till I die. I won't stoop and I can't rise."

"It does sound rather dismal if you put it like that," declared Mervyn. "But if you consult my sister, I'm sure she will have a suggestion to make. There are residential clubs for girls which are much jollier than lodgings."

"Yes, for common girls," said Meggie savagely. "If I'd stayed common I could have been happy in such a place."

"Come, it is not so bad as that," returned Mervyn, glancing at her with amusement. "You can't be *quite* unique, you know; and there are all sorts of lecture clubs you could join."

"I don't want that," wailed Meggie—"I want to be happy; and just as happiness is almost within my grasp, you are

going to push me back. O Lord Mervyn, I could make a happy home, I could,—indeed I could."

Meggie wrung her hands together and tears gushed from her eyes.

"I'm sure you could," said Mervyn in a tone of conventional kindness.

"I could love," whispered Meggie,—*"you,"* she longed to add, but could get no encouragement from his expression. He looked uncomfortable—even a little disgusted.

"I think you are a little overwrought," said the young man at length. "You know, I'm not really the person you should confide in. My sister now—"

"I have come to you, because Miss Mervyn is so good, she doesn't understand. She has never wanted a home of her own; she'd be quite happy as a nun, or working in a hospital, or anything. I can't go to her and tell her that if she sends me off, she's taking away my last chance—"

"That's rather absurd, you know, Miss Pryce," he interrupted.

"No, it isn't. Do you think I could marry *any* man? You all think me light and frivolous, but I'm not. It—it hurts! Oh, why did I humiliate myself like this! You have no mercy in you!"

"Steady, Miss Pryce! I don't think this has really anything to do with me!"

"No," she said bitterly. "Of course, I see now you are too aloof and serene. You just think it disgusting that a girl should begin to care for a man before he cares—much—for her. You have never dreamed what it would be to be lonely and poor and miserable, and suddenly to find yourself lifted up, protected, made safe forever."

She stopped in astonishment—a great light had come into Mervyn's face, his lips were parted, his eyes aglow. He was not looking at her, and even as she stared at him he moved away as if quite unconscious of her presence. She waited, but he walked out of sight without a backward glance.

"He is in love," cried Meggie to herself, "but not with me. He has actually forgotten all about me!"

She flung herself down, burying her flushed face in the moss, but raising her head from time to time to listen eagerly.

But no one came, and presently her little whimpers and moans of self-pity merged into a tempest of tears. She had offered herself to him, and in his arrogant superiority, as she thought, he had not even been aware of it. He had thought she aspired to the hand of Winter, no doubt,—a beggarly shop-clerk as poor as herself. Ah, little Megan had far other dreams! To be Lady Mervyn, with that shining string of pearls that she had seen Hilary wear, and a maid to wait on her, and pretty things to wear—that was a dream worth striving for! All those books and manuscripts could be turned into gold!

She got up at length, brushed the moss and twigs from her dress, and went slowly into the house. Why could she not attract Mervyn, she wondered? She was pretty enough, but all her little feminine darts seemed to be turned aside as by an invisible armor.

Meggie was dispensing tea to the children that evening, looking pale and heavy-eyed, when Mervyn came in.

"I say, Miss Pryce, I'm sorry I went away this morning while you were talking. I—I was thinking of something else. But I'll speak to my sister about what you said, if you like."

"Please, don't," said Meggie proudly. "What I told you was in confidence. Think no more about it, Lord Mervyn, please."

"Very well. Perhaps you are right," he returned; and after speaking to one or two of the children, he went away. Meggie heard his boots clattering down the stairs; he was whistling, very much relieved, no doubt, to have got rid of her so easily. Meggie's heart swelled with indignation and anger.

"Miss Pryce, that's milk you are putting in the teapot," shouted Ellen, with a scream of mirth.

Megan turned angrily on the child, but caught back the words of wrath at the last moment. Let them think it was Winter she wanted,—let them! She would contrive to stay on somehow; and, perhaps, with the golden Summer before her, she would be able to attain the object of her dreams.

"How stupid of me! Ellen dear," she said aloud, meeting the precociously intelligent eyes of the little girl with a baffling smile.

Ellen giggled again, however, with an air of understanding.

It was Hilary's custom to spend an hour with the children every evening; and immediately she appeared, Meggie pleaded a headache, and readily received permission to forsake her charges. She took a book and sauntered out to the downy upland from which she could look down on the high road. A steep track led to the village, and she seated herself on the bank, idly turning over the pages of her novel. In these favorite romances of hers, the women never had any difficulty in drawing the attention of men. Meggie flung the book pettishly from her. She was perfectly aware of her own charms, and until she came to Pendrillas had had no difficulty whatever in getting them appreciated. The secondary school for which she had obtained a scholarship was a mixed one, like many in Wales, and Meggie had never lacked a hobbledehoy to carry her books or pass her notes in class. At Bangor, she had been equally admired, with the added bliss of provoking quarrels among her adherents, and making them miserable or blissful by a word.

Like many of her kind, Megan was eager to deceive herself. She loved to recall the remark of Lord Mervyn's which she had overheard about her lovely coloring, but equally prone to for-

get that it had not been intended for her ears; and the context had been less flattering. She had been lurking in the library one Spring evening, in order to peer out unperceived at Mervyn who was helping his sister to plant the narrow border below the window.

"I don't like the idea of Megan Pryce being alone in London," Miss Mervyn had said. "She is such a beautiful little thing."

"Not beautiful really—a lovely coloring," he had returned.

Of these remarks Megan treasured two phrases—"a beautiful little thing" and "lovely coloring"—the rest she expunged from her mind.

Her thoughts now worked round and round the problem. Why could she make no headway with Mervyn? Had some one set him against her, or was it possible—an idea delightful to her vanity—that he was really jealous of that dull creature, Winter? Could he have fallen in love with Miss Mervyn's misty blue eyes and cool aloofness, or was he seriously interested in "that Joyce"? Perhaps he was really in love with Meggie herself, and was jealous of Lord Mervyn—a pleasing thought this, and the girl was still smiling over it when she perceived a tall, dark figure emerge rapidly from the Pendrillas gateway. Meggie identified it immediately as Winter's; she sat quite still until a dip in the path concealed her from his sight. Then jumping up, she placed her book under a patch of fern and began to stroll towards the village, pausing to admire the view from time to time, until Winter's long strides overtook her. He would have passed with a brief salutation, but she stopped him.

"O Mr. Winter! I'm just going to inquire for Dan Evans; he got hurt at the quarry. Would you care to come and have a talk to his father? You know Mr. Evans is a great man about here."

"I thought they lived up that way,"

said Gervase, nodding towards the mountain.

"So they do, but it's such rough walking. I was going round by the road," said Meggie mendaciously. "But I don't mind if I'm not alone."

She struck off valiantly into the heather without waiting for Winter's acquiescence. He turned and walked beside her without comment, accommodating his pace to hers.

(To be Continued.)

Te Sæculorum Principem.

(First Vespers' Hymn for the Feast of the Kingship of Christ.)

TRANSLATED FOR THE AVE MARIA BY ALLAN G. McDOUGALL.

THEE, Lord of every age, we sing:

Thee, Christ, we hail the nations' King;
Confess Thy right Thy realm to find
Within the hearts of all mankind.

The hate-swayed mob cries, pride-enticed,
They will not have Thy kingdom, Christ;
But we, exultant, round Thy throne
Thy reign o'er all creation own.

O Christ, our Prince, that bringest peace,
Let every rebel impulse cease;
The lost for whom Thy love is fain
Bring back to Thy one fold again!

For this Thine arms wide-stretched in plea
Hung bleeding on the atoning tree;
For this the spear's revealing dart
Laid bare Thy love-enflamed Heart.

For this Thou dost Thy glory hide,
Outpouring from Thy pierced side
The riches of Thy love divine
Beneath the veils of bread and wine.

May realms and they that rule them vie
With solemn rites to raise Thee high;
May laws and arts Thy servants be,
All life be sanctified in Thee.

Their kingly gear and royal state
Kings to their King shall consecrate;
Subjects their all before Thee lay
In service of Thy gentle sway.

Jesù, to Thee, beneath whose sway
All earth shall bow, all praise we pay;
With Father and with Spirit be
All glory Thine eternally.

A Hidden Apostolate.

BY O. S. D.

III.—MARIA APOSTOLA.

THOUGH there was never any appreciable improvement in Maria's health, nevertheless, as time went on, she was permitted to enjoy periods of less acute suffering. These intervals she employed in work for the spiritual and temporal assistance of her neighbor. Her reputation for sanctity had only been increased by the storm of detraction and calumny; and like many such storms, its chief result was to bring out in stronger relief the patience and humility of the sufferer, and to make her virtues more widely known.

Henceforth there was scarcely a day on which she was able to receive at all, when her room was not besieged by visitors. Persons of every class, from priest to peasant, came to consult her, to confide their difficulties to her, to ask her advice; and always to find help and consolation in her words, so simply and gently spoken, but so evidently inspired.

Maria, as we have said, possessed an extraordinary gift for gaining the confidence of others. She never asked indiscreet questions, but, with the greatest delicacy, would draw from troubled souls the story of trials and temptations that, in fact, she often knew beforehand by secret revelation. Then she would strive to heal the wound, to set right what was wrong, to show where there had perhaps been sin or error; and without the least reproaching, she would lead them back into the right path. Her power of sympathy was wonderful, and this perhaps was what her friends found most attractive. For there could be no doubt that it was a *real* sympathy, that is to say founded on an intense love of the individual soul whom God had sent to her for help.

Few could withstand the supernatural fascination thus exercised by

the helpless invalid. At first there might be some resistance, some sullenness, or unwillingness to respond to the call of grace; but in almost every case the sweetness and gentle force so evidently inspired by God won the day. Maria's visitors would be drawn first to repentance and then to unbounded confidence in Him, whom she never ceased to love and invoke as "Jesus, our Perfect Joy."

An instance of this power is related in her life. A woman came to see her in a state of vindictive rage against a neighbor, who had grievously injured her. Maria talked to her with great tenderness and sought to bring her to a better mind, but without success. Her visitor's passion had taken complete possession of her. For a long time Maria strove in vain; all her arguments fell unheeded on the stormy waves of anger that surged in the unhappy woman's heart. At length, moved by a strong impulse of charity, and seeing the peril of the soul before her, Maria, who now for years had been unable to move without help, threw herself from her couch, and kneeling at the sinner's feet, implored her in the name of all that was most sacred, to think of the salvation of her soul, and show mercy to her enemy, as she herself hoped to find mercy on the Day of Judgment.

Terrified at the danger to which she had exposed her suffering friend, and listening to her passionate appeal, the woman entered into herself. Her fury subsided, and with tears of contrition she acknowledged herself vanquished, and renounced her purpose of revenge. Maria was lifted back to her couch more dead than alive, but she counted the exhaustion that followed as nothing, in her joy at having gained a soul for God.

There was one class of persons whose visits gave Maria no pleasure, but rather wearied and tried her. These were the rich and prosperous who lived in the world of fashion, and came to see the

invalid daughter of Signor Bagnesi, either out of curiosity, or with the sole desire of passing away their time in some fresh excitement. They wasted the hours that she might have spent in communion with God, or in doing good to those who really needed her. Maria could not bring herself to show discourtesy to any one; but the worldly, useless talk with which these visitors regaled her was intensely distasteful to her innocent soul.

It happened one day that, lying alone, she became absorbed in deep contemplation, and was conversing with God. Suddenly a party of ladies arrived, and poor Maria was called upon to rouse herself to receive the wife of the Duke of Tuscany and a numerous suite. She can have had little in common with this princess, Yoanna of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Ferdinand II., and mother of the future Queen Mary of Medici. The Duchess' sole title to the compassion or interest of the holy Tertiary would have been the unhappiness of her married life. But on this occasion no such subject seems to have been mentioned. Yoanna and her ladies talked and gossiped about Court matters, of which their hostess knew little and cared less, and presently took their leave. As soon as they were gone Maria turned to her Heavenly Father and besought Him not to allow the Duchess to repeat her visit, as she had promised to do. Her petition was granted: several times the noble-woman sent a messenger to say she was coming to the Bagnesi palace, and each time, in some inexplicable way, she was prevented from carrying out her intention.

All the members of Maria's household, with one exception, were devoted to their little Signorina. But one individual, for some unexplained reason, obstinately resisted her ascendancy. This was an upper servant who had lived with the family for many years and was accounted of some importance. She

did not like her master's youngest daughter. She took advantage of Maria's helplessness, and tyrannized over her in a way that, under the circumstances, seems to have been little less than cruel. She scolded her incessantly and found fault with everything she did. If at rare intervals the sick girl was well enough to amuse herself with a little needlework, or other light occupation, this woman would declare that such work was useless. If, on still more rare occasions, with the help of a kindly arm, Maria managed to crawl slowly round her room, she would be overwhelmed with grumblings at the trouble she gave; whilst at other times her tyrant would give her some work to do that was utterly beyond her strength.

Her sister and her family remonstrated strongly and hotly, but Maria refused to have her persecutor dismissed. In her own estimation she needed, not only to be tried, but to be humbled; and with the true spirit of the saint she accepted this trial, which must have been indeed a very great humiliation. She therefore persevered in treating the woman with invariable patience, though, as one of her biographers relates, she did not neglect to speak gentle words of rebuke when she knew it to be necessary. After a time she warned this servant to prepare for death, for God had made known to her that she would soon be called away.

Even the animals appear to have recognized some mysterious attraction in the frail form and loving heart of our little Beata. Like St. Francis of Assisi, this pure soul would seem to have regained some degree of man's lost empire over the lower creation. She loved them all, and they in turn loved and obeyed, and even served her to the best of their ability. As St. Hugh of Lincoln had his favorite swan, and St. Agnes of Montepulciano her pet lamb, so Maria Bagnesi had a favorite cat that displayed

an almost human intelligence and affection for his mistress. When she was left alone, he would steal into her room and keep her company; if she was faint and needed help, the faithful little animal would set off in search of one of the maids. One day he appeared in Maria's room carrying a large piece of cheese in his mouth, which he placed on the bed, and in his dumb way besought her to eat. For some reason the patient's usual meal time had passed unnoticed, and she was hungry; Pussy apparently understood that she could not wait upon herself, and had brought her what in his eyes was a great dainty.

Birds also Maria used to have in her room. Prisoners like herself, she sympathized with them, and the little creatures divined her need of recreation or desire for rest and prayer, and would sing or be silent accordingly.

This apostolic soul did not confine her interest to the spiritual needs of her neighbor. She gave abundant alms, though the family were by no means wealthy; and after Carlo Bagnesi's death their income appears to have been still further diminished. There was evidently some legal dispute about the division of the property amongst the sisters, but judgment was given in favor of Maria,—one of the reasons for the decision being that "her infirmities necessitated her receiving a larger share in order to provide for her needs."

She kept from her income only just what was necessary for her own support and that of her household. Her acts of charity were performed as secretly as possible; her almoner Don Agostino, distributed her gifts and he alone knew what she spent in this way. Maria would never allow herself to be questioned on the subject of her charities, and the nearest approach to impatience that she ever showed was when any one attempted to praise her as "a woman of good works."

The Party at Ballymoat.

BY VALENTINE PARAISSO.

I.

BALLYMOAT was in a "queer way," when Peggy thought of the party, because a sort of stiff and stand-off air had come down upon the neighbors. Some of it might have been due to the divisions of politics and the memory of things that had happened in the time they call "the trouble"; and more of it was due to the ups and downs of life, some having a bit of money saved, and others having no money at all, but a consciousness of ancestors and connections. For instance, the Lavertys had made their "little pile" speculating during the Great War, and had built a new house; but the De Courcys had never known the Lavertys, and the fine house made no difference.

Miles Corrigan, up at Castle Corraig, was the chief man of the place; but if there was any one in Ballymoat that knew everybody, and made no difference between one and another, it was his daughter, Peggy. The great house was almost shut up; he seemed to give the girl rather a hard time. Of course, he had twitches of the gout—poor man!—and that's enough to spoil any one's temper. But there had been a quarrel between him and his son years ago, and he was never the same since: the boy wanted to go to sea and the father would not hear of it. At last, off Gerard went; and he quarrelled with his captain, left the ship in Sydney Harbor, disappeared "up country" in Australia, and never was heard of again.

There was not a prettier girl in the place than Peggy Corrigan; but she never seemed to think about getting married. In a sense, everyone was in love with her—poor and rich. She might have been over thirty, but people

with hearts like Peggy's never seem to grow old.

Peggy managed to cheer up her father and manage the big house; and she found time for secret raids down Back Market Street and along Glaun-na-Foca. It didn't look very like a fairy glen—the same Glaun-na-Foca. You may picture it as a breezy road running out of the little town—a muddy road full of hens and ducks, and having a row of thatched cottages along each side, with half-doors to keep the baby from tumbling out and the fowls from running in. The cottages had little square windows full of flowers and showing bits of white curtain. On some of the thatched roofs there was a thick growth of green, houseleek and flowering weeds and grass.

There was a fine garden up at Castle Corraig; and it was one of Peggy's pleasures to come down to the church with an armful of flowers, and to arrange them in the sacristy for the altars. She was there at the long, high table, busy with heaps of daffodils and narcissus, and glass jars of water, when the priest looked in and greeted her with his usual kind word. He looked a little worried, and presently gave a sort of sigh. "It's a queer place this, and enough to wear anybody out. What's the matter with the people at all, that they won't pull together? It's the most unworthy state of things, for it hinders everything. I don't know is it that 'tuppence-halfpenny won't speak to tuppence.' But I never saw such a place as Ballymoat is getting to be."

"Suppose we have a bazaar," said the resourceful Peggy, looking round with her hands full of flowers.

"It isn't a year since the last; we can't have another yet; and I think the bazaar upset everything worse than ever."

"Let's have a party," said Peggy.

"What sort of a party, child?"

"Oh!—for everybody—and get them all to come."

The parish priest of Ballymoat smiled at her ardor, and slowly shook his head.

But Peggy persisted. She had evidently an idea of her own, not yet explained. Expense? There was to be no expense at all; the party was to pay for itself.

This time it was an incredulous smile that was on Father Moran's face. "My young friend," he said, "you have never kept accounts."

"Oh! indeed, then, Father, I have. They worry me every Monday morning. But won't you let me try, and we shall have an 'everybody's party,' and it must pay for itself?"

"For the children?"

"No; but the grown-ups. Sure, the children all know each other without any nonsense."

"I'd rather have the children," said the priest very naturally.

"So would I, Father; it would be a great deal easier. But what we want is to shake up Ballymoat. We should charge so much a ticket; and take the hall and decorate it nicely. And then we should have tea and coffee and everything, and they'd *have* to talk to each other; and the young folks could have a dance at the end."

"But how will you amuse the people? Tea at the beginning; the young folks have a little dance at the end. What I want to know is, what comes in the middle?"

Peggy stood puzzled. There rose to her mind a picture of a big, bright room and an empty floor, with tables all round, where everybody had leisure to criticise everybody else. In fact, that would be the only thing to do in Ballymoat.

"I don't know how we can amuse them," she said. "I myself would like Punch and Judy, if we could hire it

from Dublin. But I'm afraid some people would be angry."

"Well, you can go ahead. It's a difficult proposition; we shall end up in the Bankruptcy Court, Peggy. You mustn't ask your father for money for this; you know."

"Oh, no!" from Peggy, with infinite horror.

"It's a treat to see the daffodils," the priest said. "Spring is coming. Mind you get your party over before Lent."

II.

That very Saturday Peggy called at the hall and made her bargain with the caretaker. Then she went to the printer's shop.

Early in the next week placards announced in large red letters: "A Grand Evening Party and Re-union;" and the promoter of the entertainment had deposited sheaves of pink tickets in the hands of chosen helpers. Up at the great house—which was but an ordinary, old-fashioned mansion, known as Castle Corraig—she danced into the library to tell her father the news.

"You'll be there, won't you, daddy? We simply must have *you*."

He came rapidly to the problem. What was going to be done to amuse the people?

"That's what I don't know yet," said Peggy, a little nervously. And then it came upon her, with sudden realization, that the tickets were out, and the town was buzzing with the announcement, and the Hall was taken; and there was no food—nothing to eat, nothing to drink—nothing to do when the fifty or sixty people were there.

"Who's going to pay for it all?" said her father, a little tartly.

To which Peggy said desperately: "It's going to pay for itself."

Miles Corrigan uttered an unbelieving snort. Since that quarrel with his son, in the ten long years of bitterness he had gone through, he had become

irritable, and somewhat close about money. From the moment the financial side of the entertainment was talked of, he made such disparaging remarks at the mention of it, that Peggy could not hope for his presence.

It was very sad for her to remember, as she could quite well, how genial and cheery her father had been before he broke with poor wilful Gerard. Of course, Peggy's heart always leaned towards the sailor boy, who was once there at Castle Corraig, the gayest of young brothers. When the Australian contingent crossed the sea during the war, somehow she was sure Gerard was with them. She had shed many tears, and said many prayers over an imaginary nameless grave, somewhere in the Gallipoli Peninsula.

Now, instead of fretting about the misfortune that could not be undone, she had to turn all her thoughts to this new responsibility. It frightened her. She made calculations of the amount of cake, cream-buns, bonbons, boiled ham for sandwiches, fancy biscuits, and bread and the very best butter; and she based all her calculations on the energy of her ticket-sellers in persuading fifty guests to come. But on the Wednesday afternoon her own housekeeper had been to town, and brought back the startling news that she met Pat Enwright, and he said there were a hundred tickets and not fifty, and a great many had been sold "for presents." But anyhow, all the hundred were gone. A hundred people coming! Peggy had never thought of such a thing. And there was not a crumb ready!

"Where are you going to get tables for them all, Miss Peggy?" said the housekeeper. "The master won't let us send down tables, and there's not a ha'porth at the Hall."

It was at this frightful crisis that the door-bell of Castle Corraig rang, and a maid came presently with a card.

"If you please, Miss Peggy, the old

gentleman says he came from Dublin, hearing about the party, and would you like a conjuror?"

When Peggy had interviewed the conjuror, she ran back with delight to her father again, and even dared to mention the party.

"He's such a dear old man, daddy,—white hair and moustache and the nicest manners. He's over from England and stopping a few days in Dublin; and he has met Gerard, our Gerard, out in Australia! He says there was a Mr. Gerard Corrigan, that he liked ever so much—a young fellow in Melbourne. He described him; so our Gerard is alive and well. But he couldn't give the address."

Peggy looked as if she didn't know whether to laugh or to cry with joy. That grave in Gallipoli was only her imagination,—Gerard was alive! She was trembling with the happiness of it, and the tears were in her eyes.

Miles Corrigan, seated with his newspaper, gave no more than an interested grunt, and pretended to go on reading. But his eyes never moved down the printed column; and after a few minutes, he said without looking up: "He was always an obstinate boy. Why didn't he write? I don't believe he cares a straw whether we're all dead and buried or not."

After that, Miles Corrigan flung away his newspaper and stood up, and went over to one of the windows, where he remained mopping his grey hair and his face with a red silk handkerchief, and saying something about 'a bit of a cold,' and taking pinches of snuff.

"Is the old conjuror gone?" he asked suddenly, with a step or two towards the door.

"Oh, yes; he had to go back to Dublin; but he says he won't fail me. He is to give us an hour of tricks and ventriloquism for half-a-guinea. First of all he said a guinea; but when I told him it

was a poor people's party and everybody's party, and we were trying to make it pay for itself, he said he wouldn't take more than half the fee. So now I have news for Father Moran. We have somebody to amuse the people."

But the great news for that house was that Gerard Corrigan was alive and well. The father felt it more than he would admit. "It's shocking of that boy not to write," he said. "Never mind! He has chosen his own road, and he cares precious little about Castle Corraig. So don't you break your heart about him!"

III.

The party went on for four hours, but to Peggy it seemed less than one. And probably it was all too short for the guests; for there was never a celebration that went with such a swing as that party at Ballymoat. The Lavertys came—in their own car. Those were the people, you know, who had "built a fine new house out of bacon." They were very popular that night, and they and the De Courcys sat round one table. Afterwards Tom Laverty and Philip de Courcy found a great deal to say to each other in out-of-the-way corners, as if they had made a mistake in not talking business together years ago.

All the fashionables arrived from the new quarter of the town, and at the very same time the whole pick of Back Market Street and Glaun-na-Foca. Truth to tell, Glaun-na-Foca and Back Market Street sent their contingent so spick and span, and the women and girls so charmingly dressed, that Peggy had some difficulty in recognizing twenty or thirty of her guests. A bevy of girls in white, with blue ribbons and medals, were quite enjoying the fun of making tea and running about as waitresses. Of course, some of them had helped the boys of Ballymoat that afternoon in putting up those garlands of

green that were hung about the ceiling, those colored paper-shades that veiled the electric lights, and all the Chinese lanterns that had been sent by Dr. Harty. The whole place, with its decorated roof, shone like a jewelled Aladdin's Cave, when the feast was ready. The ten tables, each to hold ten, were ranged along by the walls, and the wide middle of the floor was left as an open space. Some tact had to be used, of course, about the gathering of parties round the tables. But Peggy managed it; in fact, as the parish priest murmured, looking round before he said grace, "It would be the queer thing Peggy Corrigan couldn't manage."

Then it was perceived that the stage-curtains had been drawn back, and there stood a white-haired, white-moustached man in evening dress, bowing to the company and arranging two tables, a chair and a large leather-case, which was no doubt the conjuror's proverbial bag of tricks.

We have all seen a conjuror, and there is no need to tell of the magic that was shown to Ballymoat by the slight little man. He did all the usual things, and everybody enjoyed the fun of being fooled and surprised, and being unable to guess how it was done. The back rows were standing on the chairs with excitement; some of the Glaun-na-Foca contingent said under their breath, "The Lord save us!—he's not right." It was only the presence of Father Moran that made them quite sure the cleverness of the infernal powers had nothing to do with it. Old Kate Kennedy, disguised in shot-brown silk and a lace shoulder-shawl, gave one or two tremulous sighs, and possibly was wishing for holy water.

Finally, the magician looked at his watch, and said in his husky voice,—which all the time was as hoarse as if the poor fellow had a cold—"Sorry! I've got to catch a train." And he swept everything into the great leather

bag. Then striking a match that flared red and smoky, he absolutely vanished: at least, when the red flash went out and the smoke cleared, he was nowhere.

The applause for the conjuror was the biggest noise that had ever been in the Hall at Ballymoat. Not even a political meeting had ever so nearly lifted off the roof.

"They want a dance now to finish up," Peggy said. "Who's going to play?"

The dancing went gaily; in fact, it was easier to begin it than to stop it. At last the stentorian voice of Pat Enwright shouted, "Three cheers for Father Moran!" The movement of the crowd had stopped; the three cheers went lustily. Then somebody else called out from the other end of the room: "Three cheers for Miss Peggy Corrigan!" and the blushing Peggy escaped to the doorway, knowing the next thing would be "Good-night!"

IV.

Somehow after that evening, every greeting held laughter, and the stiffness was gone out of Ballymoat.

But there had been one gap at the merrymaking. Miles Corrigan had sent a message instead of his presence, so his daughter had to tell him everything when she returned.

"Dr. Harty brought me in his car," she said, sitting down by the library fire, and flinging back her cloak. The light shone on her bright hair, her happy eyes and her cheeks, that had more than a wild-rose tint.

"Dr. Harty is a nice man," said her father dryly.

"He is," said Peggy briefly, poking the fire of mixed wood and turf.

"Did he sing a song for you?" Miles Corrigan asked.

"He did. 'He sang 'When first I saw Sweet Peggy.' The conjuror was awfully good," she said, starting a new subject. "I am so sorry you weren't there, daddy. We had about a hundred; and they all enjoyed themselves."

"I'd like to have seen that old conjuror. What do you say his name is? Brodrip?"

"Yes, Brodrip."

"I've been thinking about that boy of mine," the father said, rather sadly. "I'd like to ask that man a question or two."

"Well, I was so taken with his tricks, that when I said good-night to him, I asked him if he would think this too far to come some day. I thought we might have a children's party—all the little cousins and friends—and they would enjoy it so. Besides, daddy, I do want you to see him doing those wonderful things."

Mr. Brodrip came over from Dublin a few days later at Peggy's invitation to talk about a children's afternoon. He was to bring one or two tricks, if he could in his pocket. She pretended not to notice how eager her father was for the interview, but she knew he wanted to ask questions of the one man who had seen his son.

"My father has a touch of the gout," she said, "that's why he couldn't go to your performance."

Nothing was said at first about Australia. There was a sort of strangeness and shyness on both sides. Then Mr. Corrigan observed: "I hear, sir, you are very clever at your profession."

The little white-haired man bowed, sitting nervously on the edge of his chair. It occurred to Peggy that the owner of Castle Corraig overawed him.

"I've always done it for a hobby," Mr. Brodrip was very husky; he cleared his throat.

"You've a cold," said Miles Corrigan; "Peggy, my girl, you might send us in a cup of hot coffee. Or would you like tea, Mr. Brodrip? I've heard that in Australia they take tea with every meal; and—I don't know how it is—we in Ireland never took to coffee much. Say which you like now—you've got a cold, sir."

Brodrip asked for tea and Peggy went out with the message.

"I'm glad to get back to Ireland," the white-haired man said; and while he talked about being a globe-trotter and wishing he had stayed in the Old Country, he began emptying packs of cards out of his jacket-pocket, for his hoarseness was troublesome and he was coughing and hunting for a handkerchief.

With a sigh Miles said: "I had a boy—once—that had rather a fancy for those sleight-of-hand things. Did you ever come across any one of our name out in Australia?"

Then they began to talk—the real talk,—and Mr. Brodrip was very sympathetic about Gerard Corrigan. In fact, he said, young Corrigan—who was really one of the best—had many a time confided to him that he only wished he could get back to his people again. "I believe he had done well—made quite a lot of money,—and time had gone on, and every year made it harder to settle that wretched old quarrel—whatever it was."

"The foolish boy! Why didn't he come back?" Corrigan said, with a tremble in his voice, and leant his elbows on the table, and bowed his grey head on his hands.

He heard no stir, but after a little while some one touched him,—some one was kneeling beside him. Eager hands were on his arm and on his shoulder.

"Father—you will forgive and forget—won't you?"

No white-haired man was there, but young Gerard Corrigan—brown-haired, smooth-faced, with a liquid brightness in his eyes.

"Well, there never *was* such a party," Fr. Moran exclaimed. "There's Gerard Corrigan come home to give them the surprise of their lives; and the young folks are going to keep me busy. Yes, indeed, Pat Enwright and Nina Carroll

—and she's the girl that was talking about going away to England! Better a thousand times stop here. So the party settled *that*. And I believe there are a few more of the boys ready to come to have me to put up the banns."

"Is it true about Corrigan's daughter?" Mr. De Courcy asked.

"I'm busy now," said the parish priest, "you won't mind my going. I've three people waiting to see me."

But there were whispers going round. Ballymoat, of course, had settled the name of the happy man.

Family Life in Spain.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D., PH. D.

WE know how the ordinary magazine-writer generally deals with Spain. When she is discussed, it is a question of a decadent nation and a people slowly but surely perishing in Medieval obscurantism. The fact that Spain is a thoroughly Catholic nation makes the writer see things Spanish in a distorted way.

So it is a pleasure once in a while to meet with some treatment of Spain which seems to be given by one who sees things and people and nations clearly and not through the periscope of prejudice. For example, there is a writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* (March issue) who presents a view of Madrid and, incidentally, of the people of Spain, which is marked by a spirit of fairness. The writer referred to, Charles Petrie, takes up the question of the place of Spanish women in the life of Spain, and says: "More nonsense has probably been written about the position of women in Spain than any other aspect of the life of the country; but one fact at least is clear, and it is that in no other nation has woman individually counted for so much and collectively for so little."

This means, of course, that "women's movements," the self-conscious strivings of "feminism," have not been so manifest in Spain as they have been for the last quarter of a century or so in other countries—England and the United States, for example. But this is not to say that Spanish women have not had, as individuals, a profound influence on the life of their nation. Mr. Petrie declares:

The number of women who have influenced the course of English history can be counted on the fingers of one hand, while in Spain it is legion. Yet they never have acted—and it is not in their nature to act—collectively. The Spanish woman exerts her influence individually through her husband or her son; and whether that or the English way is preferable, each observer must judge for himself, according to his previous prejudices on the subject. Socially, the position of women in Madrid is changing, but the Spaniard of either sex is a realist of simple tastes; and the Spanish woman shows no desire for the extravagant luxury which has made her foreign sister the butt of the satirist. Perhaps one reason is that the middle-class woman in Madrid has less spare time. As there is no female surplus, every girl has at least a chance of getting married, and as a result spinsterhood is rare. Families are larger than is now the case in Anglo-Saxon countries, and the wife does more of the work of the house.

In other words, a very healthy social condition of things still prevails in Spain in spite of its alleged decadence; so healthy, indeed, that it would be well if other countries, more favored perhaps in what it has become the fashion to call "progress," could still point to a similar condition among their own people. On a strong family life our country depends, but family life in the United States is much endangered by luxuries and irregularities. To quote Mr. Petrie again:

Undoubtedly the strongest Spanish institution to-day is the family, and in it lies the strength of Spain. Divorce does not exist, and

even separation, a *mensa et thoro*, is both uncommon and regarded with aversion. It is difficult for a foreigner to understand how strong the family ties are, for in the rest of Europe they perished in the war. The mother is the moving spirit in the household, as in France, and the members of it think and act as a family in all things. To the Spaniard, his family comes first. . . . The importance of the family has quite naturally led to the apotheosis of the child, and the children are the real rulers of Madrid.

From what Mr. Petrie says it is evident that the children are not the rulers in the same sense as we find them in so many American homes, where they rule, or rather ride rough-shod, showing a complete lack of consideration for the feelings and even the rights of the older members of the family. In Spain, while the children, from constant association with their elders, are quite frequently precocious beyond their years, they are held in check by loyalty and consideration of what the other members think and how the family feels, and what will serve its best interests.

It is to be hoped, in spite of the spread of the free-and-easy present-day fashion in manners and in morals, which is so obvious on every side—the remotest parts of the earth being in no wise too remote for such contagion—that Catholic Spain will continue to show to foreign observers like Mr. Petrie a family life which has withstood disintegration. It is very likely that American women transplanted to Spain would miss the opportunity for direct action in the life of the nation which our own land affords them; it may be that they would be far from content with the Spanish women's more quiet and secluded mode of life; they would no doubt miss very much their women's clubs and their women's movements; but we believe that many of them might well profit by seeing how influential the Spanish women actually are.

After all, the main thing is to make the influence of good women tell in the general social life; and if this can be done and done effectually—as seems to be the case in Spain,—why should the Spanish women be considered “backward,” or their condition be deplored by women in other countries?

The Holy Rood.

WE noted some time ago how general was the chancel arch or screen, surmounted by the crucifix “with Mary and John,” before the Reformation, which destroyed them. As Pugin said, our Catholic ancestors would as soon have built a church without a roof as without a chancel. Deep lessons as to the “beauty of holiness” might be learned from Pugin’s “Contrasts of Architecture,” illustrated to show how we have fallen, and to what we may rise, in following our forefathers’ example in art.

The Anglicans were destroyers indeed. But now they have taken up the old continuity, in externals, sometimes better than Catholics. Still, many modern Catholic churches in England have the Holy Rood. That it was the prominent feature and great object of devotion in our old unplundered churches, before the “Great Pillage,” may be read in the Fourteenth-Century “Piers Plowman,” for instance. Among the Deadly Seven, Envy confesses:

And whan I come to the kirke and sholde
knele to the Rode,
And preye for the poeple . as the prest techeth,
For pilgrymes and for palmers . for alle the
poeple after,
Thanne I crye on my knees . that cryste gif
hem sorwe
That baren away my bolle . and my broke
schete.

The poor Mediæval sinner continues:
Away fro the auter thanne . turne I myn
eghen,
And biholde how Eleyne . hath a newe cote;
I wisse thanne it were myne . and al the
webbe after.

Inept Criticism.

IN a masterly critique of an article in the “Encyclopedia Biblica” impugning the doctrine of the Resurrection—that doctrine the preaching of which reformed the world,—Dr. Thomas James Thorburn traverses certain canons of modern criticism, and primarily that *petitio principii* involved in the assumption of “the impossibility, therefore the utter unreality, of the (so-called) supernatural.” As he justly observes, “if there be no ‘supernatural,’ what need for any discussion of such matters? In such a case we admit the necessary inference at once: *quæstio cadit*, and religion is an empty dream.” It was Huxley who said: “I am unaware of anything that has a right to the title of an ‘impossibility,’ except a contradiction in terms.” But some of the German and other negative critics start with a syllogism after this sort: The Resurrection story involves the supernatural: there is no supernatural; *ergo*, it must be hallucination. Next, with great ingenuity and painful industry, they seek out every discrepancy that can be found in the various contemporary narratives. Dr. Thorburn shows that the majority of these discrepancies, so far from being insurmountable, are valuable in themselves as evidence against that sort of collusion on the part of witnesses which belongs to a too carefully prepared accuracy.

In considering the theory of hallucination, Dr. Thorburn discusses at some length the probable conditions of mind of the Apostles consequent upon the catastrophe of the Crucifixion, which he believes were “certainly not conditions favorable to that receptivity of mind, that ecstatic state, which is so fruitful in visions, and other creations of the ‘subjective’ mind. In short, we can see none of the conditions which might favor such an hypothesis. There is panic and confusion and doubt and anx-

iety,—the only certainty being (apparently) that the cause was lost; but no signs of even unconscious preparation for a complete system of self-delusion, and the reconstruction under new conditions of a shattered ideal."

"To our thinking," writes a reviewer, in the *Academy*, of Dr. Thorburn's work ("The Resurrection Narratives and Modern Criticism," now probably out of print), "the differences among critics themselves are highly significant. They are ever shifting their ground. Some attack each other even more caustically than they impeach the Evangelists." More significant still is the fact that certain of the theories of the modern critics are plainly destructive of each other.

When will general readers learn to take the theories and contentions of scholars with a grain of salt? Surely current history affords examples enough of learned men whose prejudices have led them into grossest errors. About a generation ago, for instance, several scholars of eminence arrived at the conclusion that no such person as Palladius ever existed, and that the writings attributed to him were neither more nor less than fiction,—a "pious fraud" perpetrated by a writer who had never been in Egypt or seen the people whom he described and whose knowledge of the "true history" of the period was incomplete and inaccurate. It has since been shown that there are the strongest reasons for believing that Palladius *did* exist, that his book rests on a historical framework, and that a great portion of his history has come down to us substantially in the form in which he wrote it. As the learned Dr. Budge remarks, the scholars referred to had never read the documents which excavators have unearthed since 1885, and knew nothing of the investigations which travellers have made in Egypt and Mesopotamia in recent years. So it goes in this crooked world of ours.

Notes and Remarks.

How a Catholic mission in Zanzibar happens to be in possession of a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin which formerly occupied a place in the Anglican cathedral, is thus explained by a priest of the Congregation of the Holy Ghost: "One day, many years ago, to our great surprise, the Anglican bishop of the district called at the mission and asked to see the superior. He acknowledged to him that among his flock there were many who could not abide the sight of a statue of the Blessed Virgin that stood in his cathedral. It was simply an idol to them, and he was compelled either to lose three-fourths of his congregation or to remove the statue. What to do? He would not think of destroying it, he would not consign it to the cellar. That statue ought to be set up where it would be in honor. Would the Catholic mission accept it?"

Think of it—Christians who could not abide a statue of the Mother of the World's Redeemer!

Appropriate to all seasons is the thought expressed by the editor of the *London Tablet* on a familiar question and answer occurring in one of the Gospels for Lent. Our Lord's disciples asked Him concerning a certain man who had been born blind, "Who hath sinned, this man, or his parents?" It was the belief of the time that afflictions were a punishment from God for sins committed by the stricken one or his parents. "A similar delusion," says the editor, "is current in our own day. All sorrows and pains are ascribed to heredity, or to the folly or greed of contemporaries. It is true that many a poor weakling would have been hale if his parents had lived different lives, and that a vast sum of human misery would disappear if all men were unselfish and wise. But we must beware of the notion that earth can be turned into

heaven. There will always be griefs and trials to school us in virtue. Our Lord's answer was: 'Neither hath this man sinned nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.' This should be an overwhelming message to those of us who are well-to-do and strong. All around us are sufferers whose affliction has been brought upon them by neither their forebears' nor their own wrong-doing. They have deserved their misery less than we have deserved our happiness. But to the seeing eye their rags are the ermine of a tremendous dignity. These are they in whom 'the works of God are to be made manifest.' They are to awaken in us sweet charity, not mere patronizing, grudging almsgiving, but the genuine charity which sees and serves Christ in the least and plainest of His brethren."

It is an oft-told tale that Sir Walter Scott got the idea of his "Waverley Novels" from Maria Edgeworth, whose stories of Irish life he wished to imitate for his native country. The last member of the Edgeworth family lately died in England in the person of Prof. F. Y. Edgeworth, Fellow of All Souls College and Emeritus Professor of Political Economy at Oxford. He was Maria Edgeworth's last surviving nephew. The Edgeworths were Protestants, but they had at least one illustrious Catholic in the family, the Abbé Edgeworth, who attended Louis XVI. on the scaffold.

How this distinguished Protestant family came to have a priest among its connections may be briefly told. The Abbé's father, Robert, was once Anglican rector of Edgeworthstown, in the County Longford, where the Edgeworths had been for many generations. When the future priest (who was born in 1745) was a child of three, the father resigned his living, became a Catholic and went to France, where his son, later on, was educated by the Jesuits.

Ordained to the priesthood, the young man worked for years among the Irish and English Catholics in Paris. As the confessor of Princess Elizabeth, sister of King Louis XVI., he was in the affection and confidence of the French royal family; and thus it came about that he was destined to give the last spiritual consolations to that unhappy monarch on the scaffold. It is written of the Abbé Edgeworth that, although thus the friend and confessor of the King, he earned the respect of the extreme Republicans by his courage and devotion. He died in 1807 of a fever, caught while attending some poor neglected sailors.

As regards the treatment of great criminals, murderers and the like, public sentiment seems always to be hovering between savagery and sentimentalism. At one time all such evil-doers are regarded as monsters, for whom lynching would be too good, dangerous enemies of society in whose case solitary confinement on a starvation diet is the right treatment; or they are considered as unfortunates, and, if behind prison bars, as probable victims of the abuse of jailers. The second of these extremes—the tendency to treat lawbreakers as creatures of circumstance, irresponsible persons without real malice, is the extreme perhaps most to be dreaded. Fortunately, the pendulum is now swinging the other way; sane-minded citizens everywhere are demanding that legal punishments be administered to those who defy the law. We have learned that it is an incentive to crime to deal too leniently with criminals.

If "brick" were defined in some such way as "human clay of fine quality, moulded in a superior manner, solidified in the fire of experience, beautified in the sunlight of sympathy," one might fittingly apply the word to Mrs. Bertha K. Landes, who has just been chosen

mayor of Seattle by a majority of 6000 votes. She is quoted as saying: "Private morals can not be regulated by public legislation. I believe in the enforcement of law in a sane way. I am not of opinion that vice and lawlessness can be completely eradicated from any city, but I am firmly convinced that open, flagrant violation of the law should not be tolerated." And she declares that she will not tolerate it "for an instant." Hers will not be a blue law reign, however, hard and fast. She will consult her councillors on all important matters, but act for herself without fear or favor.

Place to the ladies—when they are anything like Mrs. Landes! If all mayors were as sane, competent, conscientious and energetic as she is, it is a safe assertion that civic virtue would flourish, and the three great industries, boodling, bootlegging and banditry, would be reduced to a minimum.

Some interesting and edifying information about the venerable Cardinal Giovanni Cagliero, whose death occurred recently in Rome, is supplied by the London *Universe*. We have not met with it elsewhere. He was a member of the Salesian Order, founded by the saintly Don Bosco and for many years a missionary in South America, where he established the Salesian missions and did wondrous work, especially among the Patagonians, among whom he passed nine years. He has often been called "The Francis Xavier of South America." To quote the *Universe*:

As a boy of sixteen he lay dying—so the doctor said—of the plague, caught while going round with Don Bosco visiting the plague-stricken poor of Turin. They sent for Don Bosco to bring the last Sacraments. "He came to my bedside," said the Cardinal, telling the story some sixty years after, "and I remember it now as if I saw him here. 'Which would be best for you?' he asked, 'to recover or to go to Paradise?'—'It would be better to

go to Paradise,' I replied.—'Very good,' he said, 'but this time Our Lady wishes you to live. You will recover and put on the clerical habit; you will be a priest, and you will go far from here.'"

And so it was. The fever left him. All happened as Don Bosco foretold until he was ready to set out for South America in 1875. . . .

Buenos Aires, in which he soon found himself, was a hot-bed of anti-clericalism and Freemasonry. A mob had just made an attack on the archbishop's house and set the Jesuit college on fire. Cagliero thundered against these outrages, and soon the street walls blazed with "Death to Cagliero!" But nothing daunted him, and in a few years along these same streets passed monster processions in honor of the Blessed Sacrament. When he came back after reporting progress at Rome, he went straight to the anti-clerical President Roca, and by his candor and practical sense, won over this enemy of religion to approve of the Salesian foundations.

His labors among the natives of Patagonia provide a story comparable to that of St. Francis Xavier. In the first two months 1,700 were baptised. In the course of a year he rode on horseback right across the continent. Once he was flung from his horse on the very edge of an abyss. . . . Hunger, thirst, and countless dangers constantly dogged his steps, verifying Don Bosco's prophecy, "In toil and blood you will conquer these nations."

The quality of his never-failing humor may be gauged from his remark when forced to drink water filled with mud: "Blessed be Providence which has enabled us to find food and drink at one and the same time!"

Such was the sort of life that this old man had lived who has just passed away in peace as Cardinal Bishop of Frascati.

An Associated Press dispatch last week reported Dr. William T. Root, of the University of Pittsburgh School of Education, as saying that "intelligent people think twenty times faster than they can write, and therefore muscular movement is so far behind the activity of the brain that the result is a poor

scrawl. A person low in mentality has nothing else to think about but the shaping of his letters. "But," concluded Dr. Root, "it does not necessarily follow that if you are a poor penman you are intelligent, or vice versa."

This is a case of what Lincoln called "spilling the beans." If the chirographical man had only omitted that last sentence, and not left the "scribblers" and "scrawlers" deprived of all solace!

The Rev. E. Griffith-Jones, a Protestant clergyman in England, is reported as saying on the subject of birth control: "The Roman Catholic Church alone takes a valiant stand on the highest religious grounds against this evil tendency. If Protestants do not recover their historic ideals as regards family life, it may yet come to pass that England will become a Romanist country, not by conversion, but by superior fertility and the higher sense of racial responsibility of that form of faith."

By conversion also. Mr. Jones evidently does not try to keep track of what are called "Rome's Recruits," or he would know that converts to the Catholic Church are largely of the intellectual class, rich or poor.

Reviewing Lord Charnwood's "According to Saint John," the London *Bookman* cites some notably wise sayings, among them the following on the vaunted "sincerity" of the easy skeptic:

The first duty is to be sincere toward yourself and the world. *Only, since after all you are probably going to let yourself off something on the ground of sincerity, be quite thorough with the sincerity. It is not at all easy.* In indifferent matters fashions are harmless things, and certainly there is no merit in eccentricity. But there are graver things in which not to stand upon one's own feet, but to seek first the approval of those around us, is the surrender of all real self-respect. . . . The mere drift of the world sets at present away from all religion; at other

times it has set, and may set again, in another direction; but it never set in favor of any great surrender of self to what is truest or best.

It is in accordance with this view that the author says further:

I find myself, somewhat to my surprise, a very ordinary Christian in my beliefs. It has ceased to be a matter of doubt to me that there is a living God, and simultaneously with the passing of that doubt, I have come to believe that the nature of that living God was revealed to man in Jesus Christ.

The simple remark that "I speak as a child" or that I "see through a glass darkly" deprives of all logical force those objections to Christianity which come from mere dissatisfaction with the fact that we know little.

As the reviewer remarks, "Lord Charnwood shows that at least we know enough to put the matter to a practical test, and that, when made, it has been followed by results of incalculable importance to the spiritual growth of individuals and of the race."

Prof. Phelps, of Yale University, says that after reading a book by G. K. Chesterton he "feels like cheering." Reviewing, for *Scribner's Magazine*, the latest book by 'the Catholic Dr. Johnson,' as we call Mr. Chesterton, the Professor writes:

G. K. Chesterton has produced a book that seems to bear in every chapter the impress of genius—"The Everlasting Man." In reading it amid the pullulation of contemporary flapperisms and adolescent prurienices and jazz scientific works, I can think only of the old-fashioned phrase that God has raised up G. K. C. for this especial purpose, to stand as a witness to the eternal truth of religion. When I began to read this book, I had my pencil ready to mark the passages that seemed most memorable. I put up my pencil, for I found I had to mark nearly every sentence. The style is brilliant, without becoming monotonously so. It is a great book, a spur to the intelligence, a solace to the heart.



Following Father.

BY FLORENCE JONES HADLEY.

"AND where are you going, O little man?"

I called to a laughing lad of three
Trying to walk where another had passed.

"I'm following daddie. Don't you see?"

"But, laddie, you do not know the road,"

I said; and into the blue eyes rose
A flame that baffled all warning words—

"I'm going wherever my daddie goes."

"But, laddie, wee laddie, just wait a bit;

The path is crooked, your feet may stray;
Still he answered: "I'll go where my daddie
does,

"For daddie knows always the bestest way."
Then my heart called out to him who made
The path where the little feet would go,
"O daddie, daddie, pray see to it,
You choose the bestest path you know!"

Carmelita.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

PART II.

V.—CARMELITA'S VISITOR.

GOOD little Sister Claudia, coming in with her portress' keys, caught the visitor's words, and responded cheerfully: "Carmelita is it ye are wantin', sir? It's off somewhere with Sister Patricia she is; but I'll send for her. Sit down and wait till I call her for ye."

And reassured by this friendly tone, Mr. Cody dropped into a chair quite unconscious of the stares and titters that had greeted his announcement.

"Didn't count on buttin' into a crowd like this," he said sociably. "Not knowin' how our little girl was standin' it here, we 'gardeens' agreed that one of us should come along and see; and me havin' struck it rather lucky in the

musquash line seemed to be the man for the job. Your little girl looks sort of paling, ma'am," the speaker remarked, glancing at Stella Jones who was at her mother's side near by:

"She isn't very strong," was the lady's reply.

"Sort of blue about the gills," continued Cody oblivious of the flush rising to the mother's cheek. "Orter to be turned out in the open and fed full. Goat's milk would be fine for her, ma'am; beats cow liquor all hollow; and thars a lot of blood and bone makin' in' in tamales. De ye like 'em, sissy?"

"Oh—oh, I don't know!" Stella found voice to answer.

"Don't know!" chuckled Carmelita's "gardeen." "Lord! don't know nothin' about tamales! I've got some of 'em here for that little girl of ourn,—old Nokoma made 'em special. Hearin' thar was some rules 'bout fastin', we 'boys' thought some home vittles mout taste sort of good to her. Got a briled chicken and some of them honey cakes she likes, and here's the tamales." Mr. Cody had been diving into his basket, and brought out a rather greasy paper bag. "Try one," he said, handing it to Stella.

But on his hospitable offer he had relaxed his hold of the white poodle that made a sudden leap from his arm and scurried wildly through the open door. "You consarned little devil!" said Mr. Cody, with some stronger words not fitted for convent ears, "when I've just paid five dollars for you"; and catching up his basket, the wrathful owner started in swift pursuit, to the hilarious excitement of the spectators.

"Oh! who is he? What is he? Where did he come from?" went up the questions. "Such a vulgarian!" cried a

shocked maiden aunt. "So rudely, brutally, intrusive," murmured Mrs. Jones in motherly indignation. And as if in answer to the inquiries, Carmelita bounded into the parlor, radiant with delight. "Oh, where is he? where has he gone?" she asked eagerly. "My dear—dear old Jim! Oh, there he is out on the lawn! I must go after him. For, O Stella"—and Carmelita turned happily to that little friend,—"*it's Jim Cody from Catamount Camp that I've told you all about so often—my guardian!*" And Carmelita darted off on winged feet to find her visitor, to have her hands caught in his mighty grip, while he swung her up from the ground half a dozen times in joyful greeting.

"Lord, but you're lookin' great!" was his admiring comment,—"*peart and purty and ladyfied ez anybody could ask.*"

"Oh, and you are looking grand too, Jim," said Carmelita. "I never saw you look so fine."

"Orter look fine," was the answer. "This 'ere rig cost me twenty-five dollars plunk. It's the right thing, though, isn't it?—diamond pin and all? Store-keeper threw that in for a dollar, though he said it was worth five. But when a fellow comes along spendin' money full and free like me why he didn't stand on a little thing like a pin. Sort of sets the necktie off, don't it?" and Jim twisted his head to show off his adornment.

"Oh, it does—it does, only somehow I like you better in your loose shirt and red handkerchief," hesitated Carmelita. "It looks—more—more natural, Jim."

"And feels a durn sight more comfortable," was the answer. "But comin' to a fine place like this, it seemed as if I orter to be more in style, especially bein' 'gardeen' to such a nice, ladyfied little girl as you."

"Oh, I wouldn't mind how you looked! I like you anyhow, Jim! I am so glad to see you."

"You darned little tyke!" Jim broke in upon his ward's delighted welcome to catch up the white poodle which, repentant of wandering, was now rubbing against his leg.

"Oh, the dear, darling little doggie!" cried Carmelita. "Is it yours, Jim?"

"No, it's yours," was the answer.

"Mine, Jim!"

"Yes," continued her "*gardeen.*" "I studied for a long time between him and a doll. About the grandest doll you ever seen—opened and shet its eyes, and talked like a live creetur, and dressed up to kill—hat and button boots and everything fine; it would have made all the other little girls sick."

"Oh, I wouldn't want to make them sick, Jim," said Carmelita softly.

"Well, mebbe you wouldn't, though I'd like to set you ahead of them all sure. But thinkin' it all over and both comin' to about the same money, I sort of felt this little creetur, bein' alive and sort of friendly, would please you better."

"Oh, yes, he does, he does; he is a dear little white woolly darling," said Carmelita, lovingly hugging her "*gardeen's*" gift, though how she was to dispose of him in hall and classroom she did not know. But no such doubts must destroy Jim's pleasure.

And then, as dear Sister Patricia had wisely advised on hearing of her "*gardeen's*" arrival, Carmelita led him out in the grounds where there was no visiting crowd to wonder and laugh, and showed him the Grotto and the tennis court and all the other beauties of Monte Maria.

"It's fine to be sure," commented Jim as he recognized in the beautiful Lady on the Rocks the same sweet face of his own treasured picture, and heard from his little guide's lips the story of the apparition. He gazed with high approval at the tennis court, the croquet ground, the ball field; but he stood a little awed before the statue of the

Guardian Angel, shielding the little child under his wing.

"Just like you all have been taking care of me," said Carmelita lifting her happy little face.

"Oh, Lord, no!" disclaimed her "gardeen" hastily, "us 'boys' don't come near anything like that; though we're ready to stand by you, wings or no wings, for sure."

Then Carmelita found a shaded little place where the brook started on its rippling way to the Grotto, and they opened the basket and picnicked delightfully on its contents,—the cold chicken and tamales and honey cakes, feeding the poodle and the birds and the gardener's little black-eyed babies, who had strayed up from their gate. "And take the basket to your mother," said Carmelita to her small guests. "So you won't be bothered taking it home, Jim. There is the bell for Benediction, and we all must go in. Oh, I've had such a lovely, lovely time with you—can't you come again?"

"Sometime, mebbe, but I've got to be gettin' back to Catamount to-morrow. Jeb Watson's agreed to give me a lift that I can't afford to miss. But I'm glad I dropped in upon you like this,—I am glad for sure! And Rube won't do more worryin' about your fastin' and prayin' and bein' shet up behind bars. I'll give him the clar, straight facts; for we're gettin' the wuth of our money I see plain,—the wuth of our money, sure."

And with this happy decision Carmelita's "gardeen" took a most satisfactory leave. And her loving little heart stirred to its tender depths by memories of her old home, Carmelita was quite unconscious of the gossip that, led by Miss Joan Neville, buzzed through the school.

"O girls, wasn't he just the limit? That plaid suit and green necktie, and oh, oh, oh! did you see that diamond pin. He made Stella's mother perfectly furious: told her she ought to give Stel-

la goat's milk! I never heard such impertinence. And dad said,"—Miss Joan broke off suddenly,—“oh, I don't think I ought to tell what dad said when I told him how Carmelita's father had kept her on those wild mountains, and taught her himself, and didn't let her see anybody or know anybody. Oh, I don't like to tell what dad said,” repeated the speaker with a titter.

"Oh, yes, tell us, Joan," pleaded the curious listeners eagerly. "We won't repeat it, will we, girls? What did your father say?"

"Why, he just gave one of his gruff laughs, and said he guessed the gentleman had his own good reasons for keeping so shady."

"Oh, Joan, you don't—suppose he meant Carmelita's father was hiding," was the shocked murmur.

"Oh, dad didn't say *that*," replied Miss Joan with a sudden access of charity. "Only it does seem queer the way Carmelita was brought up with cowboys and Indians, and never going to school or church, or knowing anybody nice."

"I don't care," put in Vera Simms, who always spoke her mind plainly, "Carmelita is one of the nicest girls in the school, whatever her father was. And though I agree that guardian of hers was an awful looking tough, Bob says he has met plenty of fine fellows just like him, only he looked like a fool in those flashy togs some scalawag storekeeper put off on him. And as for Carmelita herself, Bob said she was the prettiest thing he had seen in a month of Sundays. And I'm ready to bet that she is just as good and may be a lot better than any of us." And Vera tossed her red-gold head, and went off to practise in the music hall. While out in the portress' little room Carmelita and Polly were discussing the disposal of the white poodle with Sister Claudia.

"It would have hurt Jim's feelings so if I had not taken him," said Carmelita,

who had learned a great deal about "rules" in these past six weeks.

"Sure it would," said the little portress sympathetically, for this "gardeen" with his store clothes and diamond pin had not been the shock that Rube had proved to her. "I'll give him to Mrs. Moreno at the gate; he'll delight the childre till ye'll be wantin' to take him home wid yerself, Carmelita dear."

Carmelita did not answer. She had stopped counting the days until Christmas now; and as she passed down the wide hall with Polly's arm around her to-night, those days seemed flying fast—too fast.

"Oh, I hate to think of your going home, Carmelita," said Polly softly.

"It will be a long time yet," said Carmelita. "We'll have many nice days together yet, Polly. And next Summer you can come to Sunset Ridge to see me, and ride Diaz, and fish in the Creek, and—and—" Carmelita paused, suddenly conscious that Polly might find it very strange and dull and lonely on her mountain ridge after Monte Maria—Monte Maria with its wide sunlit corridors, echoing with music and laughter, and glad young life,—Monte Maria with its cheerful classrooms and study halls full of such new and pleasant interest, with its gentle, soft-voiced teachers, guiding, leading, loving; with its chapel. Ah, those Catechism lessons with Sister Patricia! Carmelita was learning what the beautiful chapel, with its flower-decked altar, its ever-burning light, its holy silence, meant in Monte Maria—how it was the heart, the soul, the life of this blessed home.

How bare and dull and dreary the Ridge would seem to Polly after all this! The thought came to Carmelita with a shock, as if she had stumbled into the ice-cold waters of the Creek when it was foaming down the mountain full-fed from the melting snows. How would it seem to her? She was go-

ing back at Christmas, as she had passionately declared—going back to what? to whom? The empty Lodge, the rude camp, the free life of the wild things on rock and ridge. A chill seemed to strike into Carmelita's young heart—a sudden sense of doubt and fear. Her "gardeen's" visit to-day had shown her that these rude friends were strange and out of place in this newer, fairer life she had entered. Where did she belong? Where had dad's little daughter any right or claim? And to Polly's dismay Carmelita burst into tears.

"O Carmelita! are you sick? Are you hurt?—what is the matter?"

"I—I don't know," was the answer. "I just feel lonely and sorry and—sad. Because I have no father or mother or sister or brother like the other girls, no nice uncle like yours, Polly,—nobody that I belong to, really and truly—at all—at all," sobbed Carmelita.

"O Carmelita, yes, you have, yes, you have," murmured the little comforter at her side. "I cried just like that when my mamma went to Heaven, and people came to our own nice little house and took away everything,—her work basket and her rocking-chair, her piano and my little bed; and Uncle Ben brought me here where it was all so big and white and wide and strange. I used to get lost at first in the halls and stairs, and I could not tell one Sister from the other; they all looked the same in their black habits and veils,—not like my mamma with her curly hair and pretty clothes. I was so little, you see, only six years old. And when Uncle Ben found how strange and sad I felt, he took my hand and led me right into the chapel, and told me how Our Lord was there, and I must come to Him when I felt lonely and sorrowful, because He loved little children when He was on earth, and took them in His arms and to His heart. And when I felt like crying, if I would come into the chapel and ask Our Lord to make me happy in this

beautiful home, I would not be sad and sorrowful any more. Let us go into the chapel now, Carmelita, and ask Him to make you as happy as He has made me."

And Polly led the way into the chapel where the dim light was burning before the altar and the breath of late flowers mingled with the Benediction incense still lingered in the air; and Carmelita, whose darkened young soul was beginning to open like a flower in the sun, knelt at Polly's side and whispered the "Our Father" she had learned from Sister Patricia, adding to it a little cry from her childish heart that her "gardeen's" visit had awakened to a strange sense of loneliness,—*"Make me belong somewhere, dear Father in Heaven,—please, make me belong somewhere—like all little girls."*

(To be Continued.)

A Good Fairy-Tale.

ARCHBISHOP KEATING of Liverpool is very near and dear to the children of his diocese and often receives charming letters from them. Recently a little girl wrote addressing him as "Dear Frederick William." His own letters, too, to the lambs of his flock are also charming. Especially beautiful and practical is the Archbishop's new version of "The Babes in the Wood," which we wish our young readers to enjoy, for it is a pretty sermon on almsgiving. Here it is:

"Talking of fairy-tales, I remember another, and so do you. I mean the Babes in the Wood. When their wicked uncles had cut their throats, and left them dead in each other's arms in the depths of the forest, thousands and thousands of little robin-redbreasts came trooping along, each with a big leaf in its mouth, and covered the Babes up under a great mound of leaves, until the good fairies arrived to restore the Babes to life.

"Now, let all clever boys and girls

hold up their hands, if they think they can see the true meaning of that fairy-tale. Who do the poor ill-used 'Babes' stand for? Who are the thousands of little robin-redbreasts who have so much pity for them? What are the big leaves the robin-redbreasts carry in their beaks? How much does the great mound come to when you reckon it all up? And who are the good fairies that bring the Babes to life again? The first boy or girl who answers all the questions right ought to get a Rosary, or a medal, or a pretty picture.

"Here are the correct answers. The Babes are all our poor children—hundreds of them—who have lost their parents, and their homes, and all their toys, and who have been left wandering about to die of cold or starvation unless somebody takes pity on them. You yourselves are the thousands of little robin-redbreasts, with Our Lord's Precious Blood shining gloriously in your souls, who, for love of Him, fly as fast as you can to help the poor Babes.

"Each of you brings the biggest leaf you can to warm them: bank notes are splendid leaves if you can come across them; but pennies, and half-pennies, and widows' mites are very good leaves too, especially when each little offering is an act of self-denial.

"As for the good fairies, every Catholic child knows that the only real fairies nowadays are the good Sisters who spend their whole lives looking after our dear little orphans, feeding and clothing them, curing them of their ailments and fattening them up; in fact, raising them up from death to life.

"Well, I think myself that the Babes in the Wood is a good fairy-tale. What is your opinion? We shall see on Good Shepherd Sunday when all the leaves are counted. I promise you a blessing for every leaf.

"Your loving father in Jesus Christ,
 "FREDERICK WILLIAM,
 "Archbishop of Liverpool."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The first volume of the new Life of St. Francis de Sales, adapted from the well-known biography by the Abbé Hamon by the Rev. Harold Burton, has just appeared. Burns, Oates and Washbourne, publishers.

—"Who's Who of the Oxford Movement" by Sir Bertram Windle (Century Co.) is a collection of brief biographies of all who were associated with Newman in that remarkable religious movement. As leader of it, the sketch of him is naturally the longest and by far the most interesting.

—A complete survey of all the books produced by the first English press is included in a new study of Caxton, by Prof. N. S. Aurner, in preparation by one of the London publishers. An appendix will contain *verbatim* reprints of Caxton's quaint original prefaces and Introductions.

—A list of new books published by the S. P. C. K. includes a collection of treatises on monasticism rightly or wrongly attributed to St. Basil, translated with Introduction and notes by Dr. Lowther Clarke. A non-Catholic reviewer of this work remarks: "Not until monastics realize that they are exceptional, not normal, in the Christian life can they find their true usefulness. It was the triumph of Western monachism to ascertain this, and it was for St. Benedict to show the way."

—"Kuaiiks Metatcopun" (Black Robe Three-Times Broken) is a reprint of a series of interviews by Lawrence E. Crosby with the Rev. Joseph Cataldo, S. J., "last surviving member of the original Jesuit missionaries who brought the light of faith to the Indians of the Northwest." Though distinctly journalese in style, these narrations are of absorbing interest. Moreover, Mr. Crosby has taken pains to have Father Cataldo check all his notes, so that accuracy has been secured. Published by the Wallace Press-Times, Wallace, Idaho.

—In a series of six penny pamphlets, "Stories of the Saints from Church History," the English Catholic Truth Society presents

miniature biographies of Saints Athanasius, Monica and Augustine, Dominic and Catherine, Philip Neri and Vincent de Paul. These simple outlines are intended to create a taste for this class of reading and whet the appetite for larger Lives.—Two other pamphlets from the same press are "Helps to Holiness" and "First Prayers for the Little Ones." All will be welcome to teachers, and to mothers with young children to instruct.

—"I'll Try," by William F. Sharp, is a story for young folk. The lesson of the tale—a lesson suggested rather than told—is that success in well-doing depends, not so much on wide and varied information as upon a constant will to do well whatever one has in hand. Incidentally, youthful readers will come to realize more vividly the nobility of labor and to set greater value on loyalty to Catholic ideals. The author, we are told, is a paralytic, who has written this book to procure means for the support of his family. Published by himself at Bridgeton, N. J.

—New foodstuffs are comparatively rare, but novel preparations of and up-to-date devices for serving the old are constantly being developed. *Mutatis mutandis*, the same custom is being followed in the presentation of age-old spiritual refreshment. There is no change in the food, though varying tastes demand that it be served, as it were, with new "condiments." In "Thoughts for To-day," by the Rev. R. T. Feely, S. J. (Morning Star Series), and "Thy Kingdom Come," by Rev. J. E. Moffatt, S. J. (Chancel Chats), devotion to the Blessed Virgin is explained, and helpful hints on Christian perfection are set forth in brief, simple and concrete form. Benziger Brothers.

—"Spring Running," a first novel by a young Yale man, Mr. F. W. Bronson, is an interpretation of a youth's progress from a Sister's school until his marriage. The book is divided into many numerical episodes; all are in sequence, however. The hero makes a clean running of his life, but the temptations he

meets with are too vividly described. Pictures of convent school life and reference to characters who are Catholics do not by any means make a novel Catholic; and in the present one the misuse of the Holy Name, even when disguised, will be intolerable to Catholic readers. George H. Doran Co.

—It is announced that the two hundredth anniversary of the canonization of St. Aloysius Gonzaga (Dec. 31) will be signalized by the publication of "an authentic Life" of him. He has not been fortunate in his biographers, it must be said. But we think Fr. Martindale, S. J., hits too hard in his reference to the "Aloysian art, inspired outright by the devil." The worst specimen of it that we have ever seen is the statue of the saint in a beautiful chapel where we daily kneel. He is depicted in a long surplice, the fringe of which is gilded. But perhaps no one besides ourselves has ever been distracted by this work of art—from Barclay Street or Chicago presumably, possibly from Poland.

—It may be somewhat disconcerting to many pious souls who have been told repeatedly that prayer is merely a "raising of the heart and mind to God," to hear of a whole volume purporting to answer the simple question, "How to Pray?" yet the Abbé Grou, S. J., has written such a book which Teresa Fitzgerald has translated into attractive English. Many persons find it difficult, in spite of the apparent simplicity of prayer, to keep the mind occupied with thoughts of God, and harder still to know what to say in their "conversation" with Him. For all these—and they are very many—the Abbé Grou's little book will be particularly helpful. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—"The Thinking Man," by the Rev. Frederick Macdonnell, S. J., is a book for philosophers and those of philosophical temperament, which means, of course, that the work treats of such matters as occupy the minds of those who are making a serious attempt to face the facts of life and to shape their lives according to solid principles,—to conform their conduct to reason rather than to caprice. Lack of serious thought, or even of any

thought, on the cardinal questions of right-ordered living is doubtless the bane of most people's lives. This is the author's judgment of contemporary society, and his book will, we feel sure, do much to combat this evil. Published by the John Murphy Co.

—"Conversations on Christian Re-Union," by the Rev. Thomas P. Lynch, P. P., shows a novel and not uninteresting way of explaining the teachings of the Church to our separated brethren. Owing to the present widespread discussion of the re-union of Christendom, we believe the author has been wise in his choice of method. Catholic doctrine contrasted with non-Catholic Christian tenets assumes a fresh lustre for those already familiar with it, and it doubtless carries an added appeal to those who thus learn of it for the first time. The doctrinal matters are clearly stated and ably expounded; but as conversations the volume is somewhat disappointing, for it is more monologic than dialogic. John Murphy Co.

Obituary.

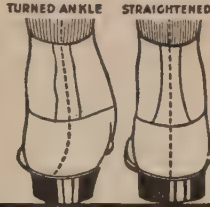
Rt. Rev. Edward D. Kelly, bishop of Grand Rapids; Rev. Joseph Synnott, diocese of Hartford; Rev. A. V. Keenan, archdiocese of New Orleans; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Edward Nagel, diocese of St. Cloud; Rev. J. H. Krechter, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. John MacIsaac, diocese of Antigonish; Rt. Rev. Msgr. W. P. Cantwell, diocese of Trenton; Rt. Rev. Msgr. O. H. Moye, diocese of Wheeling; Rev. Pius Manz, O. F. M.; and Rev. Othmarus Schneeberger, O. S. B.

Sister M. Evangela, of the Sisters of St. Dominic; Sister M. Celina and Sister M. Aubin, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. William Leonard, Mr. Joseph Marre, Mr. H. J. Immken, Miss Teresa Mackin, Mrs. Joseph McManus, Mr. Henry Longemann, Mr. Patrick Brennan, Mr. Thomas Talbot, Mr. Richard Kiley, Miss Catherine Creamer, Mr. Charles O'Connor, Mr. James Geary, Mr. Joseph Tarnowski, Mr. Daniel McCarthy, Mrs. Nellie Burke, Mr. Paul Desjardins, Mr. Andrew McDonald, Mrs. Bridget Geary, Mr. James Campeau, and Mr. James Keys.

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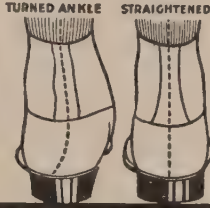
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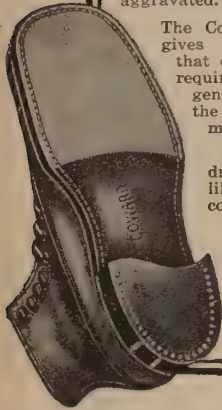
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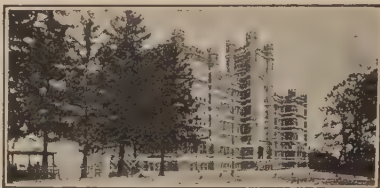
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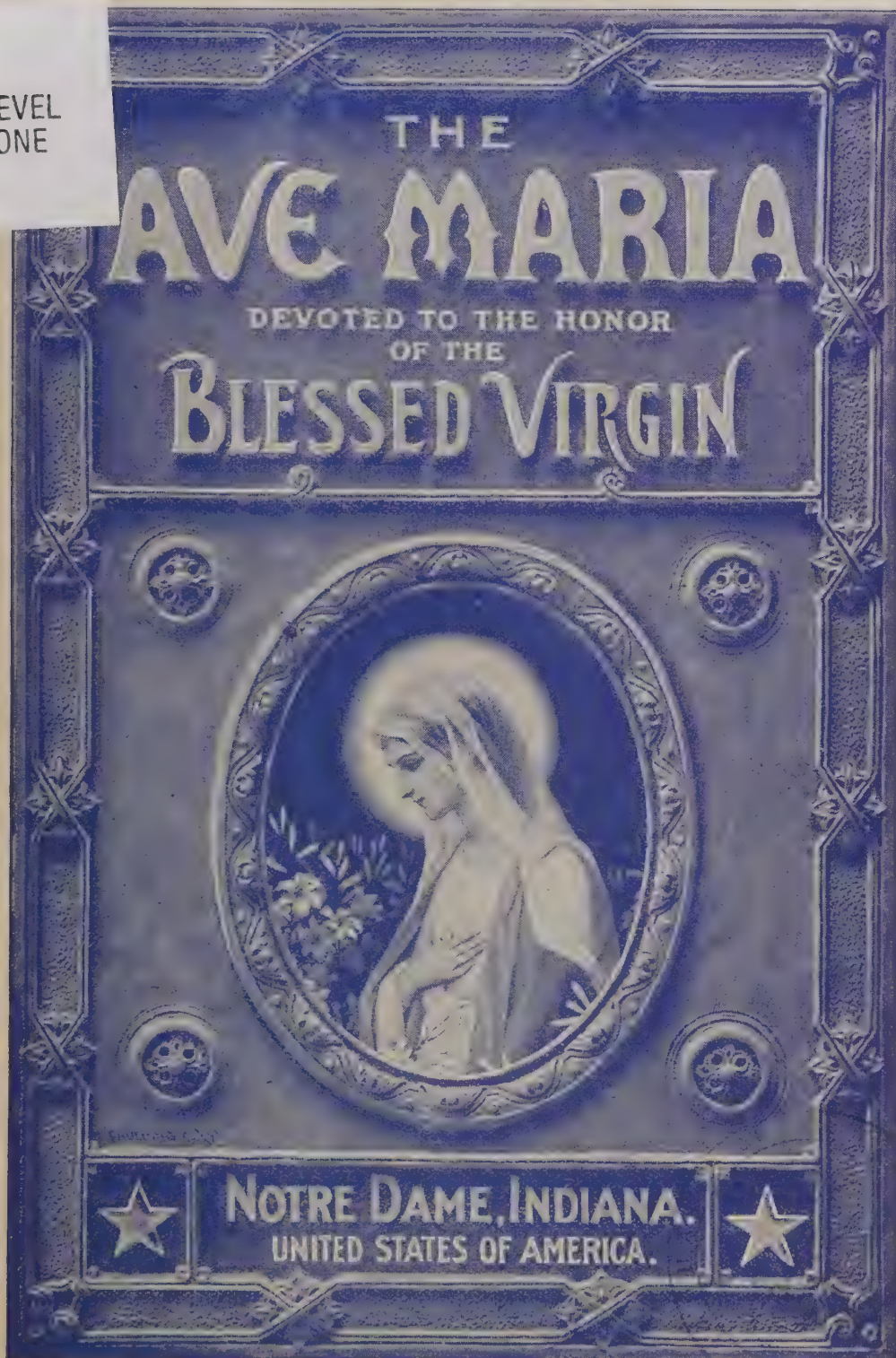
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CONTENTS

Sursum Corda.—(Poem).....	Amy Powers.....	801
Thoughts for Commencement Time.....	The Rt. Rev. Alex. Macdonald, D. D.....	801
Gervase Winter.—(Conclusion).....	Agnes Blundell.....	804
A New England Convert.....	Annette S. Driscoll.....	813
June.—(Poem)	S. M. I.....	817
The Signing of the Contract.....	Anna T. Sadlier.....	818
Praised by the Duke of Wellington.....		822
On the Situation in Mexico.....		822
Pioneer Work in France.....		823
Notes and Remarks:		
Misgivings about the Eucharistic Congress.—An Important Point.—Christianity Born Catholic.—The Power of Spanish Women.—Tribute to the "Little Flower" by an Unbeliever.—A Difficulty Solved.—Said by Lord Byron.—Emmaus.....		824

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Why the Angels Love the Stars.—(Poem).....	S. M. R.....	827
Carmelita.—(Conclusion)	Mary T. Waggaman	827
Rooms		829
With Authors and Publishers.....		830
Obituary		831

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 26.—SS. John and Paul, MM.

SUNDAY, 27.—FIFTH AFTER PENTECOST. St.

Ladislaus, K. Bl. John Fisher, B. M.

MONDAY, 28.—St. Irenæus, B. M.

TUESDAY, 29.—SS. Peter and Paul, Aps.

WEDNESDAY, 30.—Commemoration of St. Paul.

JULY.

THURSDAY, 1.—THE MOST PRECIOUS BLOOD.

FRIDAY, 2.—VISITATION OF THE B. V. M. SS. Processus and Martinian, MM.

SATURDAY, 3.—St. Leo II., P. C. SS. Julius and Aaron, MM.

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The space at the publisher's disposal here enables him to express his pleasure over the issue of a new edition of so excellent and timely a book as "Dangers of the Day," his hope that there will be numerous other editions of it, and his gratification in being able to present a complete list of Bishop Vaughan's works, all so well deserving in every way of the widest possible circulation. "Dangers of the Day" is one of the most important of them. It points to perils that everywhere confront Christians, and indicates the safeguards which alone can preserve them from the world's contamination.

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Vol. XXIII. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 26, 1926.

No. 26.

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Sursum Corda.

BY AMY POWERS.

WE lift our hearts
 Above gray, leaden days,
 To where the white saints tread
 In high and golden ways;
 To Mary of the pitying hands
 And grave eyes wistful-sweet,
 With blue and silver dawn-winds
 Beneath her gentle feet.

Thoughts for Commencement Time.

BY THE RT. REV. ALEX. MACDONALD, D. D.

TWO loves," says St. Augustine, in his immortal work, the "City of God,"—"two loves built two cities: an earthly, the love of self, even unto contempt of God; a heavenly, the love of God unto contempt of self." Here we have in a nutshell the philosophy of life and the story of human endeavor.

Man is born to act. "The nature of man is such, and so much depends upon action, that everything seems to cry out to us with a loud voice: Do something, do it, do it!"

Men, my brothers, men, the workers, ever
 reaping something new,
 That which they have done but earnest of
 the things that they shall do.

We never cease to work till we cease to live. It is the law of our being. We leave school and college and university only to begin our work in the battlefield

of life. And all through life even when our hands are idle, our brains must needs be busied, if with nothing else, with building castles in the air.

This impulse to build is strong within us, and it is born of love; for love is a builder: love makes men build. And ever since men began to work in the world, they have been building the two cities that St. Augustine speaks of, one a city on the earth and of the earth, the other a city beyond the skies. No castle in the air this, but a building of God, and a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

Let us try to grasp the great thought that Augustine puts before us in those pregnant words of his. How is love a builder, and a builder of cities? Why but two loves and two cities, not many loves and many cities? What are the distinctive marks of the two loves and the two cities? I shall try to answer these questions, and then leave each to answer for himself those that follow: Which of the two loves has been the dominant force in my life up till now? In which of the two cities have I been striving to win the rights of citizenship and to build my home?

How is love a builder? Love spurs to action. Love is the mainspring of all human activity. I take the word in its widest sense to denote that passion for the true, the good, and the beautiful, which is inborn in the heart of man. Truth, goodness, beauty,—these three are the food of the soul, the food, on which love feeds. And just as food for

the body is not given to man for nothing, but must be earned by hard labor—for in the sweat of his brow must man eat bread,—so it is with food for the soul; and as bodily hunger urges us to seek after food for the body, so soul-hunger urges us to seek after food for the soul.

But there is no living well the life of the body if we live from hand to mouth. That way lies want, if not starvation; therefore, man stores up what are known as the necessities of life. In like manner he stores up the things that are needful for the life of the soul; and so the house which is man's dwelling place becomes a home. For this is the difference between the two, that the former is a place for the body to live and feed in, while the latter is a dwelling place and a feeding place for the soul. But many houses and many homes make the city. And so that love which impels us to seek after things and to store them up with a view to the stable possession of them is a builder of homes and a builder of cities.

But why two loves only and two cities? Because all love, in the last analysis, resolves itself into love of God and love of self. Love ever seeks to win the object loved, and rest in the enjoyment of it. This is either God Himself or some good thing that God has made. There is question of the supreme object of man's love, of that which is sought for its own sake. If this be God Himself, all other things are viewed but as means of attaining Him. To the man who loves God, the good things that He has made are but stepping-stones to Him, the Supreme Good. As the poet has said of our little systems:

They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

But when one seeks after anything other than God as the supreme object in life, one's love for it is but a form of self-love. Instead of referring everything to God, our true last end, one re-

fers everything to oneself, to the gratification of one's pride, or vanity, or passion. For all that is in the world, as St. John says, is the lust of the eyes, and the lust of the flesh, and the pride of life. The love of power, the love of riches, the love of pleasure—these three loves that dispute with the love of God the empire of the human heart, what are they but so many varying forms of the love of self? It is not power for its own sake that man seeks, but power for *his* own sake; and so with pleasure. As for money or wealth, it is sought after because and so far as it ministers to power or pleasure. Even the miser, who stints himself and others to increase his store, loves money, not for its own sake, but for the sake of his miserable self; for the sense of power it confers upon him, or the satisfaction he finds in gloating over it. Well, then, and truly, has St. Augustine said that two loves, the love of God and the love of self, built two cities, the City of God, and the City of Babylon, which is the seat of the empire of self-love.

What, now, are the traits that mark these two loves? They are pride and lowliness. Pride is the supreme form of self-love. It is the substance and marrow of the love of self that reaches to contempt of God. Pride is the inordinate love of one's own excellence, the love of self past all bounds. It is wholly centred in self. On the other hand, humility refers everything to God. It has its centre and its source in Him.

The distinctive mark of the children of God, who aspire to citizenship in the City of God, is humility—the sense of their own nothingness and their own sinfulness. And so Augustine prayed the prayer of the child of God: "*Noverim Te, noverim me, ut amem Te, et contemnem me*,"—I would know Thee, Lord, I would know myself, that I may love Thee and despise myself." And so, too, a poet of our own day, when he would recall his countrymen, "drunk

with sight of power," to their sober senses, was inspired to sing:

The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart,
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

We must rise, in thought and spirit, above the things of the City of Babylon that we may not forget the things of the City of God. We must turn away from the things that are in space and time that we may attain to the things that are eternal. For this is the difference between the two cities, or the two empires, as we may also call them: that the former concerns itself with the things of time, the latter with the things of eternity. The City of Babylon is built for no higher than an earthly end, its traffic is in perishable goods, the watchword of its citizens is worldly success, its foundations are in the shifting sands of time. The City of God, on the other hand, is in this world indeed, but not of it. It has its foundations on the rock of eternity. Its citizens are pilgrims here below; their watchword is eternal salvation; their commerce is in things spiritual; leaving the things that are behind, they reach out to the things that are before, eager to seize upon and secure the prize of their high calling in Christ Jesus.

Here, in the meantime, they mingle with the citizens of the earthly city. But in their heart of hearts they know themselves to be sojourners and exiles; and they murmur the words of those other exiles, types of them in the olden time: "By the waters of Babylon we sat and wept, when we remembered Sion. On the willows in the midst thereof we hanged up our harps. . . . How shall we sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?" The songs of Zion are home songs, songs of the lasting city; and "we have not here a lasting city, but seek one that is to come."

I have said that the watchword of the citizens of the City of God is eternal salvation. This, therefore, is the watchword of those who busy themselves with the Christian education of youth. Education, in the broad and true sense of the word, is more than mere schooling, more than a grounding in the arts and sciences, more than mental discipline: it is pre-eminently a formation of character. And it is this even from the point of view of the earthly city and the worldly success, which is its watchword. The ability to read and write and cipher, nay, a highly cultivated intellect, is quite compatible with conduct that leads by crooked ways to the jail or penitentiary. We all know the old saw about honesty being the best policy, which may serve as a maxim for the most worldly of men. That you must educate the whole youth—physical, mental and moral—this is a sentiment which will be warmly applauded even by those whose one aim in life is to lay up treasures where the moth and the rust consume and thieves break through and steal. A man of the world and a sage, wise as the world reckons wisdom, has said that "Character gives splendor to youth and awe to wrinkled skin and gray hairs."

One main purpose of education is, therefore, the formation of character; and *the* main purpose of Christian education is the formation of Christian character. Character is the marked way in which a man is built up morally. It is fashioned by conduct, which, in its turn, is governed by motive.

Now motive is the why of a man's choosing to do one thing rather than another, or of his freely electing to follow a certain line of conduct; and it has its hidden springs in the love that dominates a man's life. And so, in the last analysis, love is the great builder of character. And the two loves—love of self and love of God—build two opposite types of character: the character of

the children of this world and the character of the children of light.

The supreme object of Christian education, as I have said, is to form this latter type of character. Withal, it aims at fitting the Christian to play his part in the life that now is, at developing all the faculties of his soul; and therefore all branches of secular learning hold an honored place on its curriculum. But it regards these simply as the means of compassing its ultimate object, which is the building up of character on a higher than an earthly plane and after a heavenly pattern. It has for its motto those words of the Divine Master: "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lose his own soul?" and for its guiding principle, the Master's mandate: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and thy neighbor as thyself."

To the graduates of this year I would say: You have finished your work in school, think not that your education is complete. You have but laid the foundations on which all your life long you are to build. And what manner of building shall you rear on these foundations? A great painter of the olden time took for his motto: "*In æternum pingo*—I paint for eternity," meaning thereby an eternity of fame. And I say to you, build for eternity, not of fame which is empty, but of life which is real. For,

Life is real, life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal.

Build, then, for the life that fades not, the life whose goal is no other than God Himself. "For Thyself hast Thou made us, Lord," cries St. Augustine, "and our hearts rest not till they rest in Thee." Do the work that falls to you in the world, and do it well: "Whatsoever thy right hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." But in all that you do, lose not sight of the lasting city, and let not your feet stray from the way that leads thither. Build not


for time, but for eternity; not for the body which quickly crumbles into dust, but for the soul which then begins to live truly when it has "shuffled off this mortal coil." Let yours be a building of God, a house not made with hands, founded on Faith. Let it grow in grace and stateliness with the years, till it reach even to Heaven. Ever onward and ever upward—this be your motto.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll:
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's un-
resting sea.

Gervase Winter.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXXII.

T was on the old bridge that Hilary and Gervase met. Her lagging step quickened as she saw him rise from the mossy parapet where he had been awaiting her. There was no one in sight, no sound but the purling of the water and the distant clamor of flocks.

Gervase's face was flushed and determined. He stopped short within a pace or two, and said without preamble: "I want the right to call you mine."

She paused, her heart beating quickly.

"I want the right," he went on, "to turn to you in all my joys and troubles; I want to make a home for you—to work for you. I felt this morning that I wanted to fight to defend you! All that is best in me belongs to you. I know there are lots of things that are wrong; but when I am a Catholic, I think I'll improve."

He looked diffidently at Hilary, who was still silent, and began again eagerly:

"Whatever happens I want to make the best of my life, only—you know if you send me away, I shan't have any-

thing left to care for in this world—"

"But I don't send you away," interrupted Hilary. She stretched out both her hands. "I put my hands in yours for good and all. Where you lead, I'll follow—only, Gervase, I'm afraid I'm not thinking of high motives a bit. I just want us to make one of our lives—I just—love you!"

Mervyn was sitting on the terrace, his hands clasped behind his head. There was a pleasant smell of hot coffee from the silver jug bubbling over the spirit lamp on a table laid for breakfast. Mervyn was tired, his mind harassed with many thoughts; but at last he sat upright, giving himself a little shake. There was nothing for it after all but his own old method—to say a prayer for guidance. There are times for taking advice and other times when the ultimate decision rests on one man.

"It is my responsibility after all," he told himself; "I won't shirk it."

He looked down, first at the sea which shone like a mirror through the dark boughs of the trees fringing the lawn; then he smiled to himself as his eyes fell on the two figures winding their way slowly upward between the yews. He went to meet them presently.

"So it is all settled?" said Mervyn, glancing from one to the other with kindly eyes.

Hilary flew to him, whispering as she clasped him round the neck:

"O Ralph, I'm happy!"

The two men shook hands in rather an embarrassed way.

"After all," remarked Ralph, "I deserve some credit too: Gervase was my find. I see he is the right man, but 'who'd have thought it?' as Mrs. Evans says. Who is going to tell Aunt Lavvy?"

"You!" returned Hilary. "She would certainly guess if she saw us!"

Mervyn stood by the table, pouring out the coffee.

"By the way," he went on, "while I was waiting for you, I got out my wedding present to Gervase. I had set it aside for some time. There!"

He held out two books loosely rolled in brown paper.

Gervase opened the parcel unconcernedly, and uttered a sharp exclamation.

"Oh, it is a mistake! This is the psalter! Why, I could have sworn I'd put it in the safe!"

"Ralph!" whispered Hilary.

He nodded.

"Yes, explain to him, my dear, do. You had better keep that note I signed in case anybody disputes your right to dispose of it. That is my wedding present to you, Gervase. If you don't like it, you must in common civility try to dissemble your feelings."

"It's the King's psalter!" gasped Winter.

"Ah! you're coming to it by degrees," rejoined Ralph lightly.

"Look here! I can't accept this from you! It's—it's a king's gift! An emperor would be proud to own it."

Ralph put his hands behind him.

"He didn't make half so much fuss about taking you, Hilly," he said. "I won't take back the book. It's yours to have and to hold, for richer, for poorer, to keep or to sell as you think best."

"I don't know how to thank you," said Winter. "I have never taken anything from any man before, and I couldn't take it from any one but you. I know you are giving it to me for Hilary, but even so,—it's too generous."

"Oh, come, now!" said Ralph, shy and embarrassed. "Hilary, have you told Gervase everything—all our plans?"

"Yes," said Hilary. "It appeals to him enormously."

"I think it is splendid," said Winter briefly; and a glance at his face satisfied Mervyn that the expression was genuine.

"We'll try to do it as quietly as possible—I hate the idea of a *beau geste*."

"Better make a clean breast of it all to Aunt Lavvy," suggested Hilary.

Ralph made no reply, but turned his steps towards the house. As he passed from the sunshine into the shadow of the hall, Hilary sprang up and sped after him.

"Ralph—you haven't said anything about yourself. Is it *all* sacrifice? Oh, I do so hope you are going to be happy too!"

"So happy that I could almost die of joy," he returned in a hushed voice. "If they will accept me, even as a lay-brother, I shall count myself blessed. If I am not found worthy, everything I have ever been through—the War and losing Bill and the boys—would be as a drop in the ocean compared to it."

"But Our Lord has called you—He will not send you away," she said.

"No, please God, I believe He will not let me be 'frustrated of my hope.' But you will have to pray hard for me, Hilly, —you and Gervase; and there is another thing."

He held her from him by the shoulders so that he could see her face.

"Whatever happens, I want to settle matters here—are you agreed on that?"

"Yes," said Hilary. "You know it has always been my dream."

"You regret nothing?"

"Nothing for us—only a little bit for you, Ralph!"

He laughed.

"You needn't. Go back to Gervase and tell him he *must* be prepared to pay compliments to Aunt Lavvy, no matter what it costs him. She'll mind, poor old darling, though she is really much happier in London."

Then he went away whistling up the stairs.

.

The little office room seemed as cold and dark as a cell when Baines stepped into it from the bright sunshine. Mervyn rose from his writing table and held out his hand.

"I wanted to see you before the others turned up," he said. "Now look here, have you gone into this thing thoroughly? Do you really believe the quarries can be made a paying proposition?"

"Well, yes, I do," Baines said eagerly. "Of course, there is not much doing in slate here, though I think things are looking up again. What I go on is the idea of developing the old workings for road metal. Motor traffic is increasing on this side of the country, and the authorities are bound to the up-keep of the roads."

"Yes, that is what Winter says. I suppose you have been through the drafts of his plan?—the scheme I sent you last week?"

Baines nodded.

"Are you agreed that he has not understated the amount of capitalization necessary for both machinery and development?"

"Well, I'm not much of a financier myself," returned Baines, "but I have taken advice on it. I believe it to be"—he took a gusty breath—"actuarially correct!"

"Look here—I am prepared to lay down all my cards, and I want you to be perfectly frank with me. We both have something to get out of this." Baines drew back sharply. "Oh, don't misunderstand me—I'll explain in a minute,—and we can't afford to make a mistake. We are both driving at the same thing; and if we fail with this experiment, it will shove things back for a quarter of a century."

"I'd like to hear all you've got to propose before I say what is in my mind," remarked Baines.

"Quite right!" returned Mervyn approvingly. "We are agreed then that this scheme is economically sound, given certain conditions—but of course the crux is the men. You know I offered before to run the quarry on a profit-sharing basis, but the idea was frowned out

of court by the great slate quarry interests. We should have practically a monopoly of road metal—there would be no competition here; and better still, the Union men engaged would be all in one lodge.

"Why do you name that as an advantage?" asked Baines.

"Because trades unions are not at all elastic, and the quarry would suffer if everything had to be run on the exact pattern of some huge" (he smiled) "capitalist-owned concern. Now the question is: Does this draft agreement," he tapped a paper on the table, "really embody the men's ideas? Are they quite willing to abide by these terms, and will they be accepted by other Lodges?"

"I have every reason to believe so," said Baines. "But it is all a little different to other profit-sharing schemes; and, no doubt, everything turns on the manager. Had you thought of putting in a nominee of the men?"

Mervyn shook his head.

"No, I veto that! No matter whom we started with, they would eventually want to appoint one of themselves; and, you know, they haven't, any of them, sufficient education or experience—and also there are too many influences. Some one from outside would be much more satisfactory. There are always cliques and intrigues otherwise. The men will elect half the directors, and the directors, I suppose, will appoint the manager."

Baines pondered.

"Have you some one in mind?" he asked. "Mr. Jones doesn't know anything about stone. Had you thought of keeping him? Because if you had, it's a wash-out."

"No, he hasn't been a success, he can't handle men at all. I thought of Winter."

"Winter!" ejaculated Baines.

"Yes; of course he would have to go to one of the big quarries to learn the

ropes. But he has good qualifications, and he's straight. He would have to learn Welsh certainly, but he would understand the men. He will be my nominee."

Baines was staring straight before him.

"Winter!" he repeated again—"I never thought of him. He might do all right—aye, he might. He's a chap that is not afraid of odds. What did you mean when you said *you* had something to get out of this? I haven't quite caught on."

Mervyn smiled.

"It is not public property yet, Mr. Baines; but I must tell you—I want to find a billet for my brother-in-law, and at the same time I don't want our quarry to go derelict, and I don't want our men to be out of work; and you don't either. And quite apart from personal motives, I think Winter would fill the post jolly well; but of course the men's directors might veto him."

"Winter—Gervase Winter? But he isn't your brother-in-law!"

"No, but I'm glad to say he soon will be," said Mervyn.

"Your sister to marry Gerry Winter?" gasped Baines.

"That is the idea, I believe. Would his being my brother-in-law set the men against him?"

"I don't think so; they are rather in your favor just now," returned Baines, naïvely. "It will depend a good deal on what you decide about those lads who tried to smash the dam."

"It was rank sabotage," declared Mervyn. "But they had been sitting up drinking half the night—they didn't realize what they were doing. They ought to have a term in prison, if only to keep them out of the miners' way. I thought," he added with an innocent air, "of asking them to give themselves up voluntarily."

"They wouldn't do it!" exclaimed Baines, scornfully.

"Oh, yes, they would—they will! You don't know Welsh mentality. They'll rather enjoy it! As none of them has ever been in prison before they don't know what they are in for, poor lads; but it will be the making of them. Poor Willy's death has made a big impression, and as soon as they realized the horror of the danger to the lead-mine, they were aghast—I could see that."

Mervyn rose and went to the window.

"I called a general meeting for six, but you see the men are rolling up already. We'll hold it in the courtyard where there's plenty of room."

Baines got up too.

"Here," he said, "I'm a plain sort of man; I have no use for frills. But when I have made a mistake I'm not ashamed to say so. I see Winter was absolutely right about you and I was wrong. He said you were a good friend—and—and—I believe him."

"Good!" said Mervyn, gripping the outstretched hand. "Now my idea is to make a speech—though heaven knows I'm a rotten speaker—*What's that?*"

A wild clamor had arisen outside. The men who had been standing in the courtyard took up the cry, and with one accord began to pour out through the great gates.

"What is wrong?" gasped Baines.

Mervyn shook his head.

"I don't know. But that is an ugly sound. I think we are in for it."

XXXIII.

As Lord Mervyn hurried across the courtyard, Hilary ran to meet him.

"O Ralph!" she exclaimed, "there's a mob at the White Gates. Gervase has gone down to see what it is about."

She looked pale and frightened.

Mervyn went on without speaking, making for a point of vantage in the park. When he reached it he stood still in astonishment.

"How extraordinary! I say, Hilly, the gate is open!"

"What!" she exclaimed.

"The Cursed Gate is open," repeated her brother. "How amazing! But they have only forestalled us. You had better go back to the house."

"Nonsense," she returned, and they hurried on side by side.

"Isn't this like old times?" he said suddenly, stopping as they reached the last belt of trees. "Only one ought to be going to take a 'header' into the sea instead of into the people! Hold hard, I don't want to arrive panting. I say, when St. Peter first went out and addressed the 'men brethren,' do you think he felt as scared as I do?"

Hilary glanced at him anxiously. "Ralph—you don't think—you don't fear a personal attack?"

"Not at all. I only mean I feel so beastly shy. There's Gervase, you stay with him."

"Well, what is it all about?" asked Hilary, as soon as Gervase came within earshot.

"No one seems to know. The gate was found open, and a crowd collected, expecting some kind of supernatural visitation."

"They'll have to do with a natural one," said Mervyn. "Here goes!"

He recollected himself for a few seconds, made the Sign of the Cross, and went bounding down the slope.

"It is not an angry mob, is it?" inquired Hilary.

"No, only excited. You are not frightened, are you? It couldn't really have any consequences, you know,—opening the gate I mean."

"Let us go on. We can stand where he won't see us," she returned. "No, I am not afraid."

No one had dared to cross the grassy threshold. The gate hung crooked, the ironwork having broken away from the hinges so long unused. It must have taken a great deal of strength to force the gate back.

"I can guess who thought of it," mur-

mured Gervase. "Meggie, I am sure; but she must have got the men to help her."

"Dan Evans, I think," said Hilary. "He could have done it, he is very muscular."

Mervyn walked slowly to the space between the gates and halted in the centre. The hubbub ceased as though by magic, and those in the background pressed forward.

"I had called a meeting at the Castle," said Mervyn, "but as you all seem to be present, we might as well hold it here. The light will last long enough, I dare say. At the risk of being thought superstitious, I am going to ask that none of you pass through the gateway until I have finished speaking. I will tell the men who were coming up to the meeting to draw near as I want them especially to hear what I have to say," went on Mervyn; and turning, he motioned to the groups behind him.

Baines, breathing hard from his run down the park, moved forward, followed in a body by the other men. Mervyn drew back a little, mounted the trunk of a tree, which had fallen in the recent storm, and, planting his feet together firmly, raised his voice.

"You all know I never was any good at making speeches, so I am not going to attempt one now, but I have got some plain facts to put before you, and I'll ask you to let me do this without interruption. When I have finished, you can ask as many questions as you like. Well, to begin with, you see some one has opened the Cursed Gate. The lock has been broken and the gate forced back—no light job either. You all know the tradition of this place—that when these gates are opened the Mervyn family will be wiped out."

A groan and a little shudder of excitement ran through the crowd.

"It is plain to everyone that the gate has been opened in malice, in the hope of calling down a curse on the innocent

heads of my sister and me. Not only will this action not have the slightest effect, but it has merely forestalled by a few weeks what we intended to do ourselves. Before I explain this I'd like to hark back to the time when this entrance was closed."

He paused an instant noting the puzzled expression in the faces lifted towards him.

"I want to make clear to you the reason for the curse, and my reason for believing it to be lifted. It is not a story we Mervyns have any reason to be proud of, but I want you to understand what the curse was and how it came about."

He had got their attention now. Those at the back pressed forward. What Welsh gathering could be indifferent to a dramatic tale?

"You all know that the Castle is not properly speaking a castle at all," resumed Mervyn. "It was built by the black monks of St. Benedict as an abbey; and when my ancestors became possessed of it, they tried to obliterate the memory of its origin by building up towers and renaming it Pendrillas Castle. Now what was an abbey? It was the home of a group of men who had dedicated their lives to God, and who lived together under a common father whom they called the abbot. St. Benedict, who made the first rule for these monks, lived within a few hundred years of the time of Our Lord, when Christian people led a far more perfect and apostolic life than they do now. St. Benedict took as model for his monasteries, not the cell of the anchorite or hermit with their terrible austerities, but just an ordinary, good, working-man's house. His ideal was a home like that of Joseph and Mary at Nazareth, with Christ always in the midst."

Hitherto he had spoken haltingly, but now he seemed to gain confidence as one talking of familiar things.

"As the father is head of the family,

so was the abbot to be head of his flock, and they were to confide in him, trust him and obey him as good sons a good father. They were to support themselves as workingmen, but they were to have no luxury in their surroundings, their clothes or their food. As God meant us from the beginning to take the places of the fallen angels, so these men had for their first object the praise and glory of Almighty God.

"Well, then, such were those monks here, when the Castle was known as the Abbey of St. Mary and St. John. We know by all the records of that time that they were loved and trusted and blessed by rich and poor roundabout. But though this particular abbey was poor and in debt when the Reformation came, the Benedictine monasteries in other parts of the country were rich in lands and flocks; and all of them had beautiful things in their churches. Also the monks stood between Henry VIII. and the people, and defied his unlawful claims. So, as you all know, the king seized all the abbeys and monasteries, destroyed the churches and sold the monks' lands for what ready money he could get. The first Mervyn bought this place then for a comparatively small sum, with its mine, its quarries and its mill. But he soon found that he could not carry on these works as the monks had done, because he could not pay overseers, and the monks had been their own overseers, unpaid, and had employed about two hundred men. Mervyn dismissed the small tenants, and turned all the land into large sheep-farms, letting the arable fields the monks had reclaimed from marsh and mountain go out of cultivation. The monks were turned out to starve, and the abbot, a venerable old man, was hanged in sight of his own monastery.

"The people were indignant, as they well might be—I say! this is taking me longer than I thought! It's growing dark, do you mind?"

"Go on, go on!" called earnest voices on all sides.

"Well, there isn't much more really. As that Ralph Mervyn, my namesake, rode in through this gateway with pomp and glory, an old woman cursed him for his evil deed, and foretold that not one of his twelve children should succeed him. You have all seen the stone he set up in bravado; but you all know that in the course of his long life he saw every one of those children die before him. He left his ill-gotten gains to a cousin, my ancestor, who closed up this gate after the funeral of old Ralph had passed through it. The tradition is that if this gate be opened, the Mervyn family was to come to an end."

He paused a moment, choosing his words.

"In the course of a few years you have seen my father and my brothers swept away. Long before that happened some of us had begun to feel that we were the inheritors of a great wrong. We tried—in a very blundering sort of way, I admit,—to get things right again. I wanted both sides to work together; you know I had various schemes which came to nothing, and now I know why. Meanwhile, there has been a lot of bad feeling going about. I know all the men who perpetrated this outrage on the dam"—he raised his voice commandingly,—“and there was a witness present too. I accuse these men here and now of a grave crime against their neighbors and the whole community. It is not their fault that their act did not have more disastrous consequences. I will add that I believe it was intended as an act of malice against me whom they chose to regard as their enemy, also as vengeance against the miners whom they imagined were about to injure their trade.

"These lads had been drinking and working themselves up with wild talk—they did not realize that their act would entail not only ruinous damage to me,

but the murder of fifty or sixty innocent men. I am prepared to repeat these words in Court if called upon to do so, and I think that if these men have a spark of manly feeling, they will have the pluck to come forward and give themselves up to the police. It is the only means by which they can regain not only the respect of their comrades but their own self-respect. And when they think that but for poor Willy's intervention they would be stained with the blood of fifty lives, they will realize that it is the least they can do to atone. Nothing will bring Willy back, poor fellow,"—his voice suddenly faltered. "Poor Willy!"

A wave of emotion passed over the crowd. A thin, ragged youth suddenly pushed his way out into the road.

"I was one of them then!" he cried, in a voice cracking with excitement. "I'll give myself up too!"

The miners, grouped within the park, made an angry surge forward; but Mervyn leaped down from his perch, and stood between the two mobs.

"That is right!" he exclaimed, in ringing tones. "Now, let the others come forward and prove themselves men."

Gained as much by the drama of the situation perhaps as by repentance, one sheepish youth after another emerged from the crowd, some actually pushed forward by their own relations.

Mervyn marked that the ring-leader, Dan Evans, was the only one missing.

"Well done!" he cried. "I don't think that if any of you had held back you would have cared to show your faces here again. We can be proud to see you come forward like men to try and make amends for what you have done."

Even the lead-miners, gained by the thrill of the moment, joined in the feverish applause.

Mervyn shot one rueful glance towards Joe Baines, and then quickly continued speaking.

"I'll ask Mr. Baines, whom we have

the privilege of having among us to-night, to put a profit-sharing scheme for the quarries before you. The lead mine is being sold to the Blue Line Company, who undertake to carry on the working as at present. The negotiations have been carried out with the approval of the local lodges of the Unions affected. Now it only remains to explain what I said at the beginning about—about ourselves.

"We are the last two Mervyns, my sister and I. And we want to atone for the wrong done by our forbears. Pen-drillas is to become the Abbey of St. Mary and St. John once more,—the monks of St. Benedict are coming back. They will open a school, visit the sick, care for the poor and give praise to God in this place as they did of old. My sister will shortly change her name. In a few weeks she will be Mrs. Winter, and I—I shall be just Brother Hugh; so there will be no more Mervyns!"

In the dead silence that followed the speaker stepped through the gateway and stood still outside.

"There! That is just to break the spell in case any one should still be anxious about it. When the monks come to take possession they will enter in this way. I hope you will give them a welcome, and won't hold back out of prejudice, but that you will try to see them as they really are."

"Then are you and Miss Hilary going away?" queried an old woman's voice regretfully.

"If you agree to my proposals, my sister will remain in the neighborhood. But I shall go to another Benedictine monastery. I don't think I shall ever come back here, because that other monastery will be my home from now on. So it is good-bye!"

He walked quickly into the park again and addressed Baines in his ordinary tones.

"I say, carry on now, like a good chap, while they are hot. Explain about

the quarry." Then he said to the crowd: "Mr. Baines will address you now." And turning again he began rapidly to climb the slope. The men and their kinsfolk still stood in the stricken silence.

"Come on quick," whispered Mervyn to Gervase and Hilary who had hastened forward to join him. "Let us get back to the house before they recover from the shock. O Lord, I wonder if it feels as awful as that to preach a sermon!"

Hilary laughed softly.

"Gervase and I think you couldn't have been improved upon," she said proudly.

"I wish you were staying on here instead of me," said Winter,—“you are a born leader.”

"It is not the least use leading people except in the way they want to go. The important thing is to try and make them want the right way. You'll have to point it out to them and—the monks will pray that they may take it."

"Yes," said Gervase in a low tone. "I like to think that we shall still be working together, you and I."

"Oh, look!" exclaimed Hilary, "there is dear Aunt Lavvy!"

Lady Lavinia was indeed slowly and somewhat painfully making her way downward over the rough ground. Her face was flushed, and wore a look of great determination.

"I couldn't bear the suspense," she called, as she perceived them.

Mervyn sprang forward and gave her a boyish hug.

"You darling, were you coming to our support? It is all right, Aunt Lavvy. I've told them."

She stood still.

"And will the monks really have this beautiful old place?"

"Yes, they will return to what is their own—they will rebuild the church." He added half to himself: "They will bind up that which was broken."

"And what are you and Hilary going to live on then?"

"There'll be the proceeds of the sale of the lead-mine and part of the library; and I am selling enough land to make the sum up to what the first Mervyn's purchasing price would be in modern money. I shan't want much, you know,—so Hilary will have the rest."

"And what's to become of all those poor little children?" inquired Lady Lavinia, forgetting her whilom disapproval of the *crèche*.

"Oh, Hilary has got some notion of carrying on the idea with a Government grant. They are eligible for one, you know. Perhaps some devoted nuns might take it on."

"I don't think the village could swallow monks *and* nuns at one gulp," said Hilary, laughing.

Mervyn was leading the way homewards with Lady Lavinia leaning on his arm.

"Well, you have had your own way, my dear," she said rather shakily; "and I suppose you think you are doing right. But it is sad to think I shan't see your children playing here."

"You'll see Hilary's, please God," he answered. "I don't think there is any probability of the men rejecting my scheme—and Gervase."

"And of course you'll come and stay with us every Summer, Aunt Lavvy," said Hilary eagerly. "Ralph thinks we could have the old house at Pen-Rhiw, and put up a new one for old Price next to his farm buildings. Of course, it depends on Gervase being appointed by the Quarry Syndicate."

"It is all so different from what I have always looked forward to," complained the old lady, her lips trembling. "But the race is to the young. I must say," she added rather mournfully, contemplating the three radiant faces, "you do look very happy."

(The End.)

THE convinced convince, the persuaded persuade, as the meek disarm.

A New England Convert.

BY ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL.

THE beautiful church of the Sacred Heart in East Cambridge, Mass., was the scene of intense excitement on the 30th of September, 1925, at the end of a novena to the "Little Flower." A ten-year-old girl, who had been unable to move for eight years, was seen walking unaided by the side of her pastor, the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. Many doctors and hospital clinics had failed to give any relief to this poor little child, and so the good priest had encouraged her to pray to Thérèse of the Child Jesus.

While the novena was in progress, little Mary was carried to the church every night, and the relic of the Saint was applied to her crippled leg. On the last night of the novena, there was a procession of children through the church, and to the amazement and joy of the large congregation, they were met at the altar by Mary, who, after walking from the vestry, stooped and placed a crown on the head of the leader in the procession.

In a subsequent address, Father Blunt pointed out to his people that it was most fitting and natural that one of the first cures in this country through the intercession of St. Thérèse after her canonization, should take place in their parish. The noble and energetic priest, the late Rt. Rev. John O'Brien, who built the church, had also established a paper called the *Sacred Heart Review*, which for many years was recognized as one of the best Catholic papers in the country. On the staff of the *Review*, from 1891 to 1923, was Miss Susan L. Emery, a distinguished convert of Boston; and to this gifted woman belongs the credit of having made the first translation into English of the poems of the "Little Flower." This means, of course, that they became

known not only in our country but throughout the whole English-speaking world through Miss Emery's translation, to which she gave the pretty title of "Petals from the Little Flower," and the proceeds from which she devoted to the Carmelite Convent in Roxbury.

Fr. Matthew Russell, of the *Irish Monthly*, spoke of the translations as classics, and Miss Guiney said, after suggesting that some people might be deterred from reading a book consisting of two hundred pages of pious poetry by a nun: "But the nun was that bright, exquisite spirit, St. Thérèse of the Carmelite Convent in Lisieux, who died there in her youth, and whose autobiography, translated into nearly every European language, has taken up thousands of souls, as with the strong wind of Pentecost, into heavenly altitudes. And these verses, simple, shy, untechnical as they are in the French, yet recall instantly (as is well pointed out in the Introduction) the namelessly beautiful creations of Fra Angelico. No Catholic is likely to miss their amazing sweetness. It was richly worth while to translate them into our language. Miss Emery has done her work almost miraculously well."

Even a slight knowledge of Miss Emery's character shows why she could appreciate the sweetness, the intense love of God and of souls, and the striking humility of the little French saint, since these qualities were found in abundance in this New England convert, who was in many ways a notable figure of her generation.

Miss Emery was born September 6, 1846, in Dorchester, Mass., of a highly intellectual and religious family, of real New England stock, and all ardent believers in the Episcopal religion. One of the brothers is an archdeacon in San Francisco, another is a minister in Concord, N. H. One of her sisters, Julia, a profoundly religious woman, held a high position in the Missionary Society

of the Episcopal Church. This intense interest in missionary work seems to have pervaded the whole family. Susan was all her life a zealous worker in the cause of foreign missions, while her zeal in the domestic, or what might be called the intellectual, mission field was likewise unbounded.

The following extracts from Miss Emery's account of her conversion, written for "Some Roads to Rome in America," tell her story as no one else could tell it: "The roads that lead souls into the Catholic Church are many and various: Rome rhymes with home; and, indeed, all roads lead there. Diverse influences wrought upon my own experience: I was brought up in a very religious atmosphere. Though my father came of Unitarian and my mother of Congregational parentage, they began to attend Episcopal services soon after my birth, although they were not confirmed until I was about ten years old. I can remember the occasion. We had been living for a short time in Rhode Island. Soon after our return to Dorchester, Massachusetts, a clergyman came to our parish, the late Rev. William H. Mills, to whose influence we owed very much. My first solid idea of what was then accounted good and rather High Churchmanship came, so far as I can remember, from him.

"In 1872 I was living in New York, engaged in editorial work on *The Young Christian Soldier*, a periodical connected with the Episcopal Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society. Dr. Twing [the editor and Miss Emery's brother-in-law] was then the Domestic General Secretary; he took me to the General Convention of the Episcopal Church held in Baltimore in 1872. I had been growing more and more High Church, and I can remember that I went, in the early mornings to the very advanced Church of Mount Calvary; and that once on coming back to my boarding place, I

kissed my hand in my fervor, thinking that perhaps the real body of Our Lord had rested on my palm that day." [One of her friends says that while in New York she used to be distressed at the careless way in which the communion was administered, and that she used to wait until every one else had left the church, to collect and consume the crumbs that were dropped!]

"But the debates at the Convention, and my reading, and the life around me, showed me plainly the varying schools of thought and practice among Episcopal clergy and laity alike. At last the questions began to press upon me: Where was the real truth? What was I to believe? Where was I to go?

"I had a dear friend, an earnest Catholic, who said to me, 'I am going to do all I can to make you a Catholic.' Circumstances swept us apart for awhile; and when we met again I was indeed a Catholic. I know that her sister sent my name to the Apostleship of Prayer. The Three Branch Theory held possession of my soul. I felt that I would willingly die for the sake of seeing the Greek, Roman and Anglican branches, as I called them, made one again."

In 1874 Miss Emery resigned her position on *The Young Christian Soldier*, feeling too much in doubt to be willing to teach children; and she continued to be in a state of real torment.

"On Christmas Eve I was walking along Boston Common, and I said my first real prayer to the Blessed Virgin. I had been reading the controversy between Newman and Pusey on that subject. 'Mother of God,' I prayed, 'make me will to do God's will!' The answer came. On Christmas Day I was in great distress, but I forced myself to go to communion; then the Feast of Epiphany, the feast of light and of manifestation, arrived. There was in our house a volume of sermons by the great Irish Dominican, Father Thomas Burke, be-

longing to one of those Irish maidens who have done so much towards spreading the faith in New England. I opened the book. I looked down upon the page, and distinctly before me lay the words I had read and heard unnumbered times before: 'Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church,' etc. On the same page of Father Burke's sermon containing the promise to Peter, were these words from St. Ambrose: "Show me Peter and I will show you the Church."

"And then my cry for help to the Blessed Virgin was manifestly answered; for then I knew, and then I willed God's will. As clearly as I see now before me the page on which I write—as absolutely as I know that two and two make four—I saw and I knew that the Church of which the Pope, the successor of Peter, was the visible head, was the one true Church of God; I saw that therein Peter had the supreme prerogative; and that where he was, my place was. No fear came over me, either to take the step or not to take it, into that Church that now loomed magnificently before my gaze: I saw the truth, and the truth had made me free.

"I was received into the Church on St. Joseph's day, March 19, 1875, by the Rev. Edward H. Welch, himself a convert, in the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Boston.

"Questions about Transubstantiation, Anglican Orders, Indulgences, troubled me not at all: Peter spoke, and God spoke through Peter. The one true God must have His one true Church."

Even before Miss Emery's conversion she was greatly attracted by the religious life, and after becoming a Catholic, she made a vow of virginity, electing not to join any Order, but to live like the Blessed Virgin, St. Rose of Lima and St. Catherine of Siena, as Our Lord prayed for His Apostles, *in the world but not of it*.

Of course, it required more courage at the time she entered the Church than it does to-day to take the step which even now is likely to be followed at least by loneliness,—for lack of sympathizing friends. But that consideration, of course, had no weight with so noble a soul as Miss Emery, and she became a staunch friend of her new associates, without losing any of her loyalty to her older ones.

She was only twenty-three when she wrote "Uncle Rod's Pet," thus laying the foundation of the literary career which she followed as long as health and strength permitted. With her personality, her ripe scholarship and her high connections, undoubtedly she would have attained greater worldly honor had she remained in the denomination of her youth. But from the day of her admission into Christ's Fold, all her literary talent, like every other gift, was offered in a spirit of sacrifice and of thanksgiving for the "pearl of great price" which she recognized in the treasure of faith.

Her writings, which covered a wide range, were practically all upon Catholic themes; and she even gave up, to a certain extent, her reading of non-Catholic writers, that she might have more time to revel in her new-found treasures. With gentle pathos she once wrote: "It sometimes seems to me that Catholics do not realize the greatness of their literary heritage. O that I could write ever so many poems," she said, "filled with love for Our Lord, to win hearts to Him!—things they would remember and learn and feed upon in sad times and glad times."

She was meticulously anxious that not only her own work but that of all Catholic writers should be as nearly perfect in form as possible, and absolutely above criticism on the ground of good taste and the honor and dignity which she felt should attach to every

effort of those enlisted in the sacred cause of truth. For that reason she gave unsparingly of her time and sympathetic interest to young writers, extending not only encouragement, but if need be, fearless criticism, bestowed, however, with such tender thoughtfulness as to avoid wounding even the most delicate sensibilities. Could more exquisite consideration be shown than this? "Do you mind pencilled corrections and suggestions? *I made them very light, so that they could be easily erased.*" "When a success was achieved," says one of her co-workers, "not even the author of the poem, story or essay was happier than the generous-hearted literary adviser."

Indeed, throughout her life she displayed that nobility of soul only too seldom found, which rejoices in the success of others. She once wrote: "God must surely love those who rejoice in His gifts to others, because they are His gifts, even though He withhold them for a time from us." And again: "Let us be glad for the brother who seems better off than we are."

One of the features of her work on the *Sacred Heart Review* was a series of papers, which were afterwards collected and published by Longmans, Green and Company, under the title, "The Inner Life of the Soul." Father Russell declared this book to be "one of the holiest and most beautiful that the century is likely to add to ascetic literature in the English language."

Miss Emery also published "Noël," "Thoughts for Every Day in the Year from the Spiritual Maxims of St. John of the Cross," (whom she once referred to as *my* St. John), and "A Catholic Stronghold and its Making," a history of St. Peter's parish in Dorchester, in whose "making" she took a very active part for many years, serving lovingly as sacristan and Sunday school teacher, showing great interest in the welfare

of the altar boys and in the fostering of vocations.

In regard to the latter it was said that her spiritual insight discovered vocations hidden to the ordinary observer. "Miss Emery is looking for postulants" was the laughing remark, made on one occasion when she came into a company of young women and girls. The remark was remembered, when two young girls who had been present entered a religious Order. In an altar boy she saw a future priest, and it was never her fault if her hopes were disappointed. What her feelings were when her hopes were realized, she revealed in these jubilant words: "Oh, the happiness of seeing one we love radiant with spiritual joy, serving the Lord with gladness and delight!"

Besides her work on the *Review*, she contributed to other publications,—for many years to THE AVE MARIA. One notable poem was published in *The Irish Monthly*. This poem was "An Old Woman's Answer to a Letter from Her Girlhood," being a response to a poem by Alice Meynell, called "A Letter from a Girl to Her Own Old Age," which had appeared in the same magazine. Each poem contained nineteen stanzas of the same metre and length. Ruskin, whose appreciation of Mrs. Meynell is believed to have been a strong factor in establishing her fame, calls the last stanza of her poem "heavenly." This adjective seems to belong more truly not only to the last, but to every stanza of Miss Emery's poem, breathing, as it does throughout, the atmosphere of Heaven.

We have spoken of Miss Emery's translations from the French. Her ripe scholarship is shown by her translations also from the German, and of her winning second prize in a national contest for a translation of the *Stabat Mater*.

Our convert possessed what is called "the rare art of making and keep-

ing friends." "Our Lord takes pains to make friends, why should not we?" was her answer to one who feared she was going beyond her strength to help others. When she wanted a young priest to go out of his way to do a little kindness she wrote: "Sometimes I wonder if people, if *priests*, realize what they might do for souls to draw them nearer to Christ by a little kindly, cheering, thoughtful word or act."

Miss Emery's refined and spiritual nature was depicted in her face and carriage. Though somewhat small of stature and always very quietly dressed in black, she attracted attention in any gathering by her sweet expression, her intellectuality and the cultured tone of her voice. The tendency towards specialization which characterizes our age, seems to extend in the devotion of some Catholics to the selection of some special one among the saints of God. Miss Emery's familiarity with the saints was extraordinary; so well did she know their lives and their writings that she could mention their names and their special prerogatives like a recitation of the Litany. How perfectly at home she must have felt when she stepped across the threshold into that blessed company, though there might have been lacking for her some of "the sweet surprises" which Heaven has in store for those of slower mind and dimmer vision! Evidently it had required no effort on her part to accept and thoroughly to assimilate the sublime doctrine of the Communion of Saints.

There can be no doubt that she was specially enlightened in all her studies and meditations by the Holy Ghost, for whom she had an unusual devotion. The last and beautiful chapter of "The Inner Life," entitled "Heaven," has this rapturous closing: "We look now, and we shall never cease to look, on Him who is beauty and strength and truest love, that can never deceive, nor

fail, nor pass away; and this, O soul of mine, is Heaven. That radiant vision uplifts us, beyond mother's or lover's love; enfolds us; fills us and calms us with answering love forever—the love of Him who is love itself,—the Holy Spirit of God."

One chapter in "The Inner Life," commemorating the Feast of All Saints, is entitled "The Garden of God." In this beautiful chapter of little more than three pages, she mentions by name and recalls the attributes of seventy-six men and women whom we acclaim as saints of God. The conclusion is: "For us, who to-day have gathered a few fair names together, out of the great number whom no man can number, written in the Lamb's Book of Life on high, it remains to remember that these have left to us an example that we should follow their steps. Shame on us if we prove cowards or laggards in the race that they so nobly ran, and in the cause for which they died! As we bring this imperfect garland to-day to the Heart of Jesus, it ought to be our earnest petition that He will breathe on us with the vivifying breath of His Holy Spirit, till our own lives shall blossom into an immortal beauty, which shall one day adorn with a like glorious perfection the fadeless Garden of God."

June.

BY S. M. I.

JUNE-TIDE in all the myriad garden places,
 Riotous blossoms, drenched with dew and
 sweet;
 With tender grace the Summer, wreathed with
 roses,
 Has laid her fragrant offering at earth's feet.
 June-tide of life, within the Master's garden,
 Crowned with His love I walk with Him
 apart;
 And when He waits my coming in the dawning,
 I offer Him the red rose of my heart.

The Signing of the Contract.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

MATHURIN at the saw-mill was going to "marry" his daughter, and the whole of the mountain village and the river village down by the Richelieu was interested. It was regarded almost as a national event, before which the St. Jean Baptiste celebration was momentarily eclipsed. The signing of the contract was fixed for the evening of June 15; and, as a large proportion in both villages were related by consanguinity or by intermarriage to the bride, a numerous attendance was expected. Grandparents and parents, brothers, sisters, were reinforced by cousins to the fifth and sixth degrees. After that, the precise degree of relationship was merged in the obscurity which overhangs French Canadian kinship.

What a lovely June day it was! Those only who know the mountain village can picture a June day in that delightful spot. The hedges bordering the station road as it wound upward to the mountain, had burst into bloom, displaying trailing masses of wild roses. The mountain air, fresh yet balmy, was fragrant with the scent of resurrected forests and with the breath of sweet-briar and clover. The mountain was clothed anew with tender green; its hoary age had taken on the habiliments of youth. Below stretched the Richelieu, between banks of living verdure.

The interior of the mill was festive to a degree; its big, low-ceilinged rooms were gaily festooned. Huge bowls of wild flowers rivalled bright-colored plants; and by nightfall lights appeared—sconces, candelabra, and lamps in every available place.

The supper had been prepared from an early hour. It was home-cooked, much of it the work of the bride's own hands; though skilful neighbors had assisted, and her mother had superin-

tended everything. Pork pasties, roasts of pork or veal, hams and young chickens, were flanked by custards, jellies, and a variety of highly-colored cakes and pastry.

Mathurin looked over his spectacles at these culinary triumphs with a gratified air. The signing of his little girl's contract should be properly celebrated. Truly, his neighbors should have no cause to complain.

The miller's wife—a thin, dark-skinned woman, with eyes still brightly black, but hair gray-streaked—less easily pleased than her husband, ran around till the last moment to see that all was right. She had barely time to don her new brown lustre dress before she was called to stand with her husband in receiving the guests.

The bride-elect, tall, slender, graceful, with the traditional black eyes of her race, and a profusion of dark hair, stood elaborately arrayed in a costume, like Joseph's coat, of many colors; but the effect was not inharmonious.

The old mill clock, from a prominent corner of the largest room, had witnessed the signing of several contracts in its time; it had heard the tinkle of the curé's bell coming to bring the Viaticum to the dying, and had seen the shrouded form of more than one miller carried across the threshold; it had beheld children pass smiling from their mother's arms into the great shadow. Altogether, it was not disturbed by so frivolous an occasion as the present; and, having pealed out eight o'clock, relapsed into a decorous ticking.

The guests began to appear in a steady stream. There was M. le Notaire, who lived in the river village near the church. This central figure of the occasion was a portly man of rubicund visage, and, as befitted his calling, spectacled eyes. He was wondrous wise in the law, it was said; and the array of parchments in his office rose in testimony of his knowledge. He was accom-

panied by M. le Curé. The latter was hailed with great ceremony—though he came in with none at all,—exchanging hearty greetings with the bystanders.

The appearance of M. Prefontaine, who comported himself with the dignity demanded of the wealthiest man in the place, was followed by that of wisdom personified. Mère Lanctot, the oldest living villager, was also the most “knowledgeable.” With her came her sister, Mme. Goulet, the straw-hat maker, who sat all day in the Summer upon her veranda opposite the saw-mill, plaiting the straw. The city folk who came to the hotel during the season commended the durability of her wares, whilst they admired the classic regularity of her features, surmounted by snow-white hair and close-fitting cap.

M. Auclair, from the postoffice, was accompanied by his neighbor, the barber. Other Auclairs who were, respectively, carters, farmers or orchard owners, and who enjoyed a tenth cousinship with the bride, came in detachments; those of the Stone House taking precedence. Mme. Bourgeois came in with her handsome “Joe”; and the Mademoiselles Picard, the butter-women of the lane, entered with winning smiles and the most amicable expressions. M. Larue, who owned all the bees and supplied the district with honey, was second in importance only to M. Prefontaine. However, he had one advantage or disadvantage, according to the point of view: he had a well-preserved and comely wife. M. Prefontaine was a widower. He had a son, who had been nominated for the Provincial Parliament at Quebec, but he had not been elected, indeed, he had received scarcely any votes. The glory of that nomination was an abiding aureole for the Larues, however.

The Seigneur put in an appearance just before the signing. This was an honor, and Mathurin and his whole household received and conducted him

to a place near the notary and beside the Curé. The latter greeted him with a good-humored nod. The Seigneur was unmarried, young, good-looking, and a general favorite. If he were the least in the world tempted to magnify his own importance, it was but natural, when that importance was so great amongst his people. The seigneurial system is abolished, but deep in the hearts of the *habitants* dwells an incited reverence for their old lords.

When all was ready, the prospective bridegroom was elbowed into the room by a comrade. He was pitifully bashful; the more so that, being a stranger from another parish, he was supported only by a small contingent. His oiled hair was brushed over his forehead; his black suit, on which the local tailor had exercised his art, concealed the young man's well-knit frame, which appeared to much greater advantage in ordinary working clothes. He bowed awkwardly to the Curé, and seized the Seigneur's outstretched hand as if it had been a sheet-anchor. He replied to the salutations of the guests with a forced smile; and never glanced at Melanie, who sat near her mother.

There was an indescribable gayety and good cheer in that company once the formality of signing the contract came to an end. That was a very pompous affair. M. le Notaire fully upheld the majesty of the law. Having prepared his papers, adjusted his spectacles, and surveyed his auditors, he summoned the prospective bride and groom to sign their names, with much the same tone and manner he might have employed in ordering them to execution. That awful glance from over the spectacles transfixed the unhappy pair, as though they had been rank offenders. The bridegroom-elect felt the full fascination of that dreadful stare, and gazed fixedly in return at the notary. But the bride-elect dropped her eyes in mingled alarm and confusion. Her very name and that of

her betrothed sounded like some vague but terrible accusation against them. Parents, grandparents, cousins, *petit cousins* trembled as they were proved to be accomplices and included in that terrible list. The man of law contrived to throw the oppressive shadow of his dry-as-dust formalities over all present. The Curé alone was unmoved; though he, too, was a witness. He took a pinch of snuff behind his red handkerchief and boldly signed the document.

Presently the blithe sounds of a fiddle brushed away the legal cobwebs. The notary became a mere ordinary human being, like an enchanter whose spells cease at cock-crow. The room was cleared for a genuine country-dance, which the good Curé approved, and in which the Seigneur joined with right good-will. The dance was followed by a ring, into which the old people, laughing and protesting, were inveigled; all joining heartily in the exhilarating strain of—

En roulant, ma boule, roulant;

or:

Le fils de roi s'en va chassant,
Avec son gros fusil d'argent.

In the pause which ensued, eyes involuntarily turned toward the supper-room. M. Prefontaine gave his amiable consideration for a moment to the prospective groom, whom he regarded with patronage, as not belonging to the mountain, and as being far removed in wealth and importance from himself. This done, he called M. Larue aside, and his manner became impressive. It was magnate conferring with brother magnate on a public question. The problem was the ever-new and knotty one of the improvement of the roads.

M. Auclair was trying to make himself agreeable, after his bustling fashion, to the Mademoiselles Picard. Mathurin sat placidly in conversation with Mère Lanctot and her sister, whilst his good wife was absent on culinary business. No sadness at her daughter's ap-

proaching departure seemed to disturb that worthy woman. Marriage, save when the *bon Dieu* called to the cloister, was woman's destiny; and some of the wrinkles in her face were the fruit of anxiety respecting the settlement of her daughters.

During this pause the bride-elect slipped out upon the gallery, under the eaves, for a breath of air. The room seemed oppressive, the gayety an effort. Melanie remembered the signing of other people's contracts, when the occasion had seemed so enjoyable. She leaned against the wall and heard the sigh of the pines, clad in their new Spring vesture. The perfume of the blossoms was rich with old and happy associations.

Melanie was not, ordinarily, a sentimental girl; she was eminently practical, and had early decided to accept the first good offer of marriage. But the sense of coming departure smote her sorely, and threw her back upon the past. If Onésime had only been of the mountain village! Presently the practical side of her nature—a direct heritage from her mother—began to assert itself. Would she like to stay in the village "to comb St. Catherine's tresses," like—Melanie shuddered as she recalled one or two specimens of spinsterhood which the neighborhood knew. No, it might be hard to leave the mountain and the mill, and her friends and parents; but, as M. le Curé had said, "it was the will of the good God"; and no doubt she would be happy in her new state of life. And there were so many compensations: her future was assured; "Madame" would sound so well; the parish of St. Charles was not so far away, and she could see her friends often. She already had in mind a certain Sunday when she should first revisit the sweet places which her childhood had known. She pictured the arrival at the mill in Onésime's new buggy; the news spreading; friends and associates arriving, congratulatory or

envious, studying her bridal finery. Meantime M. Auclair, at the postoffice would be kept busy sending letters to her and receiving her answers. And—again that soft sigh of the pines, and the voice of her mother calling:

"Where, then, art thou, my daughter? Supper is waiting."

So M. Charles the Seigneur takes her in to supper, and places her near M. le Curé. Her health is drunk, her praises sung,—pompously by M. Prefontaine and the notary; a little wistfully by Mathurin, who begins to realize that he is losing her. Altogether, she is treated with a distinction which is the reflection of future honors. The banquet is a great success, and Onésime is cordially complimented on the culinary skill of his future housekeeper.

After supper Mère Lanctot drew Melanie aside for a talk, interlarded with advice. The good woman had been married twice, so that it was with a knowledge of her subject she warned Melanie that all men were *difficile* and required to be managed.

Melanie smiled incredulously. Her Onésime difficult! Why, he ran if she only held up her little finger. She listened patiently to the old woman's homily; for Mère Lanctot's wisdom was proverbial, and her maxims were a kind of unwritten law at the mountain.

The straw-hat maker also came to talk to Melanie, patting her hand softly.

"*La bonne petite Melanie*, whom I have known since her christening, going to be married! Ah, me! but Time has wings."

Unlike her sister, she offered no advice. But, then, you know, as M. Prefontaine was heard to say on one occasion, "Mère Goulet is not half so wise as the other." She was a very silent woman, moreover; sitting plaiting her straw under the great trees, with thoughts simple and serene, as might be expected of one who lived forever in presence of an unchangeable mountain,

with the uneventful village life around.

"Last May," she said, "it was fifty-three years since I signed my contract; and, Melanie, it doesn't seem long."

Melanie smiled again. "Why, it was an eternity—fifty years!"

"Fifty-three years ago," continued the old woman, pointing to her cottage, "I came yonder a bride."

Melanie had heard the fact before, but it came to her in a new light, and she regarded her old friend wonderingly. Was it possible that for half a century she had watched the mill wheel turn, the water flow, and the mountain grow green in Spring, or brown in Autumn? Would a time ever come when she would look back over fifty years on the signing of *her* contract? It was an uncanny thought. She was glad that the Curé came to say good-night.

"So, my child, you will soon be leaving us? Be good always and you will be happy. Eh, Mère Goulet, I baptized Melanie; then, a few more years gone like a breath, and I prepared her for First Communion and Confirmation; his Lordship came from St. Hyacinth for *that*. Now she is asking me to perform her marriage ceremony. Mère Goulet, we are old, you and I,—no mistake. *Bon soir, ma bonne Melanie! Bon soir, Onésime mon brave!*"

The Curé having given a signal for departure, the mill door swung wide; the light issuing thence seemed garish in the flood of moonshine glorifying the mountain, silvering the mill-stream, idealizing the timber. It made a shining path between the trees, along which walked the departing guests, save those who, like M. le Curé, the notary, and a few others, lived at a distance.

IF we desire our prayers should be heard, our actions must be suitable to our petitions: we must exert ourselves both before and after prayer in rendering ourselves worthy of the favor we ask.—"*Spiritual Combat.*"

Praised by the Duke of Wellington.

A RECENT number of *Les Contemporains*, a series of biographical brochures published in Paris, is devoted to a sketch of Dominique Larrey, chief surgeon of France's "Grande Armée" (1769-1842). One notable incident in his noble career occurred at the battle of Waterloo, and won for him a signal compliment from Napoleon's victor, the Iron Duke.

The surgeon's central ambulance stood back of the firing line, beyond the range of danger; but he did not remain there: he advanced among the combatants, operating and staunching wounds in the midst of the heaviest shot and shell. Wellington, who was following the different movements of the fight from the top of Mont Saint-Jean, happened to notice the doctor exposed to the fire of the English guns.

"Who is that daring surgeon over yonder?" he asked.

"That is Dominique Larrey," replied an aide-de-camp, after glancing in the direction indicated.

"Go tell the gunners to cease firing for a while in that direction. We will give the brave fellow time to collect his wounded." And so saying, the stern Duke raised his hat.

"Whom are you saluting?" asked the Duke of Cambridge.

"I'm saluting honor and loyalty down there," was the answer, as Wellington pointed with his sword to the heroic French surgeon.

Larrey was not only an able and a valiant surgeon, but also a consistent, practical Catholic. It is related that his last words after being anointed were: "God is good!"

PRAYER for the dead is more acceptable to God than prayer for the living; for the departed soul is in greater need, being no longer able to help itself.

—*St. Thomas Aquinas.*

On the Situation in Mexico.

IN the *Technology Review*, published at the Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass., Mr. Edwin Burdell writes of Mexico as one having lived there for some time; and while he takes the usual attitude of non-Catholics toward the Mexican Church, namely, an attitude of sharp criticism for its alleged failure to ameliorate the lot of the Mexican peasant, he declares that the common people of the country are heartily in favor of the Church, and that the present trouble is caused by a mere handful when compared with the population, as a whole. This would seem to be contradictory. If the people have a consciousness of having been oppressed and cheated by the Church (as he says), it is rather strange that they are still in favor of the institution that wronged them. Yet Mr. Burdell says: "There is no doubt that one of the most appealing platforms of a prospective revolutionary leader in Mexico to-day would be to espouse the protection of the Church. The Socialist-syndicalist group would never rally to such a platform, of course; but the rank and file of the Mexican people, in spite of the centuries of oppression by the Church, would rally to its protection."

How a people oppressed by their clergy, and knowing themselves to be so, can still be ready to rally to the defence of the Church, is beyond us—unless Mr. Burdell is mistaken in his premise of oppression. It is the easiest explanation to offer when one sees, in Catholic countries, poverty and a low standard of living among the working classes. These classes must have been kept down by somebody, and what more natural than that the clergy should be the guilty party?—to keep people poor and ignorant being, as is well known to all anti-Catholics, the policy of the Church everywhere. This is the usual conclusion, but of course Cath-

olies can not be expected to accept it.

Just at present it is quite common to see the late President Diaz of Mexico pilloried side by side with the Church in the writings of those who are in sympathy with the party now in power in that country. He is decried as a dictator and a tyrant, and as one who gave away the property of Mexico to foreign interests and winked at the presence in Mexico of Catholic religious schools, which were forbidden by the Constitution. The fact that he gave Mexico many years of a peaceful administration, and that under his rule the bandit and the gun-man were hunted down and expelled, seems to be entirely forgotten. Mr. Burdell's view of Diaz and the cause of his downfall is very different from what one finds in the average secular magazine. It is worth reprinting on that account:

That the oil interests of Tampico precipitated the downfall of Diaz is accepted as a fact. Diaz was afraid of the great American oil companies, and refused to grant them unlimited concessions to the exclusion of other foreign or native developments. Finding that they could not dictate to Diaz, and finding also that Diaz's former unflinching suppression of insurrection was weakening, they financed Madero. The Revolution took place in May, 1911, and it was said that when Diaz sailed out of the harbor of Vera Cruz, a man of eighty-one, he wept not for himself, but because he saw the vision of a war-torn nation swept from peace and comparative prosperity into bloodshed and poverty. His vision was not long in being realized.

It is Mr. Burdell's opinion—an opinion shared, it should be said, by other observers of Mexican affairs—that the men down there who are loudest in their demand for democracy are the least inclined to act democratically. The written constitutions are full of the finest of democratic phrases, but there is little or no apparent understanding of the meaning of democratic principles, at least in their practical working

out. It is as if, to use an Irish phrase, they had "the tchune of the thing," but not the words.

Mexico is not the only country in which this phenomenon may be noticed. It is one thing to establish a democratic form of government, and quite another thing to practise real democracy, and see that all the people are given the full advantage of it. Democracy run to seed is the worse sort of tyranny, and usually some dictator has to step in to save the people from themselves. Things are in a bad way in Mexico, if it be true, as Mr. Burdell says, that the Mexicans "are a simple, primitive, kindly people, exploited by ten per cent of their number, and held under conditions of poverty and ignorance quite as unspeakable as those that existed in the days of the Spanish Colonial Empire." And he has no faith whatever in the men who, under pretence of saving the poor from the "oppression" of the Church, are really only looking out for their own interests.

Pioneer Work in France.

American Catholics think of France, and other European countries, as being sufficiently supplied with churches, but changes of population call for new adjustments of religious forces, as in the case of Paris, the population of which, we are told, has declined by some 25,000 within the last five years. In consequence, a new chain of industrial suburbs has arisen. Here priests have been going out into the wilderness, as it were, to form new parishes. In one case the first church was a canvas tent; in many others, the places of worship are only flimsy temporary buildings. This is pioneer work just as hard and as necessary in its way as that done in remote sections of our own country; and it is gratifying that the problem is being faced with zeal, energy and generosity.

Notes and Remarks.

Nothing of all that we have read or heard about the Eucharistic Congress has arrested our attention more than an article in the London *Tablet*, cryptically entitled "Chicago." It is remarkably Catholic-minded and Catholic-hearted. Seldom does one find anything more truly religious, even in the best of religious periodicals. But before quoting a passage of this editorial which has particularly interested us, we hasten to express the conviction that its misgivings are altogether groundless. The prime mover in this magnificent manifestation of faith and piety, who supervised all the plans for it, imparting as far as possible to every one associated with him in the execution of them the zeal for the glory of Christ and the devotion to the Blessed Sacrament with which he himself is inspired, could not countenance any but the very highest and purest intentions for this open profession of belief in the Church and this public declaration of loyalty to its Divine Founder.

Should any features of anything connected with the Congress be at all incongruous, everybody may rest assured that Cardinal Mundelein would have had them otherwise. His object has been to actuate in the most fitting manner possible a desire which only the most fervent faith and the sincerest piety could have inspired. The misgivings of our English coreligionist are expressed in these terms:

Our Catholic brethren in the United States will not be angry with us for saying that their stupendous programme brims with possibilities of evil as well as with possibilities of good. Their States are united to form the richest republic in the world; and we discern a danger that some enthusiasts may use even the Eucharistic Congress to "beat creation." So long as the grandiosity of the Chicago gathering is a crown placed with fear and

trembling on the brow of Jesus Christ, all will be more than well; but Lucifer will be busy tempting weak wills and lukewarm hearts into his very own sin of pride. If the Three Kings had quitted Bethlehem's stable complacently declaring, "No other worshippers, whoever they may be, can have offered gifts so rich as ours"; or if Mary Magdalen had murmured, "Nowhere in all Jerusalem can anybody else buy a box of such flawless alabaster and priceless nard"; they would have been trying to glorify themselves and not their Divine Master.

How far the Cardinal-Archbishop of Chicago was from any thought of "smashing all records," or of "beating creation," may be plainly seen from these noble words of his: "I felt that if we could contribute even a little to help the spread of God's Kingdom, we should merit for ourselves a great fund of graces, to help us in this life and to assure our happiness and the salvation of our people in the next; that we can even hope God may grant the intention of the Holy Father, and cause his wish to be realized,—that God may bless our beloved country and make it the dwelling-place of a God-fearing and law-abiding people, that here in the years to come, perhaps in the near future, the prayer of the Good Shepherd may come true, that there may be one fold and one shepherd."

An important point to bear in mind in dealing with inquiring Protestants, especially when preparing them for reception into the Church, is that within less than half a century Protestantism has become far more unorthodox. The accuracy of a statement to this effect, made by the late Bishop Hedley, can not be questioned. He declared:

One of the chief elements in modern religious confusion is the meaning which people attach to the word "faith." There is, first, the strictly Protestant acceptance that faith is a mere trust in the Saviour, with a conviction that you are "saved." Such "faith," apart

from charity, obedience, contrition, and amendment, is not faith in the New Testament sense, but rather impertinent and unreasonable presumption. But with many people—perhaps with most people outside the Church—faith is a vague acceptance of God, Jesus Christ, and the world to come. It is a weak and colorless persuasion that there is a God above and a world out of sight. . . . Sin, grace, redemption, the world to come, our Lord Jesus Christ, and Almighty God's own nature, have all—in spite of the letter of the Bible, in spite of the text of the formularies—undergone a perceptible and essential alteration.

The confounding of "faith" with "trust," and the evil which Gladstone so often deplored in the world of his day—"the absence of the sense of sin,"—are very widespread among all non-Catholic bodies; and the correction of these errors is a necessary preliminary to the conversion of individual Protestants to the Church.

On account of his being perhaps the most learned of Protestant theologians, Prof. Adolph Harnack's opinion of Mgr. Battifol's great work, "*L'Eglise Naissante et le Catholicisme*" (recently translated into Italian), should have much weight with sectarians. Apropos of this translation, the *Glasgow Observer* quotes from the *Schoenere Zukunft* what Harnack said about the book when it first appeared, namely: "The author has done his Church an extraordinary service from every viewpoint, because it is impossible to show the original identity of Christianity, Catholicism, and the Roman Primacy, with greater scientific accuracy. This demonstration is not made from historical speculations, or without attention to the chronology, of the events. The author remains on the ground of the facts, and of their consequences; and he tries to give a purely historical proof." In his "Manual of the History of Dogma," Harnack had already shown that the Catholic element must go back to a

time much earlier than that generally assigned by Protestant historians. His views were confirmed by Mgr. Battifol's book, and he did not hesitate to say: "It will not please Protestant Church historians to state that several fundamental elements of Catholicism go back to the Apostolic age, and not merely to the time immediately succeeding."

Mgr. Battifol has triumphantly refuted the contention of Protestant writers about the Christian religion being founded by St. Paul, and about the slow evolution of ancient Christianity into Catholicism. He shows that Christianity was born Catholic.

Not long ago we commented on the power of the women of Spain for public good, although it is exerted not by the direct method of woman suffrage, but through the influence of wives and mothers upon fathers and sons. In Waldo Frank's recent book, "*Virgin Spain*," we find this corroboration of what we quoted then from another keen observer: "Women are most clamorous for rights in lands where, culturally, they have counted least. Witness England and the United States, where, for all her liberties, woman is spiritually sterile. In contrast, witness France, where women are the subtle partners of all deep events; or matriarchal Spain, where suffragists are as rare as they would be superfluous."

"Fra Juniper," to whom readers of the London *Universe* are indebted for many good stories, retells from the *Eucharistisches Voelkerbund*, of Vienna, this pretty one of a prince's conversion:

A Protestant prince was the guest of a Catholic baron and his family. One day, when the party was on a steamer on the Rhine, the conversation turned on veneration of the Blessed Virgin among Catholics. The prince confessed that he had no other difficulty concerning the Church but this: "Why not go to God directly; what need is there of

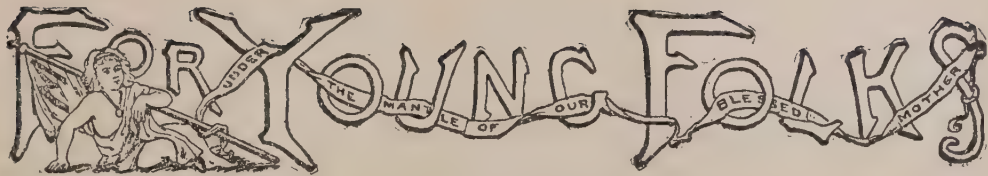
an intermediary?" Later in the day, a passenger came aboard with a large dog, which began to frisk about and play with the nine-year-old daughter of the baroness. At first the child grasped the hand of her father, who was talking to the prince, and then ran to her mother. "Mamma," she cried, "please tell papa to chase that bad dog away! I am afraid of him." The mother appealed to her husband at once. "Baroness," exclaimed the prince, who had taken in the whole scene, "your little daughter has solved my last difficulty. I see now that it is a child's nature, if it wishes to obtain something from its father, to have recourse to its mother."

Catholic readers of the new edition of Lord Byron's Letters will be moved to pity for that brilliant but dissipated poet. He never knew what genuine Christianity is; he was driven into infidelity by the inconsistencies of Calvinism. After avowing his disbelief in one of his letters, Byron adds: "Being early disgusted with a Calvinistic Scotch school, where I was cudgelled to church for the first ten years of my life, afflicted me with this malady [of unbelief]; for, after all, it is, I believe, a disease of the mind quite as much as other kinds of hypochondria."

An unbeliever's tribute to the Little Flower of Jesus comes in the form of a volume, written by Lucie Delarue-Madrus, under the title "Sainte Thérèse de Lisieux." Books a-plenty have been written about the "Little Flower," but this one is perhaps the strangest of all, because the author, in spite of her unbelief, is attracted to the Saint, who declared that her mission when in heaven would be to do good on earth. Of course, the work is not written as a Catholic would write it, and it contains passages with which a Catholic could well find fault; but there is in it, for all that, such an enthusiastic admiration of St. Thérèse that one can not help feeling

sympathy and pity for its author,—mingled with hope that a real Catholic belief may be vouchsafed to her, and that she may thereby come to know the "Little Flower" more truly than she does at present. For now, great as is her admiration for the latest saint of Carmel, she sees her as it were through a smoked glass. The gift of faith would render the vision clear. "My aim," says Lucie Delarue-Madrus, "is to make the new saint known to a world which is not yet interested in her—a world of religious indifference and of artistic fervor,—a world in which people go to admire the Christian splendors of Chartres, but into which 'The Story of a Soul' has not yet penetrated." In conclusion, the author prints an *ex-voto* prayer in which she compares herself to the Juggler of Notre Dame, who practised his art before a statue of Our Lady, doing thereby the best that he could to show his devotion; and prays the Little Flower to accept the effort she has made to light a candle for "souls like my own without religion." Surely such a prayer will not go unanswered, nor such a deed unrewarded.

In a disquisition on the topography of the Sea of Galilee and the surrounding country, contributed to the current quarterly statement of the Palestine Exploration Fund, the Rev. J. Garrow Duncan states that *Amwas* is the Arabic pronunciation of Emmaus, which is merely the Greek form of the Hebrew name Hammath, usually applied to a hot or medicinal spring. This connotation of the name may be of use in settling the vexed identification of the Emmaus near Jerusalem. St. Luke says that Emmaus was a town sixty furlongs from the deicide city; and he adds significantly that, after the risen Saviour had vanished out of the sight of the two disciples, "rising up the same hour, they went back to Jerusalem."



Why the Angels Love the Stars.

BY S. M. R.

I THINK the angels love the stars,
'Cause every flake of snow
Is patterned from the sparks of light
That in the heavens glow.

Carmelita.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

PART II.

XVI.—A HAPPY DAY.



ADAME DE MORVILLE rose with the sun next morning. She had not slept all night, so thrilled was she by her thoughts of the child she was to take as her own—the friendless, homeless, untaught little girl of whom she had heard such cruel, unkind chatter,—the child whom the pitying priest had rescued from such wild surroundings. Her first rapturous surprise over, the gentle lady was conscious of doubts and fears mingling with her joy. Though her limousine swept her swiftly over the long distance to Monte Maria she was a little late for the early Mass. Already the organ was pealing in solemn tones, the silvery voices of the girlish choir rising in clear, sweet music, the chapel filled with a feast-day crowd.

The visitor was shown to the mother's "place" Sister Patricia had reserved for her, a little behind the prie-dieu of the first communicant, who, white-robed, white-veiled, was bowed before the altar, but whose face she could not see, Polly and Stella Jones, reverent little attendants, kneeling on either side; while the Mass, said by Father Benedict, went on in its solemn beauty, and the music swelled

in festal triumph over the blessed scene.

It was all a touching and tender recalling to Corinne de Morville of memories of a far-off past, before the shadows had fallen upon her young life; for her marriage had been an unhappy one,—her beloved brother estranged and lost to her, the child, that might have gladdened her loveless life taken from her just as it had begun to lisp her name.

As the First Communion hymn arose from the sweet-voiced choir her eyes filled with such blinding tears that for a moment she could not see. Then brushing them away she looked up and saw Carmelita—Carmelita returning from the altar with clasped hands and down-cast eyes, an angelic look on her lovely face,—a vision of beauty and innocence that seemed more of Heaven than of earth. And Corinne de Morville's empty heart leaped and thrilled into renewed mother love, and went out to her brother's child forever.

"Oh, tell me again," murmured Carmelita as, an hour later, she was in Sister Patricia's room clasped in her new mother's arms,—*"tell me again so I can believe,—know it's true. You are my dear daddy's own sister; and you have come here to find me, to love me, to keep me for your own?"*

"Yes, darling, yes,—for my own dear little girl forever—*forever*," was the tender reply as Carmelita was drawn closer to the speaker's heart. "God has given you to me in place of the little girl He took ten years ago to Heaven; your dear father's letter that we found has given you to me. You are all my own—my very own. Did your dear father never speak to you of his sister Corinne, Carmelita?"

"Oh, yes, yes," was the answer. "How you played with him when you were a little girl, how pretty you were, how sweet. But—but his voice was always so sad when he talked about you that I thought you were dead too, like my own mamma of whom he could not bear to speak. When our hearts are breaking with sorrow we can not talk. It was so with me when my daddy died and my dear Monica."

"Arthur, my poor Arthur!" murmured Carmelita's listener, her own voice choked for a moment by a rush of sad memories; and then, feeling the hour of sweet reunion must not be darkened, she drew her lost brother's little child closer to her heart, "and now—now that dear daddy has given you to me, you are glad to be my own little girl, Carmelita?"

"Oh, yes, yes, *yes!*" was the rapturous reply. "You are so sweet, so lovely, so good, my daddy's sister, and I belong to you now. He gave me to you. Oh, I have prayed that I might belong somewhere, to some one, like other little girls! There was only the 'boys'—oh, the poor 'boys'—they were so good to me, I can't ever forget them, or Diego, who stayed on the Ridge with everything falling down around him, to find daddy's silver box—oh, I can't give up the 'boys' and Diego!" said Carmelita with quivering lips.

"My dear child, no, I would not ask you to give them up," was the tender answer. "We will remember them, be good to them, help them to better things, to a happier life. We will remember all who have been kind to you."

"Oh, everybody has been kind to me!" said Carmelita happily.

"Everybody?" questioned the lady with a doubting smile.

"Yes, everybody,—always my own dear daddy and Monica, of course, and all the 'boys' in the Camp, and my three dear guardians, and Diego and old Nokoma, and Father Ben and all the

Sisters, and Polly, my own, dear, darling Polly—and—and—" Carmelita hesitated, "most all the girls."

"But not all of them," said the lady who really could not uphold such sweeping friendly relations after her experience at the Thanksgiving party.

"Oh, well, maybe not *all* of them. But I did not mind Joan Neville's crowd much; I don't mind anything now, and—and—if I ever get a box of chocolates, I'll treat all around."

And her listener laughed—laughed more happily than she had laughed for years, as she realized what an innocent, guileless, unselfish little heart was beating close to her own.

"Suppose we treat them at once then," she said gaily.

"To chocolates?" said Carmelita.

"Well, yes, chocolates, and—and we might have other things beside,—ice-cream, for instance. You like ice-cream, don't you? I know a place where they make it into roses and lilies."

"Goodness!" exclaimed Carmelita. "But—but that must cost a lot of money! Polly says a box of chocolates costs a dollar. I never spent a dollar in my life."

"Well, you're going to spend it now," laughed daddy's sister with a kiss on the little upturned face. "We will give a party on the lawn if we may, Sister Patricia," as that dear friend entered.

"Why, certainly," was the smiling reply. "I was about to propose a little feast for this beautiful day myself; but if you wish to take it in hand—"

"I do if you will permit it, Sister, and give me the privilege of your telephone. It is to be Carmelita's Thanksgiving party," and there was a significant spark in the speaker's eye that Carmelita did not see. "Who is to be invited, Carmelita,—everybody?"

"Oh, yes, everybody!" was the quick answer. "I wouldn't like to have a party and leave anybody out on my First Communion Day,—should I, Sister Pa-

tricia?" And Sister Patricia agreed that certainly she should not.

So Carmelita gave a party on the Monte Maria lawn,—a party that out-rivalled anything Monte Maria had ever known. For Maman (Aunt Corinne insisted that Carmelita should give her the sweet name that little Madelon had just begun to lisp) spent an hour at Sister Patricia's telephone, with results that come from the waving of such fairy wands as telephones in these days can set astir. Tables started up like magic mushrooms in the green grass of the lawn, a huge truck rolled up to the gate, manned by half a dozen French waiters; and the things those waiters produced and spread upon the tables were the wondering talk of playroom and playground for many a day.

And three musicians who seemed to have dropped from the clouds, playing their merriest tunes at the gardener's gate. And Carmelita, a somewhat bewildered but happy hostess, was at pretty Maman's side, the centre of it all.

It was a Thanksgiving party indeed that Miss Joan would have been glad to escape, but she had no place to go. Mamma and Aunt Grace were off on a trip to Florida; she could only sit in shamed silence while Madame de Morville, making her pleasant round among Carmelita's merry guests, gave a smiling nod, as she passed Joan and her friends, as courtesy demanded of Aunt Grace's late guest. But that was all, and Joan was quite unequal to any response.

"O Joan!" murmured one of her crowd as the lady disappeared, "she remembers all the horrid things we said about-Carmelita, I am sure."

"And she is done with you forever and ever," giggled another. For Miss Joan's friends were not the kind to stand on such a downfall as this.

"What will your Aunt Grace say?" mocked a third.

And Joan burst into angry tears she could no longer restrain; for the day

had been a bitter experience which she had found hard to bear.

But to Father Ben's little mountain lamb it had been like a beautiful dream half of Heaven and half of earth, that ended in Benediction in the convent chapel, where she knelt at Maman's side, no longer a lost lamb, but a little girl to be loved, guarded and cherished with mother care that would never fail or change. Earth had given her its richest blessing to-day, but to Carmelita this Benediction hour was all Heaven. The sanctuary was a bower of beauty and bloom, and every white taper had been touched into shining light, the breath of Maman's flowers mingling with the clouds of incense rising before that beloved Lord, who this morning had made her heart His home.

"*O Salutaris Hostia*" swelled forth the adoring Hymn of the ages, that even the little girls of Monte Maria had been taught to sing. And Corinne de Morville was startled by a new thrill of joy, as over all the silvery voices rose a clearer, sweeter tone at her side,—the wood-bird note Carmelita had learned to warble in her mountain home, and that was now voicing all her childish love, rapture and thanksgiving.

And so began the new life opening before Carmelita,—the life that was to bring blessing to all she had known and loved in the past. For her generous and loving little hand held a fairy wand that could work wonders of which she had never thought or dreamed. It turned the old Camp into a great sheep ranch approachable by a short cut that brought it within reach of railroad, markets and stores; it cleared away the ruins of the old Lodge, and built in its place sturdy walls of rock and timber no land slide could shake; it crowned them with a steeple whose bell, sounding far over the mountain ridge, called worshippers to the altar, to which Father Ben's automobile bears them every second Sunday.

For only thus, as Maman felt when she retraced the darkened paths of her brother's life, could she atone for the saddened, shadowy past—its darkness and unbelief. Maman's beautiful home, "Tranquillity," stands amidst it—lawns and gardens and orange groves,—not far from Monte Maria, where Carmelita goes every day for the beautiful lessons that are no longer learned at Sister Patricia's footstool, but in the wider halls, where, maps and multiplication tables fully conquered, she leads every class, as in the playground she still leads the merriest games. "Tranquillity" is a happy meeting place when school is over and holidays come; and Maman has the most kindly welcome for all who come and go in her beautiful home, where Polly holds not only a chum's but a sister's place.

"For you belong here, Polly," declared Carmelita; "she belongs to us, doesn't she, Maman? What I would ever have done without her in my first wild days, I do not know!" And though of course "Tranquillity," stately and beautiful and elegant, is "home" most of the happy year, though here Carmelita has her Thanksgiving parties and Halloween frolics and merry Christmas times and glad New Years, in the rich glow of the Summer, when the wild flowers are in bloom, and the wild birds in full song, Maman and Carmelita and Polly and Stella, and a score of merry mates, pile into big automobiles, and are off to The Camp—The Camp where, sheltered by a rocky ridge that protects from storm and quake, the mountain has been graded into a grassy slope, shaded by towering pines and watered by the leap of the old creek, as it takes its way to the sheep ranch in the valley. Here Carmelita's old "gardeens" are in full command, and Maman, Carmelita and Polly, and all their gay, young crowd, are happy, care-free guests.

Here the big tents and tepees that have been packed away in the "gardeens"

care are set up again in the mountain sunshine, here the hammocks swing in the mountain breeze, here the camp fires blaze in the twilight, here big Rube gives riding lessons, and Jim Cody's apt pupils learn to hit the mark every time, and Pete Wilkins shows the wonderful work that clever young fingers can do with bark and grass and twig. Here Diaz, grown a little too heavy in his comfortable stable at "Tranquillity," turns light-footed again as he and Polly lead gay gallops over the mountains.

Here comes Diego from the Indian school, to which the Padre and Maman's gentle pleadings have allured him,—a tall, grave, thoughtful Diego, who will go back to his people to teach and uplift to a higher, nobler life.

And here comes Father Ben every year for his Summer rest—Father Ben, whose bell, sounding its clear note over the mountain, draws all its stray sheep into the Fold.

"Thar it goes!" says Big Rube, dropping the pipe he is smoking with his mates, as the silvery peal of the Angelus sounds through the valley. "Come on, boys; it ain't for us to stand back when that ere bell sounds! For it was our little girl set it ringing, and her 'gardeens' is going to follow the trail she has opened for us."

And through the mountain silence rises the Vesper hymn, upborne by glad young voices, Carmelita's wood-bird note leading all the rest. *Ave Maria* swells the olden chant into the sunset sky,—*Ave Maria! Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, Ora pro nobis!*

(The End.)

Rooms.

The hardest room is school-room; the happiest room is play-room; the cosiest room is bed-room; the smallest room is mushroom. But the largest and best of rooms is Room for Improvement. You can find one anywhere you wish.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—We welcome a new edition of "Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers." A beautiful little book, which should have many more readers, Longmans, Green & Co.

—Lucian Johnston's article on "Prohibition" has been reprinted from the Catholic Encyclopedia, and may be had from The Universal Knowledge Foundation, 19 Union Square, West, New York City.

—"The Eucharistic Renaissance," by Fr. Thomas Schwertner, O. P. (Macmillan Co.), will be found to contain a full history of the origin, rise and spread of this extraordinary movement during the past fifty years.

—A new book of humor, with up-to-date proverbs, by Stephen Leacock, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is entitled "Winnowed Wisdom." Our readers need no introduction to this wise and witty author.

—An attractive booklet is the "History of the Society of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart." It gives interesting accounts of the founder, Jules Chevalier, of Fathers Vaudel, Verjus, Linckens and Rasher, besides affording information concerning the fields of labor of the Order. It has numerous houses in the United States. Published by the Sacred Heart Monastery, Aurora, Ill.

—Mr. C. E. MacGill in "This Country of Mine," has brought within the pages of a single small volume many carefully selected documents, historical facts, maps, charts and illustrations relative to American life and government. Comment on these takes the form of a combination of the informational and project method, and the result is an exceptionally pleasing and serviceable manual for classes in High School Civics. Published by the Loyola University Press.

—"Little Brother Francis of Assisi" is the title of a new Life of St. Francis for children, by Mr. Michael Williams, just published by the Macmillan Co. It is an exceptionally attractive volume in every way. The author has told the Saint's story in a charming manner, Mr. Boris Artzybashheef has sup-

plied decorations which will delight the young folk, and the publishers have produced a book that will be admired for its externals as it is sure to be treasured for its contents.

—Among excellent new pamphlets issued by the Catholic Truth Society of London, we note "Modern Communism," by the Rev. L. Watt, S. J., who discusses the solution of the social question; "A Poor Clare and Her Convents Among Us," by Alice Dease, which relates the edifying story of Mother Marie Dominique Berlamont; "St. Dunstan," by the Rev. J. M. Routledge, a short life of this famous English saint; and "How to Make Mental Prayer," by the Abbé Chenart, director of the Seminary of St. Sulpice (circa 1687), which offers valuable suggestions about this difficult spiritual exercise.

—*Abendland* is the name of a new periodical devoted to the discussion of European culture, politics and economics, published in Cologne. The *Bulletin Catholique International* says of it: "This new magazine is the clearest indication of what points of view are now guiding the actions of German Catholics with regard to the pacification of European peoples in ever so many senses. The purpose is not to restore the Middle Ages, or to advocate a definite and uncompromising program, but to give a full knowledge of the circumstances of modern life and an understanding of what can be done to eradicate evil and to foster good." The list of contributors is a long and brilliant one.

—Since interest in caring for health has widely become a near-religion, popular treatises on general hygiene are having their vogue. Two recent volumes to appear are "The Elements of Pep," by William S. Sadler, M. D. (American Health Book Concern), and "Practical Health Talks," by H. E. Gehman (The Stratford Company). Dr. Sadler's little book, though written in a popular strain, bears the stamp of the thorough knowledge and ripe experience of a scholarly physician; and much valuable direction in the care of

health can be gleaned from its pages. Mr. Gehman, however, writes rather as one who, with a keen realization of the intimate connection between physical well-being and general happiness and moral vigor, presents his matter rather as an evangelist of health, than as a physician.

—Life stories of the great in any walk of life are interesting to almost everybody; and Catholics just at this time are especially eager to learn all about our American Cardinals. Dr. James J. Walsh has satisfied this desire by writing a popular account of the seven Princes of the Church in this country. "Our American Cardinals" (D. Appleton & Co.) deals with three dead prelates who are enshrined in the hearts of our priests and people, and with the four who now, as the highest representatives of the Church in America, carry on the glorious apostolate. Dr. Walsh was just the one to write these biographical sketches, for it has been his high privilege to know personally all the American prelates. A long list of books on a great variety of subjects is now to the learned Doctor's credit.

—All students of Sociology and Ethnology are acquainted with the author of "The Golden Bough." Whatever that famous work may lack in accuracy—and that is considerable—it stamps its author as a man of extraordinary energy and vast erudition. In "The Worship of Nature," the same author, Sir James George Frazer, O. M., F. R. S., F. B. A., has collected legends and folklore detailing the beliefs and ritualistic practices of many ancient peoples concerning the worship of the sky, earth, sun, etc. Its pages furnish a veritable treasure house of information of much value to students of anthropology. Aside from a brief Introduction, in which we find several things to which we can not subscribe, the legends are given without comment. The learned author promises a second volume in order to complete the work. Published by the Macmillan Co.

—The history of philosophy displays, besides a large variety of philosophic opinions, schools and systems, a clearly perceptible con-

tinuity of thought. Thus the old is ever mingled with the new, and the new is ever an attempt to improve upon the old. "New Realism" indicates both a link with the past and a departure from it. Such variations in the trend of speculative thought are always interesting and, in relative measure, important and deserving of careful study and criticism. With regard to the latest and the most influential American school of thought this critical study is presented in "New Realism in the Light of Scholasticism," by Sister Mary Verda, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. (Macmillan Co.) In eleven clearly written and carefully documented chapters, she first sketches the history of epistemological thought, and then, guided by the principles of Scholastic Philosophy, subjects the tenets of New Realism to a searching analysis, both from the viewpoint of their logical structure and their application in the various departments of applied thought. It is not, of course, to be expected that every reader will be in entire agreement with the author's conclusions, but all will be impressed with their impartial spirit and strictly objective character. The volume may, therefore, be considered a genuine contribution to Neo-Scholastic literature, and heartily recommended to the attentive study of students of philosophy.

Obituary.

Rev. Louis Sloane, Rev. Hubert E. Brady and Rev. Ignatius Zoller, of the diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. James O'Sullivan, P. P., diocese of Cork; and Rev. John Lyons, diocese of Manchester.

Sister M. Teresa, Order of the Presentation; Sister M. Imeldine and Sister M. Philip, Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mr. William Frezell, Mrs. Nellie Johnson, Mr. Arthur Hayes, Mr. Michael D'Arcy, Mrs. L. Reisch, Miss Isabelle Cain, Mr. W. S. Powell, Mr. John P. Troy, Miss Elizabeth Wall, Mr. Joseph Hamilton, Miss Elizabeth Hogan, Miss Agnes Gartland, and Mr. Henry Schulte.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (100 days' indul.)

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CONTENTS

The Adoration of the Magi.....	<i>Pinturicchio</i>	Frontispiece
Carriers.—(Poem)	<i>Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C.</i>	801
The Feast of Joy at Bethlehem.....	<i>Baron de Geramb</i>	801
The Neediest Case.....	<i>Neil Boyton, S. J.</i>	805
Pictures of Our Lord's Nativity.....	<i>Euphemia Torry</i>	808
A Minor in the Carol.....	<i>May Stanislas Corcoran</i>	811
The Passing of the Year.—(Poem).....	<i>Michael Walsh</i>	813
Two Midnight Masses.....	* * *	814
Her Gift to the Christ-Child.....	<i>Roxanna Grate</i>	816
The Legend of the Holly Wreath.....	<i>Alice E. Henderson</i>	819
When Christmas Was Unobserved.....		820
A Beautiful Custom.....		820
A Thought for the Feast of Love.....		821
Notes and Remarks:		

An Explanation.—About Mexico.—In Contact with Satan.—"Xmas" for Christmas; Xn, X.—Told of President Jackson.—The French Ex-Soldiers and Religious Teachers; Honors to Catholic Scholars.—A Memorable Day in the History of the Church.....822

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Christmas Carol.—(Poem).....	<i>Denis A. McCarthy</i>	825
Santa Claus in Florida.....	<i>L. W. Reilly</i>	825
The Adventures of Ricardo.—(Conclusion)....	<i>Mary E. Mannix</i>	827
The Yuletide Tree.....		830
England's First Christmas Tree.....		830
With Authors and Publishers.....		831
Obituary		832

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 25.—CHRISTMAS DAY. St. Anastasia, M.	WEDNESDAY, 29.—St. Thomas of Canterbury, B. M.
SUNDAY, 26.—WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF CHRISTMAS. St. Stephen, First Martyr.	THURSDAY, 30.—St. Liberius, B. C.
MONDAY, 27.—St. John, Ap., Evg.	FRIDAY, 31.—St. Sylvester, P. C.
TUESDAY, 28.—The Holy Innocents.	JANUARY.
	SATURDAY, 1.—CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD. Octave of the Nativity. St. Odilo, Ab.


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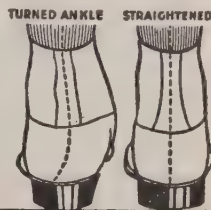
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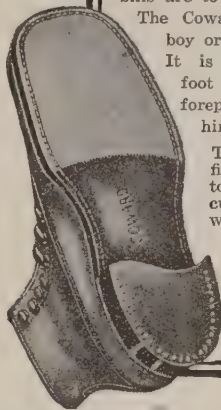
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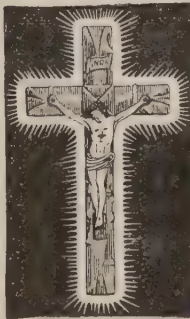
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1. 48.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 25, 1926.

No. 26.

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Carriers.

BY CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, C. S. C.

WHITE pigeons walking along the stable
thatch

That roofed the holy Three at Bethlehem,
Anxious, important, like sentries on the watch,
Bring in my love to them.

White pigeons talking, as back and forth you
go,

With exquisite awareness that the Dove
Shared your fond vigil over them below,
Give them my love.

Joseph shall see you, white pigeons walking—
Without Christ's caring no wing shall fall—
Mary shall hear you, white pigeons talking,—
Christ loves us all.

The Feast of Joy at Bethlehem.

BY BARON DE GERAMB.



CHRISTMAS was approaching. The Father Warden of the Holy Sepulchre had already gone to Bethlehem, with the greater part of the community, for the purpose of celebrating so important a day on the very spot where the Son of God deigned to be born.

Being urged to share their happiness, I set out on the 23d, at three in the afternoon, accompanied by a dragoman and a janissary. I rode a superb Arab mare, full of spirit; and yet I only walked her, lest by a too rapid pace I should lose the pleasure of observing anything of interest which the country

might present for my mind and my heart. Oh, how different were my feelings from those with which I approached Jerusalem! Then I was drawing near to a city under a curse,—to a city where everything reminds you of the excruciating torments and the ignominious death of our Saviour; and my afflicted soul beheld there nought save spots stained with the blood of the august Victim, or instruments of His cruel execution—a Prætorium, a Calvary, a crown of thorns, whips, nails, a cross!—and I fancied that I could still see and hear a ruthless populace shouting, "Blood! blood!" and ferocious executioners bent on spilling blood. . . . And what blood, good God!

But Bethlehem! All my life, that name of itself had produced in me impressions of a pure joy, of an inexpressible charm. Never had I heard it uttered, never had I uttered it myself, without a sort of thrill. Judge, then, you who are a Christian,—judge how much more vivid and delicious must have been the emotions of my soul as I approached it.

In a few moments my eyes shall behold that Bethlehem, the name of which is so dear to me; that stable in which was born the fairest of the sons of men, the Ruler of the universe, the Word of life, my Saviour. They will behold that manger in which He was laid, wrapped in swaddling clothes,—that manger, the only cradle that His Mother had to give to such a Son. They shall behold the place, whither the shepherds of the

neighboring country, summoned by the voices of the angels, came to adore Him; and that upon which knelt the kings of the East, brought by that miraculous star to pay homage to the King of kings, and to offer Him their gifts; and that where Mary, the incomparable Mother, suckled her Infant, pressed Him to her heart.

Thus did I inwardly say to myself; and with these thoughts which filled my soul were blended the fondest recollections of my childhood,—of that age when the reading of the Holy Scriptures constituted my chief delight; when the affecting history of Abel, of Isaac, of Joseph, of the Child Jesus, especially of His having but a handful of straw for His bed and a stable for His palace, moved me to the bottom of my heart and moistened my eyes with tears; when a mother—whose name too was Mary—mingled with those admirable narratives the simple commentaries of her piety and her tenderness.

As we advanced, the view became more lovely and delightful. On the slope of a hill, that Bethlehem, so dear to my heart, suddenly burst upon my view. In the transport of my joy, I saluted the land of Judea; and, borrowing the language of the Prophets, I exclaimed: "Thou art not the least among the cities of Judah; for from thee shall go forth, and has actually gone forth, the Chief of Israel, Jesus, my Saviour!"

Bethlehem, seated amidst the hills and the plains which surround it, presented a picturesque prospect: the fields irregularly divided according to the extent of the different properties, and sometimes enclosed by walls, appeared to me better cultivated; trees, the fig and the olive especially, were much more frequent. On the one hand I perceived the mountains of Judea; on the other, beyond the Dead Sea, those of Arabia Petræa; the most unimportant objects captivated my whole atten-

tion. I stopped, I went forward, I turned back, I looked about, I mustered my recollections. In sight of that blessed land, of those plains, of those hills, I called to mind the rural manners of the patriarchs who dwelt there, their pastoral life, and the charming pictures of it left us in the Scripture. I thought of the ancestors of our Saviour, who had lived in these same parts; of the boy David tending his father's flocks; of Boaz, David's grandfather; of that admirable Moabite whose name was destined by the dispensation of God, to be inscribed in the genealogy of His son; of Ruth gleaning the fields of him whom Heaven decreed for her husband,—that Ruth whose touching history was well worthy to become one of our precious Canonical Books, and for whom religious poesy has thought that she could never choose colors sufficiently delicate and vivid.

It was six o'clock when I reached the monastery where I was expected. On this spot the first Christians had built a chapel, in which was enclosed the stable where our Saviour came into the world. They thronged thither from all parts to adore, on that very spot, Him who, out of love for us humbled Himself so low as to take the form of a little child. For the purpose of driving away the believers and holding up their mysteries to the derision of the pagans, the Emperor Adrian caused a statue to be erected there to Adonis, and instituted in his honor a particular worship, which subsisted till the reign of Constantine. Helena, the mother of that prince, during her sojourn in the Holy Land, added to the immense benefits by which she had already signalized her piety that of causing the infamous idol to be demolished and its worship forbidden; and, through her means, arose on the same spot the church which to this day bears the name of Mary. This church, though it has undergone great

alterations and been frequently repaired, still bears unmistakable marks of its ancient and glorious origin. It is built in the form of a cross, and adorned with forty-eight marble columns of the Corinthian order.

I am at Bethlehem,—at Bethlehem! Amidst the attentions and the testimonies of a tender charity lavished upon me by the monks, my mind was occupied exclusively with one idea: I thought of nothing but the happiness of beholding the sacred Grotto. But, a stranger, unacquainted with the monastery, not knowing whether I must apply to the Turks for the keys, in spite of myself I appeared grave, and my looks must have betrayed my fears and preoccupations. Besides, I longed for solitude, night, silence. A kind Father, seeing me so pensive, guessed what was passing in my mind. "You wish, perhaps," said he, "to visit the holy places this evening?"—"This very evening," I replied, "if there be nothing indiscreet in my wish; but as late as possible and alone."—"Well, wait till the community has retired, and I will come and fetch you." He then accompanied me to the cell which had been prepared for me.

The lights were extinguished one by one in the monastery. In the cloister where my cell was situated nought was to be heard save the vibration of the pendulum of the clock, and the faint murmur of some of the monks praying beside their beds. Presently good Father Joseph came for me; I followed him with a lantern in my hand. We descended the great staircase, passed through several vaulted rooms, and arrived at the church. Turning thence to the right, we proceeded by a staircase cut out of the solid rock, and very narrow, to a winding way equally narrow, and still in the rock, where my guide pointed out an altar, and told me that beneath it is the tomb of the Holy Inno-

cents. He was then directing my attention to another when, impelled by a pious impatience, I said in a low tone: "I will look at that another time. Let us proceed." We ascended some steps; and, having gone a few paces farther, we found ourselves before a door which he hastily opened. I beheld a deep grotto, lighted by a great number of lamps. My guide withdrew, and, my soul moved by fear, respect, love, I entered, I fell on my knees, I prayed, I contemplated, I adored.

And those hours of night, during which I had watched near the manger of the Lamb without spot, reminded me of that night and that hour when the angel of the Lord appeared to the shepherds keeping watch over their flocks, when the glory of the Lord shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. Methought an angel said to me as to them, "Fear not!" I had felt the great joy which had been promised to them, because I was in the city of David; and on that very spot whither I had come to pray was born for me a saviour, who is Christ the Lord. Like them, I had found that sign given by the messenger of the Most High—the stable, the manger, and the Infant Jesus wrapped in swaddling clothes. I had felt in my heart His divine presence, which the lapse of time had not permitted me to behold there. I blessed the happy hour of my life when I said, "Let us go to Bethlehem and see." And I returned glorifying and praising God. The clock struck two as I got back to my cell.

There is no place in the world where the heart can be more rapturously moved than in the Grotto at Bethlehem. When calling to mind the time, the season of the year, when the dear Infant Jesus was born, I add, while communing with myself: "Here is the spot." Methinks I hear Him weeping with cold and want; methinks I see Mary, His fond Mother, bestowing upon Him all

the cares of the most ingenious tenderness; Joseph, on hearing the cry of his adopted Son, hastening to take Him from the arms of His Mother, to clasp Him in his own, and to warm Him on his bosom. And these ideas, fill my soul with ineffable sentiments, which my pen would strive in vain to describe. I pray; I lift my tear-dimmed eyes; I murmur the sacred Name of Jesus, and the names of Mary and Joseph; and I bless the thrice gracious God for having, in His mercy, given me His Son for my Saviour; I bless Him, too, for having given me a soul that is touched, softened, penetrated, by such incomprehensible bounty.

You know with what pomp, with what joy, the festival of Christmas and the Midnight Mass are celebrated throughout the whole Catholic world; you have had occasion, like me, to remark the beauty of the decorations which adorn our temples at the time of this great solemnity, and the immense concourse of the faithful, and their pious solicitude to go and worship the Infant Jesus; and that unanimous concert of praise and thanksgiving for the happy advent of the Divine Messiah; and those songs and hymns in which the general joy bursts forth. Conceive, then, what must be such a festival, such a service, held at midnight at Bethlehem, on the very spot where Jesus Christ digned to be born.

I will not stop to describe the holy magnificence displayed at this solemnity. I will say nothing either of the rich tapestries with which the marbles are covered, or of the ravishing strains of a music, in perfect harmony with the sublimity and the soothing nature of the mystery; or of the countless tapers which burn not only upon the altar but in the whole of the interior; or of the pomp that surrounds the Reverend Father Warden in the exercise of his functions; or of the ornaments spar-

klings with gold which attest the munificence of the Catholic princes of other days, and are worn by the numerous priests who assist in the service. But I will say a few words concerning one august and impressive ceremony which can not be duplicated anywhere—a solemn procession to the Manger, with which the service begins.

At midnight, at that very hour of salvation when, in all the Catholic churches in the world, the Infant Jesus receives the homage of all faithful Christians, the Father Warden opens the procession and advances with slow step, his head bowed low, and reverently carrying in his arms an image of the Infant Jesus. On reaching the very spot of the nativity, the deacon chants the Gospel. When he comes to the words “and wrapped Him in swaddling clothes” he receives the image from the hands of the Father Warden, wraps it in swaddling clothes, lays it in the manger, falls on his knees and prays. . . . At that moment there flashed into the soul something supernatural, I may venture to call it, judging from what I have witnessed, from what I myself have felt. Piety ceases to find a voice to express its gratitude, its love; it speaks only in the language of the eyes—in tears.

IN attending to ordinary business and daily needs, we should not allow ourselves to be transported by eagerness and anxiety; but take reasonable and moderate care, and then leave everything completely and entirely to the disposal and guidance of Divine Providence, giving it scope to arrange matters for its own ends, and to manifest to us God's will. For we may consider it certain that when God wills that an affair should succeed, delay does not spoil it; and the greater part He takes in it, the less will be left for us to do.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

The Neediest Case.

A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY NEIL BOYTON, S. J.

NOW this is a pretty tale that the Tall Angels tell to the new starry-eyed children—the starry-eyed little ones who have come safely home since the last earthly birthday of the Boy of Bethlehem. And there is one of these little ones who always nods eager approval, and occasionally corrects the tale-teller when that Tall Angel does not get some slight detail quite correct; but none of the alert listeners mind the interruptions, rather they cast envious eyes on Little Joseph whose privilege it is to put the Tall Angel aright.

It seems that each Christmas Eve, He whose "delight is to be with the children of men," comes back wistfully to the earth that treated Him so cruelly. He comes alone—not that the Boy of Bethlehem's bright guard is ever far away, but He wishes to be unattended this Eve, for He is seeking the neediest case.

All through the evening when the stars are first out, the Boy of Bethlehem wanders into the homes of the earth that are busy with their preparations for the celebration of His birthday. Countless are these hearths. All unseen He enters, and blesses with His little hand. More than the stars are the unseen gifts He hangs on the trees of the hearts that beat with good will. And usually it is close to the brilliant midnight of the hour of His ancient birth when the Boy of Bethlehem comes to the great city that is spread over three islands.

Just here it is that Little Joseph usually breaks in with his excited whisper: "The Tall Angel means my city—the best city of all the cities down there on the earth." The other small listeners smile indulgently at this boast. Then the

Tall Angel continues his tale. For it seems that this eve the Boy of Bethlehem passed down a noisy street that tenements canyoned. The street was called Orchard, because, possibly, the wan-cheeked children who existed there knew not by sight what a shady green orchard of fruit-laden trees was.

Into one of these dark tenements, up through the bottom of a well that was called a court, and up a dim stairway, gas lit and shaky, went the Boy of Bethlehem. One flight, two flights, three crazy flights. Harsh laughs and snatches of a song that was not seasonable came from the black-doored front, but the Caller passed towards the dim rear inner rooms. There were just three rooms beyond the door; one was blind of any windows and two of them, when the sun rode high, borrowed their light from an air shaft. Now there was more than gas-lighted brightness in the room, for the Boy of Bethlehem had entered.

Ill furnished as a room at Nazareth were these quarters where a worn mother and her children existed. Yet despite mended garments and humble furniture a wealth greater than gold made this apartment a home; for love reigned undisputed there and a dark-eyed baby was king. The baby was lying, big-eyed, in a rough-lined cradle, and about the little one clustered the other children.

Said the tallest girl: "And wasn't Father Dominic good to pick our darling Luigi for the Bambino. See, mother, he is not a bit sleepy, and he seems to know he is soon to be the Bambino."

"I do hope, Natalie, there will be no draft in the church by the Crib, or our bambino will catch cold."

"Mother, he couldn't catch cold this night," loyally spoke up a boy. "Our dear Lord wouldn't let our Luigi on His own birthday!"

All in the shabby room turned to the wide-eyed babe, and the mother stoop-

ing imprinted a kiss on the smooth brow. Luigi crowed and the other children laughed gayly.

"Get your wraps on, children. It is time to start for the Midnight Mass. I promised Father Dominic that I would bring our bambino in plenty of time."

The children rushed for their worn coats, and the watching Boy of Bethlehem knew that this was not the neediest case. For here was humble poverty, such as His Childhood had been accustomed to, but in each eager heart heaped high the wealth beyond price,—the wealth of love. So blessing the family group as they passed out into the dingy gas-lit hallway, He went His way about the great city. Again the Boy of Bethlehem passed all unseen through streets and homes. Some of these sleeping firesides He blessed, and over others He looked with the eyes of pity and sorrow.

And now He had come to a brilliant avenue, that glowed for miles into the northern districts of that city that is spread over three islands. An immense park, vivid blacks and whites in the midnight moonlight, lay alongside this avenue. Across this splendid thoroughfare, from a great house, that stood out aristocratically proclaiming its prominence in that aristocratic neighborhood, long oblongs of golden light flooded down. Banked high behind one of these golden oblongs gleamed the reds and greens of many tiny globes that covered, as with a robe of light, a regal Christmas Tree. The pedestrians on that brilliant avenue paused and admired the holiday lavishness of that tree of Christmas trees.

As the Boy of Bethlehem came closer, His searching glance noted what none of these admiring passers-by had noticed—that a small wistful little face was pressed close to one of the black upper windows. With kindly eyes the Boy gazed upon this wistful watcher,

and He drew nearer to the princely mansion.

Within He passed by the royal lavishness of the Tree, and ascended to that front room that overlooked the silver-lit park. It was such a large room for so small a lad as watched from the window. A king's ransom hung on the walls. Rare was the furniture, costly the chairs and the tables and the bed, the mirrors, the yielding rugs and the discarded toys, over which the silver moonlight lay. Another royal Christmas tree gleamed in the corner. Yet the wistful-featured lad at the window had his back turned on all this luxury.

It was still as in the park across the brilliant avenue in that lavishly furnished room—still, till a sob beyond control broke the stillness. Then came a sob that was followed by a torrent of tears. The lad stumbled away from the window, crossed the wide room and threw himself, a tiny crumpled bundle, into the downy depths of the wide bed.

Here the Tall Angel who was telling the tale would pause and ask if any of the starry-eyed children knew, could guess, who delights to come to little lads who are lonely on Christmas Eve. And when the joyous chorus shouted—for these children may shout reverently in that pleasant place—shouted the Name, the Tall Angel would resume.

So the Boy of Bethlehem made Himself visible in that lavish room, and the weeping lad from the depths of the bed thought that some one had come in from the hallway, for it was brighter than moonlight in the room now. The lad raised his head, and seeing the Boy standing there by the doorway, looking down on him so friendly, forgot the loneliness that had overpowered him, and returned the Boy's gaze with a wan smile.

"I know you," exclaimed the lad. "You're the housekeeper's child, come to spend the holidays with her."

The Boy of Bethlehem was silent.

"Come in and welcome. I am so lonely here in this great house with nobody my size in it. I was watching Mrs. Dames from the window—she's the assistant housekeeper, you know,—and some of the maids going off to Midnight Mass at their church. I'd—I'd have gone with them if they would have taken me; for I want to see the Little Baby in the Crib they have in their church. Mrs. Dames said they didn't want me there. Papa might not like it. We—we're not Christians. But papa won't be home till after New Year's, and when he comes she will be with him, and I don't like her."

Here tears choked the little lad, and through them he explained to his Listener that "she" was his new mother.

"My real mamma, she got a divorce from papa," continued the little lonely lad, "and I am to live with her in Summer time. I got a new papa there at her house on Riverside Drive, and I don't like him either."

Something winning in the Listener's attitude made the little lad bare the secret sorrow of his soul.

"They all go away, and they leave me here in this old place, and I hate it all alone by myself. This afternoon I watched the children passing by in the busses on the avenue, and playing and skating in the Park across the way; and they are all happier than I am."

The little lad remembered the Christmas Tree in the corner that gleamed with its rich tinsels.

"Come now, and I'll show you my tree," he invited; "I've wanted to show it to some one, but everybody was too busy, and no boys ever come to this house; and when Mrs. Dames said you were coming to spend the holidays with the housekeeper, I was glad, as I am so lonely here. And Christmas is not the time to be all by yourself, is it?"

The Boy nodded understandingly, and then reaching over He fingered a tinsel angel.

The little lad informed Him: "See, I got two dozen angels like that. Have you got that many?"

"At least," said the Boy; and there was in His voice something that soothed the heart of the little lad,—soothed it so that, for the sheer pleasure of hearing again the music of this Boy's voice, he continued to ply his questions.

"Where were you born?"

"I was born in Bethlehem on such a night."

"Bethlehem! That's in Pennsylvania. I've been in Philadelphia twice, coming from Atlantic City."

The little lad looked hesitatingly at his Visitor.

"Are you Jewish, too?"

"A Daughter of Israel was My Mother."

"But the housekeeper is a Christian." The little lad began in a troubled treble: "Then you're not the housekeeper's son. What is your name?"

And when the Tall Angel repeated what the Boy of Bethlehem replied, all the starry-eyed children, who crowded about him, bowed their heads most reverently.

And the kindly Tall Angel would resume his tale by telling his listeners that the Boy of Bethlehem looked on this lonely little lad with commiseration. It was such a look that the little lad felt love, above that he had ever experienced, flood his heart.

With his new-found joy he came impetuously forward, and falling on his knees, took the hand of the Boy, begging: "Stay with me! stay with me! You don't know how lonely it is in this great house with nobody but the servants; and they want to keep everything in order, and you can't have any fun, 'cause if you do, things get out of place,

and then Mrs. Dames or Agnes or Jeanne become so hurt-like; and you—you stop."

The Boy of Bethlehem again looked down on the little pleader, and He said: "You shall stay with Me and stay with Me always."

"And I did." Here Little Joseph would break in happily. "For where the tree with all its bright hangings had been there was now a light, brighter than any light I had ever, ever seen, and the tree was not there any more. In its place I was looking on such a poor stable. There was an ox and there was an ass. And in the Manger, between the Lady and the Man—just imagine, I didn't know who they were then!—was the Babe of Christmas! He looked at me, and then He said: 'Believest thou?'"

"Suddenly I knew many things, and in that instant, as an awful pain came into my heart, I fell forward, saying, 'I do, dear Jesus!'"

Here the Tall Angel smiled as only angels who know the goodness of their Master can smile. He always concluded by telling the starry-eyed children that then, as over the great city the chimes were pealing forth the first notes of the *Adeste Fideles*, the Boy of Bethlehem returned to His Home, having found the neediest case.

The starry-eyed children would turn enviously—if such were possible—to Little Joseph; and he would always inform them most importantly: "And I was that neediest case."

Is there any happiness so sweet as that which comes from making others happy? God blesses such happiness; for those who find their own pleasure in giving pleasure to others are surely imitating, as closely as His little created children can, the example of that Father-Creator who has called us into existence to give us eternal happiness.

—Henry Potter.

Pictures of Our Lord's Nativity.

BY EUPHEMIA TORRY.

CHRISTMAS pictures are of many kinds, but the religious ones may roughly be divided into two types—mystic and historic,—each of which appeals to certain sentiments in the human soul, certain beliefs and aspirations. The most beautiful artistic creations are not always the easiest to understand, so a few hints as to possible meanings may not be amiss.

The artist who designs a Christmas picture has much to think of. The historic event occurred, certainly, in romantic circumstances, but a reproduction, however correct, of the scene, is not the only ideal for a picture of the Nativity. The Incarnation of God took place once in Bethlehem, but is repeated in every Christian soul. Jesus was present, in the flesh, at one marriage at least and at several feasts; He is present in the spirit at every Christian marriage and festival. A most cursory glance over religious art in the past and present will show in how many ways painters have tried to interpret these great truths.

Roughly speaking, one may say that the "primitives" were mainly concerned with the mystic and parabolic view of religion. The idea of portraying the event as it actually occurred, like a topical photograph, was as far from them as photography itself. They would represent several scenes on one canvas, varying in size as in order of importance, each scene a gem in itself, and the whole forming a work of art and a lesson on the events concerned. But these pictures were designed by religious men for religious folk who understood their symbolism, and were ready to learn their lesson. They were not intended for critical historians.

Immediately after the great primitives came the Renaissance, when Greek

culture and philosophy were rediscovered in Europe, and the intellectuals (who were also the patrons of art) began to study the human philosophies as opposed to the Divine. These "humanists" soon showed the keen, critical spirit, and the pictures of their time lost both symbolism and religious fervor. They gained in technique and in humanity. Giotto's Madonna adores her Baby in its manger; Raphael's loves Him in her arms.

Giotto, though definitely one of the mystics, is human enough to paint his Madonna lying on the manger, the Child beside her. She is propped up on her elbow and gazes at him in adoration. The foreground is occupied by the ox and the ass, with St. Joseph, tired out, huddled in his cloak, and two shepherds with their lambs, the shepherds paying no attention to the Mother and Child, but gazing awestruck at the roof, on which are crowded five angels. Giotto followed the old Greek and Byzantine tradition in thus painting his Madonna reclining, as if exhausted by childbirth; but this attitude gave offence. A holy bishop protested that "not in sorrow, not in pain, but in the posture and guise of worshippers (that is kneeling) in the midst of glorious thoughts and speculations did Mary bring her Son into the world;" and St. Bernard wrote definitely: "To her alone did not the punishment of Eve extend." Hereafter most pictures of the Nativity show the Madonna either sitting with the Child on her knee, or kneeling before Him in adoration.

The question of costumes and surroundings is most interesting. Only in very modern days has there been any serious attempt to "Orientalize these, and make them representative of a particular place and epoch. The religious feeling of the old masters was against such a version. While following certain traditions more or less strictly, they diversified the scene according to their

own surroundings and circumstances. This was not done in ignorance, as some have supposed, or simply to make a pretty picture, but in order literally to bring home the great lesson. The Babe of Bethlehem is adored, not once, but forever; His Mother is the eternally perfect type, not in Palestine only, but in all Asia, Africa, Europe, America, Australia.

So much has Italian (and to some extent Flemish) religious art dominated our ideas that we feel no misrepresentation at seeing the Madonna as a lovely Italian woman kneeling beside her Child with an exquisite Umbrian (Italian) landscape behind them as in the Perugino triptych in the National Gallery in London; and we are not unduly disturbed even by Peter Breughel's representation of the "Massacre of the Innocents," in which he reproduces a Flemish village of his own time,—Spanish soldiers massacring the children during the Wars of Religion. It is a much greater surprise, at Villeneuveles-Avignon (France), to be shown a statue of Eastern, or more probably African, origin—Our Lady as a Negroid. If, as one must presume, the artist was an African, this statue doubtless represents his ideal of womanhood. Each country has its own ideal. I came into possession of a Greek example in a cameo and had it for months before I realized that the Greek pose and draperies had hidden from me the fact that the group represented the Holy Family.

Though the artists permitted themselves an almost infinite variety in surroundings, they did not have much latitude in the costumes of the Holy Family. The blue veil of the Madonna is repeated again and again, and even when discarded, our Blessed Lady always wears some simple falling robe, often of rich coloring; St. Joseph wears a rough cloak, and, in later life, Christ is invariably portrayed in some plain tunic or draperies.

Not so the other actors in Scriptural scenes. The Adoration of the Magi lends itself to every kind of artistic fancy. This calling of the Gentiles is naturally of supreme interest to the Gentile nations; and though the Scripture story brings the Wise Men "from the East," artists have not hesitated to portray Western kings and princes bringing their homage. A most vivid example is by Gentile da Fabriano whose Kings are dressed in the richest hunting costumes of the Italian Renaissance. They have just dismounted from magnificent white horses, an attendant buckles the spur of one of them near whom lies a dog, while, far away in the back of the picture winds their train of retainers, curveting steeds approaching an embattled city. What could be more different from the sands of Arabia? But the lesson remains perfectly clear. In the foreground, the Mother and Child, before whom kneels the oldest King, whose gift of gold has been handed to the attendants. These show wonder at its costliness, while the second King, holding the frankincense, symbol of priesthood, as the gold was of kingship, stoops forward to make his offering. The youngest King, gay and fair in his rich costume but with a sad expression, holds the myrrh, symbol of suffering and sacrifice. Da Fabriano's contemporaries could read that as the riches and wisdom of the East had been laid at the feet of the Holy Child and His Mother, so the riches and wisdom of the West were His due; that, if ancient Arabia recognized King, Priest and Saviour, so did Renaissance Italy.

This treatment of religious scenes, in less religious hands, was eventually carried to excess, as, for instance, in Veronese's "Supper in the House of Levi," where the guests are portraits of prominent Venetians in their best clothes, Christ alone retaining the traditional draperies. Even this picture, though once condemned by the Inquisi-

tion, has come to be accepted, though, when a French painter exhibited a modern counterpart, the guests being in Twentieth Century evening dress, it found very little favor.

The Venetians had a way of their own of bringing the Holy Family into touch with everyday life without detracting from their sanctity. They invented what is called a *Sacra Conversazione* or "Holy Conversation." The Mother and Child retain the centre of the picture, but beside, often very close to them, are some other saints. Often St. Catherine plays with the Child or receives from Him the mystic ring. The presence of St. Mark, their own special patron, or St. Francis, a fellow Italian, seemed a connecting link between the beloved Madonna and themselves. If they did not venture to place her at their table (as Veronese did his Christ) they were reminded that saintliness might bring them into her company.

These examples of mystic pictures, chosen almost at random from among so many masterpieces, may be some guide to the general meaning. Historic pictures need little comment; in them the artist portrays, as well as he may, the event as it took place. Such pictures give rise to no criticism, and are easily understood by those familiar with the Gospel story. Between these extremes, there is, however, a *via media*, which has been explored by some great masters in the past, and is being followed more and more to-day.

In his "Nativity," Van Dyck is historically correct, but the stable scene is so unobtrusive and the pose so simple that the picture might represent the spirit of God incarnate in any innocent child. The modern Belgian painter, Van de Woestyne, uses a most original method, giving us an ordinary country landscape, and introducing the Mother and Child as a transparency in the foreground. An "Annunciation" in the modern gallery in Rome, depicts the Blessed

Virgin seated under a tree apparently asleep, the Angel appearing as a transparent vision. A "Holy Night" in the modern gallery in Venice is a rugged mountain scene. A party of belated travellers on the hills see in the valley below them a thatched cottage from which issues an angel and heavenly radiance. The figures have none of the traditional attributes of either the Shepherds or the Kings, but seem to teach that all who journey towards Him may find the Christ Child.

Another beautiful version of the "Adoration of the Shepherds" was shown at the International Exhibition in Venice. The scene is a simple countryside; on the grass kneels the Virgin leaning over the Child; in a semi-circle are grouped some countryfolk, men, women and children, in the dress of the present day. A small boy wears a collarless shirt and loose, shapeless trousers, cut short above the knee, a woman has a shawl round her shoulders, and the men's garments are also nondescript, though the artist has managed, by having colored shirts and a gay shawl, to keep that coloring which is associated with religious art.

In England this modern return to an ancient teaching has its counterpart in literature. Francis Thompson calls us to behold "Christ walking on the waters, not of Genesareth but of the Thames," and William Blake asks:

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark satanic mills?
Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

A Minor in the Carol.

BY MAY STANISLAS CORCORAN.

WHEN Peter Lynch awakened on the morning before Christmas in a little mining town in the Sierra Nevada Mountains in California, and saw the storm clouds darkening over the world, his first thought was, "However will the people get to Midnight Mass on that hilltop with just the steep wall and not a step cut anywhere until you reach the church itself?" Slowly he arose and donned his rubber coat, hat and boots preparatory to crossing the street to his boarding house for breakfast. As he dressed he thought, and then he chuckled. Peter was neither young nor very large, but his determination was strong and his love mighty. Coffee drunk, he hastily gathered his pick, shovel and crowbar and started for the hill upon the top of which stood the church with its white bell tower and shining cross, and down the sides of which poured four ribbon rivers. The only means of ascent was a winding, scarcely discernible path. But Peter had an angel dream. Before night he planned to chisel stairs that a princess might climb.

All day he worked with scarcely a word to any one. Occasionally when a note from the busy choir floated down to him, he would pause and smile at the glory of it all. He knew men stronger than he were weaving garlands of cedar boughs and berries and piling high the great banks of tree ferns brought from surrounding canyons. He had heard that some of the miners had suspended their finest gold under the lamp as an offering to the Christ Child, and that others were decorating the altar with crystals that shone like diamonds among the ferns. But no tinge of envy touched him out there in the rain.

"It's fine," he chuckled, drawing his hand across his lips; "and sure your

work is, too, Peter. Thim steps will make the climin' easy to-night, *alanna*, and I'm thinkin' He'll say again—'Peter, thou art a rock and on thee I will build My church.' Sure, they'll all think it to-night, Peter, and never, be gorra, will I say a word as to who done it, but just let them have the good, and I hold a lantern to show the way up! And now for a wash and a drink and get back to Mass.

Slowly, because of his limp, one leg being shorter than the other, Peter descended, carefully moving from step to step and leaning heavily on his pick-handle as he partly leaped, partly scrambled, over the roaring, rising stream at the foot of the hill.

"Sure the bridges will go and no mail to-night," he commented. Not that he ever received a letter or paper, but so thoroughly did he share the joys and sorrows of those around him that the loss of a Christmas package to any townsman was as sad to him as to the owner. However, with laughter always nearer than tears, he felt for the ten-cent piece in his pocket, and murmured: "Will ye drink, Peter? Will a duck swim?"

But not much did Peter drink on that solemn night. Standing on the rickety porch of his boarding house he washed his hands and face in the tin basin and dried them on the rough roller towel, preparatory to seating himself at the long table with its red cloth and steaming food. Then, with the instinct of eloquence in every Irish heart he called to a boy near by:

"Do ye know anything at all about the star and the sheep and the shepherds and all on the Bethlehem hills this night,—do ye, me boy?"

"Nop," said the boy with eager interest. "What do you know about them yourself?"

"Sure no more nor any Christian should," vehemently pitching the water

from the basin over the porch rail. "I haven't much time, but I'll try to make you understand as well as I can. The world was bad, do ye see?"

"Yep," agreed the boy very briefly, but courteously.

"Sure it was!"—satisfied with the impression produced—"so bad that not one, not any one, not Abraham hisself could get into Heaven. The gates was locked; do ye see?"

"Sure. Who had the key?"

"None of your impudence! The point is that the gate was locked. The world had gone bad a long time before, and God, in pity, promised that Emmanuel would come and open the way into Heaven; and that when a certain star appeared men would know. So they studied and did arithmetic and astronomy—ye don't know what that means, I'm thinking?"

"Nop," said the boy, poking a stick into a deserted hornet's nest.

"An' ye don't care?"

"Nop," inserting the stick a little farther.

"Listen then" (growing so impressive that the boy's interest returned). "This was Winter, bitter cold, but clear, and suddenly right out through the stars came a lot of things that looked like clouds. They were angels with circles of gold on their heads and smiles on their lips; and they came down near to the earth, so that sheep herders watching their flocks were waked and wondered. Then, what do you suppose happened? One spoke right to them, and said: 'Fear not; for behold I bring tidings of great joy; go and tell all the people.' Up they sprang and rushed to the other corrals, the angels singing and trailing their white robes after them, and all the air was filled with golden light. They found the Infant Saviour of the world in a manger." Peter bent his head. The boy, wide-eyed, looked around. "Listen," Peter whis-

pered, "to-night the Christ Child will be on the altar as real as in Bethlehem. Come with me to Mass, and we'll hear the angels singing."

The supper bell rang loud and harsh. From shops and mines, men poured in; and as Peter took his seat, a jovial smile went round. He joked with them as usual, but said no word of Christmas. He knew where to make use of his pearls.

Afar on the hilltop shone the sanctuary light, as, hurrying before the townspeople, Peter stationed himself with his lantern by the gulch that ran full near the hill. Then when the notes of a sweet-toned bell, mingling with many waters, told the approach of the midnight hour, he steadied the plank leading to the newly hewn steps and proudly swung his lantern for the wayfarers. To the people for whom he had toiled all the long, stormy day, his "steps" looked a worse peril to life and limb than even the slanting earth, and many and cruel were the comments they made. If ever in his sunny life self-pity had pierced his heart, it was on that Christmas Eve when he tried to share in human rejoicing.

Bravely he held the lantern, stifling the pain of disappointment; but the night had lost its gladness. He shivered trying to pierce the darkness, and decided that the congregation must all have crossed an improvized bridge and he had better follow. The storm raged through the pines, but afar and faint came another sound.

"Peter, Peter!"

"Be gorra, it's the boy! He is coming—" he swung his lantern high.

"Hold that board straight! Gosh, but it's rainy and the hill's mighty slippery!"

"Try thim steps," with one last, lingering hope of approbation.

"You call them holes 'steps,' do you?" It's a wonder some guy or another ain't broke his leg. Why none

of them holes was here this morning!"

"No," said Peter sadly.

"Well, the fellow what dug them ought to be in jail. I'll make some one pay for this to-morrow!"

"Right ye be, me boy! Give it to him good," answered Peter. "That is—after Christmas. It's peace on earth now, you know. No scrap."

"But, Peter, it *must* have been one of those Ku-Kluxers. What do you think?"

"May the Lord have mercy on his soul, whether or no."

"Say—ain't you agoin' to fight him?"

"No, me boy. See! we have nearly reached the church!"

Through the open door *Adeste Fideles* sounded above the storm's wild war-ringing, and all minor notes dropped away even for the man who had vainly tried to give himself for others on Christmas Eve.

The Passing of the Year.

BY MICHAEL WALSH.

THE end! the end!—the dim immortal stars

In silence come.

The candles of eternity alone

To light you home!

O dying year!—our days are fading too,

We know alas!

That life is but the shadow of a cloud

On Summer grass.

All mortal things must fail and fade with time—

Must change and pass.

But, like the immemorial snows that gem

The mountain range,

The Star of God remains—remains through all—

Unchanged through change.

.

The candles of eternity are here;

The night is come.

But, oh! the soul is closer to its God,

And nearer Home.

Two Midnight Masses.

I.

IN the height of the Reign of Terror my great-grandmother, then a young girl, lived in the Faubourg Saint-Germain. She dwelt there alone with her mother; friends and relatives, the head of the family himself, had quitted France; so the two women changed their rich apartments for a modest lodging, where they lived hoping for better times. The hotels were deserted or inhabited by their new possessors. The churches were turned into shops and places of local industries. All exterior practices of religion had ceased; nevertheless, behind the shop of a boot-maker, in the Rue Saint-Dominique, an old priest, who had returned to the humble trade of his father, occasionally assembled the faithful for prayer. But it was necessary to use great precaution; for the humble temple was immediately adjacent to the dwelling of a member of the revolutionary government, an implacable enemy of religion.

On Christmas Eve Midnight Mass was to be celebrated in the little impromptu chapel. The shop had been carefully closed, but the fumes of incense filled the apartment where the faithful were gathered together. A bureau, covered with a white-cloth, served for an altar. The sacerdotal ornaments were taken from their concealment, and the assembly, composed principally of women, with a sprinkling of men, were already on their knees when a knock at the door caused every heart to beat with trepidation.

One of the priest's servers opened the door. A man entered with hesitating step. All gazed at the new arrival with consternation. It was evident from his manner that he was unfamiliar with the place and its associations; while, alas! to some he was too well known, being the neighbor whose animosity to

religion was a matter of public comment, and whose reason for appearing at this particular time could be susceptible of only one explanation.

The Holy Sacrifice proceeded, but fear had seized all hearts: they trembled for themselves, for their friends and relatives; but more than all for the old priest, who became thus exposed to persecution, perhaps to death. With an impassive face, and a manner calm and cold, the new arrival remained silent during the Mass. When all was over, and the lights upon the miniature altar had been extinguished, one by one the worshippers glided away. Then the stranger advanced toward the priest, who stood awaiting him, his countenance composed and calm.

"Citizen priest," he said, "I have something to say to you."

"At your service, sir. What can I do for you?"

"I wish to ask a favor of you, yet I know how ridiculous it will make me appear. I feel myself blushing at the thought, and dare not continue."

"My age and my profession should preclude all such hesitation on your part, and if some sentiment of piety has directed you to me—"

"Ah! that is far from being the case. I know nothing of religion,—I do not wish to know anything of it. I belong to those who desire to compass the destruction of all like you. But, unhappily, I have a daughter."

"Why do you say *unhappily*?"

"Listen, citizen; you shall hear. We, men of firmness and principle though we be, are the victims of our children. Inflexible toward all who deny or impugn the sentiments we inculcate, yet we hesitate and become children before the prayers and tears of our own. I have, then, a daughter whom I have brought up to be an honest woman and a true citizen. I had believed her a child after my own heart, and behold! I find

myself grievously mistaken. A solemn moment is approaching for her. Before the New Year she will wed a noble young fellow, whom I myself have chosen for her. All seemed to go well; they loved each other—I thought so, at least,—and all was ready for the ceremony, when this evening my daughter threw herself at my feet and begged me to defer her marriage. ‘And why?’ I asked. ‘Do you not love your betrothed?’—‘Yes, my father,’ she replied; ‘but I do not wish to marry yet.’ Having set myself to discover her reasons for this caprice, she finally acknowledged that she did not wish to marry unless her union could be blessed by the Church.

“My first anger having passed, I can not tell you all the good reasons I gave her why she should not wish to do a thing so contrary to my practice and profession, so foreign to my position and manner of life. All was in vain: she remained inflexible. Her dead mother had been married in the Church; her memory had dictated this pious wish; she would not believe herself married unless at the foot of the altar; she would remain unmarried all the days of her life unless I would grant her request. All this she said on her knees, with tears and entreaties, until I confessed myself conquered. She herself informed me of your retreat, on condition that I would promise immunity for you and the others. This is why I am here. And I say to you: your opponent is before you; will you bless, according to your ceremony, the marriage of his daughter?”

The venerable priest replied: “My ministry recognizes neither revenge nor ill-will. I shall be happy to do what you ask. One thing only troubles me: it is that the father should be so opposed to the wishes of his daughter.”

“You are mistaken. I understand her feelings perfectly, and can sympathize to some degree with them. They are

those of a daughter who thinks it more honorable and respectable to be married as her mother was. And to-night, while watching these ceremonies, I have seen something in them—I can not explain what—that enables me more fully to comprehend and appreciate her thought.”

A few days later, in the same little room, several persons assembled to assist at a marriage. It is scarcely necessary to relate that, without changing his principles or sentiments in the least, one member of the revolutionary government was the secret protector of the little church, which henceforward subsisted in peace, altogether unknown to its persecutors.

II.

The hero of the touching episode I am about to relate was a young student of medicine, whose father fell at Patay, fighting for France. The family of this young man consisted of his mother and a sister, a little younger than himself. The mother had been an invalid since the loss of her husband; but greater even than her grief for his premature death was the sorrow that continually filled her heart on account of the infidel principles of her son.

One Christmas Eve, in a moment of great fervor, the young girl said to her mother:

“Mamma, if I could go to the Midnight Mass at Notre Dame des Victoires, I would pray so fervently to the Divine Infant that I am sure He would convert my brother.”

“But, my child, I could not possibly accompany you there, and who would go with you?”

“Brother,” she replied.

“Your brother? Alas! you know but too well that he never goes to church; even when he assists at a funeral he remains outside.”

“He will go with me; I am fully determined as to that.”

"If you can obtain so much I shall be overjoyed; but I fear your persistence will only serve to strengthen his resistance."

At first the young man refused to accompany his sister, but she became so persuasive, her entreaties were so pressing, that he could not find it in his heart to deny her request.

The magnificence of the ceremony did not appear to displease the free-thinker. If he was not conquered, he was at least surprised at the novelty of the spectacle. At the Communion he was astounded to see the numbers who approached, one by one, to the Sacred Table. He saw this one and that one whom he knew go forward to receive the Bread of life. Then his sister, like the others, went in her turn to the Feast of the Lamb. He saw himself all alone, a pariah; he felt afraid in his isolation. Then the grace of Baptism miraculously reasserted itself; his First Communion returned to his memory. All at once he sank on his knees, his bosom heaving with deep sighs. When his sister returned to her place she saw his head bent low to hide the falling tears.

At the close of the solemn service the young man went to confession, and at the six o'clock Mass his sister had the consolation of accompanying him to the altar of the Blessed Virgin, where, with a contrite heart, humbled and sanctified, he received the God of perfect love and infinite mercy.

This is not a romance made to order. I heard all the details from the lips of the new Augustine himself.

* * *

GOD loved us when He made us after His image; but a far greater work was it to make Himself after our image. He abases Himself to us, that He may exalt us to Himself.—*Spanish Mystics*.

THEY who do not give till they die show that they would not then, if they could retain longer.—*Bishop Hall*.

Her Gift to the Christ-Child.

BY ROXANNA GRATE.

MOTHER, I can't wear the pearls. They're so—so—well, childish." And Anna Louise Cawthon gave a satisfied glance at the figure she saw in the mirror. "A real young lady," she assured herself.

Her mother sighed a little as she looked at her sixteen-year-old daughter. She was a pleasant object to look at, with her slender figure, her dark hair and eyes, and her genial smile; but the tight-fitting velvet hat was a little too expensive, the fur coat a little too old, and the touch of rouge on the youthful cheeks entirely superfluous. If only she weren't quite so self-willed!

"Well, dear, be careful in the subway. It will be crowded as everything is on Christmas Eve. And if you do change your mind, remember, I shall not be disappointed."

"What difference can it make whether I choose the pearls or the diamonds? They're both for young ladies, and almost all my friends have diamonds," said Anna Louise to herself as she flew down the front steps and turned towards the Avenue. She was going to her father's office where she was to meet him by appointment. After that the diamond pendant, the Christmas gift her heart was set upon, was to be purchased.

"It feels like Christmas," laughed Anna Louise to herself, as she settled into the warmth of her furs and lifted her face to the crisp air. All down the block she looked at the holly wreaths in the windows of the handsome houses; for her father was a successful broker and his home was among the homes of the wealthy. At the corner the girl paused, and when the traffic turned, she crossed the Avenue alive with people, singly and in groups of two or three, quickened by the holiday spirit. On

the corner stood the fashionable church through the portals of which she walked sedately every Sunday morning; and impulsively she now ascended the steps and entered.

Within men were working busily hanging Christmas greens. From pillar to pillar were swung long ropes of scented pine, and around the pulpit were banked palms, with radiant poinsettias adding a touch of vivid color. Holly wreaths were fastened to the communion table, while the great chancel window was framed in greens with a touch of red. Anna Louise chatted for a moment with some ladies who, in white aprons over their rustling gowns, advised and admired by turns.

"It's lovely, isn't it?" exclaimed Miss Lowry, her Sunday-school teacher as she patted the girl's arm.

"Yes, indeed," returned Anna Louise enthusiastically. "It looks Christmassy, and it smells Christmassy;" and she sniffed at the pungent greens. "And it sounds Christmassy, too," she added, as from the organ came the strains of "Holy Night," and the choir boys entered for their last rehearsal. "I am on my happy way to father's office. He's getting me a diamond pendant for a Christmas gift;" and her eyes were as bright as the longed-for jewels.

"That is a wonderful gift, dear," replied Miss Lowry; "your father is very generous. Your mother will be pleased, too, won't she? she likes you to have pretty things."

The subway was not crowded as her mother had feared it might be, and Anna Louise sat down with a smile on her lips. "Mother always worries," she said to herself; and then her thoughts flew back to the pendant which was soon to be her own.

When Anna Louise alighted at the William Street station, a short distance from her father's office, the clock on the platform told her she had plenty of time before he would be ready for her.

At the door she slipped into the throng on the sidewalk, a merry throng, laden with Christmas parcels and laughing good-naturedly at little mishaps. Just in front of her were two children, small girls, whose clothing proclaimed them to be of the poorest poor.

"We can't, Mary," Anna Louise heard the elder one saying. "Mother says there's nothing to fill them with, there are so many of us; but we're going to have a tree strung with popcorn. That will be nice. We all like popcorn, and I have ten cents to buy some with. I'll get the kind with sugar on it."

Then there was a wail, "Oh!—I've lost my dime!" and a flood of tears choked the elder girl.

Anna Louise instinctively touched the weeping child's arm. "Don't cry! don't cry!" she exclaimed sympathetically. But the child did not heed her.

"It's the dime for the popcorn; we can't have any Christmas without it."

"Won't you have any Christmas at all?" asked Anna Louise in an awed voice. Such a situation had never arisen before in her experience. "No Christmas!" She thought of the gifts which would await her in the morning, and of the diamond pendant; then her heart gave a bound. She could easily provide a Christmas tree. Her generous father saw that her purse was always well filled.

"Let's go in here," she said brightly. "You can choose the things you want, and I'll help you,—I'd love to do that."

Anna Louise led the two children into the candy store; and oh, such excitement and joy as they had over their purchases: popcorn, and candy, and highly-colored paper angels, and yards of gilt tinsel! There was a double portion of everything, one for each child. Then they all went into the grocery next door to buy a tree.

Anna Louise had never shopped in this way before. "We'd better buy a Christmas dinner, too," she said; and it was

difficult to tell which of the three was the most excited as the grocer filled two baskets with vegetables and fruit and a turkey each.

"You'll have to send some one with us to take the things," she said to the shopkeeper.

They were a merry trio as they led the white-aproned boy pushing a well-laden cart before him.

"You can see the Infant Jesus in the Cave of Bethlehem if you go in there," said the elder child eagerly, pointing to a little church snuggled in among tall business houses. "We have to go on down this street."

Anna Louise looked earnestly at the church, which she knew now she must often have passed, for her father's office was in the high building just beyond on the corner.

"Can I go in?" she asked in a half whisper. "What is it like inside?"

"Of course, you can," came a double reply. "You just walk right in and go up the aisle, to the front, and you'll see the Christmas Cave. We'll go with you." But Anna Louise shook her head.

"No, you run right along to show the boy the way," she said; "I'll go in by myself, but I can stay only a minute, as my father will be waiting for me."

"We'll all pray for you," said Mary shyly; then, looking ecstatically at the baskets and parcels and the tree, she added: "And, oh, Merry Christmas! and thank you—thank you ever so much!"

The church looked dusky inside after the daylight without, and Anna Louise had to pause for a moment until her eyes got accustomed to it; then she peered about curiously. There were many people there, kneeling quietly in groups near curious, box-like places along the walls. Everywhere there were Christmas greens, and up in front was a tall, white altar, decked with flowers, a tiny red light burning high up before it. In the corner to the left of the

altar, there was a sort of cave effect. "Maybe the Infant Jesus is there," thought Anna Louise; and she moved timidly up the aisle. Nearer and nearer she crept, but no one seemed to notice her. Finally she slipped into a vacant pew just before the wondrous scene. She recognized all the figures.

There was Joseph, "the husband of Mary," as her last Sunday-school lesson had told her; and in a poor manger by which His Mother knelt, lay the most beautiful Babe. There was a patient-looking ox and a gentle ass near at hand, and shepherds with their sheep; and, yes, there was a brilliant star shining on high to lead the Magi to this blessed spot. Anna Louise threw herself on her knees. She did not stop to remind herself that the figures were only statues, and very ordinary ones at that, provided by the offerings of the poor who dwelt in this downtown district. To her they were very real; and when she gazed through her tears at the Infant Jesus she felt as if she were beholding the Christ Child Himself.

"I think I'll take the pearl pendant after all," said Anna Louise to her father when they stood together at the jeweller's counter. "Mother likes it best, you know!" and she gave his arm an affectionate squeeze.

On Christmas morning, a year later, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthon knelt with their daughter before the altar in the little downtown church. The last words of the *Adeste Fideles* had died away, and a deep silence surrounded them as they made their thanksgiving after their First Holy Communion. Finally, Anna Louise stirred; "I want to go to the Crib of Bethlehem for a moment," she whispered. I have a little offering for the Infant Jesus. But no gift can ever equal what He has just given us, can it?" And she led the way to the corner at the left of the altar.

There were lights around the cave this morning; but the figures were the same she had seen before. St. Joseph stood in his own place, while the Blessed Mother knelt again beside the manger on which lay the Divine Child. Anna Louise gave a sudden sob of joy as she beheld the star shining on high. Silently her father and mother stood watching. The girl put her hand to her breast and unclasped something suspended there. With a tender smile she held it before their wondering eyes. Then stooping, she placed in the hands of the Divine Babe her treasured pearl pendant.

The Legend of the Holly Wreath.

BY ALICE E. HENDERSON.

WHEN you hang the holly wreath, with its bright, smooth, crimson berries and dark green leaves against the glass panel of your front door or window, and light the barberry candles, have you ever thought of the beautiful story that is woven about this age-old custom?

In the long ago there lived a little child who could neither run nor play like other children, because he was blind. So he would, being the child of poor parents, sit all day, and sometimes far into the night, working with deft little fingers, weaving wreaths.

One night, the mother of this little blind wreath-maker, placed the lighted candle as usual on the table beside him, so that he might at least feel its warmth. Then she went out. For a long time the boy worked on, his busy fingers, sore from the binding of stiff leaves and waxen berries; finally they lagged over their task, his sightless eyes closed wearily, and his nodding head dropped on his thin arm that rested on the table; and then the tired worker slept and dreamed.

Far, far up in the heavens, in the

sky over Judea, a brilliant Star appeared; and shepherds tending their flocks saw this brilliant star and knelt in worship. Its radiance was touching everything with gladness. But in that bare, cold room, the little blind maker of wreaths slept on.

Suddenly, there came a knocking from without, and he awoke. A wondrous glory and warmth filled the room as someone entered.

"Arise, take up thy wreaths and lighted candle and place them in the window!" said a voice wondrously loving and tender.

"I would," the child replied sadly, "but I can not see."

And immediately the blind boy felt a soft touch upon his eyelids, and he was made whole.

"Take all the wreaths," the voice went on, "and the lighted candle and bear them to your neighbors. Tell them to place the wreaths in their windows and light their candles, for where the light shineth forth the Christ Child will enter and dwell. This night He will knock at every door and every heart. Often He will be made sad, for there will be no light or love within."

Joyously the boy obeyed, and went forth with the holly wreaths and lighted candle, bearing the glad tidings to all his neighbors, and seeing, for the first time, things new and strange to him. Soon the glow from lighted candles beamed through many windowpanes, piercing the darkness without. And the Star of Bethlehem came down and touched the tiny candle sparks, widening them until they broadened into rays, shedding a glorified brightness and gladness. While from the mountain tops came the sound of angels singing,

Come, open wide your doors and let the King
of Glory in—

Open wide your doors and let the Christ
Child in.

And so, you and I are but makers of wreaths, many of us blind, as we weave

the circle of our lives, often binding them with tears or sighs, good deeds or bad. The candles, are our thoughts that shine through the windows of our souls, like the tiny rays, brightening the darkness without. And see to it that your candle is kept trimmed.

If your neighbors are blind and sit in darkness, take up your candle and holly wreaths and go to them, placing the candle in their window, so that the Star's rays will come down and touch the tiny candle sparks. And when the Christ Child comes, He will find you waiting to receive Him; and you will hear the angels singing:

Peace, peace on earth, to men of good will.

When Christmas Was Unobserved.

THE abolition of the Christmas festival in England by the Puritans and Nonconformists of the Long Parliament, in the middle of the Seventeenth Century, has been noted by all English historians, but by no other so graphically as it is recorded in this paragraph from Macaulay.

"Christmas had been from time immemorial the season of joy and domestic affection; the season when families assembled, when children came home from school, when quarrels were made up, when carols were heard in every street, when every house was decorated with evergreens and every table was loaded with good cheer. At that season all hearts not utterly destitute of kindness were enlarged and softened. At that season the poor were admitted to partake largely of the overflowings of the wealth of the rich, whose bounty was peculiarly acceptable on account of the shortness of the days and of the severity of the weather. At that season the interval between landlord and tenant, master and servant, was less marked than through the rest of the year. Where there is much enjoyment there will be some excess; yet, on the whole, the

spirit in which the holiday was kept was not unworthy of a Christian festival. The Long Parliament gave orders, in 1644, that the 25th of December should be strictly observed as a fast, and that all men should pass it in humbly bemoaning the great national sin which they and their fathers had so often committed on that day by romping under the mistletoe, eating boar's head and drinking ale flavored with roasted apples. No public act of that time seems to have irritated the common people more."

In this country, the Puritan founders of New England doubtless agreed with their co-religionists in England that any religious observance of Christmas was a "human invention" savoring altogether too much of "Papistry" and prelacy to suit their tenets; so they rejected all such observance. Some writers attribute the establishment of Thanksgiving Day to the desire of the Puritans to find a substitute for the Christmas festival. The Anglican and Lutheran churches, however, have always celebrated the feast of Our Lord's Nativity; and at present there are few, if any, Protestant denominations that do not observe December 25 as a religious holiday.

A Beautiful Custom.

The people of Northern Europe have the beautiful custom of feeding the wild birds during the Winter months. In Norway and Sweden every farmer leaves a bundle of oats unthreshed, and this is tied to a pole and left for the birds to feast upon. At Christmas time when the country man brings in the trees to sell to the city folk, he also has with him a large supply of *juleneg*, or unthreshed grain, a portion of which he sells with the trees; and outside every home where the Nativity Tree is set up there is a generous meal for little feathered friends.

A Thought for the Feast of Love.

THERE can be no doubt that Catholics themselves are blameworthy, to some extent, for the ignorance and misrepresentation of their religion so general among Protestants in this country. Americans are naturally fair-minded: they hate injustice. Let it be shown that any man or any cause has been wronged, and defenders are sure to come to the front. The "other side" is rarely refused a hearing. If we were to combat promptly and dispassionately all false statements regarding the Church, appealing to the sense of justice so strong in our fellow-countrymen, many pernicious errors would be forever dissipated.

We do not give our opponents sufficient credit for good faith, and very often we are seemingly indifferent about the honor of what we ought to hold most dear. A man will maintain his political principles with great warmth, defend his friends and associates, safeguard his property, etc.; but the interests of religion are apt to be left to Providence. Not a week passes that misstatements of Catholic doctrine and calumnies against the Church are not published: explanations and rebuttals are frequent enough, it is true, but they count for almost nothing in most cases, because, as a rule, they are inadequate, offensive, angry and bitter. And yet, in many cases, those who are in error would gladly be set right and willingly make amends.

A leading firm of publishers in this country are supposed to be unfriendly to Catholics and opposed to their religion, and some of their books would, indeed, seem to warrant this opinion. However, a condemnation, of one of their productions in these pages, elicited a courteous letter from them, in which they disclaimed responsibility for the author's statements, and declared that they had no desire whatever to assail the Catholic Church. They as-

sured us that they would take steps to remove every just cause of complaint in future editions of the book which we denounced, adding that never before had their attention been drawn to its objectionable features. It is true that they might have known such a work would deeply wound the sensibilities of Catholic readers, but there should have been a protest against it at the time of its appearance; and the protest would doubtless have been heeded.

The action of these publishers should relieve them of the imputation of an unfriendly spirit toward the Church, and it should also serve as a lesson to American Catholics. It proves our contention that we ourselves are responsible for much of the misrepresentation of which we complain.

Considering the prejudices in which those outside the Church are nurtured, the education they receive, the literature they read, the sermons they hear, the calumnies that are current, not to speak of scandal and bad example, a conversion to the Faith is something to wonder at. Will there ever be a movement toward the Church in the United States such as that which led Newman and Manning and a host of followers out of the City of Confusion? Not until American Catholics are strongly united in prayer for this intention; not until they thoroughly rouse themselves from lethargy and more zealously combat error and propagate the truth, proving the divinity of their religion by the purity of their lives.

This is a solemn obligation, and the close of the year is an appropriate time to consider it. We have begun the celebration of the great Feast of Love; and we should remember, as Cardinal Manning once said, that in giving us the perfect illumination of faith God has laid on us the obligation of exercising the largest charity toward those who are disinherited of the great heirloom which we have received.

Notes and Remarks.

For a reason best known to themselves, the editors of many of the "great dailies" failed to report at any length the speech which Senator Bruce delivered on the opening of Congress. It was a vigorous arraignment of "the sectarian extremists in our Protestant communions," in particular of the members of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It is said that only a handful of Senators heard their colleague's speech, and that at times not more than two or three were at their desks in the Chamber. But the handful must have sat up and taken notice when the Gentleman from Maryland spoke words like these:

"If the Catholic Church had interfered with the authority of the State, and browbeaten candidates, legislators, and other public officials as the clerical leaders of the Prohibition movement have done, the whole country would long ago have been aflame. It has done nothing of the sort, and has in many respects set an example of dignity and wisdom in its relations to the State which might well be imitated by the sectarian extremists in our Protestant communions."

That very few persons heard so noteworthy a speech, was the best reason for publishing it in full. But the editors of the "great dailies" are extremely cautious, and they know how to suppress what it would not be to their advantage to set forth.

As yet the tyranny and irreligion in Mexico show no signs of abating; however, the whole world is being accurately informed about the situation in that country; and it is hoped that before long general condemnation of its course will influence the government to put an end to its persecution of religion. That scathing indictment of President Calles'

policy has come from non-Catholic sources is a gratifying circumstance. It shows that tyranny and injustice under any pretext are generally reprobated, and that the cause of religious liberty is universally championed.

The joint Pastoral Letter of the American hierarchy, describing the deplorable condition of the Church in Mexico under the oppressive laws now in force there, will doubtless have the effect of intensifying universal sympathy for a people who are the victims of tyranny and injustice; and, should cause the Catholics of our country to redouble their prayers that peace and religious freedom may soon be restored to what is now perhaps the most distressful country in the world.

Writing about Father Chinnappa, a zealous priest, who is laboring among the natives of Pedda Parimi, India, a contributor to the *Catholic Leader*, of Madras, tells how this missionary is sometimes faced with opposition from "Old Nick" himself:

One day, when about to baptize a number of catechumens, a woman among them, who had been most anxious to receive Baptism and most diligent in learning her prayers, quite unexpectedly, but firmly refused the Sacrament. She again and again objected to its administration. She was about to faint and was perspiring most profusely. Thinking it was a case fresh air would soon restore to normal conditions, the priest caused the catechumen to be brought outside the close and crowded little chapel-shed. She did not revive, but got worse; the perspiration increased inordinately. The poor woman seemed to be overcome by a fit of extraordinary cachinnation, developing into something like hysteria of a very bad type. On being questioned if she would be baptized, she again and again steadily refused, thus showing she was in a sensible condition. Being at a loss what to do, Father Chinnappa called the husband to the rescue. He revealed the cause of all the trouble, stating that there was a family idol in their house.

which resisted all their efforts to eject it from its stronghold. Recollecting the words of Our Lord that this kind of devil goeth out only by prayer and fasting, Father Chinnappa had recourse to fervent prayer. (He had done the fasting right enough; his life is almost a continuous fast, mostly perforce, but backed by good will and resignation to his hungry condition. Let us suppose the good man made a virtue of necessity.) "I induced the woman," writes the pious missionary, "to recite fervently the names of Jesus and Mary. Gradually recovering from the unconscious state into which at last she had fallen, the victim most earnestly besought me to grant her the favor of baptism. Satan had to retire from the poor persecuted candidate for Baptism, to his utter confusion and humiliation. He quitted the home too into which he had introduced himself and remained so familiarly, it is scarcely necessary to state.

Concluding his narration, the writer makes these highly important observations: "This is one of the many incidents that clearly demonstrate the necessity of prayers and sacrifices for the destruction of Satan's Kingdom. It is so evident that spiritual weapons are always to be employed in the work of winning souls. I trust our people will remember to pray earnestly for the missionaries actually in contact with the hellish foe."

If only as a pitfall of pronunciation, the *New York Herald-Tribune* objects to shortening "Christmas" to "Xmas," remarking that "with the use of the brief form has grown a tendency to read it 'Exmas,' an unpardonable barbarism. The dictionaries and encyclopedias include Xmas among the abbreviations of recognized standing, also Xn for Christian. They do not stigmatize it as 'colloquial' or vulgar. Still, there is a feeling for words that impels most persons with a verbal conscience to spell Christmas out in full. Christmas is a beautiful word; Xmas is not."

To perhaps the majority of readers

this added bit of interesting information will probably be entirely new:

X, as an abbreviation of Christ, has a history as old almost as Christianity. In Catacomb inscriptions it stands for *Christos*, the first letter being *chi*. Besides this abbreviation, the symbol of Christ in primitive Christian art was the fish, as a play upon the initial letters of the Greek words for Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour, which spelled *ichthus*, fish. The letter X, our equivalent of *chi*, meaning Christ, has the sanction of ancient usage unquestionably.

In reference to an important article on President Andrew Jackson, entitled "An Unappreciated Patriot," which we published last month, an esteemed correspondent writes:

Americans of his time idolized him, and if those of our day knew him as his contemporaries did, he would still be a popular hero to them. The war of 1812 would have been of little honor to our country, had it not been for the victory which General Jackson gained over the English in New Orleans; and his devotion to the Union of the States contributed greatly to the overthrow of the Southern Confederacy, thirty years after South Carolina attempted to nullify the laws of our republic. His triumph over the National Bank of the United States fixed the fiscal policy of this country for over thirty years. Jackson's history as a leader in war and as a statesman in peace is forever established, and can not be forgotten.

It is not as a master of warfare or of statecraft, however, that I desire to add a word to what one of our leading Catholic writers has said of Jackson, but to tell of an act which shows the nobility of his character. He had a Negro servant, who had been with him during the greater part of his military career; and when he became President he made him his coachman. When this Negro was taken ill with what proved to be smallpox, the other servants of the White House, fearful of contracting the malady, quitted their posts; and no one was left to care for the poor invalid. Until a regular nurse could

be secured, the President himself took charge, and continued to visit the Negro until he was convalescent.

This incident, showing the real greatness of Jackson, was related by a Catholic physician of Washington, the celebrated Dr. Toner, who enriched the Congressional Library by presenting to it what, if I remember rightly, is called "The Toner Collection." If the incident which I have related has ever appeared in print, except in a small Government document, I have never seen it.

At the recent solemn religious re-opening of the Catholic University of Lyons, Cardinal Maurin made an important address on the attitude of the French teaching Orders with respect to their disability under the present law. With vigor no less than clarity, His Eminence declared:

"The ex-soldier priests of the religious Congregations refuse to regard themselves as being citizens with inferior rights. They demand that the law of 1901 be amended and that of 1904 repealed. They assert their intention of insisting that justice shall be done, and of taking their liberties into their own hands. Can I prevent them from carrying out this intention? God forbid!

"I go even further, I say to them: Have you looked well ahead? Are you resolved never to withdraw from whatever position you may take up? I am ready to march with you, and to assume all the responsibilities to which I now commit myself. We respect the laws of our country, but theology meets with common ground in the declaration of the rights of man, in prescribing resistance to unjust laws.

"Other liberties have been won in spite of laws against them. Such was the Liberty of Association, which was not achieved until the law of 1884. Such, again, was the right of civil servants to form trade unions. The Congregations find themselves deprived of the right to teach. That is a disability

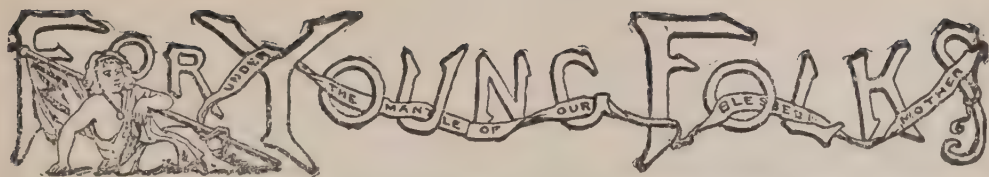
from which they have every right in conscience to free themselves."

* * *

The same foreign exchanges which report the Cardinal's weighty utterance, chronicle the election of the Abbé Chabot as president of one of the most important of the French learned institutions, namely, the Academie des Inscriptions et Belles Letters. His reputation as an Oriental scholar is world-wide. Similarly, it is reported that the Grand Prix Gobert has been awarded to another priest, Msgr. Emile Lesne, for his "History of Ecclesiastical Property in France"; while yet another announcement carries the information that Père Drioton, professor at the Catholic Institute, has just been named assistant curator of the Egyptian antiques at the Louvre.

It does really seem that the Catholic colleges of a generation ago in France turned out genuine scholars; and it is difficult to see what harm these schools and colleges did, even from the anti-clerical viewpoint.

Never again, now that there are six native bishops in China, will the Church be referred to in the Far East as "the French religion." Full of significance is the circumstance of their having been under the guidance of Mgr. Constantini, the Papal Delegate in China, when making the long journey to Rome, for consecration by the Holy Father himself. October 28, 1926, will be a memorable day, not only in the history of the Church in China, but of the world. It marks an extension of the Kingdom of Christ, which no human power can ever prevent. The consecration of these native Chinese bishops is referred to by the secular press as indication of a changed foreign missionary policy on the part of the Pope. As if Christ's command to teach all nations were not unalterable, and could be misinterpreted by His Vicar!



Christmas Carol.

BY DENIS A. M'CARTHY.

SWING the bells, and ring the bells,
And let the bells proclaim
The coming of the Christmas King,
The glory of His name!
Wake the chords, and make the chords
Of music round the earth
With heavenly harmony rejoice
At Christ, the Saviour's birth!
Sing the songs and ring the songs,
And let the songs of men
With those of angels join to hail
Salvation come again!
Organ tone and trumpet tone
And merry bells that play,
In one grand chorus blend, and bless
The dawn of Christmas Day!

Santa Claus in Florida.

BY L. W. REILLY.

MR. CALVERT HOWARD, whose health was bad, was ordered by his doctor to move from Maryland to Florida. He was told to escape all severe weather, and to live in the open air as much as possible. Therefore, he sold his business, packed his furniture, and took his wife and seven-year-old daughter, Henrietta Maria, to Jacksonville, St. Augustine, Palatka, Sanford, Orlando, Miami and Tampa. Finally, he settled near St. Petersburg on the Gulf of Mexico; there he bought an orange and grapefruit grove. His land produced also limes, guavas, figs, and other tropical fruits; but these were more for ornament and home use than for profit.

Etta, as the little girl was called, liked her new home. It was such a

change from life in a Northern city. She enjoyed the constant sunshine; she loved the trees laden with golden fruit, and helped her mother tend the flowers that were planted all around the house. She enjoyed watching the waters of the great Gulf, which could be seen from the upstairs front windows of her home. But she feared the woods at night, the dark forests of pine trees that stretched out through all the country. She dreaded the roaring noise made, after dark, by the alligators; and she had a horror of snakes, for which she had been cautioned to be on her guard.

Among the laborers who worked for Mr. Howard was a Mr. Waycross. He had a wife and four children—two little girls, Susie and Jane, aged six and four, and two boys, Lee, aged two years, and Stonewall, just three months old. The Waycross family lived in a log-house in one corner of Mr. Howard's forty-acre tract. The dwelling had three rooms: one was parlor and living-room by day, and at night it was bedroom for Susie and Jane; another was bedroom for the rest of the family, and the third was dining-room and kitchen.

One day, about a week before Christmas, Etta came running in to her mother, quite excited:

"Mamma, mamma," she exclaimed, "what do you think—Susie never heard of Santa Claus!"

"My, my!" replied her mother, "is it possible? What did she say?"

"She said she never heard of him, and that he couldn't get near her no-how, as there's no snow, and that she never got nothing at Christmas, and that she hadn't seen snow for two years since they moved from Georgia; and that her father often wished he had never come to this country. Do you think

that he will come to us this year?"

"Who? her father?"

"No, Santa Claus."

"Why, of course, child, he'll come, if you're good."

"Well, will he come to Susie, too, if *she's good?*"

"Hum—he may—I can't tell—yes, I think so. Let me see,—you might tell her all about him, and about being good, and tell her to hang up her stocking and the stockings of the other children; and then we'll see whether he comes or not. But be sure to tell her that the real name of Santa Claus is St. Nicholas, a bishop who was very fond of good children. The reason why he brings them gifts at Christmas is in honor of Our Lord, because He was born at that time, and is God's gift to mankind, the promised Messiah,—that is, Saviour. Tell her that she'll miss the real spirit of Christmas if she doesn't remember that it is our Saviour's birthday. It is for gladness at His coming, we rejoice."

Out flew Etta and off she went to the Waycross home.

If Santa Claus could only get down across the sandy country with his sleigh and reindeers without any snow, he'd have no difficulty in getting into Florida log-cabins. For, in the first place, the doors are seldom if ever locked, because there are no tramps or thieves there, and in the second place, there is on the side of the house a big chimney, made of sticks and clay, down which it would be easy for him to climb.

When Mr. Howard came in from the field towards noon, his wife told him about Etta's discovery of Susie's lack of acquaintance with Santa Claus. They had a long talk with Mr. and Mrs. Waycross about it.

On Christmas Eve, when Mr. Howard came home from Tampa, he had an unusual number of packages; and two stores in St. Petersburg had found him a good customer.

That night, Etta hung up her stocking, and tried to keep awake to watch for Santa Claus, but she fell asleep before he came. When Christmas morning dawned, however, she found her stocking was bulging with candy, cakes and fruit; and under a little pine-tree in the parlor were a lot of toys, books and other gifts.

"Oh, he came, he came!" cried the delighted child. "He got down here just the same, mamma, even if there wasn't no snow."

Etta's grammar, in spite of frequent correction, occasionally got off the track. Then she hugged a big new doll, peeped into a fairy story-book full of pictures, and filled her mouth with caramels all at the same time.

"Oh, my, I nearly forgot," she cried; "I must go over to Susie's to see if Santa Claus got there too!"

"Hurry back, dear," said her mother, "for breakfast is nearly ready."

Etta got only to the front porch, for coming up the road were Susie, Jane and Lee, the two girls with dolls, new hair ribbons and picture books, and the boy with a little red wagon, a rubber ball, a sort of bugle, and a new cap. All had candy, apples and cakes.

"O Etta," exclaimed Susie, as soon as she got near enough to speak, "he came to us, too,—he came to us, too! Look at all the lovely things he brought us! My, how glad I am we all tried so hard to be good!"

They had a great time together, showing their gifts, wondering how Santa Claus managed to get around over the sand, and wishing that Christmas would come every week in the year.

AN old legend states that on Christmas Eve bees awaken from their Winter sleep, and hum carols in honor of the Birth of Christ and in praise of His Blessed Mother. St. Joseph, it is said, was the first to hear and understand these wondrous carols.

The Adventures of Ricardo.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

XVII.

RICARDO'S feet and knees had been severely scorched, so he was obliged to remain in bed for several days. But Serafina recovered from her burns almost immediately.

"How good it was of him to come to me, Señora!" she said to her mistress; "and, if I may, I will make an ointment which will cure him more quickly than your oils and linens."

"I shall be very glad of anything which will heal his burns quickly," answered the Señora.

When the old woman went to Ricardo's room with her ointment, prepared from dried herbs and mutton tallow, she insisted upon putting it on herself.

"I have a prayer," she said; "and while using the salve I say this prayer."

"What is it, Serafina?" asked the lady. "I will have no charm."

"Charm!" cried Serafina, lifting her eyes piously to Heaven. "Does not the Señora know that I gave them all up in my youth? It is a beautiful prayer. Will you hear it?"

"Yes; say it for me."

"Come to the sick chamber; then, and I will say it aloud. To repeat it here would not, perhaps, be right."

While the old woman gently but thoroughly applied the warm ointment to Ricardo's burns, she repeated in a low tone these words:

"Heal, O Lord, the wounds of Thy servant, body and soul, and restore to him the vigor of his limbs and flesh. Amen."

As the ointment was absorbed, it dried—having some wax in its composition,—thereby forming a sort of healing covering, which soothed the burns, while it excluded the air. After Serafina had gone the Señora said:

"Now I will raise your pillows higher,

Ricardo, so that you can look out of the window, and read a little if you wish. First let me button your shirt at the throat: you may take cold."

As she stooped forward to do so she observed the little chamois sack which the boy still wore around his neck.

"I suppose you have a Scapular in that?" she said. "But the chamois covering is a little frayed. Let me put on a new piece."

"Thank you!" replied the boy. "It is only a medal and something—belonging to my mother. But I would not like to lose it."

"Her picture?" asked the lady.

"No: a little pin."

"But why do you not wear it?"

"I was thought too young yet. When I am older, I can put it in my tie."

"Yes, so you might. I will get my chamois and workbasket."

She was back in a few moments, removing the chamois from the aluminum box in which Ricardo had placed the pin meantime.

"Would you like to examine the pin closely?" he asked.

"Yes, I would," answered the lady, thinking to please him, and supposing she was about to see a common piece of jewelry.

She lifted the lid, and raised the envelope of cotton in which the pin was hidden. Hardly had she exposed it to view when her face paled, she rose to her feet, and, dropping the pin on the coverlet, exclaimed:

"Ricardo, Ricardo *mio!* Where did you find this pin?"

"It was my mother's," said the boy, calmly.

"And where did she get it?"

"It was always hers; she liked it more than anything, and when she lost it she was very sad. It was a little while before she died. We looked for it, but we could not find it. And then a good man, a shoemaker, found it in his shop, and put it in a box. One day I visited

him and saw it there, and he gave it back to me. He told me it was very valuable, and to save it, and not wear it till I was a man."

"Is that all you know?" asked the lady.

"All, except he said that it was half of a seal."

"And so it is!" exclaimed Mrs. Miramonte, falling on her knees beside the bed. "Do you remember how your mother got this seal?"

He shook his head, repeating:

"She had it always ever since I can remember."

"*And I have the other half!*" exclaimed the lady. "Surely, surely there could not have been two exactly alike!"

To the mind of the boy, everything began to clear up. But he dreaded the fatal moment when the identity of his mother would be discovered.

"My mother *loved* that little pin," he said; "it was her dearest treasure."

The Señora gazed at the boy steadily and silently for a long moment. Slowly a light seemed to break in upon her.

"Do you know, Ricardo, what those letters stand for?" she inquired.

"Maria Ysabella Ibañez," he replied.

"Who told you that?"

"My mother. It was her name—before she married my father."

"O Ricardo, Ricardo,—my child, my child!" exclaimed Mrs. Miramonte, throwing her arms around the boy and clasping him to her breast. "I knew her,—I knew her! We played together when we were children, and were the closest friends when we were young girls. There was no one nearer to me than Maria Ibañez. Why, *hijo mio*, she was my own cousin!"

"And you truly loved her?" faltered Ricardo.

"Indeed. I loved her dearly."

"Always?"

"Always, always!"

The boy now began to sob.

"I was afraid—afraid," he said at last, "that you did not love my mother, and then I could not have stayed—"

"Why? What did you know, Ricardo?"

"Only this week I heard something from Califo that made me think perhaps the Ibañez he spoke of and the family of my mother were the same. And I wanted to ask, but I dared not, for he said the people did not love my mother. Another Indian said they were angry because she would not marry Don Carlos; but when I wanted him to tell me more, he refused. He said it did not concern me."

"When was this?"

"The other day, at Los Olivos."

The Señora smiled.

"Don Carlos was never to marry Maria Ibañez, Ricardo; there was never question of his marrying any one but me. That is only gossip. Your mother had a beautiful voice. She had an aunt in San Francisco, and went to stay with her, so that she could take singing lessons. Your father was a singing teacher, and he also had a fine voice. That is what I have heard. I did not know him. Poor Maria! She knew very well that her parents would never consent to her marriage, so she did not ask them. But she begged forgiveness later, and it was not granted her. They went away, and we saw or heard of her no more. When your grandfather died—he had told her never to write to him again,—your uncles tried to find her, but they could not. Then they all died,—two of fever, and one while hunting. The sister also died, and there were none left. My husband became the heir. But first he tried for several years to find your mother. He advertised in many papers, but to no avail."

"She never read the papers," said the boy. "We were in Cuba, and no papers of this country ever came to us."

"You were in Cuba? And was your mother happy? Was your father good?"

"I know nothing of my father, except that he and my mother sang in the opera. She always sang in the chorus."

"O Ricardo!"

There was a long silence; they were both weeping. At length the Señora lifted her head from the bedclothes and said in a low voice:

"Tell me anything more that you can remember, dear."

Ricardo told her the whole story. After he had finished, she rose from her knees and went away. The boy lay back on his pillows exhausted, sad, yet happier than he had been for a long time,—perhaps than he had ever been. Everything was known; he was no longer a stranger taken in through the compassion of kind hearts, but he was in his own place, among his own people. They had never discarded his mother; they had always loved her, and her memory was dear to them. From beneath his closed eyelids tear after tear stole down his cheeks; but they were tears of joy, not of sorrow.

After the lapse of half an hour, the Señora came to him again with a small box in her hand.

"Here is the other half of the seal, Ricardo," she said, opening the box. "It has the same initials, but the flowers are a little different. I asked your mother to give it to me when she went away. The seal was one that could be used at either end, and unscrewed in the middle."

Ricardo took it in his hand.

"Yes, it is the other half," he said. "How wise it was of my good friend Sidi to say that some day it might be useful to me!"

"Yes," replied the Señora. "But the truth would have come out sooner or later, in some other way."

"I hope so,—yet perhaps not; and it might have been a long time."

"Ricardo," she said, "you must understand that you are not only my

cousin but the cousin of Don Carlos, who was related to your mother on the Ibañez side, I on the mother's. And the Villaflores are also your cousins. Do you understand?"

"Yes," said the boy, "I understand perfectly."

"And now, since it seems impossible for you to call us father and mother—though we hoped you would have done so in time,—you will call us aunt and uncle, will you not? That is the Spanish way, you know."

"Yes, I shall like that very much indeed."

"I can hardly wait for Don Carlos to come," said Mrs. Miramonte. "He will be here this evening. How surprised and pleased he will feel! And Los Olivos ranch is yours now."

"I do not care for that, but I should like soon to see Father Featherstone."

"Ah, yes! How happy it will make him, the kind, good man! And do you not imagine, Ricardo, that you can see the joy of dear old Maria Callahan? I am going to send her a handsome present."

.
A little old woman was coming out of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York. She had been to early Mass. On the sidewalk she met a friend, and they paused to greet each other.

"Well, well, Anne!" exclaimed the old woman. "'Tis a cure for sore eyes to see you. Where have you been these four years?"

"After I left Mrs. Grey, I went to Ireland, thinkin' I'd stay there; but all my people were dead, and I wasn't well contented; so I came back three months ago. I have a little room for myself, and I take in sewing. And what of yourself, Mary?"

"I'm stopping with Mrs. Grey now,—have been there about two years. I got too old for the fruit-stand. I don't do much but see that things are kept

straight. Mrs. Grey is a good woman."

"And what became of that fine young priest, and the boy he took to California?"

"Oh, Father Featherstone's there for good! His health wasn't equal to this climate. He has a grand parish now. And let me tell you, Anne, the story of what happened to poor little Ricardo. It's wonderful indeed. He found, after he'd been there a while, that the people who took him were his own blood relations; and he came into a grand property. Besides that, he'll have all their money after their death. Father Featherstone was back last year, and he told us what a fine boy Ricardo has grown to be; he's head and front of everything in the way of outdoor sports. And he never went a day to school except to Father Featherstone. But he's enough of a scholar for a gentleman farmer, which he is going to be."

"How old is he now?"

"Just turned fifteen, and a most beautiful-looking figure of a young man. He sent us his photograph. Come up some day and I'll show it to you."

"I will, then, and gladly, Mary. So you hear from him now and then?"

"Very regularly. And the lady always sends me a Christmas gift, from herself and Ricardo. Last year 'twas a beautiful shawl; and this year a box of preserved figs, four dozen in all. And she puts them up with her own hands. Come and we'll sample them, with a cup of good tea."

"All right; I will, very soon, thank you! That little boy was a fine investment for them that took him, wasn't he? He had a wonderful winning way with him, didn't he?"

"Yes, and he'll always have it; 'twas born with him. He was God's own child from the day he came into the world, and he'll be God's good man till the day he leaves it."

(The End.)

The Yuletide Tree.

The holly, or ilex, is an evergreen with deep lustrous leaves, thorn-protected, and bright red berries. The bark possesses medicinal properties, and the wood of the tree is hard and white. The holly of Europe is finer than the variety we have. It is a well-known ornament of parks and shrubberies in Great Britain, where it sometimes attains, upon suitably light soil, a height of fifty feet. Our American holly is a small tree from twenty to forty feet high, whose leaves are less glossy and whose berries are of less bright a red than those of the European species. Yet even if our holly leaves are not so large and rich-looking, we are glad to see even a small bunch of them at Christmas time. It is from the use of the branches and berries in decorating churches at this season that the tree derives its name, holly-tree, or holy-tree.

What pretty thoughts we may weave about the Yuletide sprays! In Denmark the holly is called "Christ-thorn"; and an old legend has it that when the Shepherds went to the Midnight Cave on the first Christmas night, a wee lamb that followed one of the Shepherds was caught by the holly thorn, and the red berries are the blood drops which froze on the branches. There are many other Danish Christmas legends.

England's First Christmas Tree.

The first English child to have a Christmas Tree was Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. It is related that when she was four years of age she had for her personal enjoyment a rosemary bush hung with red jewels and silver spangles, lighted with rush-lights, set up in the hall of the great royal castle; and this pretty custom, which originated in Germany, soon won favor not only in the palaces but in cottages.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The current issue of *Pax*, the quarterly review of the Benedictines of Caldey, is well worth while for its book reviews, if for nothing else. We admire the scholarship, the courage and the candor of these pains-taking editors.

—From the Home Press comes a holiday edition of the Pope's encyclical instituting the Feast of the Kingdom of Christ, translated by Fr. John Wynne, S. J. It is of convenient size and excellently printed. The vellum cover has a beautiful picture of the Prince of Peace after Oersel's fresco.

—"All Summer to Play," by Elizabeth Lee, is a delightful book for children, built on such stirring events of childhood as camping, berrying, frog-hunting, and the country fair. With its pretty jacket it makes an attractive gift book for the holiday season. Published by the John Murphy Co.

—"Religion and Citizenship" is the title of a valuable pamphlet consisting of three talks delivered over broadcasting station WLWL, New York City, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop John J. Dunn. We are hoping that these talks will have a very wide audience, they are so wise, practical, timely and urgently needed.

—The recollections and memoirs of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Canon Barry, D. D., have just been published, under the title of "Memories and Opinions." (Putnams Sons, publishers.) The firm of Constable has brought out an important book of essays, "An Open-Air Pulpit," by Father Knox. Only two books by Mr. Belloc were published last week,—"Short Talks with the Dead" and "Mrs. Markham's New History of England." Strangely enough, there has been no new book by Mr. Chesterton for nearly a fortnight.

—Pastors and others interested in the Seraphic Tertiary Youth Movement will welcome the full information on this subject afforded by "New Life," a booklet by the Rev. Killian J. Hennrich, O. M. Cap., M. A., published by the Third Order Bureau, Detroit,

Mich. We would suggest that the name of the movement be changed; the present title requires too much explaining, especially to American boys.

—"The Imitation of Christ," edited by Brother Leo, F. S. C., and published by the Macmillan Company in their English Classics Series, has just appeared in extremely attractive form,—fine India paper and flexible black leather cover. The excellent Introduction, notes, and bibliography make it a valuable reference; the text, since its publication in the Fifteenth Century, has everywhere been regarded as pre-eminent among books on the interior and the mystical life.

—Among the beautiful services that Mary Dixon Thayer has done for childhood, none is more naïvely sweet and charming than her recent book of verse, "The Child on His Knees." (The Macmillan Co.) What nursery rimes are to children's faith in fairies, her poems are to their faith in God. Their subject and her gift lift them above jingle and song to prayer and praise. Parents, teachers, and friends of children should delight in such a gift book for small folk.

—The Catholic Educational Association Bulletin for November, 1926, embodies the Report of the Proceedings and Addresses of the Twenty-Third Annual Meeting of the Association. It makes a volume of well over six hundred pages. It must be gratifying to the responsible few to be able to offer proof so abundant and so convincing of the value and scope of the work which the Association is doing. As a record of Catholic activity along all educational lines and as an expression of Catholic thought on the problems presented, this report is invaluable. More and more, the representative character of the Association is manifest, and this is probably the finest aspect of its development.

—Engaging rhymes and instructive pictures, illustrative of Catholic doctrine, are to be found in "Every Child's Garden," a neat little brochure by a Sister of the Visitation,

who understands children and knows how much good may be done by means of artistic picture books. It is published for the support of native missionary catechists by the New Hope Press. Mechanically "Every Child's Garden" may not please "grown-ups," but if those for whom it is intended approve of it, fault-finding is out of place. Publishers should know, however, that brochures of this kind can be as well stitched by strong thread as by wire. Books for children should open their arms to them, so to say.

—In this year, when the tomb of the Jongleur de Dieu is drawing all hearts to Italy, the very title of Joseph F. Wickham's latest book, "Assisi of St. Francis and Other Essays," is sufficient to attract many readers. The cities of Italy are colorful with art and romance, and our author's imagination has gathered in their poetry, his genuine literary talent enabling him to express it with charm and fervor. Dr. Wickham knows Italy well, because he has often visited it, as a lover of the beautiful haunts the shrines of beauty. Not content with description of things external, however fair and impressive, he reveals beauty's heart, which in Italy is a heart of earnest faith and ardent love, flowering into beautiful shrines for the Man God and His Mother. The Stratford Co., publishers.

—The papers read at the Summer School of Catholic Studies, held in Cambridge, in 1925, are now issued in book form under the general title, "The Incarnation," a volume of 261 pages, edited by the Rev. C. Lattey, S. J. It is a very useful and even a valuable production. The entire subject is well covered, and each study is the work of a skilled specialist. Of the timeliness of this work there can be no question. There has never perhaps been an age when exact knowledge of what this pivotal doctrine really is, was more needed than the present age. In the book before us, one master after another presents the aspect of the subject assigned to him. Priests and theological students should be especially interested in such a symposium. We venture to suggest, in passing, that the translation for which Father Lattey is seeking of Philip. ii, 6, may be: "Yet was He not tenacious of His equality

with God." It seems to us that Father de la Taille, in his discussion of Capreolus (page 181) effects an identity, rather than an equation, between "created personality" and "ownership of created being." One hesitates to make the suggestion, however, as Father de la Taille's is the outstanding contribution to the series. For sale in the United States by the B. Herder Book Co.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rt. Rev. James Davis, bishop of Davenport; Rev. Martin Steffy, of the diocese of Harrisburg; Rev. J. W. Lynch, diocese of Richmond; and Rev. John White, archdiocese of St. Louis.

Brothers Lawrence, Raymond, Patrick and Adolph, of the Xaverian Brothers.

Sister Ann Vincent, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister Mary, Sisters of Charity of Providence; Sister Mary Genevieve, Sisters of the Good Shepherd; and Madame Victoire Van Dyke, religious of the Sacred Heart.

Mr. Thomas Wallace, Mr. Thomas Neacy, Mrs. Caroline T. Bartch, Hon. Timothy S. Hogan, Miss Amelia Mary Kent, Mr. Patrick Lehan, Mr. John Cronin, Mrs. E. Durbin, Miss Illa Kemmit, Mr. James Forde, Mrs. Mary Furlong, Mr. Bernard McKeough, Mrs. Ernest Oakley, Mr. James Barbieri, Mr. Bernard Heinrich, Miss Mary Hagan, Miss Susie Hagan, Mr. Robert Koch, Mr. J. B. Richardson, Mrs. Philip Cleary, Miss Margaret Davey, Mr. E. J. Schluter, Miss Ellen O'Connor, Mr. A. McCauley, Miss Anna Walker, Mrs. Bridget Corbett, Mr. Peter Toole, Miss Emma Wagner, and Mr. Andrew Smith.

May they rest in peace!

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.... In testimony of His good wishes, and as a pledge of abundant favors from Heaven, the Holy Father, out of a full heart, sends you His Apostolic Benediction, blessing at the same time your devoted co-workers, your editing and beloved magazine, and finally its readers.
The Vatican, May 12, 1925.
Peter Cardinal Gasparri.

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CONTENTS

The Call of the Mother.—(Poem).....	Isabel Neill	609
Bearing a Message of Faith.....	Fred L. Holmes.....	609
Jacqueline's Triumph.—(Continued)	Nugent Robinson.....	613
Another House, Eternal in the Heavens.—(Poem)	George Benson Hewetson.....	618
Two Patrons of Youth.—II.....	W. H. Cooke.....	618
The Search at Scotney Castle.—(Conclusion)...	Noel Macdonald Wilby.....	622
A May Centenary.....	Charles Buttevant.....	627
An Old Plant.....		628
Non-Catholic Championship of the Blessed Virgin		629
Notes and Remarks:		

Our Demoralizing Newspapers; A Crying Need.—In Accordance With a Desire of the Pope.—The American Negro.—"Peoria's Loftiest Memory": Reproach, Disgrace.—Startling Statements.—Answered by W. H. Mallock.—Joseph Lister.—An Advanced Educator.—The Heritage of the War.—Characteristic Comment.—In Reply to a Critic.....	630
---	-----

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Her Offering.—(Poem).....	William Newbolt	634
The Story of Raoul.—(Continued)	Mary T. Waggaman.....	634
"What's in a Name?".....		637
A Golden Deed.....		638
The Busy Bee.....		638
With Authors and Publishers.....		639
Obituary		640

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 14.—St. Boniface, M. Bl. Richard, M.

SUNDAY, 15.—FOURTH AFTER EASTER. St. John Baptist de la Salle, C.

MONDAY, 16.—St. John Nepomucen, M. St. Ubaldu, B.

TUESDAY, 17.—St. Paschal Baylon, C.

WEDNESDAY, 18.—St. Venantius, M.

THURSDAY, 19.—St. Peter Celestine, P. C. St. Pudentiana, V. St. Dunstan, C.

FRIDAY, 20.—St. Bernardine of Siena, C.

SATURDAY, 21.—St. Felix of Cantalice, C. St. Godric, Hermit.

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Vol. XXV. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 14, 1927.

No. 20.

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The Call of the Mother.

BY ISABEL NEILL.

WHEN twilight falls along our busy street
I hear the mothers call their children in;
To me no happy day would be complete
Without that voice above the city's din.

It is an hour of hushed and dreamy peace;
Gone are day's trials and its sordid woe;
Ardor is stilled, fears pause, pain has sur-
cease:

Homeward our hearts, like tired children go.
And now I know, when my last sun shall die
And grayness dulls the glories of the west,
Your voice, dear Mother, from some brighter
sky
Will call me home to rest.

Bearing a Message of Faith.

BY FRED L. HOLMES.



TANDING in the little church-
yard of Grand-Pré, Nova Sco-
tia, is a sculptured figure of a
girl whose devotion to the Cath-
olic religion has carried the idealism of
the Church to untold thousands who
might not otherwise have known its
blessings. In life she was exiled, yet those
who exiled her have since converted
her old home town into a shrine to per-
petuate her memory and her virtues.
Though her name is known only in lit-
erature, her character, faith and devo-
tion are the admiration of every stu-

dent in America; the story of the ban-
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message of courage to the downtrodden
everywhere; and the lofty spirit of her
sentiments a consoling guide to many
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"Evangeline" is a mythical name, but
the sweet-faced girl is not an unknown
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through ruthless separation as sad and
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yet hers has also been a mission in the
world fruitful of results in spreading
Christian example. Her scattered Aca-
dian descendants are still honored for
their simple virtues and unfaltering
faith; and the residents of her de-
stroyed village of Grand-Pré, on the
Basin of Minas, now guard as a memo-
rial the willows which shade the path-
way where once she walked.

Nor has the Church been remiss in
according praise to the service which
Henry W. Longfellow rendered in writ-
ing the poem. Not long ago there was
incorporated into the Congressional
Record at Washington the letters of
many people who publicly acknowledged
interest in preserving the Longfellow
birthplace at Portland, Maine. Among
them was one addressed to Arthur
Charles Jackson, President of the Inter-
national Longfellow Society, by Card-
inal O'Connell of Boston. The following
is a quotation:

"From my very earliest years, Long-
fellow has been my favorite poet. Other

names in the world of letters may be greater than his, but to me the beautiful simplicity and the religious sentiment of Longfellow's verses have always been a pleasure, and often a consolation. Added to this is my attachment to the poet's birthplace, Portland, which was my first Episcopal See. Frequently, on my walks, I have passed the house where he was born, and it was to my mind a significant landmark. To all who love beautiful sentiments admirably expressed the works of Longfellow are dear; but they are especially dear to the hearts of Catholics.

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When "Evangeline" was written, in the middle of the Nineteenth Century, the world was torn by religious dissension, by suspicious and vindictive intolerance. Hope was darkened by fear; definitions and doubts sought ascendancy over faith in the spiritual world. The appearance of "Evangeline" in the rhythm of poetic beauty came like a benediction, holding all souls by the magnetism of love. To many readers it has been their first introduction to the precepts of the Catholic religion.

One great author discarded the historic setting as unsuited for romantic development, but Longfellow found in it a drama of such surpassing devotion and tender sentiment that its production became his masterpiece. Its writing vindicated a people, who gave their

all for peace and religious freedom.

"From the first line of the poem, from its first words, we read as we would float down a broad and placid river, murmuring softly against its banks, heaven over it, and the glory of the unspoiled wilderness all around," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes in comment, when the work was first published. That statement now seems to be the general verdict.

The origin of the poem is well known. Its theme is not fictional, but coldly historical. Rev. H. L. Connolly, of Salem, Mass., told the story as related by one of his parishioners to Nathaniel Hawthorne, who made this memorandum:

"H. L. C. heard from a French Canadian a story of a young couple in Acadie. On their marriage day all the men in the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. When assembled, they were all seized and shipped off, to be distributed through New England,—among them the new bridegroom. His bride set off in search of him, wandered about New England all of her lifetime; and at last, when she was old, she found her bridegroom on his deathbed. The shock was so great that it killed her likewise."

Some time afterward, Hawthorne brought Mr. Connolly to dine with Longfellow in Cambridge, and the clergyman repeated the Acadian incident.

"I am not drawn to it, and do not believe anything can be made of it," Hawthorne is said to have declared.

"I am greatly impressed with it," replied Longfellow.

"Take it," responded Hawthorne in a mood of generosity; "I waive any claim. You are welcome to it."

The tourists who go in thousands to the "Land of Evangeline" tread on historic ground. The Canadian peninsula, which juts into the Atlantic Ocean below the mouth of the St. Lawrence, was

first visited by Cabot in 1497, but it was not colonized by Europeans until 1604, when French settlements were made at Port Royal, St. Croix and other places. Under the French, the territory, with New Brunswick, was known as Acadia, or Acadie. The land became an English possession in 1713, and in 1755 the Acadian occupants were banished. In 1867 the province, renamed Nova Scotia, became a member of the Dominion of Canada.

Nature has made this country of wonderful tides and sunshine a beautiful place to visit. "Grand-Pré is like Rome. All roads lead there," the railroad agent at Halifax informed me.

A search for historic venture took me to Nova Scotia. Up the valley toward Grand-Pré from Halifax, the "Blue Nose Limited" sped. I rode in a coach which bore the name "Evangeline." Gazing from the car window, my mind was aglow with fantastic pictures,—old scenes, men in homespun, matrons and maidens in snow-white caps and in kirtles, spinning-wheels and the noisy shuttles of looms, the parish priest followed by children; over the roofs of the village columns of pale blue smoke,—a scene "tranquil as evenings of Summer." Early June was in its wedding garment of flowers. The air was tingling; the country throbbing with budding life. As Wolfville was neared, I drew closer to the window anxious to focus each bit of fleeting scenery. Gradually my day-dream visions faded.

Gone are the thatched roofs of the days of Evangeline; vanished the solemn stillness of the "forest primeval"; departed her people, and the little white church where once centered the life of the community.

Tree-shaded, orchard-flanked and monotonous, the country's landscape is nevertheless inviting. From an eminence at Wolfville I had a view of Cape

Blomidon, proud sentinel of the Basin of Minas, watching its forty-foot tides. And two miles away was Grand-Pré and the blossom-gowned slopes of the Gas-pereau Valley. What a pastoral scene!

Historians will never agree over the facts which resulted in the expulsion of the Acadians. One's own views will always be colored by the books one has read. Within recent years, however, the discovery of historic documents relating to the banishment has given fuller confirmation to the poetic version of Longfellow. Settled by the French, the land ceded by treaty to the English as a war indemnity, the peninsula became a bone of contention. For more than a century, the simple-hearted Acadian farmers had built their dykes along the Minas Basin to restrain the tides. Here in their frugal ways they had prospered in a land that had yielded plentiful harvests; here they grew "rich in love and contentment."

English historians maintain that the eviction was necessary to the peace of the country. The inhabitants had become aliens in a land that was now English. They are pictured as conniving with their kinsmen in Lower Canada to accomplish a return of French rule. French authors paint an opposite picture, portraying the Acadians as neutrals, desirous of peace, and suffering unparalleled affronts under circumstances which would have brought the people of other nations to riot and rebellion.

One concession the Acadians asked. They requested that they be not compelled to take up arms against the French with whom the English were constantly at war. The fear of attacks from the Indians, who were the allies of the French, prompted them to make this demand. At first this privilege was willingly accorded them. Their resistance to the attempt to break this

promise resulted in their banishment.

Early in September, 1755, Col. Charles Laurence, then Governor of Nova Scotia, determined to remove these alien farmer-folk. Col. John Winslow, of Massachusetts, then a part of the English possessions, with three hundred men, was sent to carry out the plans for deportation. All was kept in secret; there were no premonitions of the impending calamity.

An order emanated from the provincial authorities. Men, young and old, were summoned to their little church in Grand-Pré, where, on the morning of September 5, they found Col. Winslow seated in the church aisle, and learned that he had taken possession of the parish house. When all had been gathered before him, he opened a document and read:

"Your Lands and Tenements, Cattle of all kinds, and Live Stock of all Sorts are Forfeited to the Crown with all your other Effects, saving your money and Household Goods and—the whole French Inhabitants of these Districts to be removed—whole Families shall go in the same Vessel. . . . It is His Majesty's Pleasure that you remain under the Inspection and Direction of the Troops that I have the Honour to Command. . . ."

Five days later, two hundred and fifty of the younger men were separated from their families and embarked upon transports. Then followed months of delay and suffering for the others. By Christmas all Acadians in the Minas District had been deported. Contrary to the promise, families were divided never to see each other again: children were taken from their mothers, lovers from their sweethearts,—Evangeline from Basil. Of the twelve thousand transported to New England and the Southern colonies many died. Six thousand others are said to have escaped banishment by fleeing to the woods.

Some found their way to Louisiana, then French territory, where their descendants still live around St. Martinsville in the Teche country, and still adhere to many of their old customs. Others attempted to return to their own homes, but finding the buildings destroyed, the farms in ruin, they sought a haven of refuge in the Clare district, south of Digby, where their settlement was later approved by the treaty of 1763. It is estimated that a hundred and fifty thousand descendants of the French pioneers now live in the maritime provinces.

Still stands the forest primeval; but under
the shade of its branches

Dwells another race, with other customs and
language.

Only along the shore of the mournful and
misty Atlantic

Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose
fathers from exile

Wandered back to their native land to die in
its bosom.

In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom
are still busy;

Maidens still wear their Norman caps and
their kirtles of homespun,

And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's
story,

While from its rocky caverns the deep-
voiced neighboring ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers
the wail of the forest.

Thousands of tourists, authors and historians, annually visit Grand-Pré and the interesting remains of the old French village. A new church has been erected by the descendants of the Acadians, now banded into a social organization; the town, well-named after Evangeline, has been walled and equipped with an old-fashioned sweep to draw the water. Down the roadside are the Normandy willows, still growing in profusion, which not even the torch of Col. Winslow could destroy.

"Longfellow never saw this place, but he gave it an accurate description,"

one bookish-looking traveller ventured.

"How could he do it?" I inquired.

"Well, he had been born in Maine and knew the general topography of the country. He obtained all the historical and geographical facts available, and made a study of them before attempting to write. He doesn't seem to have missed anything."

"It is all here but the people, with their simple life and quaint customs."

"You will find them farther down toward Yarmouth in the Clare district,—all but Evangeline—and she is in their hearts."

From this village, Longfellow sent the broken-hearted Evangeline to search until old age for her lover. From this country she carried a religion that always sustained her. Her death taught a message of love exemplified by sacrifice which mankind could understand.

For an hour my companion and I watched the tides filling the basin. Evening, peaceful and tranquil, was settling over Evangeline's beloved Grand-Pré. Slowly we retraced our steps to her monument in the old churchyard.

"There is faith," said my companion as he studied her sculptured face in marble overlooking the scene of her romance. Then he paused. It was several moments before he whisperingly added: "She had faith in God that will some day triumph in the world."

THE dogmas of faith as laid down in the Credo are expressed in forms as clear, as exact, as precise, as sober as Philosophy herself can aspire to. The dogmas of the Trinity, of the Incarnation, of Transubstantiation, as *formal* propositions to be believed, are as simple and as intelligible as the proposition two and two make four. They are great and impenetrable mysteries; but the mystery is not in the form but in the matter, not in the expression but in the thought.—*Dr. Brownson.*

Jacqueline's Triumph.

BY NUGENT ROBINSON.

XII.

THE first dinner-bell!" cried Jacqueline; "we must return to the house."

Three gorgeous lackies received them in the hall, as many more in the superb dinner-room—an apartment not changed in the least from the Blake régime. This noble *salon* was panelled in oak; an enormous oak buffet, a triumph of Elizabethan carving, stood at the extreme end, over which a huge pair of antlers were suspended; and dangling from the "ten tyne" of a stag, shot by the grandfather of the last Blake, were whips, spurs, and brushes, each one of which could have told a moving tale of flood and field. The wide chimney was filled with hawthorn and lilac—the last branches of the season; and the apartment, lighted by wax-candles only, was in a mild radiance, rendering the outer-darkness soft and dreamy.

Mrs. Van Spuyten placed Father Tom on her right.

"I have given the children leave to dine at table to-day in honor of this *fête*,—even the baby; so you see, dear Father, this is a family party."

Never were hostesses more attentive, more courteous. Father Tom, who disliked the ordeal, felt at his ease from the moment he met Mrs. Van Spuyten in the *plaisance*. He felt almost compelled to say, "This is very like old times, indeed."

Phil, although desirous of chatting with Miss Jarrette, was usurped by the children, who, with that instinct peculiar to childhood, had recognized a friend, and treated him as such.

After dinner, the children having been dismissed,—Philip receiving sugary kisses from their rosebud mouths,—Mrs. Van Spuyten proposed the terrace.

The Summer night was perfect. For a while all were silent. There are moments when God speaks through His works, and this was one of them.

"My harmonium has been safely put into the gallery?" half-whispered Miss Jarrette to Phil.

"Yes: it is in its place, and no one is a whit the wiser."

"The Father suspects nothing?"

"Nothing! I was afraid this morning that he had discovered it, but I withdrew his attention."

"You serve his Mass, Mr. Dillon?"

"It is my happy privilege, Miss Jarrette."

"It is not the way of the army," she said.

"No man forgets his Catholicity," said Phil, simply. "It is sure to come back to him at some time or another. I find that in the army, especially amongst the Irish soldiers. They never forget the lessons that such priests as Father Tom give them."

"I must try the harmonium to-morrow morning before we go on this mountain-tramp. What will be the best time?"

"About ten o'clock, for at that hour, Father Tom goes on his rounds through the village."

The good priest had fallen into a delicious reverie. The moonbeams fell on his honest face, producing a beatific expression.

"Just look at the Father!" whispered Jacqueline; "he's asleep."

"I have been a traitor. I have neglected my duty," laughed the dragoon. "I promised not to allow him to fall into a doze."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Van Spuyten, her finger to her lips; "let us not awake him for the world."

The group now chatted in whispers, the ladies ever and anon turning their gaze to where the good priest slumbered, Jacqueline having gently placed

a shawl over him to protect him against the night dew.

"We heard a good deal about you, Mr. Dillon, from your Colonel," observed the elder lady.

"Colonel Bruce?"

"Yes: we met him in London. You stand very high in his estimation. He is a convert, is he not?"

"Yes: his wife, Lady Charlotte, is a daughter of the Earl of Kingmote, one of the old Catholic families, who kept the faith when making the Sign of the Cross meant Tower Hill. Lady Charlotte has, by a most edifying example, reclaimed the Colonel, who was one of a rather 'fast' set. All the children are Catholics, though at one time the fight was a bitter one; for Bruce wanted the boys to be brought up Protestants. Lady Charlotte stuck to her colors, however; and to-day there is not a more devout Catholic family anywhere than the Bruces."

"I may tell you one thing, Mr. Dillon," said Mrs. Van Spuyten, "that Lady Charlotte had a strong ally in the good work in yourself."

"I assure you, Mrs. Van Spuyten, I never spoke to her ladyship on the subject save—"

"I allude to the example you set your Colonel, as well as your men." And seeing that the subject embarrassed the dragoon, she exclaimed: "We must see about awaking Father Tom now. I dread his catching cold."

"It would be a sin to awake him, Susy!"

"Let us do it gently. Just step to the piano and play something."

"A capital thought!" And Jacqueline disappeared.

In a moment the delicious strains of "Home, Sweet Home!" came stealing through the open window. The smile on the priest's face increased in brightness, and as though Queen Mab were entertaining him with some charming dream.

Miss Jarrette paused, and, coming to the window, demanded if he still slept. "Like a drummer," laughed Mrs. Van Spuyten.

"I'll awake him with an old Irish planxty."

The notes of "Planxty Kelly," and their wild movement, caused the priest to evince decided symptoms of waking; and when the air suddenly changed, "and the soft, sad wail of the 'Coolin'" came out into the Summer night, the old priest slowly awoke, rubbed his eyes, glanced nervously around, and began to warble the melody in a voice which was still strong and exceptionally expressive.

The two ladies accompanied the gentlemen to the gate lodge.

"Till noon to-morrow, Father," exclaimed Mrs. Van Spuyten; "by the way," she added, to her sister, "is it not to-morrow that the Croftons and Mr. Cavendish are coming over?"

"On Tuesday, dear."

"Oh, I'm so glad! Till noon then, Father. I will come to the chapel at ten o'clock," said Jacqueline, in a low tone, to Phil, as he bade her good night.

"Oh, how happy it would make me, Phil, to see you married to that charming young lady!" Father Tom observed, after a silence, and just as they reached the little wicket that led into the cottage garden.

"Do you know what my income is, Father?"

"No, my son, but—"

"Two hundred a year, over and above my pay."

"Nevertheless, Phil—"

"Do you know what Miss Jarrette's income is?"

"They tell me something like a hundred thousand pounds."

"Well, Father!" and the dragoon faced him.

"Ah!" was all that Father Tom said; but the sigh was indeed a heavy one.

XIII.

Miss Jarrette attended the seven-o'clock Mass, accompanied by her eldest niece and nephew. "How exquisite she looks in that white frock and that simple hat!" thought Phil, as he glanced at her before he lighted the candles. He did not get an opportunity to speak to her, as she left the church immediately on the conclusion of the Mass.

At ten o'clock she reappeared in a short costume of blue serge, admirably adapted for mountain climbing, and with a stout Alpen-stock in her hand.

"This pole has done me yeoman's service, Mr. Dillon," she exclaimed. "I've taken *it up* the Splugen Pass,—we crossed on foot from Como and Chiavenna,—and it has taken *me down*. It has helped me in the Pyrenees; and see, I have the names of all the mountains I ascended burnt into the handle! It has to gain its first Connemara laurels. Has Signor Bellini arrived?"

"There is a dark-looking brigand prowling about," laughed Phil.

"He's the harmonium man. He guaranteed to have it in tune before it came here— Ah, *come sta' Signor!*" And she began to speak to the Italian in his own language.

The jammed door was opened, and the trio ascended the gallery. Signor Bellini was for instructing Miss Jarrette in the mysteries of the stops; but that young lady bade him stand aside, and, seating herself at the instrument, ran her fingers over the keys, trying the stops the while in a manner that not only betrayed the performer, but the expert.

"It is in perfect tune, and a capital instrument," she said to the young officer. "How lucky!" Then she began Gounod's "*Ave Maria*," the deep notes swelling and falling, the delicious strains filling the little church.

She played for some time, and after performing a Litany, which she had

learned by ear at the Monastery of St. Bernard while snowed-up during a day and a night, returned to the "*Ave Maria*." Then she stopped.

A sound of sobbing! They turned.

There, opposite Our Lady's altar, knelt Father Tom, his eyes raised to the rude statue of the Madonna, while sobs, the outcome of awe and joy and rapture, came from him.

The poor old man returned to his cottage, to his room. Words failed him. When he did appear, he could only murmur, "May the Mother of God be good to you!"

XIV.

The climb up the mountain proved an immense success; the view from the summit, superb. Beneath lay the Killeries Bay, flashing in the sunlight; the wild Atlantic booming in the distance. The village of Leenane seemed like a bunch of daisies at the foot of the gorse-covered mountain. Away as far as the eye could reach, the Connemara Mountains towered to the sky, some of their summits curtained in fleecy white clouds, causing a golden light to peep from beneath, as though the ascent to heaven lay on that rugged path. As Father Tom turned off the sheep-path to pay his visit, Mrs. Van Spuyten thrust a small packet into his hands; "For *our* poor," she said. The package contained twenty gold sovereigns.

The ladies were admirable climbers, and were justly proud of their prowess; but Father Tom "left them nowhere" in descending the mountain, skipping as he did from boulder to boulder.

"I came down just as I'm going now," he said, "one dark night. Poor Dan Finn was dying, and I had to go back to the cottage for the Viaticum. God gave me sight and strength, for I never stumbled, and I was back just in time."

Philip accompanied the ladies to Glencreegan, and remained to dinner.

"I may as well," he argued; "my

leave of absence will be up on the 20th, and then—it will be all the same."

Mr. Cavendish was in the drawing-room when they entered, and the soldier made jealous note of Jacqueline's rising color as she welcomed him to Glencreegan. Her hand, too, seemed to remain in his, as though the touch were pleasing to her.

"Cavendish as well as any other," thought Phil; "and yet there *are* men more worthy of her than this noodle."

A game of lawn tennis was proposed before dinner, Mrs. Van Spuyten and Dillon playing against her sister and Cavendish.

Phil was really a good player, quick, skilful and wary; but his partner was tired, and not up to her play; while Jacqueline was just as fresh as if she had never set a dainty foot on Bonnamurney.

"Beaten!" gaily laughed Mrs. Van Spuyten.

"Yes, beaten!" said Phil, adding, in spite of himself, as he glanced at Jacqueline: "I never had a chance!"

"I'm awfully lucky," said Cavendish; "and I'm right on what Americans call a streak just now. *Esto perpetua*."

"*Esto perpetua*," repeated Jacqueline. "Where did I see those words lately? Oh, I know," she added, "on the base of Henry Grattan's statue, in College Green."

Phil had a royal game at romps with the children, while Mrs. Van Spuyten retired to the nursery, and her sister to walk in the garden with Cavendish. The heir converted the soldier into a horse, which he rode, using the spurs most unmercifully, while Martha drove with no light hand. Then followed a game of tag round the flower-beds, and then blind-man's buff. What rapture and what shrieks of laughter rent the air when Phil fell over an ornamental wire fence, just, too, as Jacqueline and Cavendish returned!

"No, thank *you*," said Mr. Cavendish, as the youthful heir proposed to bind his eyes; "I like children at dessert, when they are on their good behavior, you know,"—this to Miss Jarrette.

"Come and blindfold *me*," exclaimed that lady, as she knelt for her nephew to adjust the pocket-handkerchief over her beautiful eyes.

The dragoon was unnaturally lively that evening. Usually reserved and inclined to silence, on this occasion he rattled away with Mrs. Van Spuyten, giving her vivid glimpses into the life of a soldier, relating experiences in foreign climes, his impressions of grim-visaged war.

"Then you have been in battle?" interposed Miss Jarrette, who had been listening.

"Oh, yes!"

"Where?"

"Well, in Abyssinia, and Afghanistan, and Zululand."

"Why, you never told us a word about that."

"Oh, it's a grim subject."

"I presume your breast is covered with medals?" said Mrs. Van Spuyten.

"Oh, yes."

"How many?" persisted her sister.

"About seven, I think."

"You think! Are you not sure?"

"Well, I suppose so."

"What medals are they?"

"Oh, the usual things,—except one."

"And what is that?"

"The Victoria Cross."

Miss Jarrette sprang to her feet and crossed the apartment. "You don't mean to say that you have won a Victoria Cross, Mr. Dillon?"

"By a fluke—excuse the slang,—by chance only," he modestly replied. "There were lots of pluckier fellows than I who ought to have had it."

"Oh, we know all about that. *Do* tell us how you won it."

"You must excuse me. And besides,"

he added, "it's getting late"; and he rose to take his leave.

"I'll walk with you to the gate, Mr. Dillon," declared Cavendish.

"So say we all," said Mrs. Van Spuyten; and Phil escorted the elder lady, while Cavendish did cavalier to the younger.

"He is stopping at Glencreegan," was what Phil was muttering as he turned down the road. "Lucky chap!"

"Well," asked Father Tom next morning, "how did you find our dear friends?"

The word friends smote at the portals of Phil's heart. Yes, he would be their friend—a delightful friendship. What could be more agreeable or fascinating than the friendship of these two elegant and accomplished ladies—especially Mrs. Van Spuyten? What a pleasant place to visit: the lordly park, the noble mansion, the superb surroundings? Why not enjoy such a chance, and make the most of it while his leave lasted? Tennis, billiards, fishing, anything he could possibly desire, to while away the time. Yes, he *would* make the most of it. What was it to him if Jacqueline married Cavendish, or any other man? The wedding would come off at Glencreegan, and he would be invited for the week's festivities. "Yes: I'll go over to-day, and play that return match at tennis. Why not?"

(To be Continued.)

THE use of the rose during the Month of Our Lady is a national observance in Italy. Everywhere they are to be found in oratories and churches, also before statues in private homes. It is said that as an emblem of the Virgin, the rose, white and red, was employed at a very early period, and was especially so recognized by St. Dominic, when he instituted the devotion of the Rosary, the prayers of which were symbolized as roses.

Another House, Eternal in the Heavens.*

BY GEORGE BENSON HEWETSON.

IN dream I saw the very House of God,
Eternal in the Heavens, not made with hands:
Its *living* stones, souls gathered from all lands.
League on celestial league, and rod on rod,
With everlasting joy the wonder glowed.
Impregnable to all assaults it stands,
Above the sea, above its shifting sands;
Nor resting on cold earth's reluctant sod.
Myriads of angels, each with heavenly span,
According to the measure of a Man,
Laid to the line stone on translucent stone;
Rapt in song's glory, the seraphic choir,
To harp and trumpet, cymbal, lute and lyre,
Haloed with music the one timeless throne.

Two Patrons of Youth.

BY W. H. COOKE.

II.

AT Rostkov, near Warsaw, there lived in the Sixteenth Century a certain Prince, John Kostka. He had married Margaret Kryzeka, belonging to an equally celebrated family, and for sons they had first, Paul Kostka, born in August, 1549, and Stanislaus, born in October, 1550. This famous Polish family was held in no less respect in its own land than the house of Gonzaga in Italy; yet, in the same way, its name is preserved to-day through the achievements of one of its despised sons. All the glory of six magnificent centuries was eclipsed when that second son, Stanislaus, was born; and now, after nearly four hundred years, the fame of St. Stanislaus Kostka endures as the fame of no other Kostka endures—a permanent inspiration to his people, to people of all nations.

In August last the bicentenary celebrations in Poland evidenced how great

was the hold of this boy on the affections of the nation. He never grew to man's estate, yet his life has inspired generation after generation. To-day, no less than yesterday, his example compels admiration, and demands emulation from all who would live as their religion would have them live.

Said Cardinal Kakowski, Archbishop of Warsaw, at one of the meetings: "We are uniting the idea of the regeneration of the family, and the religious and moral upbringing of our youth with that of the honor and cult of St. Stanislaus. Our youth, supported on the sound foundation of family life, brought up in good Catholic schools, will be the best guarantee of a strong Poland, for whose future we shall then have no reason to fear." And the two things he stressed most—the sanctity of Christian marriage and the moral safeguarding of the youth of Poland—are matters of equal concern throughout the world. In Stanislaus, as in Aloysius, we are bidden to find a beacon for our efforts.

Till he was fourteen, Stanislaus lived at home, "out in the country on the vast Polish plain, under its temperate sky, with rivers to bathe in and plenty of space to gallop about."* Then, like the Italian who went from Castiglione to Florence to polish off his education, he was sent to Vienna to develop his "classical education and courtly manners." At Vienna life was pleasant at first, but at length the college at which he studied was broken up; and, with his brother Paul, he sought lodgings elsewhere. And now for Stanislaus life changed. Bilinski, their tutor, was a man who loved the free and easy ways of the world. Paul Kostka and his companions were cast in the same mould. They cared little for the more spiritual desires of Stanislaus. Not that the latter was effeminate; indeed, his brother and

* Suggested by a recent article on "The House" in THE AVE MARIA.

* "St. Stanislaus Kostka." By the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J. Published by the Catholic Truth Society.

the others thought him to be the reverse. By personal temperament, as well as by national instinct, he was open about his spiritual life.

Father Martindale writes thus: "It is quite certain that boys, without being saints or anything like it, can maintain a life of religion so intense that it is frankly mystical. As a rule, English boys keep this very sedulously to themselves, and, indeed, disguise it in innumerable ways." Now Stanislaus was a Pole with little of the Anglo-Saxon reticence; and "it was quite impossible for him to disguise anything, let alone what made him so very happy." Of course, the rest of his companions being differently inclined cared not at all for ways of devotion, and made themselves as objectionable as possible, by a campaign of petty torture, with all the conceivable tricks of the schoolboy. Not even illness abated their cruelty. At length Stanislaus, boyish fashion, having been persecuted enough, ran away.

He reached Augsburg to find that Peter Canisius, through whom he hoped to enter the Society of Jesus, had gone to Dillingen. So off he tramped to Dillingen. There he washed dishes for some time, and then was sent to Rome, lest his father should create trouble in the same manner as Don Ferrante, the father of Aloysius, had created it. In Rome, Stanislaus entered the novitiate under the great Francis Borgia. But even Rome caught the furious echoes from Poland. John Kostka not only threatened his son with the direst penalties—imprisonment, disgrace, etc.,—but he also determined to close all the Jesuit houses in Poland, if the boy did not return home. But then another Power intervened; and Kostka *père* had no chance to work his will. On the Feast of the Assumption, 1568, after only a few months' residence in the Eternal City, Stanislaus died. Thus the bare

facts, and the tale is ended: Stanislaus at 17 and Aloysius at 23.

There are no great deeds of them to recall; there are no lands where they have left the imprint of their work; but of people on whom they left the imprint of their souls, the number is countless. Their light really did shine before men. Both of them set out after an objective the most difficult of all to obtain, perfection; and both had to overcome tremendous obstacles before even the means could be procured. Picture one in the happy bloom of boyhood, persecuted into serious illness, the difficulties and yet the glories of his three-hundred mile tramp to Augsburg, that heart-breaking journey to Dillingen, and that thousand-mile pilgrimage to the Eternal City.

What an epic for the poet! Even the deservedly famous "Path to Rome" of Mr. Hilaire Belloc pales before this boy's journey from Poland to Vienna, and Vienna to Rome. Alas, no chronicler has sung it! And think, too, of that other youth who would upset the traditions of centuries in a world where tradition was everything. How lonely a battle he fought in that gilded society, where no man trusted his neighbor, and custom was more severe than in any Victorian drawing-room!

Yet it can not be too strongly urged that both Aloysius and Stanislaus were typical normal boys, blessed simply with happy dispositions, grit and a love of their religion. The rest—was will-power and perseverance. No more is necessary to any boy who wishes to make his name in life. Certain objectives hold out alluring prospects. For the millionaire, the star, the athlete, the traveller, the army man, there is ever a reward. But the reward counts not the cost, and the experience is disillusioning. So does every temporal objective deceive mankind that way. Not to all does it chance that the battle of life is solely spiritual;

nor to any does it chance that temporalities take up the whole field. But the spiritual is obviously the finer combat; and this Stanislaus and Aloysius chose, knowing the cost. They had no other weapons than are granted to the rest of youth, and they had less assistance than is given to the majority. But they believed whole-heartedly in their vocation; and by the most extraordinary efforts attained it.

Here we have but touched one aspect of the lives of SS. Stanislaus and Aloysius. Mention has, indeed, hardly been made of their spiritual development and the works which led to their canonization. The ways of sanctity are not peculiar to any race or time; and not a few highly competent people have written of that side of their lives. So well, in fact, have previous biographers illustrated the sanctity of Stanislaus and Aloysius that it may often have seemed to some that they were ethereal rather than human; and their spiritual magnificence depressed a little by its very grandeur. After all, if one seeks to emulate, the objects of one's efforts must be within reach, so to speak; not inaccessible, not on another plane—no matter how far advanced from one's own position. And it is in this respect that Father Martindale's booklets appeal so much.

From the mists and the false perspectives of nearly four centuries, these two youths emerge as vivid and attractive personalities whom any one in the Twentieth Century might have been fortunate enough to meet and recognize as kindred spirits. They live and move and have their being as all other mortals, head beyond the clouds, feet on the earth. In their practical difficulties are found every man's difficulties. Not all may scale Parnassus, but with assistance all may go part of the way. And so, His Holiness the Pope has broadcasted the fact that these two

wonderful guides await command. They have traversed the whole of the route; they know every obstacle on the road, and have encountered them all successfully. What greater guides and patrons could youth then desire than these princes and saints,—immortals of the only everlasting fame?

Times, they say, change; the seasons alter, but youth, fortunately, never. Youth is always the same hopeful soul, malleable, lovable, joyful, care free, heedless, and glorious, gracing the passing of all the centuries. Full of dauntless courage, ready for the most forlorn hope, it never varies in any generation; and father, son, grandson and great-grandson grow up in the selfsame way to knowledge and fulfilment.

It is equally a commonplace that the passing enthusiasms of the day find their reflection in its young manhood. That is to say youth is one day worshipping a famous athlete; to-morrow it is an explorer, a discoverer, and later, maybe, a Napoleon, a Livingstone, a Nelson (according to its reading). It is always, however, the hero, the greatest of his kind, the ideal man, who lives miles and miles away, and is enthroned among the stars—a far-off constellation; and to one particular bright star is a certain wagon quietly and unostentatiously hitched. There follows the pursuit of that star through life, as the aspirant seeks by word and deed to justify some ultimate knight-hood. Honest, candid, and engaging is the seeker; and always does he enlist sympathy in his striving.

Of this eternal galaxy were the two youths of whose odyssey we have written: the rich Pole of the House of Kostka, the Italian of the mighty Gonzaga clan. In 1726, they were raised to the altars of the Church, and to-day we honor them as SS. Stanislaus and Aloysius. And it is because they showed such glorious examples that His Holi-

ness has now enshrined them throughout the world as the patron saints of youth to-day. Till June this year, the world is to rejoice and commemorate especially this signal distinction. Not only to rejoice and commemorate in a fitting manner a great bicentenary, but, of far more importance, to learn from the lives of Stanislaus and Aloysius matters of which it has pressing need. For if ever youths set out in pursuit of an ideal, and followed it unwaveringly, thus did these two great Latins.

The Anglo-Saxon temperament differs in some respects from the Latin, so that the modes and customs of each are dissimilar. Particularly is this the case where matters of the emotions are concerned; and it is certainly very marked in religious observances. The external differences are even more evident. On the one hand there is found such a tremendous reserve, a shyness almost, which people might mistakenly call indifference; and on the other, there is such an effusion of external manifestation and appreciation as to make one doubt—equally mistakenly—its depth, sincerity and real meaning. Either point of view would be incorrect. Religion is not determined solely by appearance, nor its absence by apparent indifference. Because of these differences, it is difficult for the Latin and the Saxon to appraise each other accurately.

It is, moreover, just this point that has in the past often hindered the Westerner from understanding the spirit of Aloysius and Stanislaus. Both were typical Latins; both became saints: boy saints. But their published lives affected the Westerner little because there had been no attempt at a psychological study. They were depicted as devoid of human love and understanding. Facts were laid down and left unexplained by the circumstances. They were seen distorted and queer,

Possibly such biographies were ideally suited to readers east of Greenwich, but they were not very helpful to hard-working folk west of that mythical line. On a vigorous and active people those influences have most effect which possess something of their own breezy virility—for understanding is then possible. From previous biographies the figures of Stanislaus and Aloysius emerged as pale ghosts of their real selves. That fiery and limitless enthusiasm so essentially theirs had been lost in the transcribing; and there was left an impression of something entirely foreign to the vast majority of boys,—something commendable, but only of academic interest in the sanctity of these two particular ones. They were unattractive.

But these biographies of Father Martindale have shed a different light on their characters. He has painted a wonderfully vivid picture, not only of the two great saints, but also of the times in which they lived. And the circumstances of their surroundings provide the best clue to their greatness. Without considering these it is impossible to understand the two stories. He has made them live again for us as they must have been in their own distant times. We see them again as boys, as youths, with all the happy characteristics, and equally certain, all the virility and splendor of the youth of every age. And we see, too, that they were great saints,—great, not because sanctity is a gift, or a question of age, but because it is a question of the application to one's faith of the masculine qualities possessed by youth. We see, in short, in Aloysius and Stanislaus, every boy whose grit holds out to the end in the pursuit of an ideal.

It is the busiest man, without a moment to spare, who can always find a free moment, because he orders his time.—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

The Search at Scotney Castle.

BY NOEL MACDONALD WILBY.

V.

SUMMER and Autumn passed, and Winter returned to Scotney. The grim walls of the old castle echoed to cheerful sounds of preparation for impending visitors, for it wanted but a few days to Christmas. A blend of savory odors filled the vast kitchen; in the guest rooms servants hurried to and fro, for some of the visitors were expected that evening.

The lady of the house was busy at a capacious oak chest, dispensing armloads of clean linen, fragrant with lavender, to the maids who came and went along the gallery above the hall. Her children ran from room to room, busy with mysterious preparations of their own, their merry voices and laughter filling the air with the very spirit of the season. Below, in the great hall, the work of decoration was in progress. Mrs. Darrell paused for a moment among the piles of linen, and going to the rail by the stairhead, looked down upon the busy scene.

The western end of the hall was glorified by the great colored window, blazing like a vast jewel in the crimson rays of the setting sun. In the rainbow-tinted reflection on the oak floor sat the elder children, industriously twining ropes of greenery under the smiling supervision of their tutor. He was a tall, dark-eyed man whose easy, cheerful bearing and rich clothes, cut in the latest fashion of the day, hid the identity of Father Richard Blount, S. J., chaplain to Mr. Darrell of Scotney.

Mrs. Darrell's eyes dwelt anxiously on the little group as she recalled the narrow escape of the priest nearly a year ago, when he had been saved by his devoted servant, who gave himself up in his master's place. She herself

and her husband had suffered much from imprisonment, fines and cross-examination; but the captive had succeeded in proving that he was no priest; and they had all been released, with a heavy fine, since nothing could be proved against them.

Father Blount had spoken a word of caution to Mrs. Darrell a week earlier, concerning the new Protestant servant employed on the estate. Mr. Darrell, the Squire, was away on business at the other side of the county and would not be back till Christmas Eve; and the fellow had taken advantage of his master's absence to make inquiries among the loyal servants. He asked veiled questions about their religion, and the opportunities of practising it at Scotney, half-hinting at a wish to become a Catholic—a common ruse among informers in those days.

Father Blount's own sharp-witted servant had come to him with a disturbing tale of having seen the man creeping along the corridor to the priest's room in the dusk, when he thought no one was about, and entering it on tiptoe. Will, following with catlike stealth, had slipped into the room after him, and watched from the shadow of an old chest as the fellow moved about the room as if searching for something. He felt the panelling round the walls, examined it behind the tapestry hangings, and finally came to a standstill before the chest which screened the interested observer.

Above this chest heavy oak shelves held rows of learned educational books, which the tutor was understood to consult when planning a course of study for his pupils. Will, and the parents of those pupils alone shared the secret of those shelves with the tutor. If certain movements were made each shelf swung out like a cupboard door—still holding the books—revealing a deep recess in the thickness of the wall, which con-

tained vestments, altar vessels, books, and other matters which would have exceedingly interested the prowling visitor. Presently the man came closer and opened the chest cautiously. Will waited for him to stoop over the interior, then tip-toed out of the room. A moment later he sauntered back carelessly under cover of a loud creak as the lid of the chest was closed.

Darkness was falling rapidly; the room was full of shadows, so it was only natural that Will, striding across to close the shutters, should stumble against the chest in such a way as to trip up the intruder, who fell heavily, with a startled imprecation.

"Ho! Who's this skulking about my master's room at dusk?" cried Will, peering into the shadows, "*Why—Latham!* What's this—turning thief as soon as the master be absent, or—"

"Hold your insolent tongue, lout, or I'll silence it for good," snarled the man, rising. "Can't Master Northem send me to fetch his cloak instead of you, an' he pleases?"

He slouched out of the room and hastened down the corridor, followed by a long, low whistle and the retort:

"Strange he sends you, who seek it in the book chest, an hour after he hath gone out riding in it—and he not home yet! Art as big a fool at lying as at spying?"

The memory of this disquieting tale made Mrs. Darrell thoughtful as she watched the merry workers in the hall. Nothing else had occurred to mar the happy season, but the merest chance heard word or glance might mean loss of goods and even death for Catholics in those days; and an incident such as this was not to be dismissed without very serious thought.

A bell rang suddenly through the castle. Mrs. Darrell closed the linen chest, and hurried down the great staircase to welcome the first of her guests.

VI.

The evening ended with music—the bitter-sweet, lilting music of old English carols, sung by children's high, clear voices, and varied by their tutor's skilled lute playing. Master Northem hummed a haunting melody to himself as he mounted the great staircase after the last good-nights had been said; and repeated the refrain under his breath as he prepared for bed.

The tune wove itself into his dreams that night, but it grew confused. He found himself trying vainly to recapture it above the loud talking and noise of those pestilent servants who would keep trying to hang Christmas decorations at an inaccessible height above his head. One of the men fell heavily from the ladder—he rushed to the rescue, and woke with a violent start in the moon-pierced darkness of his own familiar room. He was about to dismiss the dream, and court sleep again, when a distant sound caught his ear.

He sat up, wide awake and listening intently, doubtful whether the dream of confused noise was still deceiving him. For a long moment he waited breathlessly, then came a sudden uproar from the hall—voices shouting above the heavy tramp of feet.

In a second, Father Blount was on his feet, smoothing the bed, as Will, his trusty servant, dashed in,—half-clad like his master, with a bundle of books and vestments under his arm.

"Three justices, a pursuivant and their men, sir—in the hall! They got in before a sound was heard. No time for the stairs, sir, they are coming up now. . . ."

"The wall in the courtyard," said Father Blount rapidly. "Have you cleared the oratory?"

Will held up the bundle, which contained all the evidence that showed the old Dutch press on the landing to be more than the linen chest it appeared

to be—vestments, cruets, bell, a small chalice.

"That was why I could not come sooner," he panted. "Which way?"

The priest crossed the gallery, and stood in the shadow for a moment. Below, the hall seethed with armed men, shouting and arguing; as he watched them he caught a fleeting glimpse of Mrs. Darrell, pale but composed, standing at the stair foot, wrapped in a fur mantle. A momentary lull brought the sound of a dignified protest in a woman's voice, followed by a testy reply.

"The courtyard," said Father Blount, turning.

The dark figures sped along the gallery and down a winding stair, finding their way through the servants' quarters by occasional shafts of moonlight from high narrow windows. They hurried across the huge kitchen, pausing only to seize a small bundle of food packed ready for a farm servant to take in the morning.

The doors were all locked, so Will hastily unbarred a small window overlooking a stone-paved and walled courtyard. Pulling the window to, he let himself down after the priest, who stooped at an angle of the wall and fumbled at the foot of it. Next moment Will and his bundles followed the priest into a dark, damp hole in the wall; and the stone door was closed, securely hiding its secret.

VII.

"Mother, when may we go out and play in the meadow again?" asked a plaintive little voice.

Mrs. Darrell's eyes filled with tears, and she laid her hand on her little son's bright hair.

"Mayhap to-morrow, my son," she replied tenderly. "I can not tell."

"But it is *always* to-morrow, and to-morrow hasn't come yet!" The little boy who knelt on the low stone window seat gazed through the leaded pane to

the widespread fields below, and sighed wearily.

For ten days now Mrs. Darrell and her children had been imprisoned in this little room over the gatehouse, while the searchers roamed the castle, helping themselves liberally to the good fare and enjoying the comfort of the old place. But still they had found nothing, and were growing restive. The leaders—neighbors, who in former years had known the splendid hospitality of Scotney, waxed angry and sullen at the failure of the unpleasant task which they had undertaken only through fear of the consequences of refusal.

Presently the gaoler arrived on his daily round. His rough countenance was an almost welcome sight to the weary captives; at least he broke the monotony of the long hours; and his curt, not unkindly, talk showed that all was as usual in the castle. No discovery had yet been made.

The little boy repeated his question according to daily custom, and the man's face softened.

"Want to play in the meadow, Master Will? Ah! that's not for me to say—not to-day anyway. 'Tis bitter cold outside, and like to rain to-night."

"I'm not afraid of rain," answered William Darrell, with all the manly scorn of eight years.

"How is Margery to-day?" asked Mrs. Darrell. Margery was the children's nurse, who was suffering from a severe chill caught during that midnight rousing ten days earlier. Several times lately Mrs. Darrell had obtained permission to visit her old servant, and the concession was valuable to her.

"Not so well this afternoon, Mistress. Wandering in her talk, and calling for the children."

"Is it permitted that I see her to-day?" asked the lady, with a fine mixture of dignity and scorn veiling her eagerness.

"A short visit, Mistress. Now, if it please you, while I remain here."

Mrs. Darrell rose, and, charged with affectionate messages to Dame Margery, departed down the narrow winding stair into the little courtyard which she must cross to reach the invalid's room. It was almost dark and a steady rain was falling. Stooping to gather her flowing skirts off the wet flags, she noticed a white object tossing in the wind on the opposite wall. Hurrying across, she stooped to examine it, and started in horror as she recognized part of an alb-girdle caught in the lowest block of stone. Marvelling how it had escaped detection so long, she cut it off close. Still the stump remained. Then she called softly—"Pull in the string."

Presently the stone moved out a little, the frayed cord was drawn in and the stone replaced. Mrs. Darrell laid her hand on the house-door, but it opened suddenly and the pursuivant appeared, eyeing her suspiciously.

"To whom spoke you, Mistress? I heard a voice just now."

"Doubtless you did, sir, the voice was mine," she answered boldly.

"Then what string were you speaking of?" demanded the man sharply.

"The door was shut, and hearing some one within, I called to them to pull the string of the latch. I thank you for doing so, and now let me pass. I have permission to visit Dame Margery."

"Popish lies," interrupted the man brusquely. "Ho! You fellows there, come and find the string which should have shown you that skulking priest's lair before now. Show us the place, Mistress. Where was the string?"

"I have spoken," answered Mrs. Darrell coldly.

The men were roused now, and every nook and cranny was searched again. Presently the leader began to test the walls and flags of the courtyard methodically, "beating with a beetle upon the

stones."* Three terror-stricken hearts beat in a frenzy of agonized prayer—Mrs. Darrell's, as she watched chance blows raining on the disguised door, the starving, trapped fugitives', as they felt the hinges yielding under the blows. With the strength of despair they set their backs against the door, watching the flickering light of the tossing lanterns through the widening crack, and listening to the breathless, fierce voices near their heads. Mrs. Darrell swayed a little as she stood, tense and unnerved by the shock. Her head was still held high, her eyes fixed steadily on the searchers, but her hands were crushed together, and hope struggled with despair as she prayed.

Suddenly one of the justices came into the court, looking about and asking eager questions. His eyes fell as he saw Mrs. Darrell; he had been her guest the previous Christmas.

"'Tis useless searching with lanterns in this murk and rain," he said loudly, as the men paused to salute him. "If there be anything there, it will be found better to-morrow morning by daylight. Come, men! Stop this fool's game, and dry yourselves by the Yule-log in the hall, and have supper."

The men, baffled, wet through from the driving rain and pouring gutters, obeyed readily enough.

Left alone, Mrs. Darrell stared after them, almost unable to believe her senses; then she reeled and fell.

VIII.

At midnight the stone door swung open slowly; two stiff, emaciated, scantily-clad men crawled out painfully. The wind and rain lashed at them savagely, the flooded flags numbed their bare feet as they steadied themselves against the wall. Then the younger man reached up and gripped a heavy iron ring in the wall, the other climbed

* See William Darrell's narrative in "Troubles of Our Catholic Forefathers." Vol. I.

on to his shoulder, and gaining the top of the wall, helped his companion up. They dropped into a larger court, crossed it swiftly, and climbed another ten-foot wall, smothering groans of anguish. Resting a moment on a broken tower above the second wall, they peered through the blackness across the moat some sixteen feet below.

"Let me go first with the bundle, sir," pleaded Will's voice huskily.

"Nay, lad; I will swim across with it—'tis full eighty feet broad here."

Then with a splendid leap which carried him clear of some hidden piles below the tower, Father Blount splashed into the water, cracking the thin ice which covered it. But the agonizing cold was too much for his impaired strength; with a stupendous effort he gained the opposite shore and called back to his faithful man:

"I am so weak that if I should come to fetch you we should both be drowned. Go to the stable wall, and wade across there—" And the voice died away.

Will, less stiff now, and desperate to get to his master, clambered down to the garden below the great wall. Sounds of drunken revelry and singing came from within, and a sudden idea struck the boy. He ran up to the massive door—which could only be opened from inside—and to his amazement it yielded as he smote his fist on it. Regardless of his striking attire (the priest's cassock trussed short over his breeches), Will ran in shouting: "My master hath heard a noise in the stable, and saith he thinks somebody is stealing his horses, and you all sit drinking here, and nobody looks to his horses."

The jovial revellers rushed out, Will among them, making for the stables. There he slipped away through a little door which led to the moat.

The night was pitch black, and sleet whipped his face while he waded across, scoring his feet as he crashed

through the light crust of ice. Slipping and floundering up the opposite bank he bumped into a man in the darkness.

"Father!" he gasped in terror. "Why are you wandering here! They will discover—"

"I lost my way—'tis so black," answered the priest hoarsely.

"Give me your arm, sir,—and the bundle. I will find Hursts' cottage."

It seemed to the exhausted priest that he had stumbled for hours over rough ground and through hedges before the lighted windows of a cottage shone through the driving rain. Will rapped gently at the door, a cautious parley followed; then the spent men were drawn in by the welcoming arms of Mr. Darrell's Catholic keeper.

Dawn was breaking over the sodden countryside. The rain had ceased, but a moaning wind still bent the lifeless trees, ruffled swollen streams and roadside puddles. The London road was a quagmire, but two weary travellers made their way along painfully, sinking to their knees in mud, floundering out again, pausing occasionally to take breath and glance fearfully back along the road. The elder man wore a suit of peasants' clothes; his hands were torn and full of thorns. The haggard lad by his side clung desperately to a bundle rolled in coarse cloth.

At the hilltop the road skirted a farm, and a fresh-faced milkmaid came out of the neighboring field, carrying two great pails of new milk slung from a yoke across her shoulders.

"For pity's sake, good lass, give me a draught of that milk!" begged the tall man, eyeing the pails with the glare of starvation.

"Aye, good man; but first wash your dirty face!" returned the girl good-humoredly, lowering the pails.

Quickly the men bathed their faces in the flooded ditch by the wayside, and the girl drew a rough wooden measure

from the pail, filling it to the brim and handing it to each in turn.

They thanked her fervently, and she shouldered her pails and swung down the hill as the weary men plodded on.

"Is that not Southam Place, yonder, through the trees?" asked the priest at last. "We have walked near fourteen miles, and I fear this wretched body will serve me no further."

"Aye, sir, we are nearly there," said Will reassuringly. "Half a mile more, then we can rest at last."

An hour later they were sleeping the profound sleep of utter exhaustion, secure in the care of a Catholic gentleman who tended Father Blount devotedly through the weeks of illness that followed that terrible night of exposure and toil.

(The End.)

A May Centenary.

BY CHARLES BUTTEVANT.

IT is difficult to realize that the devotions in honor of the Mother of God during the month of May were practically unknown in Ireland a hundred years ago. The first of May in Irish, *La-Beltaine*, or day of the Baal fires, was indeed a time for general rejoicing; but the celebrations were more suggestive of pagan than of Christian origin. The dance round the May-bush, for instance, was only an unconscious survival of the *Baila*, or waltz, associated with the worship of Baal.

"In Italy," writes Lady Wilde, "this ancient festival, called *Calendi Maggio*, is celebrated in the rural districts in the Irish way." But a more blessed bond between North and South is the fact that it was from Italy that Ireland borrowed the idea of consecrating the fifth month of the year to the honor of the Blessed Virgin.

It must not, however, be inferred from this that the people of olden Ire-

land were less devoted to the Mother of our Divine Lord than their descendants are to-day. First in the field with regard to May devotions they were not, but to them belongs the glory of having produced one of the most ancient of Marian litanies. In the opinion of the learned, it was composed about 725, or at all events was certainly chanted then in the famous Irish monastery of Clonast by the monks of St. Brogan.

"No more conclusive evidence of the tender devotion of the early children of St. Patrick to the Mother of God," says Archbishop MacHale, "and of their appreciation of the wonderful privileges bestowed upon her by the Almighty can be desired, than what is conveyed in the simple language of filial tenderness employed in this ancient Litany." His Grace also gave cordial approbation to the publication of a translation of it, made from the Irish version in the *Leabhar Breac*, preserved in the Royal Irish Academy. The *Leabhar Breac*, or the Speckled Book, is also known as the Book of Dun Doighre, and is mainly a compilation from Irish books and manuscripts taken from monastic libraries. It is believed to have been compiled about the close of the Fourteenth Century by a member of the clan MacEgan, and contains, besides prayers and hymns, a pedigree of Irish saints attributed to Aengus Ceile (who lived in the Eighth Century), and a Life of Alexander the Great. In the following extract from the authorized translation of the Litany, "Pray for us" should be added after each invocation.

O Great Mary,
Mary, greatest of Marys,
Queen of the Angels,
Mistress of the Heavens,
Blessed and most blessed,
Mother of eternal glory,
Mother of the golden light,
Honor of the sky,
Harbinger of peace,
Gate of Heaven,

Golden casket,
 Beauty of Virgins,
 Fountain of the gardens,
 Mother of orphans,
 Refuge of the wretched,
 Star of the sea,
 Handmaid of God,
 Mother of Christ,
 Graceful as the dove,
 Serene like the moon,
 Resplendent like the sun,
 Destruction of Eve's disgrace,
 Perfection of women,
 Chief of the virgins,
 Perpetual Virgin,
 Holy Virgin,
 Prudent Virgin,
 Temple of the living God,
 Cedar of Mount Lebanon,
 Cypress of Mount Sion,
 Light of Nazareth,
 Glory of Jerusalem,
 Beauty of the world,
 Noblest born of the Christian people,
 Queen of the world,
 Ladder of Heaven.

Pray, O Holy Mary, that we may receive from Thy Son, through thy intercession, the habitation of the heavenly kingdom, through all eternity, in the presence of the saints and the saintly virgins of the world; which may we deserve, may we enjoy, *in sæcula sæculorum*. Amen.

In the Book of Kells, the date of which some authorities place as remote as the Sixth Century, and which is said to have belonged to St. Columbkille, there is an illuminated picture of the Virgin and Child, of which one writer says: "Gazing on this picture we can see what were the representations of Mary and her Divine Son that excited the piety of the disciples of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, and St. Columbkille."

Irish alone of all the languages of the world has one word for the name of Mary when applied to the Mother of God, and another when intended for ordinary use, the idea being that it would not be respectful to call sinners by the name of the sinless one. On the other hand, the frequency with which such names as Maolmuire and Giollamuire, meaning the servant or client of Mary,

occur in Irish annals shows how deep was the devotion of the people to the name of the Immaculate Virgin.

In conclusion, we insert two prayers translated from the Irish,—one for recital before saying the Rosary, the other to be said when it is concluded:

We humbly prostrate ourselves in the Name of Jesus Christ, asking pardon and forgiveness for our sins.

Assistance and help we ask of Thee
 To consider the welfare of our souls.
 Do Thou not give to us
 Anything in this world
 That would deprive us
 Of the eternal glory of Heaven;
 But grant to us everything
 That most shall tend to the peace
 And advantage of our souls:
 Extreme Unction and Penance,
 A Christian death,
 And a Christian bed in Paradise. Amen.

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 O Lord, have mercy on us,
 O Christ, have mercy on us.
 O Queen of the Bright Light,
 Have mercy on us.
 Give mercy to us and grace,
 Forgiveness and mercy to our souls.
 Put nothing into our hearts
 That may deprive us of our share
 Of the eternal glory of Heaven.
 Save us from the showers of calamity
 And from the sickness of the year.
 Preserve our property and our people,
 Our health and our wealth,
 In the love of God and of our neighbor.

An Old Plant.

In the town of Hildesheim, Germany, there is a raspberry bush which is said to have bloomed every year since the days of Alfred the Great. It clings to the side of the famous Church of St. Michael and is surrounded with thick moss. Sprouts from its branches have commanded fabulous sums; a wealthy man once offered a quarter of a million of dollars for the entire plant. The offer was in vain. The pedigree of this wonderful natural object is as well kept and authenticated as that of the most aristocratic family.

Non-Catholic Championship of the Blessed Virgin.

AS everyone knows, the title Mother of God (*Theotokos, Deipara*) was confirmed to the Blessed Virgin at the Council of Ephesus (431) in opposition to the teaching of Nestorius, not only to honor Mary but to protect the truth of the Incarnation. By that title—the holiest and highest of all her titles—Our Lady has since been lovingly addressed by Catholics the world over. Until recent years, however, it was only rare souls among Protestants who bestowed on Mary the title Mother of God, and she is very seldom referred to as the *Blessed Virgin* except by the more pious among Anglicans.

Some Anglicans object to the title Mother of God, others maintain that no Christian may withhold it. The objectors have not consulted such authors as Bishop Hall of Vermont, Dr. Frederick George Lee, or "Presbyter Anglicanus," who says: "The title simply implies that Mary brought forth the human nature which was hypostatically, or personally, united to the Word, or Son of God. This is the clear teaching of Luke, i, 35: 'The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee: therefore also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.'"

Among those who defend the unsurpassable dignity of Mary we were pleased to find the Rev. Dr. Grafton, P. E. bishop of Fond du Lac, Wis. He says: "In the production of every human child there is a human and a divine factor. We take flesh of our parents, but God gives the life, or soul. Though the mother does not generate the soul, yet she is called the mother of that plural unit she brings forth. The Blessed Virgin is admitted by some to be 'the Mother of the human body and soul of the Incarnate Son.' This admis-

sion settles the question. For if her child's having a soul and human personality of which she is not the creator does not forbid to any common parent the title of mother, neither does the soul of Jesus and its divine union and personality, which Mary did not create, forbid it to her. In each case the parent is the mother of that she brings forth; and in the case of the Blessed Virgin it was, as Scripture states, 'the Son of God.' Consequently her proper title is Mother of God."

Bishop Grafton, if we have been rightly informed, had the training of a lawyer as well as a churchman; and "the law and the prophets" are a strong combination. But, in any case, so bright a man would not be apt to lose sight of the fact that the Anglican denomination claims to recognize the authority of the first four Œcumenical Councils, the last of which was Ephesus. So he made a very succinct statement of the argument in support of a fundamental Christian dogma.

Dr. Lee, above mentioned, was the author of an essay in which he reproduces these words of Cardinal Newman as expressing his own firm belief:

"If Mary is not to attract our homage, why did God make her solitary in her greatness amid His vast creation? If it be idolatry in us to let our affections respond to our faith, He would not have made her what she is, or He would not have told us that He had so made her; but, far from this, He has sent His prophet to announce to us 'A Virgin shall conceive and bear a Son, and they shall call His Name Emmanuel,' and we have the same warrant for hailing her as God's Mother as we have for adoring Him as God."

Dr. Lee, who was both truly religious and deeply learned, was received into the Church some time before his death. Our older readers will remember him as an occasional contributor.

Notes and Remarks.

In the opinion of many people whose opinion is of weight the detailed reports of a notorious trial in New York, described by one as "a drama of lust, adultery, drunkenness, cruelty and blood," are far more demoralizing than a certain fashionable novel which book-sellers—with a few honorable exceptions—are now "handling," as they call it. The trial has afforded filling for columns on columns of crime and filth in our newspapers for weeks past, whereas the immorality of the novel in question is said to be of the crafty kind, insidious rather than exploited. A comparatively small amount of criminality and putridity, not easily obtained by everybody in one case; in the other an abundant amount to be had without effort by anybody.

It is a fact, as unquestionable as deplorable, that the daily supply of sin and filth has been no less eagerly received than abundantly offered. The prevailing public taste is for the sensational and the salacious. The average newspaper is published to make money; for morals it cares little.

When will our people realize the need of daily newspapers of their own, and recognize the fact that any good effect produced by our weeklies is greatly lessened, if not wholly nullified, by the ribald rags that now so freely find their way into Catholic homes, and are read without any scruple, by the older inmates through idle curiosity, by the younger with what evil effect it is impossible to say?

Quite in accordance with the desire which the Holy Father expressed to Cardinal Bonzano when he was appointed delegate to the Eucharistic Congress in Chicago—that, after the cultivation of the interior life, we should labor for the enlightenment and con-

version of those outside of the Fold—is the formation of a society composed of Catholics, Protestants and Jews, to meet now and then, for the purpose of promoting amity between men of different religious faiths, and of combating propaganda tending to cause strife. Among the members of this society we notice the names of Father Francis Duffy, Judge Dowling, Rev. Dr. Parkes Cadman and the Rabbi Stephen Wise, Prof. Pound of Harvard University, and Judge W. H. Faunce. Only good and a great deal of it, it seems to us, can result from the closer association of intelligent, fair-minded men like these. It will be the meeting of kindred spirits on a high plane.

All who sympathize with the Negroes in this country and would like to see the disabilities under which they suffer removed—in particular all who are of an opinion about them expressed by Archbishop McNicholas, of Cincinnati (which was commented upon by Mr. W. P. Dabney, a Negro editor whom we quoted at length a week or two ago)—would do well to make a study of "The Negro in American Life," a recently published book by Prof. Jerome Dowd, of the University of Oklahoma. It is perhaps the most valuable work on the race in this country that has yet appeared, presenting, as it does, a great amount of useful information, and discussing fully, without bias the Negro's religion, education, economic status, domestic and social life, political disabilities, segregation, achievements and prospects.

The solution of the Negro problem in the United States would be easy, if the white people, North and South, were to acquaint themselves with the capacities of the better sort of Black Man. Prof. Dowd refers to "the general tendency of the white people everywhere to attribute to all Negroes the characteristics of the worst type of Negro," and regrets

that, in the South at any rate, the white people come in contact with only the poor and uneducated class. He thinks that the contact of the two races has been narrowing, and has resulted in ignorance and distrust of each for the other, and aloofness and mutual animosity. The great requisite, as he rightly says, is "mutual understanding and co-operation."

That the tomb of our great leader, Bishop John Lancaster Spalding, "Peoria's loftiest memory" should be uncared for (if it still is) is a reproach to his fellow-citizens; that his books should be out of print is a disgrace to American Catholics. How very few better or more needed books have been published at home or abroad since his death?—books like "Education and the Higher Life," "Opportunity," "Things of the Mind," "Thoughts and Theories of Life and Education," "Religion, Art and other Essays," "Religion, Agnosticism and Education," etc. These volumes should be familiar to all Catholic readers; teachers would render an inestimable service by making them known to their students; every library should be possessed of them. They rank with the best of good literature.

Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett, who will be remembered for his graphically beautiful story of the Eucharistic Congress, telling in the *Chicago Tribune* of a pilgrimage (as he calls it) to Peoria last Autumn, says:

One of the first places to which I made pilgrimage in Peoria was the bishop's tomb, but the spot seems so unlovingly cared for, and is so barren of the flowers he loved, that my reflections there were rather somber than inspiring. I went there in all reverence because ever since I was a young reporter and was occasionally assigned to report the bishop when he preached in Chicago, I have felt deep respect for his wisdom, scholarship, and piety, whether expressed in the pulpit or in his

books. As a young man, when I knew so much more than I do now, I still had sense enough to appreciate his pithy little book of essays called "Opportunity." Last night I dipped into it again and, as I now know a good deal less, it taught me a good deal more. . . .

The temple, though small is instinct with dignity and power, like the career of the prelate whose body it contains. It could be made one of the most beautiful and eloquent shrine places in Chicagoland. But now some of the glittering granite is stained with wasps' nests, weeds are, in places, three feet high before the portico, and the grass around the temple is untrimmed. No beds of flowers temper the hard brightness of the granite; no hedges make a background and a perspective for the tomb. The sun shines hard through its stained-glass window, depicting Jesus rising from the grave. There are no tender shadows. I was pained and puzzled as I stood there uncovered. . . .

"Between eighty and ninety per cent of the youthful criminals—the average age of the most of them is nineteen—are victims of divorce conditions and the house divided against itself," declares Ruth S. Miller, writing in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. To show that divorce is a far more monstrous evil than is generally realized, and in corroboration of her own startling assertion, she repeats statements made by Judge Hugo Pam, of Chicago, and Judge MacNeille, of Philadelphia. Said the former:

"It has been my experience, when a young lad is brought up before me on the charge of murder, to learn, in nine cases out of ten, that he has no mother or father living, or that he has known the influence of only one parent. There are rare exceptions, of course, but that is the rule."

The Philadelphia jurist expressed himself more fully thus: "Ninety per cent would be nearer the truth about the delinquent children who come from the home broken by death, desertion

or divorce. At least that has been my experience. I have found that the child who has lost his father or his mother is deprived of about 90 per cent of his rightful social heritage, of about 90 per cent of his chance in life. . . ."

One of the brightest and best of our papers gives a column of its space for an answer to the question, "Does the Catholic Church change from age to age?" If this question were asked of us, we should answer it in the words of the late W. H. Mallock, they are so few, but so adequate: "The Catholic Church is the only historical religion that can conceivably adapt itself to the wants of the present day without virtually ceasing to be itself. It is the only religion that can keep its identity without losing its life, and keep its life without losing its identity; that can enlarge its teachings without changing them; that can be always the same, and yet be always developing."

These words were penned long before the writer of them became a Catholic. In a famous book he had asked "Is Life Worth Living?" Though a teacher, the most important of lessons was yet to be learned by himself. When death approached, mindful of what the Divine Master said to Nicodemus, he decided to join the Church in the hope of attaining life everlasting.

A great benefactor of humanity and a glory of England is Joseph Lister, the centenary of whose birth lately occurred; yet we are assured on high authority—English authority—that "Lister is a name rather than a personality so far as the great majority of his fellow-countrymen are concerned." Little or nothing is generally known of him, and even to well informed people the words "listerism" and "to listerize," supremely significant as they are, convey no meaning. But surely the discov-

erer of antiseptis should not remain unknown. Until he had mastered it, and overcome the opposition of surgeons, a trifling wound might lead in a few days to death.

"It may well be doubted," said Sir Ernest Rutherford, President of the Royal Society, at the celebration of the Lister anniversary at Buckingham Palace, "whether the scientific activities of any other man achieved as much for the saving of human life and the prevention and relief of the physical sufferings which afflict mankind."

An advanced educator, broadminded and outspoken, athletic and humoristic is President Hamilton Holt, of Rollins College, as will be seen by his article dealing with sports in educational institutions, published in the current number of the *Review of Reviews*, to which our attention has been called by a professor of philosophy, who naturally feels a deep interest in the psychology of matters athletical.

Prof. Holt is thoroughly persuaded that sports and studies are closely allied, interdependent in fact; and he considers it extremely deplorable to have either contaminated by hypocrisy. He suggests that we abandon "our pretence of amateurism and come out open and above board for professionalism. I would be perfectly willing," he declares, "to print in our catalogue just how much we pay our pitcher, quarterback and high jumper." A capital idea is this. It would be well also to make known the salaries of professors of literature, science, art and music. Ambitious students would then be enabled to decide offhand whether to "go in" for sports or for study.

While placing blame for the present purely amateur athletic conditions on college administrations, President Holt made a strenuous effort to be facetious, as educators are in the habit of do-

ing, so we have referred to him as being humoristic. After characterizing football as "the most popular game in the land," he pointed out that it was "the only thing in which a young man of twenty stands supreme," and that the student should not be blamed for wishing to achieve the fame in a few weeks that would take many years to achieve in the arts and sciences. He then spoke of the "great merit" of football as the only thing "really well taught" in our colleges. Perhaps it is also the only thing really well learned; it is apparently the thing of liveliest interest in educational circles. Why not make an end of the sham of bestowing awards for so-called academic attainments, and confer degrees for athletics—the degree of H. J. for high jumper, and so on; and call the professors "fans" and "sports," allowing only those of ripened age and possessed of "ginger" ever to appear in "plug-hats."

The only survivor of the group of United States senators, numbering five, who voted against our going to war with Germany is the Hon. George W. Norris; and he declares that he would vote to-day precisely as he did ten years ago. To quote his very emphatic and well-weighed words:

"The real heritage of the war is to be found here at home. It was here that the soul of America was to have been purified. The millions of our youth who went into that orgy of murder were promised a new and better order of things. For the thousands of our young men killed and maimed, for our billions spent, for the countless millions of heartaches, we have—what? We have political corruption such as was never dreamed of before; we have a new crop of millionaires such as the world has never before witnessed; we have a crime wave that staggers the imagination of the world; we have gigantic, war-grown

combinations of trade and money that are squeezing billions annually out of the people who 'gave till it hurt,' and they are doing it under the fawning and paternalistic eye of the Government. We have a national avariciousness and sense of grab, grab, grab, that can not be eradicated from the national consciousness for generations to come. This we have. Why? Because the war did what a few of us believed it would do—it stupefied and paralyzed the moral consciousness of our people as nothing else could have done, and because it was a war of gigantic commercial interests from beginning to end."

Truth without any varnish is this. It will be accepted by some, repudiated by others, as is always the case. Truth is mighty, but it is mighty slow in rising again, after being crushed to earth. But let it prevail, and let error die among its worshippers.

Commenting on Gov. Smith's letter, in answer to the questions put to him by Mr. Marshall, the editor of the *Independent* characteristically remarks:

The last and most memorable sentence of that letter is bound to sink deep into the American political conscience; truly, it is something for bigots to break their teeth on: "In this spirit I join with fellow Americans of all creeds in a fervent prayer that never again in this land will any public servant be challenged because of the faith in which he has tried to walk humbly with his God."

... I think when people write things they ought to know what they are writing about. You had it wrong about those girls that belong to the Holy Rosary high school. But I'm glad you didn't tell the place. If you'd always be careful like that, you wouldn't be making such mistakes. The uniforms weren't skirts at all, they were bloomers.—N. N.

We really didn't know, when we saw the picture, what they were, only that they weren't much of anything.

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Her Offering.

BY WILLIAM NEWBOLT.

I HAVE no lilies for Our Lady's shrine,
No roses that I may in silence lay
Upon the snow-white altar of our Queen,
To celebrate the joyful Month of May;
I have no tapers bright that I may burn,
When purple evening clothes the world in gloom,
Before the picture of our Mother fair
That watches o'er my little sleeping room.
But I will keep my thoughts like lilies all;
And my wild heart will burn with love all day,
As bright as any taper ever burned,
To please our Blessed Lady during May.
And every morn I'll place a rose of prayer
Upon her altar where the sunlight glows;
And Mary will look down upon her child,
And bless her for each lily and each rose.

The Story of Raoul.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

IV.—WITH PÈRE ANTOINE.

IT was a very humble home into which Père Antoine had led his guest. Two low-roofed rooms connected by an arched passage with the church, a little vault of a kitchen, in which a withered old woman was busied over a charcoal fire. But there were two well-filled bookcases against the walls, a couple of carved chairs, upholstered in faded velvet evidently used for church functions, a *prie-dieu* and a crucifix.

"Be seated, *mon ami*," said the old priest pushing forward the bishop's chair with its cushioned footstool. "You are suffering I can see. Let me take off

your heavy shoe and relieve the pain."

And before his guest could object, the old man had bent down and deftly removed the painful pressure on the swollen ankle. Gardiner drew a long breath of relief.

"Thanks, Monsieur," he said gratefully. "This great kindness is more than I could ask from your age and your dignity."

"Not at all, not at all," was the cheerful reply. "As for age, we are never too old to serve; and—and as for dignity, that never has counted with me, old or young, my friend. And now if you will bare your foot, and let my old Janette bring you a pan of hot water to reduce the swelling—"

"Really it is altogether needless," protested Gardiner hastily; "it is better already, I assure you. I am being rightly punished for my folly in leaping from a moving train to save a few moments' time."

"From a moving train!" echoed Père Antoine. "Thank the good God it is no worse with you! 'Tis the American way—haste, haste, always haste, the great haste. It is not what the blessed saints teach, my friend. For so often it means the stumble and the fall, as you have proved to-day. Let Janette get you the hot water as I said, and remain here in peace, for I must leave you for awhile. It is time for Vespers—Benediction in the church; and you are not one of us, you say. *Bien*, the good God will, I hope, send His blessing to you even here. *Au revoir!*" And with a kindly nod Père Antoine turned away, stopping in the little kitchen where he gave a brief order that brought old Janette with a pan of hot water.

"There is really no necessity at all

for this," said the young man somewhat impatiently.

"Monsieur le Curé has so ordered," replied the old woman stolidly. "It must be done."

"Monsieur is very kind," said Gardiner, "and very determined," he added under his breath.

"Too kind," mumbled the old woman; "he keeps nothing for himself. If it were not for my watching we would not have bread enough to eat."

"Then here is something—to watch," said the visitor, handing her a gold piece.

"Ah, thanks, Monsieur, many great thanks! I will watch it indeed, for the beggars get all that comes into Monsieur le Curé's hands. Let me bathe your foot now as he said. It will take away the pain." And so deft were old Janette's hands that when she left him, Père Antoine's guest lay back in his carved chair with the delicious sense of comfort that comes with relief from long-continued pain.

"A queer sort of old shack," he thought looking around the stone walls curiously. "Think of any free-born American living in such a vault as this!" But even while he wondered his thoughts went back to a little cottage as humble as this that had been glorified by love's young dream for him more than a dozen years ago. That far-off past that had started into life he could not forget, try as he might. This quaint village so apart from the stirring world, the ivy-veiled church, the simple, kindly old priest, how it all brought back those memories he had tried vainly to banish!

And that boy who had looked up at him from the bushes, with the eyes of a startled fawn,—the soft brown eyes of Céleste. He caught his breath suddenly as a strain of music broke the stillness around him, the sound of sweet girlish voices upborne by the solemn notes of the organ. Céleste had sung

in the village choir long ago. It was the same old Latin hymn that he had listened to carelessly, uncomprehendingly. "O Salutaris Hostia," and he sat thrilled, softened, as in a dream, until the door leading from the church opened, and Père Antoine, who had entered unseen, laid a friendly hand on his shoulder.

"*Bien!* Sleeping after the pain, *mon ami?*"

"Not sleeping, *mon Père*—only dreaming of a very sad past your church music recalled."

"There should be no sadness in its notes to-day, my son,—only joy. It is Easter, the blessed day of gladness. All over the world the Church is singing Alleluia."

There was a moment's silence. Père Antoine sank into the chair opposite his guest as if inviting further confidence. But he asked no questions. This guest, of whose name even he was ignorant, was as he had said not of his country or his creed, and might resent inquiry and sympathy. But after a pause Gardiner went on:

"I am here on a very strange and perhaps foolish quest. I hesitate to trouble you with its seeming folly."

"*Non, non, non,*" was the gentle answer. "Do not hesitate, my friend, if my counsel, experience, can be of any service to you. For more than forty years I have been listening to the sorrows, the sins, the follies of my fellow-creatures. They can neither shock nor surprise me."

"Then I will tell my story briefly. More than twelve years ago I came to this mountain region of yours in search of health and rest. I was little more than a boy, scarcely twenty-one, had just completed my course in a German university, had studied hard, and was in need of rest and change. I suppose I would have taken my pleasure as young men with a rich and indulgent father do, but my old German doctor

was imperative in his commands: I must come to these secluded mountains, and live for six months at least before returning to my own home. 'Your country is too feverish, too busy, too young,' he said. 'Here you can find the Old World peace and rest.' So I came most unwillingly. I took board and lodging with an old peasant, whose husband had died, leaving her with a seventeen-year-old daughter."

"Seventeen and twenty," smiled Père Antoine, comprehendingly. "You loved her inevitably, *mon ami*?"

"Yes, *mon Père*; she was a peasant, it is true, but beautiful, gentle, good, affianced, according to your old French fashion, to a stupid boy who owned the neighboring mill. We loved each other, as you say, but the old mother and the fiancé stood between us, sternly and hopelessly; and so in my American way I settled matters. I carried off Céleste to the nearest *mairie*, and there we were safely married by French law."

"Without priest, prayer, blessing," exclaimed Père Antoine. "Ah, *mon fils*, that was very sad, very wrong!"

"So the old mother lamented," went on Gardiner, "and Céleste was unhappy too I could see, until we went back to the old curé, and had our marriage blessed in due form by her Church."

"*Bien*, thank God for that!" Père Antoine murmured. "But it was all sorrow, sadness, you say,—the little wife died perhaps?"

"She died, yes, within a year." The words came with an evident effort. "Unfortunately, I had been called home hurriedly by my father's serious illness. I left her with the old mother; the child was born there, and poor little Céleste died. Then the War broke out, cutting off all communication; and for months I could hear nothing. When I at last made my way back with great difficulty, it was to find the little moun-

tain village in blackened ruins from which the terrified inhabitants had fled before the advancing army, to hear that, with scores of other refugees, the child and its grandmother had been lost in the wild flight. Later I learned that the old woman had been found dead on the road; but of the child I could hear nothing. I could only conclude that, mere baby that he was, he too, had perished. I had put all this behind me as a tragedy I must strive to forget, until on this visit to your country, I was shown a list of the war orphans that had been picked up homeless and helpless in the horrors of the German advance; and I found that Monsieur Vachel had in his care as a Government official a boy of eleven years, named Raoul Jardin, who had been placed here at St. Etienne with an old woman named Michelle."

"Ah, yes, yes," broke in Père Antoine, brightening cheerily at this question,—"*le petit Raoul*, my dear little boy!"

"You know him, then?" said Gardiner eagerly. "What is he? who is he? The old woman gives him a bad name."

"A bad name!" echoed Père Antoine indignantly,—"*the old woman gives le petit Raoul a bad name!* Then she does not tell the truth, *mon ami*. There is no better boy in all St. Etienne. Good, true, *gentil*, brave—all things that are fine; but so poor, so neglected, so without love or care. The old Mère Michelle is hard and cold! she has no mother heart. We priests have so little to give, *mon ami*; and there are so many to ask our help. I have grieved often that I could not do something for *le petit Raoul*."

"Tell me more of him," asked Gardiner,—"*all that you have heard, all that you know.*"

"You would befriend him, then, Monsieur?" asked the old priest gravely.

"Befriend him!" echoed Gardiner impetuously,—"*befriend him! Great*

Heaven! I have been driven here by the mad fancy, the desperate hope, fear,—I do not know what to call it,—that this child—this Raoul Jardin—”

“It is not the name he gives himself,” broke in Père Antoine quickly; “it was the name given him by the Government record. He was so little, you see, not four years old. But he remembers, as he told me, being called not Raoul, but Ralph—Ralph Gardiner.”

“My God!” Père Antoine’s guest staggered to his feet. “He calls himself Ralph Gardiner! That is my own name, Monsieur,—“the name my wife gave to her, to *my* child. The boy may be, yes, must be, mine.”

“Sit down, *mon fils*, be still.” Père Antoine pressed the shaken man back into his chair. “Be calm and listen to me. This may be true as you say. If so—if so—ah! *mon Dieu!* what it would mean for my little Raoul—poor little boy, who has been so without friends, without care, without home, so ill treated, so neglected. *Ciel!* if Raoul should be indeed your son,—but we must be careful, we must be sure; we must not raise hopes that are not true. Stay here, *mon ami*, calm your heart, your mind, and I will bring the boy to you that you may see, may question him; and may the good God give us light to know the truth”—Père Antoine’s tremulous prayer was broken rudely by an outcry at his door.

“What is it,—what is it?” he asked a little impatiently, as half a dozen of the village children burst in upon him. “What rudeness is this, *mes enfants?* François, Louis, Pierre,—why are you here like this?”

“Oh, *mon Père! mon Père!*” rose the excited chorus, “we are looking for Raoul. Mère Michelle has sent us out to look for Raoul—all the village is looking for him!”

“Looking for Raoul,” cried Père Antoine sharply. “Little boys that you are,

speaking sense. You are looking for Raoul. Why—where is he?”

“Oh, we do not know, unless he is here,—unless you are hiding him that Mère Michelle may not beat him.”

“Oh, *mon Père,*”—it was small Pierre, the old cobbler’s son, who spoke up,—“Raoul told me that you had hidden him here once when the old woman was going to beat him, that when he had no dinner you gave him cakes and bread. Is he here with you now, *mon Père?*”

“No, I have not seen him—not—not since the early Mass,” said Père Antoine anxiously; “and he is not at home with the old woman?”

“Oh, *non, non, non,*” came the answer. “He has been gone since the mid Angelus—since the Easter Mass—no one knows where. He left the *pot-au-feu* to boil over, the Easter loaf to burn, the chickens to stray. And Mère Michelle is crying out with fear and fright, for Monsieur Vachel will hold her to blame that he is lost—gone, she can not say where,—for, oh, *mon Père,*” said Pierre brokenly, “where the brook is running full and deep we found this in the water,” and the sobbing boy held up a ragged cap.

(To be Continued.)

“What’s in a Name?”

THE name William is derived from the old Teutonic language. Wilhelm, “helmet of many,” signifies one who *protects* or *defends* many. Scarcely less beautiful is another meaning of this familiar name, for the Saxon *helma*, the helm or upper part of a rudder, shows that William should also be a helmsman, or *guide*. Cornelius may be said to have a threefold meaning: if derived from the Latin *cornu*, a horn, it suggests cornucopia, horn of plenty (abundance); or as a cornet, a trumpet, it might have seemed prophetic of the far-sounding power of that instrument; if

the name is from the Greek (*korone*) it means a *rook*, a bird of good omen. Guy seems to come from the old French word to *guide*, to *direct*; and Chaucer used the word "gie" in the same sense. Augustus comes from the Latin verb *augeo*, to honor.

The nation from which we have derived the noble name of Vincent, he who *overcomes*, or the *invincible*, and Victoria (which needs no translation) was above all others a conquering people. It was by the dauntless bravery of her soldiers that Rome became the mistress of the world.

In the name of Evangeline, Evangelista (from the Greek signifying, *bringer of good news*), there is the sound of joy-bells ringing; and sweeter still from Bethlehem echoes the angels' song in the lovely name of Nathalie, meaning Nativity. As a Hebrew name, Anna, *grace*, has two meanings. It connotes virtue as a God-given grace, and a help-giver, because it implies good will and kindness. Grace, in the Greek *Charis* and in the Latin *Gratia* means good will and outward grace,—charm of manner or winsomeness, which is far more precious than charm of beauty.

Albert is *bright*, derived from Albrecht, *altogether bright*, or from Adalbert, *noble and bright*, hence illustrious.

Cripples often pray to St. Claude, Bishop of Besançon, for relief because his name means *lame*. Patrick signifies *nobility*; Charles, coming from the Teuton Karl, means a *strong and valiant man*. Angela, means really a *messenger from God*; Alfred signifies *all-peace*; Edward, the *guardian of happiness*; Daniel, *God is my judge*; Michael, *the strength of God*; Mildred, *one gentle of speech*; Edith, *happiness*. From ancient Assyria come the names Esther, *the star*, and Susan, *the lily*.

The names of the great discoverer of America are especially interesting for they mean *the Christ-bearing Dove*.

A Golden Deed.

A great singer was strolling through the market-place of a strange city one day. He was having a triumphal tour, and crowds of people flocked nightly to applaud him and throw flowers before him as he sang. But through the day he had much leisure, and so he wandered idly about, questioning some old woman as to the quality of her turnips, or stopping to pat some peasant's baby upon the cheek. Finally, he came to a place where hundreds of singing birds were offered for sale. The great musician listened for a while to the melody which burst from their little throats, and then his friends noticed that his eyes were full of tears.

"How do you sell your birds?" he asked of the huckster who owned them. The man saw a chance to drive a good bargain. "They are rare," he answered, mentioning a considerable sum as the price of one alone. The singer's hand went to his purse. "I will take them all. Here is the price of them. Go, dear little prisoners! I sing in freedom, and so shall you." And he opened the door of each cage, and away they flew.

The modest singer did not know why the people shouted themselves hoarse that night when he appeared on the stage, but he knew that the birds were free and his heart was happy.

The Busy Bee.

A bee labors for the smallest of all rewards, when one considers how hard he works and how little he receives. It is said that a bee takes the nectar from 62,000 clover blossoms before he has enough to make one pound of honey. This means, too, so many miles of travel from hive to flower and back again, that the price of a pound of honey seems little. Who could blame the bees if they were to strike?

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—An exceptionally important and especially timely pamphlet is "The Mexican Crisis: Its Causes and Consequences," by the Rev. Michael Kenny, S. J. "I make this article on the Mexican situation my own," writes Bishop Diaz in a foreword. Issued by the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

—Well worthy of preservation on account of the speeches made and the papers read on the occasion is the official report of the "National Catholic Congress, Manchester" [England, 1926]. A complete index would have been a good feature of the volume. Why its publication was so long delayed is not explained. For sale in the United States by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—Mr. G. K. Chesterton's new novel, "The Return of Don Quixote," is described as being "gay with laughter, and at the same time, deep with thought,—a very delightful combination of clever dialogue, diverting incident and good-humored satire." G. K. C., as all familiar with his writings are well aware, can be humorous as well as serious; but he was never known to be frivolous.

—Readers of the *Irish Monthly* will be glad to learn that the Rev. Stephen J. Brown's articles on the Psalms are now published under the title "The Divine Song Book: A Brief Introduction to the Psalms." Whoever reads this little volume will not only experience renewed interest in the Psalms as poetry, but deeper attachment to them as a most wholesome form of prayer. B. Herder Book Co.

—"The Life of Prayer in a World of Science," by William Adams Brown, Ph. D., D. D. (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a serious study of prayer from a Protestant point of view. Dr. Brown states that prayer is coming back into its own in Protestant life, and the publication of such a book as this is a hopeful sign. Throughout his study the author shows evidence of having consulted standard Catholic works on prayer. It is singular that

his understanding of liturgy should be so rudimentary, and more curious still that his appreciation of the Lord's Prayer should be so feeble. It is a work which can be recommended to Protestants.

—Although Catholics do not need to have proved to them that divorce is unlawful, very many, it is to be feared, need to be more thorough in the interpretation of those Scriptural passages and traditional sources upon which the unlawfulness of divorce is frequently grounded. "The Church and Divorce," by the Rev. Thomas Mahon, S. T. L. (B. Herder Book Co.), will be found admirably suited for this purpose.

—We have received the first and second Bulletins of the Catholic University of Peking,—beautifully printed brochures issued as a medium of communication with those who have contributed to the promotion of a great cultural apostolate in the Orient. American Benedictines, as is well known, have been entrusted with the work at the University, which they are happy to announce has not as yet been affected by the military operations in China.

—In "God's Looking-Glass and Other Poems," by Alexander J. Cody, S. J., there is an "Ode to Saint Peter Canisius," the opening line of which, "Lo, in the sanctuaried Rome," recalls the opening line of a more famous ode, "Lo, in the sanctuaried East." But when the poet sings of St. Canisius that he

Will be the catechist of modern pagan days
the resemblance to Francis Thompson is not so marked. Writing of "Clouds" Father Cody is at his best in these lines:

The clouds like pirate ships go by
Upon the windy April sky,
And how I wish that I could be
A pilot in their company.

Published by the University of Santa Clara Press, California.

—Recent excellent pamphlets from the Franciscan Herald Press (Chicago) include two short stories "Marion's Dream," and

Father Roch's Smoker," by Fr. Giles, O. F. M.; also a "Catechism of the Third Order," by Fr. Ferdinand, O. F. M., which contains an explanation, in question and answer form, of the Rule of the Third Order, embodying the uniform and standard version of the Rule as promulgated at the Second National Convention held last year.

—From the press of M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin, comes "Life and Teaching of St. Bernard," by Ailbe J. Luddy, O. Cist., an octavo of nearly eight hundred pages with some seventeen illustrations. It is a scholarly work based throughout on the original biographies of the Saint and on his own writings, particularly on his letters. The importance of St. Bernard in his own day and his lasting importance in the history of the Church perhaps needs in our time the emphasis which this imposing volume so well asserts. Readable lives of the Saint in English have been all too few. Recognizing the very great merit of the present life, we nevertheless believe that for popular purposes a different style of biography is still needed. We should like to see some competent writer take hold of this very book—he would not need to go beyond it for adequate information and inspiration—and retell the story of St. Bernard's life in such a way as would bring it home to the average Catholic. Dom Luddy has placed the Catholic world under heavy obligations by his own work, even though those obligations should not be increased by the further popular treatise of which we hope this book may yet be the inspiration. An excellent index, we may add in passing, enhances the value of the present most welcome volume.

—A writer in the *Boston Herald* has an article on "Authors and Anthologists" in which he pleads for a "square deal" for the writers of verses, who are expected by compilers of books of poetry to allow the use of their poems free, although neither the anthologist nor the publishers are doing their work for nothing. The *Herald's* writer says: "Anthologists ought to have some regard for the authors whose verses they use; and when an author modestly advances the opinion that an

honorarium for the use of a poem or poems in an anthology would be acceptable, I do not exactly see—nor do we—why he should be treated as a mercenary, money-grubbing, tight-fisted scrooge of a fellow, or why he should be considered an enemy to art and literature and an obstacle to the advance of culture." Yet it is not unknown, as the writer shows, for anthologists to lose their temper when the author suggests a fee for the use of his productions. There is a craze for anthologies, these days, and almost any maker of verses is likely to be requested to allow the use of his effusions for inclusion in some collection of poetry.

All very well; but the thing authors dislike most of all is the patronizing attitude assumed by the anthologist (to use the words of the *Herald* writer) "as if he were bestowing a favor on them; as if he were about to drag them forth from their lifelong obscurity into the limelight of fame, and as if they should feel humbly thankful to him for selecting them from all their brother-poets to be represented in the compilation he is making." Of course not all anthologists are like this, but enough of them are so, the *Herald* writer thinks, to make it almost necessary to establish an organization under some such title as "The Society for the Defence of Authors from Anthologists." We did not know the situation was quite so bad as that, but maybe it is—at least in Boston.

Obituary.

Rev. M. H. Clifford, of the diocese of Green Bay; Rev. Francis Doherty, diocese of Cleveland; Rev. Michael Sullivan, diocese of Hartford; and Rev. Charles O'Neill, O. S. A.

Sister M. Raymond, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Daniel Martini, Mr. Bernard Goldbeck, Mr. John Cavey, Mrs. Louisa Murphy, Mrs. Daniel Dwyer, Dr. Robert Leach, Mrs. Mary Quinn, Mrs. William Halley, Mr. H. P. Stevens, Miss Anna Orr, Mrs. J. A. Green, Mr. Michael Ward, Mrs. John Cordiera, Miss Effie McKinnon, and Mr. N. J. Wilson.

May they rest in peace!

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CONTENTS

Mary is Our Queen.—(Poem).....	<i>The Very Rev. R. O'Kennedy</i>	65
A Romantic Restoration.....	<i>J. F. Scholfield</i>	65
Ancient Lights.—(Continued).....	<i>Agnes Blundell</i>	68
A Ramble in Normandy.—(Conclusion).....	<i>A. Hilliard Atteridge</i>	72
A Refutation.—(Poem).....	<i>Arthur Barry</i>	75
The Efficiency of Monica Wreay.....	<i>Marie Antoinette de Roulet</i>	76
The Banquet without Bread.....	<i>Julia Harries Bull</i>	80
Saved by an Insect.....	<i>A. M. K.</i>	83
The Best of All Devotions.....		84
Notes and Remarks:		

Remarkable Reflections of Sir Oliver Lodge.—In Contrast.—President Coolidge's Congratulations to the Brave Aviators.—Martyrs of Yesterday.—A Model Missionary.—The Banished Mexicans; An Appeal to American Catholics.—"Don't Worry About the Bark."—Concerning Bodily Health.—A Beautiful Incident.—Whimsical but Memorable.....85

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Praise.—(Poem)	<i>Gertrude E. Heath</i>	89
The Story of Raoul.—(Continued).....	<i>Mary T. Waggaman</i>	89
A Noble Rival.....		93
Flowers, Trees and Fruits.....		94
A Story of St. Francis.....		94
How Did They Know?.....		94
With Authors and Publishers.....		95
Obituary		96

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 16.—Our Lady of Mt. Carmel. St. Helier, Hermit.	WEDNESDAY, 20.—St. Jerome Æmiliani, C. St. Margaret, V. M.
SUNDAY, 17.—SIXTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Alexius, C. St. Kenelm, M.	THURSDAY, 21.—St. Praxedes, V. St. Julia, V. M.
MONDAY, 18.—St. Camillus of Lellis, C. SS. Symphorosa and Comp's, MM.	FRIDAY, 22.—St. Mary Magdalene.
TUESDAY, 19.—St. Vincent de Paul, C.	SATURDAY, 23.—St. Apollinaris, B. M. St. Liborius, B. C.

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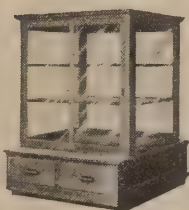
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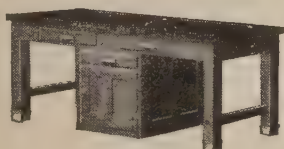
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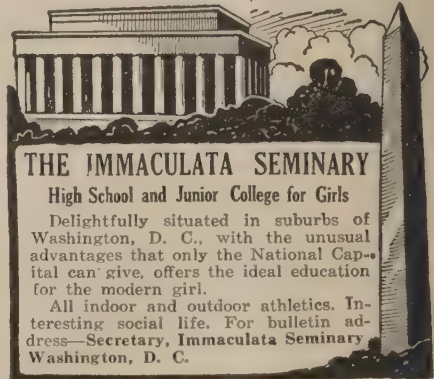
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Mary is Our Queen.

BY THE VERY REV. R. O'KENNEDY.

I KNOW an island blest—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!*—
 Where Mary's servants rest—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
 Oh, 'twas beautiful and green
 In its robe of morning sheen,
 And sweet Mary was its Queen—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!
 And scattered through the land—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
 By river, vale, and strand—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
 Ruined fane and forest cell
 Still the ancient story tell,
 That they loved sweet Mary well—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!
 Virgins like the rose,—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
 Maidens pure as snows,—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
 Thick as stars our Marys be,
 Yet they keep religiously
 One sweet Name untouched for thee,†—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!
 God bless the olden days!—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
 The days of Mary's praise—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
 When, a white-robed myriad band,

Saints arose on every hand;
 And sweet Mary ruled the land—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!
 But still to God be praise—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
 As in the olden days—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!—
 Ireland's hills are still as green
 As through ages they have been,
 And sweet Mary is our Queen—
 A Wirra Wauher Dhae!

A Romantic Restoration.

BY J. F. SCHOLFIELD.

THE extraordinary progress of the Church in Great Britain, especially the multiplication of parishes in the last quarter of a century, is often the subject of comment, whether rejoicing or regretful. To Catholics there is a special gladness when what was once a stronghold of the Faith, and has lain desolate for centuries, becomes once more a centre of the ancient belief and worship. Occasionally it happens that part of the property seized during "The Great Pillage" comes back to the rightful owner; but that is of comparatively small importance. The real restoration for which we wait and pray, and of which the visible signs are multiplying around us, is the return of the Faith of which our country was despoiled by impious tyranny, of the Sacrifice which

* The Irish of "O Mary Mother of God!"

† The Irish is the only language that, out of respect for the Blessed Virgin, has one form of the name Mary (Mwirra) for her, and another form (Maurya) for ordinary Marys.

is the divine centre of Christian adoration, and of the loyalty to Christ's Vicar, which, as Ven. Nicholas Postgate, the Yorkshire martyr, wrote, is loyalty to Christ Himself.

Lancashire is, of course, England's premier county in that loyalty; not only are the faithful of the Duchy as impervious to both force and fraud as they have been since the long years of the great English persecution, but the Church is continually lengthening her cords and strengthening her stakes, according to the Prophet's words.* In the last few years a signal and most interesting example of her progress has been afforded by the establishment of the new parish of Whalley, the church of which stands on the site of the famous Cistercian abbey which, from 1296 until the Pillage of 1536, was one of the lights (and they were many) of northern England.

The history of the foundation is romantic. A Cistercian house had stood for long years at Stanlaw, a lonely spot "on the mud flats of the Mersey," which became an island when the Canal was cut in 1894 in order to make a passage for ships of great tonnage to the new Port of Manchester. The situation was ideal for men whose one wish was to retire from the world and give themselves to spiritual things. As a writer in the *Manchester Guardian* well put it some years ago: "No road approaches the place—indeed, except for the abbey, none has ever been needed. Such solitude aided the growth of the [Cistercian] spirit; such surroundings kept wealth and idleness at bay."

The same writer continues: "The site had, however, one most serious defect; it was not high enough. The rock on which the abbey stood was washed by the waters of the Mersey. The danger of floods was clearly seen, and a long

line of embankment, designed to keep back the waters, was raised." This was not, however, sufficient protection. The great tower of the church fell in the latter part of the Thirteenth Century, to the serious injury of the whole structure. Floods devastated the buildings in 1279 and 1287. Two years later a fire destroyed the greater part of them, and permission to remove the foundation to a safer place was sought from Pope Nicholas IV. The monks' petition stated: "The place is so affected and flooded by inundations of the sea (the waters at times being three feet deep in the abbey buildings) that the men can remain no longer without serious danger both to their goods and persons. The lands and possessions of the monks have suffered such havoc from the floods that there is no safe road to or from the monastery. It is, therefore, feared that it will not long escape entire destruction."

The Pope's permission was duly granted, but it was not until June, 1296, that the foundation stone of the new abbey was laid at Whalley, in East Lancashire, not far from the Yorkshire border, some four miles from the present stately pile of Stonyhurst College, and about the same distance from the town of Clitheroe. The fell country on the "march" of the two counties was a wild, desolate district in those days and has much of the same character still. Building proceeded slowly, and the great conventual church was begun only in 1330. A few fragments are all that remain of the once handsome building.

When Henry Tudor embarked on his miserable career of sacrilege and cruelty, Whalley Abbey had for some seven generations been conspicuous among the northern religious houses; its fame could not equal that of Fountains, Rievaulx, or Hexham, but it was a home of austere piety, famed for the regular performance of the *divinum opus*, and for

* Isaiah liv, 2.

unfailing hospitality. This last virtue was exercised in a substantial *hospitium*, which, in spite of the rough storms that sweep down from the Pennine Chain, and of sacrilegious and greedy spoilers who have found in the remaining buildings of the Abbey a quarry for their purposes, has never suffered entire destruction. It has been used of late years as a barn, and before that as a cow byre. Its northern end forms part of the south wall of the monastic church. This venerable building has been converted into the parish church of the new Catholic parish of Whalley. Catholic worship was restored in 1921, and last year the church was completed. An adjoining farm house is now "The Abbey Presbytery." The rector, Rev. Joseph Bannon, is also chaplain to the Calderstones Institution for Mental Defectives, where Mass is offered every Sunday.

Only a small part of the monastic property has been recovered by the Church; another portion has been purchased by the Anglican authorities; and much of it is, we believe, still in lay possession. It is a matter for deep thankfulness, however, that, though under conditions far removed from those of the days of Whalley's splendor, the Faith of the Cistercian monks is once more proclaimed on the ancient site, and the Holy Sacrifice offered day by day as it was offered by the abbot and his brethren four hundred years ago.

John Paslew, the last abbot, is among the 242 *Prætermissi*, whose Cause has not yet been introduced, but who may one day be raised to the altars of the Church. Two of his monks, John Eastgate and William Haydock, suffered with him, in March, 1537.

The community, which had been expelled the preceding year, had been reinstated during the Pilgrimage of Grace, and so was one of the special objects of the royal tyrant's vengeance.

Even from his point of view, the evidence against Whalley was trifling in the extreme. But Henry was bent on the satisfaction of his lust and his avarice; and "Dissolution by Attainder" was an easy way to satisfy both. And in that fateful year the resistance to his depraved will on the part of the heroes of the "Pilgrimage" had inflamed him with a savagery which turned much of northern England into a wilderness. Whalley was one of the outstanding victims of that hideous outburst of cruelty.

Readers of Harrison Ainsworth's exciting romance, "The Lancashire Witches," will remember how in the introductory chapter Abbot Paslew is introduced as an excellent ecclesiastic around whom storm-clouds are daily thickening. Whether or no there is any authority for the solemn warning known as the "Abbot's Curse" which he is said to have pronounced against all sacrilegious spoilers of his beloved monastery, we may be sure that the doom of sacrilege always falls, sooner or later, in some divine act of judgment, often visible to the most careless eyes. But it is consolatory to think of the joy of the dispossessed, homeless, and martyred religious if (as is surely most likely) they are allowed to know of such restorations as that lately effected at Whalley. When will men learn the folly of opposing God and His Church?

The old parish church of Whalley, since the Sixteenth Century in the hands of the Establishment, is considerably more ancient than the abbey, and is intelligently and reverently cared for by its present custodians. The choir stalls of the monastic church were removed here after the spoliation, though they seem "uneasily dominating" the comparatively small building, according to a local newspaper. The northwest gateway, built soon after the monks' arrival, and the northeast gateway, are still standing; so is the abbot's

lodging, part of which is still inhabited, also part of the cloister and remains of the Chapter-house. Such relics of our Catholic past, while they bear witness to the impious violence of the Great Pillage, seem, in the light of what is happening to-day, prophetic of England's Restoration.

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

III.



THOU hadst best go early to bed, Richard," said the Squire, as they sat together by the hearth after supper. "I shall watch till late, because you—know—who (he leaned over, whispering in his son's ear) will not be here ere midnight."

"What!—a priest?"

"Aye, to be sure! He lay at the Gifford's last night, but dared not move till we were shut of *those* gentry. I sent him word when I had seen their backs. He will have a sore journey of it in the dark; but to-morrow there will be over many folk upon the roads. Ah, Richard, when I was young, Christmas was a merry time indeed!"

"You are young enough yet, Sir," returned his son, glancing across at the sturdy, well-knit frame. "Perhaps we shall both live to see happy Christ-masses return once more. God may soften the heart of the Queen."

"I pray for it daily," said the elder man thoughtfully. "But we must bear our trials in patience. When I was a child," he continued presently, in a reminiscent tone, "the whole countryside was alive on Christmas Night. Every village had lights in the windows, the roads were bright with swinging lanterns; and those that could not crowd into the churches knelt humbly outside in the snow and mire."

"There is place enough in the

churches now, if folk say true," remarked Richard.

"Aye—except where they are filled up with the poor folks' pots and pans! Ah, you may stare, lad,—'tis not only the sheriff and his crew who must get their maws filled in these pestilent visitations. The vicars must have their share; and when the vestry is filled with gear, they will not scruple to heap it in the church as well. Ye see, lad, if we be not ready with the monthly twenty pounds they can distrain—seize and sell all the cattle, household furniture and wearing apparel, and take the two-thirds of lands, tenements, farms and leases as well."

"And do these men, who profess to teach religion, stoop to such ill-gotten gains?" exclaimed the young man in surprise and indignation.

"Her Majesty would obtain few ministers did she not gild the pill. But, Richard, do not too greatly blame them. These are for the most part little men, owners of naught outside their preferments; their ambition gives the tempter power. The great lords, who should surely lead the people, scarce a man of them but has laid his hand to plunder. The cry is always: 'Why should not I do what others do?' Even Catholics have not been wholly guiltless."

Richard was amazed. He had been used to think of his father as of a man of impulsive and choleric temper, impatient of the faults of others.

The Squire was now gazing at him very earnestly.

"It is good Father Hunt who puts these things before me," he said simply. "See thou, Richard, I was over prone to curse all back-sliders, but, thanks be to God, the holy man has shown me the error of my ways—preferring myself to others, and such like. 'Who knows,' saith he, 'what their temptations are?' They are ill-taught and have no help

from the 'Blessed Sacraments. So—though no doubt they are a scurvy lot—we'll e'entry to make the best of them."

"Here is Tom butler at the door," said Richard, catching at his father's sleeve.

"Well, well! Tom is true enough. What is it, Tom?"

"Another score of beggars clamoring at the gate, sir. But I'll not open it for them,—not I!"

"Any of our own folk?"

"Nay, villains from Bolton ways on," answered the butler contemptuously.

"Well, well," said the Squire again, getting heavily to his feet. "This new law, thou knowest, Richard, can not cope with the multitude of homeless folk on the roads now. 'Tis no use to send them to the justice, for Master Matthew was here to-day with the pursuivants—ill-drunk, was he not, Tom?"

"Aye, sir, ill-drunk, the cursed rascal, and on our own French wine that he ferreted out last month when he ransacked the house with the sheriff's men."

"The villain!" exclaimed Sir Nicholas hotly, but he quickly caught himself up. "He knows no better, I dare say. These folk can not travel much farther to-night; and yet I would have them out of the way when Father Hunt arrives. Too many eyes and ears!—and starved bodies make evil councillors. Tom, rouse up young Bob at the gate-house, bid him take the black mare—"

"The horses are all out on the mosses," interrupted Tom, with the privilege of an old and trusted servant.

"God's curse—O Lord, forgive me, I meant it not! God forgive my hasty tongue! The lad must go on foot, then, and take this token, and bid Squire Fletcher to deal with these poor folk for me. Bid him say I have been sorely visited to-day."

"Marry, sir—they are an idle, ragged, useless crew; best turn the dogs

on 'em, say I!" exclaimed the serving-man hotly."

"Why, Tom, we may be in the same case any day ourselves," quoth the Squire mildly. "Bid Debby give them out what bread she can spare by the postern window, but open not the gate. Stay, I will speak to them. No need for you to come, son, best get thee to bed."

"Nay, I'll wait up with you," said the young man.

He roused himself with a start from the dose into which he had fallen as the Squire strode back into the room.

"An ill-favored lot," he said anxiously. "They are becoming a terror to the country. I would I had gone myself to bring the priest, but I could not bear to be away at thy return. You know, Richard, happen what may, the priest must be preserved. There is no other at present in these parts. We have scouts posted, of course."

"What! In this downpour?"

"Yes, while the priest lies here, needs must. Why, we have had the sheriff and his men through the house three times in twenty-four hours. They broke the panels of your chamber once, Richard. But not in the right spot—they struck too low. The real place is above the chimney. We cut out the stone behind the tapestry, and it moves on the pivot very nicely. Yes, Will Denman and I made a good job of it, but 'tis a plaguy small hole to get through for a man of my girth. The Mass gear is stored there."

"Father, you stand in dreadful danger," said the other breathlessly.

"I was never timorous," returned the Squire. "What else can we do? We can not have Mass without a priest, and the folk must go to confession, and all. Aye, lad, thou hast been living in a Catholic country; thou canst scarce realize the shifts and straits we are put to live; and yet this used to be called the Island of Saints!"

The straight-backed chairs in which they sat were little conducive to slumber, but Richard was worn out by his long journey, and presently fell asleep. He was roused shortly before midnight. The Squire was kindling a torch and yawning portentously.

"They will be here anon," he remarked; and proceeding to the hall, he knelt down, torch in hand on the cold flags, and taking his Rosary from the pocket of his doublet, began to tell his beads.

Richard knelt too, but he could not compose his mind to prayer. He envied his father's perfect tranquillity among the dangers which surrounded him. Pemberton's words still echoed in his mind—"Men that might have been our own fathers, dragged on a hurdle through the dust and filth of the city."

Sir Nicholas' fine features and thick grey locks were illumined by the smoky glare of the torch he held, one hand propped on the arm of a carved chair. His beard was thick and pointed, and neatly tended. He wore a small white ruff, close-fitting and nicely starched, and a brown velvet doublet with large old-fashioned sleeves. His trunk hose, or short, puffed breeches, were fuller and longer than fashion demanded; and instead of the elegant cloth hose then in vogue, his nether limbs were cased in long boots of Spanish leather. Two hounds were crouched on either side of their master, their long noses laid along their paws, their watchful eyes steadily gleaming. They were the first to give notice of the expected guest's arrival, by low growls and lifted hackles. The Squire bade Richard open the door and himself knelt down in the snow to hold the priest's stirrup. He came in hastily, with a nervous backward glance—a small, pale man, wrapped in a muddy cloak.

"Peace be to this house," he mur-

mured, while crossing the threshold.

Richard had an impression of deep sunken, weary eyes, which gazed at him piercingly as he was presented. Then a cold trembling hand touched his head in blessing.

"It is after twelve, I will take nothing, good friends," said the priest in reply to the Squire's offer of refreshment.

A few moments later Richard found himself alone in his room. It seemed to him that he had hardly closed his eyes before lights aroused him once more, and he started up to find his father and the butler busily engaged in lifting down the vestments from the hiding-hole above the chimney.

"What's amiss?" exclaimed the boy, springing up.

"Not that box, thou dolt, Tom!" exclaimed the Squire. "Good-morning, my son! 'Tis nearly time for Mass."

"And I will serve Mass," said Richard, rising hastily.

"No need," cried the Squire, turning round. "'Tis a capital offence, lad; I'll serve myself."

Richard was dipping his face in a basin and gasping from the cold douche.

"I think it is my place now, Sir," he observed.

His father flushed but said nothing for a moment. When the servant had left the room, he came over and stood by his son, who was hastily donning his clothes.

"See thou, Richard, thou art all I have left. 'Tis an honorable name we bear, and I would fain hand it on. The Lord will not take it amiss if I try to keep thee from danger. But thou art right maybe about Mass—the Almighty will protect His own." He added with a complete change of tone, "I'm in haste to see thee wed, my lad!"

"Wed!" exclaimed the young man in amazement.

"Why, aye, wed! I might be taken any time, and I'd like to hold a grand-child in my arms first. I have a love for this place too, and thou knowest since Jack has taken Holy Orders we must needs resettle. I would fain thy children should hold as much of these lands as we can save."

"I trust you'll live for many a long day, father. You are hale and hearty enough—not yet in your sixtieth year!"

"I might, God willing," returned the Squire cheerfully. "But sitha lad, I'm ready to lay down my life too, should He demand it of me. Say no more. These are unchancy times, and I had fain see my goods settled on you and your heirs."

Richards face was slightly flushed.

"So be it, Sir! Give me but time to think it over. I have scarce exchanged a word with any maid since I left Italy—barring my sister Ann at St. Omer and the Reverend Mother."

"Nay, Richard—thou hast met the lass I destine for thee, though maybe not for a year or two. But enough—this talk is over worldly. Our thoughts should be otherwise engaged."

"But tell me at least the lady's name!" exclaimed Richard. "I shall have twice as many distractions else."

"Her name? Why lad, 'tis thy old playmate, Alice Cleburne."

"What, one of those children my mother had here to tend?"

"No other. Thy mother loved Mistress Cleburne well and kept the children by her near a year while the poor soul lay sick. Well, she died a while ago—Lord ha' mercy on her—a year or two later than thy mother; and Mistress Alice is a child no more, but a fine lass of near twenty years. We'll speak of this again, Richard."

The Squire then left the room, bearing in his arms the Mass book and pewter chalice. Presently one of the serv-

ants pushed his head round the door.

"Master Richard, Squire says we must e'en have Maass in the barn—there is such a rout of folks come. Some has been waiting an hour and more, lying in the woods till they saw lights in the windows."

"The great barn, I suppose."

"Aye."

He paused, grinned and gave a one-sided nod, still keeping the major part of his person on the farther side of the door.

"I'm fain to see yo' back, Mester Richard." He withdrew his head and slammed the door, leaving Richard smiling at the recollection of boyish pranks in which Harry had often been his ally.

He emerged from the house presently in the chill darkness of early morning. The moon had long since set, the stars were obscured by the light sea fog, which still drifted inland. Insensibly Richard found himself stepping cautiously, his feet falling now on gravel, now on mossy turf. As his eyes grew accustomed to the darkness he could make out the tall trunks of the elm trees stretching away before him like the columns of a cathedral.

The door of the great barn was closed, but its interstices were outlined by gleams of light from within. Two or three men were grouped about it—one raised the latch, the others stood back for young Neville to pass.

As he crossed the threshold it seemed to him that he was stepping into the setting of one of those Mediæval frescoes in which he had taken such delight in Bologna. The air in the dull light of lantern and taper was filled with a dim, golden haze, caused by the dust of the old hay, whose fragrance filled his nostrils. The catch-poles in their haste to gather in the Squire's gear had burst a sack of wheat,

and the grain was spilled across the flags. The wide space was filled with the crouching forms of men, women and children, some in rags, some in purple and fine linen, all crowded together, all bent on one purpose. At the farther end a rude altar had been erected on trestles; and there the priest was already vesting.

The Squire attended him; his grey head looked almost white in the dim light; and the wax candle, burning in a tall sconce behind him, threw a radiance round it like an aureole. Richard's heart contracted, his father looked far older than his years warranted. He wished he had returned sooner to help him to bear his heavy burdens. Now that he had tardily come home, he resolved to allow no selfish inclination of his own to interfere with his father's wishes. As a dutiful son of that date he believed in his father's right to choose a wife for him; and though he was startled at the imminence of the prospect, he was determined that nothing on his side should be wanting.

He pushed his way through the people to the altar, and father and son knelt side by side to assist at the Sacrifice of the Mass.

(To be Continued.)

THE dove is rich in symbolic meanings. This emblem of love, and later on of innocence, found its highest meaning in Our Saviour, especially in His death and in the gift of the Holy Eucharist. This may have been the reason why formerly the Holy Eucharist was reserved in a golden vessel in the form of a dove. The stag is, in legends, represented as the enemy of the serpent (the devil or sin), which it always overcomes and kills. As such it is an emblem of the victor of sin. And, as everyone knows, the lamb is a symbol of the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

A Ramble in Normandy.

BY A. HILLIARD ATTERIDGE.

II.

LIKE many European peoples the Normans of to-day are a mixed race. Amongst their constituents are Keltic, Latin, Teutonic and Norse elements. The last of these gives the Province and the people the names of Normandy and the Normans. It may be that the roughly-hewn, prehistoric monuments of massive stine—the menhirs and dolmens to be found here and there, chiefly in the west of the province,—are the work of an early race of which all record is lost; but when the history of the country begins with Cæsar's conquest, nearly 2000 years ago, it was a land of the Gael, or, as the Romans called them, the Galli (Gauls). The names of the Gallic tribes survive in a softened form in the names of towns and cities and the local names of many districts.

Then came the centuries of Roman rule, with its imperial officials, gar-risons of legionaries, Roman colonists and traders, and the gradual Latinizing of the province. In Normandy the old Keltic speech of the people disappeared, though it held on in the neighboring land of Armorica, the Brittany of later times. Greatest and best of all the changes of this period was the coming of the Faith to Normandy. Long before Constantine gave peace to the Church there were Catholic bishops at Rouen and other cities and towns of this northern land. The local patron saints honored in the dioceses of Normandy are frequently those of bishops of these Roman days. The cathedrals occupy the sites of the churches they erected. In the transition period that followed the decline of the Roman Empire in the West, the bishops were the guardians not only of the Faith, but also of the Gallo-Roman culture and

civilization that had grown up as the two races became welded together under the rule of the Empire. There is no reason to believe that the country, soon to be known as Normandy, was the scene of disorder and devastation during the time when the invaders from beyond the Rhine entered France in successive waves. The lines of invasion of Huns, Vandals and Burgundians were far away to the south. In Normandy one reads of the foundation of bishoprics and the building of monasteries at this time. When the Franks became dominant we hear of bishops and abbots, including some of those from the northern province, becoming the advisers and officials of more than one of the Merovingian kings after the conversion of Clovis.

With the beginning of the Ninth Century there was the hope that Western Europe would be united in the new "Holy Roman Empire," founded by Charlemagne. But in the first half of that century there came new invasions, that for a while devastated the north of France, but finally gave Normandy its new name, and was the beginning of its most famous period. A Mediæval chronicler tells how in his old age the Emperor Charlemagne camped at a village by the North Sea shore, and saw far seaward long, low-built ships, with red sails, brightly painted oars and bows carved into dragons' heads.

Tears came into Charlemagne's eyes as he said: "Those sea dragons will tear to pieces the Empire I have made." They were ships of the Northmen, sea-rovers from Norway and the adjacent Scandinavian countries, who had already begun their plundering raids on England and Ireland, and were to be for long years the terror of Western Europe. Skilful and daring seamen, they ultimately found their way by the Orkneys, Faroes and Iceland to America; along the western coasts of Europe into the

Mediterranean, and by the Arctic and the White Seas into Northern Russia. War was their occupation. There were times when two of their squadrons would engage in battle as a sport, for the mere love of fighting. Their northern paganism, made them worshippers of their war gods, Odin and Thor; and battle was to be one of the joys of their heaven, Valhalla. To the countries they raided they came first as mere plunderers, then as conquerors. Their light draught ships could go far up the rivers; these became their highways into the interior of the lands they first raided and then invaded.

Within a few years of the great Emperor's death they were plundering the coast villages; and then they began to push their raids up the Seine. Churches and monasteries were sacked and burned, towns and cities were pillaged. Their easily won successes suggest that they found the country along the Seine a peaceful land, without castles and fortified towns. Each Summer saw a new series of raids. One year they sacked Bayeux and killed its bishop; next year the city and bishop of Beauvais shared the same fate. Then came permanent settlements where bands of the Northmen erected stockaded camps as a base for further operations.

At last (probably it was in the year 886), there came the leader who was to make Normandy a state and the Northern raiders a new nation settled on its soil. This was Hrolf, whose name has been softened from the guttural Norse into the old French Rollo, or Rou. He began with a raid in which he burned Bayeux and sacked Lisieux. Then in some twenty-five years of fighting and raiding he became the recognized chief of the Norse settlers on both sides of the Seine. He seized Rouen and chose it as his capital; he attacked Paris; and he made at least one raid through Cambrai to the borders of Lorraine.

The raiders could now manage long land expeditions. Normandy has always been a land of stout horses, and the sea-rovers had learned to make good use of them. The mounted man-at-arms was soon to be the typical Norman warrior.

At last, in 911, Charles the Simple, the King of France, whose effective power was limited to a comparatively small territory round Paris, decided that peace must be patched up with those northern intruders. Rollo and his fighting men might then be a protection against further invasions by their countrymen. There was a conference at the border village of Clair-sur-Epte. It was agreed that Rollo should be recognized as "Duke of Normandy." He was to receive baptism, and induce as many as possible of his people to renounce paganism; he was to do homage to the French King as his suzerain, a formality that meant little and did not alter the plain fact that Rollo was, in all practical matters, an independent prince, with a fighting force at his back that no neighbor could safely challenge.

Thus began the conversion of the Normans and the period of their national fame. They were a dominant minority in the midst of a Catholic people; and thus some of them had already become converts before the conference at Clair-sur-Epte. Many more were ready to follow the example of their chief. But in the West there was long a considerable opposition to the change; and for some fifty years sacrifices were still offered to Thor and Odin by the Norsemen at Caen and other places on the Breton border. Rollo had to meet the actual armed resistance of pagan chiefs, who declared he was now no true Norseman. How far he himself ever became thoroughly converted may be doubted, if we are to believe the story of the chronicler, who tells that, in his last illness,

there was a day when he made rich offerings to the churches and another when he asked that sacrifice might be offered to the gods of the sea-rovers. Perhaps this strange request may have meant only that the fever-stricken old warrior was for a while the prey of raving memories of his early days. However this may be, the Archbishop of Rouen held that he had died as a true Christian man, and his tomb was erected in the Cathedral of Notre Dame, where its place is now marked by a modern monument.

Rollo and his successors, the Norman Dukes of his line and their barons and knights, were builders of many castles to make sure their hold of Normandy. But they were also builders of churches, founders of religious houses, generous to all good works. The Norman had become a separate nationality from that of the old Norsemen. It might well be said that they were making atonement for the years in which their ancestors had been the terror of the land and the wreckers of church and cloister. They had been the enemies of Christendom, now they became its champions. The old spirit of adventure made them still lovers of war, but it was gradually transformed by the new spirit of Christian chivalry. The Norse sea-rovers had raided the Mediterranean in the old pagan days. Robert Guiscard of Coutances and his Norman comrades found their way there half a century before the Conquest of England; and, fighting as the champions of the Holy See, met and defeated Greeks and Saracens in Sicily and Southern Italy, and the forces of the German Emperor when these attempted a march on Rome. Later still the Norman princes and barons were the foremost among the leaders of the Crusades.

While Guiscard was winning his principedom in the South another Norman knight, Herluin of Brionne, laid

sword and shield aside to take the Benedictine habit, and founded the most famous of the Norman abbeys, in a valley about half way between Rouen and Lisieux. It took its name from the little stream beside which it was built,—a Norse name still lingering in the Norman speech, though they had long adopted the language of France. "Beac" was the Norse word for a stream, and the new foundation was known as the Abbey of Bec. Its second abbot was the famous Lanfranc, its third St. Anselm, a Doctor of the Church. Its school was celebrated throughout all Christendom, and it gave a Pope and many prelates to the Church. The abbey survived till, after nearly 800 years, it was involved in the destruction wrought by the French Revolution. The village that grew up beside it now bears the name of Bec-Hellouin, and so commemorates the name of the abbey's founder. Herluin's tomb is in the village church. Of the abbey all that remains is a great tower, some arches of its church and a range of buildings now transformed into the stables of a remount barrack of the French army.

Duke William, the "Conqueror," endowed Bec with broad lands in England, and brought over Abbot Lanfranc to be Archbishop of Canterbury. The Conqueror was a kinsman of the Saxon St. Edward the Confessor, whose mother was a princess of the line of Rollo. Before he won his English kingdom, William had added the province of Maine to his Duchy, defeated a rising of his nobles in the west, and an invasion from Brittany. Caen in the western border, towards Brittany and Maine, was his favorite city; he built its castle, and, with his saintly wife Matilda, founded a Benedictine abbey and convent. The latter is now the local refuge of the poor whose guardians are Sisters of Mercy. Both the churches are splendid examples of the new style of architecture that de-

veloped in old Normandy. A plain inscribed stone before the high altar of one of them marks the Conqueror's grave.

He was the ancestor of a line of kings, one of whom, Henry Plantagenet, Count of Anjou, Duke of Normandy and King of England, ruled an empire that extended from the Pyrenees to the Scottish border. Greater than his fame is that of his victim, St. Thomas à Becket, who is honored with altars and monuments in many of the Norman churches where Henry's name is hardly known. English claims to rule in France led to long wars. Their latest episode was the mission of St. Joan of Arc; it ended with her tragic death at Rouen, but the virgin martyr of patriotism conquered in death. All of Normandy that is left to English rule is the group of islands off the rocky western coast of the old Duchy, the "Channel Islands," which the French still persist in calling the "Iles Normandes."

A Refutation.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

HOW fully have the centuries undone

False theories of heretics perverse

Who shamed not Mary's honor to asperse;

Declared her clients underrate her Son

And rob of glory meet that Saving One;

Called fond reliance on her aid a curse;

Denounced sweet prayers to her as vain, or
worse;

Proclaimed, in fine, her cult a snare to shun!

Refuted by the probing test of time,

These falsities no longer credence claim;

One only Church preserves Christ's faith
sublime:

'Tis she who ever honored Mary's name.

Reformers placed the Mother 'neath their
ban:

Their heirs to-day proclaim the Son mere
man.

The Efficiency of Monica Wreay.

BY MARIE ANTOINETTE DE ROULET.

I.

AT five minutes to five Monica Wreay rose from her desk. Her work was over save for the manuscripts she was taking home for further consideration; these she placed in a grey leather case.

She moved quietly to her locker, where she brushed her dress and dusted her shoes. Thence she proceeded to the dressing-room, taking with her a lacquered box, from which she drew a jar of cold cream. This she applied freely, though without waste, following the preliminary cleansing with a liberal use of warm water and soap. A splash of icy water completed her ablutions. She took down her abundant chestnut hair, combed it swiftly and coiled it again, her slim fingers moving with unerring precision; then she rinsed her hands and fluffed a delicate layer of powder over her face.

She wrapped a fleecy wool scarf of grey and madonna blue about her throat, donned a rough coat of grey tweed with flying shoulder cape, and a soft felt hat of the same grey, then pulled on a pair of grey gloves stitched in blue. Picking up her purse and manuscript case, she turned with a smile to wait for Eunice Bland.

The latter, working breathlessly until after the clock had struck, cramming her papers into her desk, jerking the cover on her typewriter with her right hand, while she jabbed a powder puff at her nose with her left, wondered for the hundredth time at Monica's serene competence. Competent was the fitting word, she decided. Capable implied the bustling activity of the New England housewife whose laundry was invariably on the line before breakfast of a Monday morning, and whose week con-

sisted of a series of furious onslaughts upon a succession of endless tasks.

"That is rather my style," Eunice reflected ruefully, "though I never quite catch up. Miss Wreay never falls behind; yet she works so easily, and is never too busy to help any one. But I am keeping her waiting!"

Outside it was already twilight, and the streets were covered with the muddy slush that is the final stage of snow in the Loop. Scurrying through the jostling crowd to the station, standing in the packed trains, Eunice wondered anew at Monica's serenity, and decided that only ideal living conditions could account for it.

"Her cousins must make her comfortable at home," she reflected, thinking of her own narrow, rented room, "since neither the strain at the office nor this awful mob seems to fret her."

She followed Monica from the train. They walked briskly down several streets, and came to a pleasant old-fashioned apartment building. Monica had scarcely opened the front door when she became the centre of a laughing *melée*, which presently disentangled itself into a manly lad of about sixteen, and a bright-faced girl some two years younger.

"A sudden rush from the stairway, a sudden raid from the hall," quoted Monica, laughing and kissing them.

"Miss Bland, may I present my cousins, Kenneth and Marguerite Wreay?"

Eunice had pictured the cousins with whom Miss Wreay lived as a benevolent elderly couple, and she was therefore too startled to do more than smile a response to the friendly greeting of the young folk, as they trooped up the stairs to the Wreay apartment.

"We did our lessons for to-morrow, and we took a walk," Marguerite announced.

Monica smiled her approval, and the

little girl continued: "Dinner's nearly ready, too. We set the table and made the salad."

"What darlings you are! You might play over the records, and I'll finish up in no time."

Monica took her guest into her bedroom, and as the other removed her wraps, she deftly substituted a delicate blue silk for her dark serge work dress. Enveloping herself in a smock that protected her dress, she hastened into the kitchen.

There the steak was ready for her ministrations; the potatoes were sliced for her frying, and the coffee was measured in the percolator. A pineapple pie and fresh rolls from the baker were laid out on the table until Monica put them in the oven.

Eunice came through the dining-room, where the table had evidently been set with scrupulous care, to the kitchen in search of Monica.

"It was so good of you to include me in your party to-night," Eunice said appreciatively.

"Not at all," Monica replied graciously; "it adds to our pleasure to have you. You know when we go to the opera we each always invite a friend. A schoolmate of Marguerite's and a pal of Kenneth's will join us here before we go down town."

"I suppose you go out often?" Eunice inquired, with the air of one who keeps the conversation going.

"I should hardly say that," rejoined Monica. "About once a month we attend a concert, an opera, or a good play. In between we visit a friend occasionally, or indulge in a good movie; but we seldom go out on a school night."

She carried the food into the dining-room, and called the youngsters, who were doing a wild Spanish dance to the strains of the Seguidilla.

"There isn't a girl I know can dance

like this little feather," Kenneth announced, seating Eunice with the air of a Chesterfield.

Marguerite swept a curtsey to the floor, with a languid grace that accorded ill with the mirth in her merry eyes.

"Any one could dance to that music," she answered. "Monica, will there be a ballet to-night?"

"Usually there is a gypsy dance in the last act," her cousin replied.

"You like the ballet?" Eunice inquired perfunctorily.

Marguerite nodded her enthusiasm. "I love it! But I've never seen one as pretty as the ballroom scene in 'Romeo and Juliet.' That was charming."

The child spoke with all the poise of a society woman, yet there was no affectation about her. She was simply, happily at ease.

"What I am really looking forward to is the 'Toreador' song," Kenneth remarked. "I've always liked it; but with the costumes and setting, and a full orchestra, it should be superb." Then he added: "But I would like to see a bull fight."

"Take Miss Bland into the living room and play the victrola for her," Monica said as they rose from the table. "No help, thank you. I would rather have you ready to receive our little friends."

She made short work of the dishes, while the children ushered Eunice into the front room. It was a pleasant room. An old-fashioned easy chair made an inviting hollow beside a tall floor lamp, round whose parchment shade stately caravels sailed and swayed. A stout davenport, upholstered and cushioned in leather of old blue and burgundy, occupied one wall, and the piano another. The bookcase stood between the windows, and above it an antique crucifix of ebony and mother of pearl hung between a Guido Reni "Mater Doloro-

sa," and a Murillo "Immaculate Conception." Above the davenport was a series of Shakespearean engravings, simply framed in black wood.

When Eunice paused to examine these Kenneth told her:

"We used to love those when we were little. We'd kneel on the cushions here and look at them by the hour, and Monica would tell us their stories."

"I think I could describe the pictures blindfold," Marguerite put in.

The doorbell, ringing twice in swift succession, announced the advent of a little girl of about Marguerite's age and of a tall, quiet boy, with the slender, sensitive fingers of a violinist. Introductions were made, and then Monica came in to say that it was time to start.

"Your cousins are charming young people," Eunice observed to Monica.

"Thank you!"

"Are they with you always?" she inquired.

"Since their mother died, eight years or more ago," Monica answered in an undertone.

"Then you've practically brought them up?"

Monica nodded.

"Don't you find it a heavy responsibility?" Eunice pursued.

"I think the responsibility of human souls is the heaviest there is," Monica replied straightforwardly; "but there is genuine happiness in meeting one's responsibilities."

"There is also happiness in success, so you should be doubly happy," Eunice answered. "I know few men with the manner Kenneth has, and Marguerite is a darling."

II.

It was impossible not to enjoy "Car-men" in the company of Monica Wreay. After the performance Monica took her party to a nearby coffee shop. Eunice noted with equal approval the capable

manner in which Kenneth gave the order. It was a festive occasion. Several members of the opera company were supping there, and these Monica quietly indicated to her guests. One joined them for a moment or two, chatting simply and easily with the young people. Others, a newspaperman of national reputation, an elderly artist, a young sculptor, and several society women, stopped for a word with Monica, or smiled and bowed across the room.

Jessie and Michael were delivered at their own doors, and, at the Wreay apartment, Monica kissed two sleepy youngsters, and bade them: "Say your prayers, and pop into bed quickly," then turned to Eunice.

"Don't let me keep you. I have several jobs to do yet, and will come to bed when I have finished."

Remembering the folder of manuscripts, Eunice retired.

Hours later, it seemed to Eunice, she was awakened by the moonlight that streamed into the room. At first she thought she was dreaming, for the milky light illuminated the ivory crucifix on the bedroom wall, and shone upon the figure of Monica kneeling before it with upraised face. It was as though a mask had fallen from the face. Gone was the serenity of the day, gone the warm, friendly smile, gone the light of loving sympathy which shone for everyone. It seemed to Eunice a naked face, worn with suffering, with utter weariness, with constant struggle. Yet, as she watched, peace overspread the wan features, a peace so natural that the onlooker felt it the end of some inner conflict, oft repeated, and always with the same outcome.

What secret grief, Eunice wondered, broke the rest of Monica Wreay—the brilliant, successful Monica, who appeared to regulate her life so competently? The management of a large pub-

lishing house, the welfare of many employees, the pleasant home in which two young people were growing to happy maturity, rested in her capable hands. She gave generously of herself to all whose lives touched hers. Of them all was there none who could comfort her?

Eunice drew an involuntary breath of dismay at the pathos of the situation, and Monica, roused from her devotions, turned startled eyes on her.

"Surely you were asleep when I came in?" she questioned anxiously. "I hope I haven't kept you awake all this time!"

"No, I have had a refreshing sleep, and just woke now. Dear Miss Wreay," she hesitated, "is there nothing at all I can do for you?"

"Thank you," Monica said quietly. "There is nothing to be done."

For a space there was silence, save for the innumerable noises of the city night. At length, fearing that the other might feel rebuffed by her silence, Monica spoke:

"I appreciate your sympathy, and since you witnessed my unguarded moment, I will tell you in confidence what troubles me."

"Not unless you want to. I didn't mean to pry; but it was a shock to see you disturbed,—you who have everything."

"I would give everything I have," Monica said gravely,—“all that you value so highly,—in exchange for the cell of a nun."

"But why?" Eunice could not hold back that amazed query.

"It was always my dream to enter the convent, ever since I was a little orphan child, kept in the convent school through the kindness of my cousins. When I was eighteen they were both killed, leaving Kenneth and Midget alone in the world, with only enough money to tide us over until I could get a start working. Cousin Bob had made

a good salary, but had lived up to it in taking care of his family and of me. That was ten years ago."

"And was there no one else to care for the children?"

Monica shook her head. "There were no close relatives, and no one who owed their parents what I did. If it had been Our Lord's will for me to enter the convent, He would not have left two children dependent on me for a living, and for a good upbringing, such as their parents had given me."

"You have done wonderfully by them," Eunice said. "Their own mother could not have done better."

"She could doubtless have accomplished the same results much more easily," Monica answered. "Nothing else equals the influence that a good mother possesses. However, they are good and happy, and that is all I can expect."

"And you? Your work is interesting, the society you have would make some people happy; but if your heart is not in them—"

Monica smiled, a sad little smile.

"My work is important. I wouldn't be doing my full duty if I slighted it, nor could I bring up the children as I plan, if I didn't give my work the best that is in me; but my work isn't enough. Nor is it my intention to compensate myself for my disappointment by a round of pleasures—the opera, the theatre, and the like. If I dressed plainly and spent all my time in work and prayer, what influence could I have over the children? St. Francis de Sales is said to have advised those of his penitents who were society women to be the best dressed women of their circle. Why should the prestige of religion and virtue be diminished by dowdy women? Children whose mothers spend their lives in routine drudgery run heedlessly into the very dangers against

which they have been warned, with the reflection, 'Oh, mother doesn't know about things! She's old fashioned!' Kenneth and Marguerite will never say anything like that about me."

"Indeed they won't. They think you are an oracle."

"They wouldn't, if I didn't show them unobtrusively that I know how things are done in polite circles. How could I do that if I took them nowhere but to church? I might, of course, give up all pleasures for myself, but I would have no right to give them up for other people. My part is to teach them the real value of the good things of life, and their use, not abuse. If I denied them every innocent pleasure, they would certainly be tempted to plunge into excesses, once they were free. As it is, they know how to enjoy wholesome pleasures, and if they want to deny themselves later,—well, that is up to them, as the saying is. They are both good, practical little Catholics."

"So, you needn't pity me, Eunice dear. I am well satisfied. I am trying to do God's will, and that is what matters, after all. Let's get some sleep now, for we have to work to-morrow."

That closed the conversation, and it was never reopened. Monica went her accustomed way, but when Eunice Bland thought of her it was not the Monica Wreay of the office, serene, competent, brilliant, that she saw in her mind's eye; nor the Monica who bent over the kitchen stove, flushed and smiling as she cooked supper for her young cousins, nor the Monica of the opera, but rather the figure kneeling before her crucifix.

WHAT makes vanity so insufferable to us is that it wounds our own.

—*La Rochefoucauld.*

A RUSSIAN proverb runs: "With God, even across the sea; without Him, not even to the threshold."

The Banquet without Bread.

A TALE OF THE ZUIDER ZEE.

BY JULIA HARRIES BULL.

WHO of the present day knows Stavoren, or ever heard of the tragic fate which befell its inhabitants? And yet this wellnigh forgotten city was once the residence of the Frisian princes and ranked first among the commercial towns of Holland. Its ships sailed across the seas and returned laden with the finest products of the universe, bringing prosperity to its citizens, many of whom accumulated vast fortunes by means of this extended commerce. The houses of some of these merchant princes were built of white marble; they were veritable palaces, whose spacious apartments, wainscoted with exquisitely carved woods and hung with superb tapestries, were filled with massive furniture and rare works of art.

Riches, however, soon bring in their train luxury and dissipation; and these, unfortunately, were not wanting at Stavoren. A foolish rivalry among these wealthy burghers caused them to strive to surpass each other in the magnificence of their houses and the sumptuousness of their entertainments. But, in spite of all their efforts, the most lavish display was always found at the home of Richberta, a beautiful young woman who had inherited a vast estate from her father. By means of her able stewards, Richberta carried on business enterprises with unparalleled success. It seemed as though Fortune had singled her out for special favors, and as though the fickle jade were trying to overwhelm her favorite with unbounded prosperity.

Richberta's pride grew apace with the increase of her riches, so that she became cold and haughty toward those whom she considered her inferiors. Instead of relieving the necessities of the

poor from her abundance, she turned a deaf ear to all appeals for charity, and bent all her thoughts toward gratifying her worldly ambition for display. She frequently invited the most distinguished of her fellow-citizens to her palatial residence, and entertained them with all the luxuries which a Sybarite could desire or human skill devise.

During one of these brilliant fêtes a stranger was announced. Richberta caused him to be admitted. As he advanced toward her, she observed that he was a man of middle age and dressed in the picturesque garb of the East. Pleased with his noble air and dignified carriage, the hostess invited him to take place beside her at the banquet table.

After having partaken of some refreshment, the stranger told Richberta and her guests that he had come from foreign lands, where he had seen kings in the splendor of their courts, for the express purpose of beholding her beautiful palace, the renown of which had reached him from afar. The hostess, flattered by these remarks, begged the stranger to give an account of his travels. This he did, telling of his journeys by land and sea, of distant peoples and their customs; relating in a most entertaining manner some of his adventures, and the pleasures and disappointments he had experienced during his sojourn in strange countries. He finished by alluding to the uncertainty of worldly prosperity and the inconstancy of human happiness.

His hearers listened with rapt attention to his recital; for at the beginning of the Thirteenth Century—the epoch of our story—the facilities for travel were so limited that people knew little of other lands except what they gleaned from an occasional wayfarer's tales. Richberta, however, was disappointed; for she had hoped that he would conclude by dilating upon the splendor of her banquet and the beauty of her pal-

ace; and that he would make favorable comparisons between her lavish entertainment and the hospitality he had received elsewhere. But he did not breathe a word to this effect, until at last, when questioned by her, he acknowledged that he had never seen such magnificence except at royal courts. He added, however, that he was surprised not to find upon her table, laden with the daintiest food and rarest wine, the best and most useful article of all. His hearers begged him to give the solution of this enigma; but the mysterious guest remained silent, until, the questions becoming too pressing, he arose, bade his hostess a hasty farewell and disappeared. He was never again seen in Stavoren.

Richberta's curiosity was aroused to the highest pitch and her peace of mind destroyed; for until now she had supposed that she possessed every luxury, and that her home was adorned with the most precious objects to be found upon land or sea, or concealed within their depths. And yet the best thing of all was lacking! What could it be? She interviewed philosophers and consulted sorcerers; but not one of them could name anything that she had not long since acquired.

Finally, she ordered a number of vessels equipped to go in search of the missing treasure, forbidding the commander of the fleet to return without it. He immediately set sail to fulfil this difficult mission, without knowing toward what point of the compass to direct his ships. So at a venture he sent one division to the East, another toward the West, and then abandoned his own ship to the will of the winds. It happened that the salt water got into the hold of his vessel through a small leak, and before it was discovered some of the provisions were spoiled. He still had plenty of meats, wines and other luxuries; but the flour was no longer fit

for use, and the want of bread was keenly felt. In this privation the commander realized in a flash that this was the solution to the mysterious stranger's enigma. He remembered that anything so plebeian as bread was never seen at Richberta's banquets. In the midst of her abundance of good things, the simple nourishment of the poor was banished from sight. So he came to the conclusion that it was neither the spices of India nor pearls from the bottom of the sea nor diamonds from the deepest mines, but wheat, one of the simplest of Nature's gifts, growing in profusion everywhere about Stavoren, which was the inestimable treasure meant by the mysterious traveller when he found no bread upon Richberta's table.

The commander had no sooner reached this decision than he sailed for a port in the Baltic, loaded his ship with the finest wheat he could find, and returned to Stavoren. Upon his arrival he presented himself before Richberta, who was astonished at his speedy return from his quest. He informed her that he now knew what was the most precious of all Nature's gifts, that he had procured a large quantity of it and brought it home to her. He then proceeded to tell her how he had made the discovery, thus solving the mysterious stranger's riddle; for bread, the staff of life, was the only thing wanting at her table on that memorable occasion. So he had brought her a cargo of wheat, thoroughly convinced that he had fulfilled his mission satisfactorily.

Richberta, however, lost no time in giving him to understand that she was not of his opinion. With flashing eyes and in a voice choking with rage, she ordered him instantly back to his ship, commanding him to empty the entire cargo of wheat into the sea. In vain her faithful commander remonstrated against this terrible order; in vain he appealed to her sympathies,

conjuring her not to destroy this precious gift of Providence, but to give it to the poor of the city. In vain he sent others, both rich and poor, to plead with her. All was useless. No words could soften the hardness of her heart; nothing would appease her wrath but the wholesale destruction of the precious freight. All Stavoren gathered at the harbor, and, amid curses and lamentations from the spectators, the wheat was cast into the waters.

This grain so wilfully wasted soon became the seed of destruction. The wheat germinated in the mud at the bottom of the harbor, and grew up into a vast forest of stalks without ears. The drifting sands were arrested by the wheat stalks, and finally formed before Stavoren an immense barrier, which no human power could penetrate. The ships of this once thriving city could no longer land in the harbor, and became a prey to the fury of the waves of the open sea. This put an end to commerce and prosperity for Stavoren. With the cessation of shipping interests, riches soon took to themselves wings; and before long the wealthiest citizens were plunged from the acme of fortune to the depths of privation and misery. The haughty Richberta herself was reduced to beg for the bread which she had once despised.

The sea being barred from entrance to its former bay, dashed with ever-increasing force against the shore; and one night, during a violent storm, the water broke through the dikes and submerged the town. Over thirty thousand people perished in this terrible inundation. The waters never receded, and the inland sea thus formed is known as the *Zuider Zee*. Its gloomy waves now roll over the site where once stood stately Stavoren.

If a man is to love nobly, he must live a noble life.—*Kingsley*.

Saved by an Insect.

BY A. M. K.

THE Abbé Peter Andrew Latreille, of whom the following story is told, was born in 1762 and died 1833. He was a voluminous writer on various subjects of natural history, but it was in entomology that he became perhaps the highest authority in the world. He was an associate of Lamarck and Cuvier and a predecessor of Agassiz.

Previous to 1792, Latreille had published some writings on insects. He was then a young priest at Brives-la-Gaillarde; and, together with the curés of Limousin, was arrested, because he refused to take the oath of the Republic. He was taken to Bordeaux in a cart, and was later to be exported to Guyana and executed. Arriving in Bordeaux in the month of June, he was confined in the extemporized prison of the Grand Seminary till a ship should be ready to take him into exile. In his "Histoire des Insectes" Latreille himself tells us how his life was saved.

"I was detained in the prison of the Grand Seminary, and shared a cell with an old sick bishop, whose wounds a surgeon came every morning to dress. One day, while the surgeon was performing his usual work, an insect came out of a crack in the boards near my corner. I seized it immediately, examined it, stuck it into a cork with a pin, and was jubilant over my find.

"Is it a rare insect?" asked the surgeon.

"Yes, indeed," I replied.

"In that case you should give it to me."

"Why, pray?"

"Because I have a friend who has a fine collection of insects and he would be greatly pleased with it."

"Very well, then: take him this insect. Tell him how you came by it, and

beg him to let me know its name."

"The surgeon at once went to the house of his friend, who was none other than Bory de Saint Vincent, a naturalist who was much occupied with the study of insects. He was then only a young man, but became famous in his later years. In spite of all his researches, however, Bory was unable to classify this insect."

The next day the surgeon told Latreille that, in the opinion of his friend, this insect had never been described and named. In this answer Latreille at once recognized the adept. He asked for pen and paper; but, these being refused, he gave the following oral message to the surgeon: "I surmise that M. Bory de Saint Vincent must know me by reputation. In fact, he must have done me the honor to read my works. Tell him that I am the Abbé Latreille, and that I am condemned to die in Guyana, before having published my 'Examen des Genres de Fabricius.'"

On receiving this news, Bory at once took steps to have Latreille liberated from prison, his uncle Dayclas and his father going bail for him. His incarceration was an injury to science, and his death would be the greatest loss. But he was not to die. On being liberated from prison, he joined his friend and began the completion of his great work. Meanwhile the vessel which was to carry him into exile left port, and foundered in sight of Cordova, the sailors alone escaping. Soon after this Latreille's friends managed to have his name removed from the list of the condemned.

The little beetle that saved Latreille's life belongs to the order of Coleoptera, and subsequently Latreille described it as new to entomology, and gave it the significant name of necrobia. This name, derived from two Greek words meaning death and life, was given by Latreille to signify that it had brought him life from death.

The Best of All Devotions.

PIOUS people who are trying to serve God, to practise the Christian virtues, and whose ambition is to arrive at the degree of Christian perfection that God has marked out for them, are often discouraged at the apparent vastness of the task that is set before them. So many virtues to cultivate, so many temptations to meet, so many prayers and sermons to be gone through,—and all this for years and years, perhaps; with so many recollections of past failure, and chances of failure in the future; with a sense, too, of the apparent uselessness of efforts in the past. Perhaps half a lifetime of bad habits has to be remedied, and the bad habits replaced by good ones; or half a lifetime of faults, and some big sins, have to be atoned for; the merit lost has to be made up in the future, and time redeemed by its careful use in what remains of days on earth.

To all those who find themselves in this situation—and who of us does not?—and especially to those who are discouraged at the prospect of all they have to do—though there is no good reason for any one to be discouraged,—we would recommend, very strongly recommend, the “Devotion to the Present Moment.”

In what does the Christian life consist,—in what do perfection and sanctity consist? In doing the will of God, which is the duty, the lawful occupation of the *present moment*,—the task, of doing or praying or suffering, which lies to hand. Now prayer, now Holy Mass, now the receiving of a Sacrament, now our appointed business in life; now some necessary action, like taking a meal to support the body, or some legitimate recreation to refresh the spirit for further toil for God,—these really constitute His holy will for us; these present themselves moment

by moment as the day goes on.

And not the least precious in opportunity of sanctification are the daily crosses, “life’s little worries,” which give occasion for high exercise of the love of God. We have but to do or endure these things as they come—performing our actions as well as we can, and bearing pain or annoyance with patience, and all this for God’s sake,—and we shall be accomplishing, almost automatically, as it were, the task that seemed so great and so complicated. In this way we can merit increase of grace here, and glory hereafter; can satisfy for past sins; can exercise all the virtues proper to our state in life.

God does not ask us to worry over the past; He has not yet given us the task of the future, which may never come. He asks us to do as well as we can for Him just that thing which the present moment brings before us to be done, and nothing more. “Our life,” says a recent spiritual writer, “is summed up in the present moment. Life has nothing else that is real; demands no efforts but for the moment that is ours now; is perfected by the use of that moment when it is ours. Every moment we can be united by charity with God by the action of that moment. How precious to those who know how to use it!”

The determination to attend to the present stops all worry about the past, all foolish and useless anxiety for the future. It does not clash with the prudent laying of plans—not treating the future as assured, not giving to it in imagination a fictitious reality which makes it obscure present facts and present duties,—is one of the things which come up moment by moment to be done. If we are doing our duty for God *now*, He Himself will take care of our future; and if we were to die at the instant acting thus, we could leave our eternity with confidence to Him.

In the Christian warfare we have

only to overcome ourselves, our sloth, our disinclination for good, sufficiently for present purposes,—enough to carry out the present duty, to do the thing we have to do *now*. Doing this, and no more than this, we shall live truly holy lives, and reach the perfection God has marked out for us individually.

But devotion to the present moment *must be continuous*. There are many souls who spend their lives in alternations of fervor (usually of a somewhat excited kind) and negligence. For a few weeks they are full of piety, and make efforts; then for a few weeks they let everything slide. The determined use of the present moment will remedy this.

Devotion to the present moment is also an effective remedy for sloth. It prevents that waste of time that is so common,—waste of time in talking, in day-dreaming, in looking about for amusement; and the frittering away of precious moments between one occupation and another. Life itself is made up of small actions, thousands of which we perform in the course of the twenty-four hours. So also sanctity is made up of small, everyday actions done with a good intention; and, taken together, they merit for us an "exceeding great weight of glory," as the Apostle tells us.

So we, by doing what we can according to our powers at the present moment—not by aiming at heroic actions that are beyond us,—may, with calm determination, without worry, and without unhealthy excitement, live lives that will be golden in the sight of God. Do the duty of the instant; suffer the pain of the instant; do *your* duty, and do not worry about the duty of others. Do this quietly, constantly, and with the fixed intention of carrying out God's will, as it is made known to you by each moment as it comes, and you will soon realize the wisdom and experience the worth of the "Devotion to the Present Moment."

Notes and Remarks.

It is not often, of late, that Sir Oliver Lodge says or writes anything which is "unto edification." Not by way of his "psychic world," of which we are all so weary, but by way of the physics laboratory, in which his mastery is pre-eminent, come the following reflections. They are from a little book, entitled "Modern Scientific Ideas." He writes: "Depend upon it, there is some Mind that really comprehends the whole, that can attend to the smallest detail—to every human being, to every bird, every sparrow—and can yet feel at home in the infinitude of space. Nothing too small, nothing too big, for that infinite Mind's understanding and fostering care. . . . The splendors of observation and inference, now possible to man, speak of an all-controlling and all-designing Mind. There is no chance, nothing haphazard, in any part of the universe. It is a manifestation of law and order and beauty, which appeals to our highest faculties; and, in moments when we can realize even one aspect of that revelation, overwhelms us with wonder, love, and praise."

Sir Oliver is one of those whose studies of matter have gone far to do away with materialism, while his investigations of the so-called "spirit-world" have resulted, alas! only in a new and more sinister materialism.

"The only morality is good taste." Quoting this line of Ruskin, the Rev. Dr. Harry Fosdick, "Protestantism's greatest preacher," said, in an address to the graduates of Smith College:

"You are going out into a generation which is witnessing the breaking down of the old well-defined codes of right and wrong by which your fathers lived; into a generation which is rapidly coming to recognize as a criterion of behavior, standards of good taste in all

realms and situations. . . . To try to send a new generation into the world with a definite code of right and wrong is to behave like the mother who said she was bringing her daughter up to think all the thoughts she wanted her to think until she was eighteen years old, and after that the girl could think for herself."

Addressing the graduating class of the Catholic University of Washington, the Rev. Dr. John A. Ryan said:

"The supreme rule of conduct is to strive to know the best that is to be known and to love the best that is to be loved. The highest that is knowable and lovable is God; next in importance come those creatures that He has made to His own image and likeness. In the terms of the Catechism, our primary end is to know, love and serve God. Fidelity to the tenets and practices of our religion and unwearied perseverance in the endeavor to keep God's Commandments, are indispensable if we would utilize the good in our age and withstand the evil, and obtain what little measure of happiness is possible in an existence which an all-wise Providence designed to be a time of preparation, not a final end."

Contrasting these two paragraphs, the editor of the *Catholic News* remarks: "There is no vagueness in Dr. Ryan's words, nor is it possible to misunderstand them. Dr. Ryan's utterance is a Christian message."

President Coolidge expressed himself with even more than his accustomed concise felicitousness in congratulating Lieutenants Maitland and Hegenberger on their successful San Francisco-to-Honolulu air trip, the first flight over the Pacific Ocean. He cabled this message to them:

"I am glad to extend to you on behalf of our people hearty congratulations upon your fine achievement. You

have added a new chapter to the brilliant history of American aviation of which we are proud. Your success marks a further step in the art of flying, combining as it does the supreme skill of the pilot with the wonderful accuracy of the navigator, and furnishes a striking evidence of the efficiency of our air forces."

The congratulatory message sent by the President from the Summer White House through the State Department to Commander Byrd, after the completion of his flight to Paris, reads:

"I send you and the other officers and pilot of your plane my sincere congratulations on your successful flight. I have followed your distinguished and courageous career in aerial navigation with interest and admiration. Your flight to the North Pole proved the effectiveness of the aeroplane in adding to scientific knowledge of the unexplored surface of the world, and I am sure that your present flight will notably advance our knowledge of the conditions which must be met and conquered to make transoceanic aerial navigation commercially practicable and safe."

The Byrd achievement, the first scientific exploration of the air route to Europe, marks another milestone in the wondrous progress of aeronautics.

Before long, it is safe to say, the whole Catholic world will be ringing with the praises and electrified by accounts of the martyrdom of Joaquin de Silva and Remigio Melgareja, two young Mexicans, who, after enduring with greatest fortitude the most cruel suffering, gave their lives for the Faith. Their story, in brief, is this: commanded to cheer the impious tyrant who is doing his utmost to destroy the Church in their country, they exclaimed "Long live Christ the King!" and died like His athletes under Nero and Domitian and Diocletian, these martyrs of

yesterday in the New World. Still does the Church flourish, still does her martyr-roll extend itself. Thus are fresh examples of Christian heroism presented to the faithful.

Par nobile fratrum! They expired in each other's arms. United in life, in death they were not divided. Even their murderers must have admired affection so pure and strong, faith so invincible, fortitude so sublime. In a stirring address to the students of St. Edward's College, Austin, Texas, on Commencement Day the venerable Archbishop Hurth held up the example of these modern martyrs, and pointed out the lesson of their lives. He also took occasion to express the conviction, shared by not a few present-day philosophers of history that in acquiring the astonishing mastery over the forces of nature which we now witness, men are losing the mastery over nature in their own person, and thereby are becoming unfit to exercise safely their power over nature around them. The abuse of the achievements of science and industry is the greatest danger menacing our civilization. This danger, declared the Archbishop, can be obviated only if, in the pursuit of commercial and industrial supremacy, we do not forget moral and spiritual values.

As an index of the strength the missionary movement in the United States has gathered, one notes with satisfaction that, with the ordination of twenty priests this year, the Maryknoll Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America now numbers one hundred priests. It is only thirteen years since the first priest of this Society, the Rev. Daniel L. McShane, was ordained; and it is fitting that his name be mentioned with honor, since only a month ago he died of smallpox at his post of duty in distant China. The supreme sacrifice which he made, like that of the beloved Father

Price, one of the founders of the Society, is sure to quicken generous impulses, without and within the ranks of the missionaries, drawing many more brave souls to the Cross and to Him who is lifted up upon it, in China and in every field afar.

The harshness of the news from Mexico is relieved by the reports of the extraordinary solicitude shown in behalf of the thousands of Mexican refugees who have sought a home in the United States, now that living in their own country has been made intolerable. In no instance is this more striking than in the Diocese of Los Angeles-San Diego, where it is planned to erect twelve new churches to provide for the spiritual needs of these innocent victims of political lawlessness masquerading under the name of government. In a diocesan appeal for assistance, Bishop Cantwell made this apostolic statement: "Thousands of them have already arrived and are preparing to remain permanently among us. It is the duty of the Church to assist them, giving them the means of practising their religion, of educating their children and of preserving their Faith, so that they may become useful citizens of the nation."

Ten years ago there were not more than ten Mexican parishes in the whole of Bishop Cantwell's diocese, now there are seventy-two, of which twenty-three were opened in the past two years. It would be a gracious act for Catholics other than those resident in southern California to claim the privilege of assisting in a work which is so Catholic and so American.

To those faint-hearted brethren who are forever bemoaning attacks on the Church, this bit of cheery optimism is proffered: "Don't worry about the Bark. It has been afloat ever so long and withstood ever so many storms,

more furious than any now raging. . . . Thousands have gone to their graves after living a long life of fierce opposition to everything Catholic, and yet the Church lives on, proving the statement of Gamaliel to the Jewish Council: 'If this be the work of men, it will come to naught; but if it be the work of God, you can not overthrow it.'"

Which is as true as could be, of course; however, this does not remove the obligation of confronting the enemies of the Church, and of minimizing as much as possible the temporary harm they do.

At no time, perhaps, has more thought been bestowed upon bodily health than now. From something like wholesale consumption of patent medicines, twenty-five years ago, we have run a gamut which includes water-cures, Christian Science, Coueism, psycho-analysis for "nervous" complaints, and hygiene in general and in a hundred particulars. For the past few years, the air has been full of diet. There has been, so to say, a good deal of conflict, both in the wave lengths used and in the messages broadcasted. Indeed, contradictions are so much the order of the day that the puzzled layman does not know whether to take his coffee with his meals or only after he has consumed his vitamins, or, finally, whether or not he should take coffee at all.

Dr. James J. Walsh, who is not likely to be regarded as a faddist, writes in the current *Homiletic and Pastoral Review*, of the health of seminarians and young priests. His remarks have a wider application than the particular class to whom they are directed. A few salient principles emerge. To be slightly overweight, for example, is much better than to be at all underweight for one's height and age. Except as one approaches middle-age and the later

years, overweight is practically a bug-a-boo. Milk and beans are highly approved foods. Exercise is important, but so is rest, and, especially, a period of rest before meals. "The rest before meals, at least in religious Orders," writes Doctor Walsh, "is secured by the examination of conscience and by certain religious duties that are likely to come shortly before meals. It is curiously interesting to learn that, in this as in so many other details, the rules of the old-fashioned religious communities are well calculated to foster physical health, though they were made for the encouragement of the spiritual life." Doctor Walsh would, of course, be the last to argue a dualism here.

Only now, it would seem, are the most beautiful of World War stories being circulated. Some one tells of a German officer and a French soldier mortally wounded and, with many others, abandoned on the field of battle. The German was calling for water, of which the Frenchman had a small quantity. Crawling near the officer as quickly as his weakness and wounds would permit, the soldier extended his canteen. The other sipped a little of the contents, and kissed the hand of his benefactor, saying, almost with his last breath: "Thank you, good-bye! There'll be no war on the other side."

Somebody has said that the memory of old people is like a ragbag, filled with odds and ends of very little, or of no worth whatever. Yet it may sometimes contain things of real value. A quaint saying of a once famous American, who was a philosopher as well as a humorist, deserves recalling now and then—"If you want to know how you will be missed when you are dead, put your thumb in a bucket of water, then pull it out and look at the hole." Memorable though so whimsical.



Praise.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

COOL shadows lay upon the grass;
Blew sweet the fragrant air,
And the mystic 'hush' of a distant thrush
Was calling the birds to prayer.
For good Saint Francis in prayer was heard:
(Praised be God for His holy Word!)
"Praised be the Giver of All," said he,
"Praise Him, blossom and bird and bee!
Bloom, ye buds, for His altar white;
Carol, birds, for this Holy Night;
Bring thy honey that all may see
Sweet is labor, diligent bee!
My little brothers, ye birds and bees,
Praise Him ever for gifts like these!"

The Story of Raoul.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

III.—A MORNING TALK.

ST. ETIENNE will vanish like a bad dream in the morning light." So Raoul's father declared, and for a time it seemed as if he foresaw aright.

The big automobile, bearing Mademoiselle Cecile, Aunt Claire, the nurse Annette, with Captain Jack and Raoul, and his father, had swept off in the early morning from Jean Baptiste's inn before St. Etienne was prepared for its sudden departure, and had taken its swift way to the great hotel full of gaiety and life. Then came Paris, more wonderful still, with its glistening streets and shops, where Raoul was outfitted from head to foot with such clothes as the little Seigneur himself in all his highborn state had never worn. At first Raoul had seemed dull and awk-

ward to his father's somewhat impatient eyes; but Mademoiselle Cecile had been the kind genius who had guided the bewildered boy's transformation.

Mademoiselle Cecile with her gay French chatter that Raoul understood, her friendly, smiling face to which he turned for sympathy, Mademoiselle Cecile, who blithely taught him in her laughing way all about boots and buttons and brushes, and made a joke of all mistakes, Mademoiselle Cecile, who as they journeyed home together over the sunlit southern sea, gave him lessons in lady English which he learned with rapidity.

"You have made a little gentleman of him," said Gardiner one day when Raoul had surprised him with some lady-English remark.

"I! not at all," she answered quickly. "Nature anticipated my efforts. Raoul was born a little gentleman."

"Well not—altogether," was the reply. "You must agree he was a little unpromising at first."

"Never!" she said decidedly. "You do not know your son yet. He is a boy of whom any father might be justly proud. Wait and you will see."

And on those first days at Haverly Hall Gardiner was beginning to see—to feel a certain satisfaction in his foreign-born son. For though strange as yet to the manners and customs of his new home, Raoul had a charming friendliness that won old and young.

"Dat boy got a taking way shuah," declared Uncle Mose.

"An' he suttinly is de berry spit of Marse Ralph," agreed the approving hearers.

"De good Lawd put de mark on him, so dar can't be no mistake," declared

Mam Milly, who had been converted at least three times and was a high religious authority.

"And he is all right in de head now, and can talk fine," said Tomtit. "He don' call me niggah no longer, just plain Tom."

"But he got quar ways fur all dat," chuckled Lucy Ann. "Wanted to save all the peapods I was throwin' away, to make soup. And Pomp cocht him pilin' up all de windfall apples rottin' on de ground."

"Dat's de furrin way," explained Mam Milly. "Dar ain't vittles in plenty like dar is ober here, and dey larns to skimp and squinch. My ole mammy use ter tell how she was hired out to furrin folks down to New Orleans wot made her bile de coffee grounds three times over. But dis boy of Marse Ralph's gwine to grow out ob all dem furrin ways. Ole Missus will see to dat."

And old Missus was seeing to it in her own way—the soft, sweet, silent way, which, like the fall of the dew of the Summer rain and the Winter snow, can change the face of earth. Grand-père in his old soldier fashion might sometimes storm and swear, but grand-mère never spoke a harsh or unkind word; yet it was her low voice that ruled and governed Haverly Hall. So sweet, so gracious, so indulgent was her rule that Raoul was quite unconscious of its strength; he only knew that for some strange reason he loved old grand-père best. Perhaps it was because the soldier eyes could only dimly see, and grand-mère's still were wondrous clear and bright.

But it was his father to whom Raoul's heart was turning with deeper devotion every day,—his strong, proud, handsome father whom Mademoiselle Cecile, in her eagerness to establish more friendly relations, had made a hero to his son, skilfully changing Raoul's early

fear and distrust to respect and admiration beyond words.

"Monsieur Dad," as Gardiner, with a humorous view of the situation, permitted himself to be called, represented all that was strongest, greatest, noblest in this New World; and the soft eyes of the boy's dead mother seemed to be looking up at his father with ever-growing love that was not lessened by that father's critical gaze, and sometimes stern and impatient speech. For Gardiner could not forget the little ragamuffin he had picked up at St. Etienne's church door; and he watched Raoul's transformation doubtfully.

"You have taken your bath this morning?" was one of his morning questions.

"Oh, yes, yes, always, as you told me, Monsieur Dad. And why not? with the water running so clear and fine into the white tub. There was only the wooden bucket from which the horses drank at St. Etienne."

"Forget the bucket!" was his father's irritable interruption. "You have nothing to do with the ways of St. Etienne now."

"That is true," Raoul would agree with his charming smile. "It is much better here. Sometimes in my sleep I dream that I am back in the little room with the roof nearly on my nose, and Mère Michelle is calling me to feed the chickens; and I wake up to find myself on the soft white bed with the roses looking through the lace curtains; and I can not believe for a minute that it is all true—that all this greatness and beauty is mine,—that I am your son."

"Try to remember *that*," said Gardiner, touched despite himself by the words. "You are my son,—that is the one, true thing in your life now. Let all the rest be a dream—a bad dream that you must forget."

"It is hard to forget," Raoul replied

one Summer morning when his father was seated on the porch, the boy on the steps below, Towser stretched at his feet.

"Why?" asked his father. "You have nothing pleasant to remember." There was the harsh note in the speaker's tone that Raoul's quick ear had learned to detect. Monsieur Dad was displeased, how or why, Raoul did not know. But with the soft eyes of his dead mother, Raoul had inherited her French tact, and he evaded the paternal question.

"It was what Mademoiselle Cecile said, to remember only the pleasant things; and here all is pleasant. And so many things,—so much," continued Raoul, who found the abundance of his new home a constant marvel. "There are three new broods of chickens down at the henhouse. I fed those who were too young to eat. Pomp said it was no matter if they died; but it would not have been right to let the poor little chickens die. Do you think it would, Monsieur Dad?"

"Oh, I don't know," said his father indifferently. "It's Pomp's business to look after the chickens, not mine."

"The food should be very soft," continued Raoul, who was an experienced chicken raiser. "I have mixed it often, but not with milk ever. Water would do as well. Pomp laughed when I showed him how."

"I don't want you doing Pomp's work for him," broke out Gardiner; and again there was a note of irritation in his voice. "And what were you and Tomtit doing down on the river yesterday in that tub of a boat?"

"Fishing," replied Raoul with a radiant smile. "Never have I been fishing before. I caught two on my hook; but—but—I put them back in the river. It seemed cruel to let them die when we have so much here to eat. We do not need the fish—except on Fridays, per-

haps, when it is sin to eat meat," added Raoul gravely.

"A sin to eat meat!" laughed his father a little harshly. "What sort of French nonsense is that?" The soft eyes of Celeste looked up at the speaker incomprehendingly. "Yesterday was Friday," continued Gardiner, "and we had roast lamb for dinner. You were served with the rest."

"I know," said Raoul sadly. "I forgot the day; it is no sin to forget. But when I remembered I ate no more, but left it for the dogs. Dogs can not sin," Raoul stroked the shaggy head which Towser had lifted to his knee. "But there is no Heaven for them. When they die it is the end of all."

"When they die it is the end of all." Raoul's father was conscious of a strange chill, as his son thus voiced his own creed,—to die like—a dog. Such had been the unspoken belief, to which he had never given thought or words: to die like the dumb shaggy brute Raoul was stroking pitifully now.

"And when you die?" said Gardiner, urged by some mocking impulse to question this young theologian further.

"My soul will live on forever," was the assured answer of Père Antoine's pupil,—*"in Heaven I hope,"* he added in a softer tone; and then the gong sounded for breakfast, and Raoul started up gladly, like the healthy, hungry boy he was, for breakfast at Haverly Hall with its fruit, its flowers, its golden corn cakes and home-cured ham, its cereal smothered in cream, was a morning feast indeed to the unwanted little starveling of Mère Michelle. He bounded into the spacious room, where four generations of his ancestors looked down from the panelled walls, and grandmère herself, a lovely picture in lavender and lace, was already seated behind the silver service. But grandpère stood waiting at the door—waiting for the boy-

ish hand that of late had supplanted the heavy cane, the boyish shoulder on which he had learned to lean, the loving eyes ever ready to see for him.

"Hullo!" he said as Raoul sprang to his side, "you forgot the old man this morning."

"Oh, non, non, non!" Under excitement Raoul relapsed into his native speech. "*Non, Grandpère, non, non!* But I did not know it was so late; I was talking to Monsieur Dad of so many things."

"Yes, we covered a wide range of subjects," said his father drily as they all took their seats at the table. "From chickens—to creeds. Raoul, I find, can bestow expert information on both subjects, while your university son is altogether an ignoramus. I began to feel that the Cornell tutor of whom I was speaking yesterday, will be an altogether unnecessary luxury."

"As yet I think he will," said Madam Gardiner with soft decision. "Raoul still has many things to learn which college tutors do not teach (take the spoon out of your cup, Raoul). In fact, many of them are sadly ignorant of social amenities, and would be only a disadvantage to him."

"Time enough for tutors next year," said the old Colonel brusquely. "Give the boy a show at the man side of life. Let him learn to ride, swim, and shoot, before you begin to stuff him with ologies. Eh, Raoul?"

"What ologies are, I do not know, Grandpère; but I would like to do all that you say, if it be Monsieur Dad's pleasure," answered Raoul, with the charming respect, which his father was forced to confess the modern youngster seldom shows. Gardiner was not altogether sure that he liked it. It was foreign, un-American, lacking, he felt, in the fearless spirit he would like his son to show. But how could he expect a fearless spirit from the training of St.

Etienne. The old Colonel was right. His first care must be to make Raoul a man.

"Well, I've ordered the pony," he said carelessly. "Jack Norris found one for me at Dan Dermott's stables. Dermott will send it up on Monday; he assured Jack it was the pick of his stock."

"But Raoul has never been on a horse in his life," said his grandmother anxiously.

"Only on *la petite ane*, the donkey of André the miller," interposed Raoul eagerly. "But I rode it without fear, even when it kicked over the basket of eggs I was taking to market. They broke, every one; and for three evenings I had to dig André's onion bed to pay for them."

"You see what your grandson's training has been," said Gardiner to his father, and his face darkened as he spoke.

"Yes," answered the old Colonel. "I can see that better perhaps than you, my son. He has had the hard discipline that makes the soldier and the man; and I'll wager that within two weeks he will be riding his mettled pony bareback. Though you will have to teach him, Ralph."

"I can not, father, my presence is needed at the Works—my thought, my care, my supervision. I don't want to worry you with details, but I did not return a moment too soon. I have dallied altogether too long, thinking that Dyson could take my place."

"And he has not?" asked the Colonel anxiously.

"No, he has not," was the guarded reply. "But I am here now to take it myself. And as for the pony," Gardiner went on in a lighter tone, "Dermott said he would send his own boy, who is a little older than Raoul, to give him a few lessons."

"A boy!" repeated his mother. "Surely you will not trust a boy to teach your son to ride, Ralph?"

"I can trust this one," was the answer. "Jack Norris knows him. Joe Dermott has grown up in his father's stables, can ride anything they hold; and this pony that I have bought for Raoul is his especial pet and pride. He has raised it himself. He will bring it over next week, and now, really, I must be off." And looking at his watch, Gardiner rose hastily. "As a father I may shirk my responsibilities, but as a son,"—and the speaker laid his hand tenderly on the old Colonel's shoulder,—*"I know them, feel them, and must bear them in their full might."*

"I am afraid things are not going right at the Works," said Madam Gardiner, as her son left the room.

"Going right!" blurted out the Colonel with an old soldier oath. "How can they go right, madam, with those monkey-faced dagoes jabbering talk no Christian can understand. Give me the woolly heads and black faces every time! They may be lazy and stupid as Dyson says, but you can trust them as you can't trust the snakes in the grass he has now brought to Gardiner's Ridge."

(To be Continued.)

A Noble Rival.

We have very few anecdotes of the great Raphael. The young, sad-faced painter of Madonnas is associated for the most part with his wonderful masterpieces, and not with sprightly happenings over which we can laugh or chat. There is, however, one incident in his life of which our young readers may like to hear.

Before he had completed the frescoes in the chapels of Santa Maria della Pace he received five hundred scudi. When the last of the series was done, he informed the treasurer that there was more money due him.

"I think you have had enough," said the treasurer.

"But I haven't."

"You can't have any more."

"But if some good judge should say I had earned more?"

"Then I would give it. Appoint your own judge, and let him be one that knows what a painting is."

"No: you yourself shall appoint the judge," said Raphael.

Here was the treasurer's opportunity. Michael Angelo, he reasoned, was jealous of Raphael, and would put a low estimate on his work.

"I choose Michael Angelo," he said immediately.

"Very well," answered Raphael.

Together the treasurer and the great sculptor went to examine the frescoes. Michael Angelo took one look at them and stood spellbound.

The treasurer, thinking him indignant at Raphael's effrontery in asking so much for such indifferent paintings, asked:

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think a great deal; I think, in the first place, that we are looking at most magnificent work. I think, too, that it is worth paying for."

The treasurer began to be considerably frightened.

"How much, for instance," he asked, "would you call the head of that sibyl worth?"

"About one hundred scudi."

"And the others?"

"Each of them quite as much."

Thereupon the treasurer hurried to the wealthy merchant who had undertaken the contract for frescoing the chapels, and told him about the decision of the umpire.

"Give him three hundred scudi at once," said the merchant; "and be very polite to him. Why, if we have to pay for the heads at that rate, the cost of the drapery will ruin us!"

So Raphael got his price through the generosity of his great rival.

Flowers, Trees and Fruits.

A Story of St. Francis.

NEARLY every saint has a flower dedicated to him, and many flowers bear an emblematic or religious name. This came about because the monks of olden times were the chief cultivators of trees and shrubs and flowers. You know, of course, that the lily represents innocence and purity, the rose, love and beauty; the pansy, humility. But do you know that the crocus is the symbol of joy, the snowdrop of confidence, the hyacinth of power and peace, the tulip of prayer, the heliotrope of devotion, the jessamine of friendship, the water-lily of charity, the daisy of youth, the mignonette of modesty?

Trees, too, are said to represent certain events or qualities. A green tree stands for eternal life, a leafless tree for death; the walnut tree for prayer, the apple tree for original sin, the fig tree for fidelity, the palm for victory, the cedar for steadfastness, the cypress for immortality, the oak for strength; the olive for mercy, the olive branch for peace, and the grapevine and its branches for Christ and His people as well as for the Blessed Sacrament of the altar.

Fruits, plants and leaves are not without meaning also. For instance, myrrh gives the idea of self-denial; wheat reminds us of the Blessed Eucharist; the weed represents sin; wheat and cockles, Christians and infidels; hys-sop, faith and purification; moss, charity; holly, penance; iris, frivolity; the reed, docility; the sage, sadness; the azalea, sobriety; the geranium, friendship; the nut, patience; and the cocoa, goodness, and so on.

IN Italy and Spain we often find the name *Annunziata* in honor of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin. And there is a still prettier name, "*Ave*," which is sometimes given to girls.

St. Francis was once passing through Assisi and was urged to dine with a young army officer, a devout man who had a great affection for the saint. As he sat down at the table, the Poor Man of Assisi, as he is called, made his usual mental prayer, during which it was revealed to him that his host was soon to die. He therefore drew him aside and recommended him to make his confession without delay, since God had given him this golden opportunity of grace in reward for his kindness and hospitality toward Christ's poor.

Believing what his holy guest told him, the pious officer went to confession, and said his penance, sitting down to table with a gentle smile upon his face. Scarcely had he served his guest when, with a sharp cry, "*My heart!*" he laid his hand upon his side, pronounced the Holy Name and died.

A beautiful fresco of this remarkable scene was painted by the great master Giotto, and adorns the walls of the church of St. Francis at Assisi.

How Did they Know?

Sometimes it seems as if the roots of plants had the power to think. A remarkable case occurred in South Africa—a climbing species of cactus rambling over the roof of a shed. At one part the stem of the plant passed over a hole in the roof, and apparently the cactus thought it would like to get an extra roothold. So it actually sent down its roots through the hole in the roof to the soil that was *inside the shed*. These roots had to travel a distance of at least ten feet through the air in order to get to the ground. Unless it is granted that the roots had something like intelligence, it is difficult to see how they knew they would find soil through the hole in the roof.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Persons particularly interested in Hindu mysticism—we have not met any since the hot weather began—will be pleased to learn that six lectures on the subject by Prof. S. N. Dasgupta, M. A., Ph. D., have just been published in neat book form by the Open Court Publishing Co. A smiling portrait of the Professor in the graceful garb of a yogin forms the frontispiece of the volume.

—Two booklets of recent publication for which we should think many persons would have use are "The Vest Pocket 'Cushing'," described as an A B C guide to parliamentary law and containing models for short speeches and toasts; and "The Vest Pocket Bookkeeper and Shortcuts in Figures," a simple and concise method of practical bookkeeping. T. J. Carey & Co., New York.

—"The Man-God" is the title of a new book by the Rev. Patrick Carroll, C. S. C., Litt. D., intended as a text for the classroom, also for general reading. It is provided with study topics, outline maps of the Holy Land and Jerusalem in the time of Our Lord, and an index. The admirable idea of Tatian's Diatessaron would seem to be embodied in the present work, which is published by Scott, Foresman & Co.

—"Eminent Christian Brothers," a pamphlet of thirty-four pages by Brother Leo, F. S. C., anonymously published, presents "biographical notes on some distinguished members of the institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, with a brief introductory outline of a Brother's life and work." A list of schools conducted by the sons of St. John Baptist De La Salle is also given. These establishments number 821 and the pupils are estimated at 200,000.

—Robert Estiennes, of the family of famous French publishers of that name, was the first to subdivide the chapters of the New Testament into verses. He is said to have performed a large part of his labor while journeying on horseback. The new style proved a great con-

venience and has been followed in all subsequent editions of the Bible. M. Estiennes' horse must have been given to shying. The work ought to be done over again, not in a rapidly moving automobile, however.

—In "Old Testament Meditations," by the late Father Maturin (Herder), those fortunate enough to have formed the habit of meditating will find rich and suggestive material. Unlike not a few preachers, this famous convert from Anglicanism made Holy Scripture the basis of all his preaching. In the present volume many more or less unfamiliar characters of the Old Testament are vividly portrayed, and helpful lessons are drawn from their words and example. The excellent Introduction is by Maisie Ward.

—In the July number of the *Catholic World*, Mr. Theodore Maynard begins an account of his conversion to the Church. He does so with reluctance, he confesses, for, to quote: "I dislike being reminded that I was ever outside the Church; and as for converts, I generally feel ill at ease with them. The only association I would be less likely to join than the Converts' League is the Anti-Saloon League." As might be expected, Mr. Maynard's narrative is one of absorbing interest. A host of readers, we are sure, will readily pardon him the lapse from grace of which he is so conscious in publishing the record of his conversion.

—It has lately become the fashion to admit that oratory, as a fine art, is dead. Fortunately this is not wholly true. In "The Republic and the Church," the Rev. John A. McClorey, S. J., confirms the reservation. The volume consists of six orations (it would not be correct or perhaps do them justice to call them sermons); and such subjects as "This Republic," "Divorce and Revelation," "Birth Control," "The Republic and the Church," the author treats in genuine oratorical fashion. His words, and they are finely chosen, convey truth (living, eternal verities) with a forceful-

ness which is irresistible, and reveal a passion never beyond perfect control. We shall not classify this as a sermon book, but as one of model pulpit orations from which public speakers might draw inspiration and profit. Herder Book Co.

—Francis Thompson, far from passing into obscurity, is only now, it would seem, coming into his own. There has just been issued a study of him with the imposing title, "Francis Thompson: The Poet of Earth in Heaven: A Study in Poetic Mysticism and the Evolution of Love-Poetry," by R. L. Megroz. The author does not seem to be a Catholic, while the Rev. Dr. Hutton, whose "Guidance from Francis Thompson in Matters of Faith" appeared last year, is a Dissenting Minister. Another clergyman, the Rev. T. H. Wright, has contributed an excellent appreciation of the poet to Harrap's "Poetry and Life" series. Likewise, a volume is given over to him in the same publisher's series of shilling essayists of "Yesterday and Today," and he is one of Benn's Sixpenny Poets. He has been translated into French by Auguste Morel and by no less distinguished a hand than Paul Claudel, while Professor Federico Olivero has rendered his poetry into masterly Italian prose. In the twenty years that have passed since Thompson's death, his fame has been only the more firmly established.

—A study whose importance can hardly be overrated is that presented in the two volumes entitled, "Life, Character and Influence of Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam," by John Joseph Mangan, A. M., M. D. (The Macmillan Co.) A life of Erasmus must of necessity be a history of the world in which he lived, at least it must be a history of the world of thought in his day, so profoundly did his influence affect his time, and so truly was he, in turn, its product. This is precisely what Dr. Mangan has accomplished in his two monumental volumes. In them, Erasmus lives in his age, and his age lives in him. While no pains have been spared to set the central figure off in relief against this rich and varied background, it is the biographer's

triumph that the relief is kept high: always, it is Erasmus whose character one studies, whose career one follows. The historian does not dominate the biographer. As a result, Erasmus emerges, perhaps for the first time to modern eyes, as a human being. Scholar, humanist, controversialist, thorn in the side of various persons—under these various aspects Erasmus is fairly well known. It was left for our own day and a penetrating sympathy, happily joined to genuine scholarship in Dr. Mangan, to produce this portrait of the real man. The library of no Catholic institution or indeed of any educated Catholic can afford to be without these excellent volumes. Besides a dependable index, bibliography, etc., they have several rare illustrations made, some of them, from original portraits. A distinct and lasting credit to Catholic and American scholarship.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rt. Rev. Joseph G. Anderson, auxiliary bishop of Boston; Rev. Joseph Tettermer, of the archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. John Dunn, archdiocese of Baltimore; Rev. Anselm Ineichin, O. S. B.; and Rev. Paul Kwapulinski, C. S. Sp.


Mr. Augustine J. Ryan, Mrs. Rosenna Par-
rington, Dr. Thomas J. Dehey, Miss Mary
Allen, Mrs. Mary Quinn, Mr. Charles Volk-
man, Mr. Joseph Norris, Mrs. M. J. Shelley,
Mr. Thomas Craney, Mrs. Margaret Heiser,
Mr. J. S. Sunder, Mr. Daniel Moriarty, Miss
Margaret Harrison, Mr. George Hall, Miss M.
G. McManus, Mr. James Frost, Mr. Edward
M. Lawless, and Mrs. Harrison McCrockett.

May they rest in peace!

Our Contribution Box.

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CONTENTS

Union of Soul.—(Poem).....	<i>L. H.</i>	321
A Tribute to the Power of the Blessed Virgin by a Protestant Minister.....		321
Ancient Lights.—(Continued).....	<i>Agnes Blundell.</i>	325
The Rider on the White Horse.—(Poem).....	<i>Arthur V. Kent.</i>	329
A Foundress and Pioneer.—(Continued).....	<i>The Countess de Courson.</i>	329
Marga's Dressmaker	<i>Ben Hurst.</i>	334
The Natural Bridge of Virginia, "The Bridge of God.".....	<i>Maude Gardner.</i>	339
One of Our Needs.....	<i>Louisa May Dalton.</i>	340
Moorish Proverbs.....		341
A Memorable Example.....		342
Notes and Remarks:		

A Strong Indictment of Modern Spiritism.—Tradition vs. the Printed Word.—Important and Practical.—		
Straight Talk by a Methodist Layman.—In Answer to a Renegade.—Christianity in the Latin Countries.		
—A Great Step Towards Religious Unity.....		343

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

White Butterflies.—(Poem)	<i>Cora May Preble.</i>	347
The Story of Raoul.—(Continued).....	<i>Mary T. Waggaman.</i>	347
Bad Blunders.....		350
In Idle Moments.....		350
With Authors and Publishers.....		351
Obituary		352

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 10.—St. Nicholas of Tolentino, C.	WEDNESDAY, 14.—Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
SUNDAY, 11.—FOURTEENTH AFTER PENTECOST. SS. Protus and Hyacinth, MM.	THURSDAY, 15.—SEVEN DOLORS OF THE B. V. M. St. Nicomedes, M.
MONDAY, 12.—The Holy Name of Mary.	FRIDAY, 16.—St. Cornelius, P. M. St. Cyprian, B. M. SS. Euphemia and Comp's, MM.
TUESDAY, 13.—St. Eulogius, C. St. Amatus, B. C.	SATURDAY, 17.—Stigmata of St. Francis.

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Union of Soul.

BY L. H.

THERE is kinship of the spirit, stronger far
than earthly ties,
And the pulsing of one noble thought bids
countless thoughts arise;
All the rapture of the poet in his love-inspired
song,
Souls of poets, even silent ones, for age on
age prolong.
Every color on the canvas finds reflection in
some heart,
In whose deeps a spirit-palette holds the tints
of nature's art;
Every vibrant chord of music hath a power
all its own,
That awakes a thousand echoes in the mystic
world of tone.
And if thought and song and color, o'er our
being thus hold sway,
As the breezes on the forest-harps of swing-
ing branches play,
How much stronger, how much nobler, are the
powers that control
In the union of the spirit, when the soul
meets kindred soul!

DISTRACTIONS, natural disinclination
to prayer, temptations of whatever kind
occurring during it, do not, if displeas-
ing to us, destroy the merit and fruit
of prayer; they may add to its merit.
There can not be a more fatal delusion
than to give up prayer on their account.

—F. M. de Zulueta, S. J.

A Tribute to the Power of the Blessed Virgin by a Protestant Minister.

THERE is scarcely any one
point of our holy Faith which
is so often misrepresented, so
little understood as our belief
in the intercessory power of
the Blessed Virgin. To us this devotion
seems so natural, and is so direct and
necessary a consequence of the Incarna-
tion, that we can not comprehend the
difficulties of our separated friends.

There has been compiled, I believe, a
volume which contains tributes paid by
Protestant writers to Mary; and while
none of these writers would probably
admit all that the Church teaches and
that we love to practise concerning her,
yet their testimony is of value; for it
shows what reason unaided of faith,
has found. It is a beautiful tribute also
to the divine character of the Church,
for it shows how wisely she has pro-
vided for the wants of our nature and
answered the needs of our hearts.

Some time ago a Protestant minister
told me of an experience of his own,
which so well illustrates the foregoing
that I have concluded to send it to THE
AVE MARIA. The story is absolutely
true. I suppress the name of the narra-
tor, but give the story as nearly in his
own words as I can remember them.
Several years ago I was rector of a
church in the same city where he then
resided, and he lived in my immediate

neighborhood. Some cause of dissension arose between himself and the vestry, and he resigned. Two or three years afterward he came to the city where I now live, for the purpose of taking charge of a church during the temporary absence of the minister; and while on this visit he told me this story:

"I was rector of a church in L—— before coming to the city where we first met, and my aunt lived in the same place. She and her family were staunch and devoted Roman Catholics. One evening I called on them, and was very much surprised when the servant told me they were downstairs at tea; for I knew well it was fully an hour ahead of their regular supper-time. I asked no questions of the servant, however, but went downstairs at once; and was warmly welcomed as usual.

"I had no sooner taken my seat at the table than one of my cousins said she was very sorry I had come, because they were going out immediately after tea; that there was a mission going on at the cathedral and they were all anxious to attend. One of the children asked me, in a hesitating kind of way, if I would mind going with them. I may as well say that my curiosity led me to accept the invitation, as I had never been present at a mission in a Roman Catholic church. On my assuring them I would be glad to accompany them, we hurried through the meal, and, having gone upstairs for our coats and hats, we started off.

"We had not far to walk, and when we reached the cathedral we found it crowded. After some preliminary service (which must have been what you call the Rosary, and to which, by the way, I was glad to hear the people respond clearly), the priest ascended the pulpit. He was a man apparently about forty years old, clean-shaven and with dark complexion. His face did not impress me at first as being at all attrac-

tive, but after he had been speaking a while I forgot all about such impressions. He was, I judge, a foreigner; though I must confess his command of our language was remarkable. He was dressed in a black cassock, or robe, which was fastened at the waist by a belt, or cincture; and on his breast was a heart of some white material, with, I think, the three nails.

"After crossing himself, he stood for about ten seconds with hands clasped on his breast and eyes closed. The pause, or delay, seemed much longer to me, and I began to feel somewhat restless. I fancied I saw a look of nervous tension in the faces of those near me. At last he spoke:

"I am standing here, my brethren, and as I gaze into your faces I know you have come to hear the blessed word of God. I am sent here to preach it to you."

"Again he paused and stood with bowed head and closed eyes; and then, raising his head and looking at us intently, he went on:

"I have been far away these few seconds, and in another church in my own dear home. The church and the faces I saw therein were as clear and distinct to me as this church and the faces I now see before me. I was sitting in the little church where Sunday after Sunday I sat as a child, and by my side sat my mother. True, I know she went to her reward long years ago, and she grieved that God called her before she saw her son a priest at the altar. I was a child again, and I sat by her side as she told her beads; and I was playing with them as they passed through her fingers; and she bent down and, with gentle smile, took the Rosary from my hands; and I saw her beaming face and felt the soft touch of her hand on mine.

"May it not be, my brethren, that the good God has permitted this scene to come back to me to-night that I

might be better prepared to speak to you? For such a memory tends to strengthen one to speak of the holiness and beauty of the home of Nazareth, and best prepares one to recount the tender love and boundless pity of the Mother of Our Lord. I opened my eyes and the vision had passed, and once more I beheld your beautiful church and saw your eyes looking into mine.

“Ah, my brethren, what a wondrous thing is not this faculty which transports us to other lands and other scenes and makes the dead past as vivid and real as the living present! What a multitude of scenes and faces may we not evoke at will? No stretch of land or sea may bind our fancy or imprison our imagination; but like lightning flash it runs around the world and drags into almost noonday splendor the scenes which a dim and distant past had well-nigh buried in oblivion.

“And, yet, methinks I hear some one say that if we could always control this wondrous faculty, all would be well. But it does not brook control; and oftentimes it does not bring comfort and happiness, but rather pain. How annoying it is, when one wishes to think only of God and one's needs, to have Memory bringing up scenes of the past very foreign to the present need and the present duty! How frequently do we not all have distractions in our prayers!

“Ah, too well I know the force of this objection! And how often have I not wished that some genius would discover a means infallible of bridling this unruly faculty and making it subject to our will and inclination; so that, fixed and immovable, our mind might remain wholly absorbed in the thought to which it had directed its attention! I know not what the genius of man may yet do, but I fear that this passes the bounds and limits of his power. Yet I do not complain; for I know that we, children of the Church, have a means,

easy and accessible, which, while not entirely curing the evil, reduces it to a minimum of annoyance.

“Let me tell you, my brethren, of my experience when I arrived here yesterday. I had been on the road all day and a part of the night before, and when I reached your pastor's house I begged him to allow me to retire to my room and take a much-needed rest. He very kindly agreed; and I was shown to my room, where I at once prepared to retire. As I knelt down to say my prayers, I saw before me a beautiful crucifix. The figure was of carved ivory and the cross of ebony. I could not but admire the exquisite work; still, its very beauty only served to emphasize more and more the dreadful tragedy. The outstretched hands and delicately carved feet bore the cruel nails; and, though the white surface had no trace of blood, its deathlike pallor appealed to me even more strongly. What a dreadful death! What a dreadful part I bore in it! And as I closed my eyes, the selfsame thing took place that marked my opening words to-night. The room and its surroundings were far away, and again the tragedy of Good Friday was enacted in my sight. I heard the dying cry of my Redeemer; and as the last sigh escaped His blessed lips, I saw his head droop on His breast, His swollen lips part, His eyes glaze—and He was dead!

“There stood His Mother, whom but a moment ago I heard Him commend to St. John, and through St. John to you and me. Were it possible, my dear brethren, for distracting thoughts to intrude there? And as I opened my eyes once more and found myself back in the room, I gazed upward and saw hanging on the wall a picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*,—a sad, sweet face, which appeals to everyone for the deep intensity of resigned sorrow, and yet which more strongly makes an appeal

to Catholic hearts; for it suggests the foot of the cross and the great part played by the Second Eve in the redemption of mankind.

"I thought of Bethlehem and the Shepherds, and saw the young Mother with adoring love bending over the crib where her Child—our God—lay asleep. I saw the Wise Men coming with their presents of gold, frankincense and myrrh; and saw them fall down and adore the Child whom Mary presented to them; and I saw that Mary's knee was Jesus' throne when first the homage was paid Him which was His due. I heard the Wise Men tell the Mother of their journey and its difficulties, and how all was forgotten when they gazed on the blessed face of Jesus. I heard them tell her this and more, that, treasuring it up in her heart, she might in after days, when the Child was grown, repeat the story. And I could not but think that, after our painful journey through the desert of this life, we should forget all the perils passed when Mary would show us the blessed face of Jesus.

"I saw her again at Cana, when Jesus changed the water into wine to please His Mother and spare embarrassment to His hosts; and I could not doubt that at her prayer He would turn our cold and careless hearts into warm and loving ones. Then back to the Cross I came once more, and saw her standing there—

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa;

and could I fail to bow down before this one whom Jesus must have loved so tenderly? For her comfort was one of the thoughts which filled His mind during His three hours' agony on the Cross.

"What better thoughts could find a place in my memory when I would fain pray to God than these? And have I not spoken the truth, my brethren, when I claimed that we Catholics have means at hand which, when used, will control

our vagrant fancies and regulate our wandering memories? For it had been hard to think of aught else when such thoughts came almost unbidden. And I dare assert that no more fervent prayers were ever said than those which come straight from our heart to our lips as the story of Good Friday unfolds itself to us, or Mary's place in God's scheme comes out in detail.'

"I do not pretend to quote the priest's remarks verbatim, but I feel sure I have given you as well as I could the part of his sermon which so much interested me. Strange as it may seem to you, I had never thought of the use of such aids to devotion as pictures, crosses or images,—in fact, I think I should have discountenanced them. But as the priest told of his own experience I followed him with growing interest; and I could not help asking myself: 'If such things helped him, why should they not assist me?' At any rate, on the next day I bought a copy of the *Mater Dolorosa* and hung it in my bedroom, so that every night and morning I saw it as I said my prayers.

"Some months afterward my oldest boy was taken sick with scarlet fever. The doctor and my wife were unremitting in their attention, but the child grew steadily worse. One evening the doctor told us that there was no hope for the boy, and that he could not live the night. I went back to the bedside, and, carefully wrapping the little fellow, I placed him in my lap and laid his head on my shoulder, determined that God should literally take him from my arms.

"As I sat there, with the tears streaming down my face, I chanced to look at the picture of the *Mater Dolorosa*, and the sermon came back to me in a flash. I gazed upon her, and I prayed as I never prayed before that she would pity my grief. I reminded her, as I sat there with my little boy's

head resting on my shoulder, of how she bore her Son in her arms that night in the far past, when at Joseph's word she went through Bethlehem's street on her way to Egypt. I recalled in my great sorrow the anxious moments that she passed, even when Bethlehem was far behind, for fear of pursuit; and I begged the Mother of Jesus to pity me and give me back my child.

"The night passed, and the dawn found me with my boy sleeping in my arms; and when the doctor came he told me that a change had taken place during the night and my boy would recover."

I know I am going to disappoint many readers, when I add that at the time of writing the man who related the foregoing story is still a Protestant minister. He has told me that one of his troubles was that he dared not tell his people all that he believed.

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XI.

A WEEK or two later, Father Hunt was celebrating Mass on a bright May morning. It was Sunday, so not only was his room filled to overflowing, but the gallery without was crowded; and the faithful, men, women, and little children, knelt all the way down the stairway. A temporary altar had been erected on the threshold of the attic chamber, so that those both within and without could follow the movements of the priest.

The moment of the Elevation came, and just as the priest held up the Sacred Host and all eyes were raised in adoration, a sudden, frightful clamor was heard without, shouts of "In the Queen's name!" alternating with cries of "Traitor!"

The worshippers on the stairs rose to their feet, looking back in terror, but

Sir Nicholas stepped quickly forward, closing the door so as to hide priest and altar.

"Let no one move," he said. "Richard, guard the door with thy life till Mass be over. Make way for me, good people!"

He went hastily down the stairs, while Richard called up some of the young men to stand by him.

"Get the women and children away through the nursery passage," he commanded. "You, lads, stand by me; Tom, look you to the priest! Hal, fetch my rapier."

As the people melted away, Richard took up his position at the foot of the attic stairs, his naked sword in his hand. The noise below increased.

"Richard," called the Squire peremptorily from below, "no resistance once the danger of desecration be past."

"They are taking axes to the back door," said one of the men. "How came they into the courtyard without breaking down the great doors?"

"Drag out the furniture and make a barricade across the stairs," ordered young Nevile. "Tom, remember your charge is the priest. I will hold them at bay till he is safe in hiding."

Sir Nicholas' voice, raised in a discussion which quickly devolved into an angry colloquy, could be heard below; presently he was pushed aside, and two or three followers of the pursuivant made their way up the stairs. They were rascally looking fellows, little better than the bravoës familiar to Richard in Italy. The young man glanced at their tarnished finery in disdain.

"Back there!" he exclaimed.

"In the Queen's name, put down your sword!" exclaimed the foremost intruder. He spoke in exaggerated imitation of a court gallant's mincing utterance, and flourished his sword arm till all the dirty knots of ribbon danced and quivered.

"Another step at your peril," said Richard. "You are no sheriff nor Queen's messenger either. I'll not yield an inch till I have an order from Sir Nicholas."

"Close on him, you dogs!" ordered the man, but his followers merely laughed.

"On thyself, brother, and show thy mettle!" said one.

The leader looked up at Richard and at the rapier lightly balanced in his hand.

"Take warning, young sir; put away thy steel," he cried. "There's one below that's not to be lightly reckoned with. Put away thy weapon, I say, or it will go hard with thee."

The door of the attic was cautiously opened. Neville determined to make a diversion which would enable Father Hunt to cross the landing unseen.

"Maybe you are in the right of it," he said, making his rapier sing in the air before laying it down carefully at his feet. As the three men rushed towards him he laughed, and, stepping back, seized the mattress which had been stretched across the stair-head, and flung it and himself bodily upon them. All four rolled down the stairs with loud noise and a frightful outcry from the three undermost rascals. Richard left them struggling under the bed, and, leaping over them, ran down the great stairs and into the hall which was full of armed men. Two were engaged in binding the Squire's arms behind him, when Richard, thrusting away those who would have stayed him, came flushed and breathless to his father's side.

"What means this, Sir?" he cried. "The house is full of brawlers."

"We must submit, Richard," said Sir Nicholas, who seemed strangely composed all of a sudden, after exchanging a glance with his son. "They have a

warrant, lad; all duly signed, I have no doubt, since two old neighbors have come to see it executed."

"You will be further indited for causing a riot and resisting the forces of the Crown," said a grating voice.

Sir Nicholas bowed.

"Very well, Mr. Sheriff. If you had but knocked on my front door it would have been opened to you. 'Tis a bit difficult to discern a sheriff from a house-breaker if he comes creeping in at the back, guided by a groom discharged for thieving. Aye," he added, "I see you, Rolf Carr, skulking there behind your new masters. 'Twas neatly done to climb the wall and unbar your old master's door—they should pay thee handsomely—thou hast done well for them."

"Oh, father, have a care!" whispered Richard. "Say nought to incense them, I beg of you."

"Why, the fat's in the fire now," rejoined the Squire. "Here's my son, Mr. Sheriff. You'll not want him, I reckon?"

And the sheriff, who had just received the testimony of Richard's late interlocutors, ordered the young man to be bound, disregarding his plea that he had laid down his sword when called upon to do so.

The house was ransacked from top to bottom, and though the altar furnishings and a pewter chalice were dragged out from the place where they had been hastily concealed, no trace of the priest himself could be found.

Mr. Leigh, the sheriff, tossed the chalice aside as trumpery, worth but a few pence; old Debby ran forward white and trembling, and seizing it, hid it beneath her apron. Sir Nicholas sighed with relief.

"She will keep it safe," he whispered in his son's ear. "Wot you, Richard, it hath thy mother's great pearl concealed in the stem. These folks deem it of base metal and leave it in scorn; but

we have hidden the jewel there in honor of the King of kings."

The Squire presented a calm front to all menacing and questioning. He was a Catholic, he stoutly averred, but no traitor. He wished her Majesty well, and constantly prayed for her.

"Yet you are a priest harbinger—a supporter of traitors and of her Majesty's enemies," declared Leigh.

"Not so," returned Nevile, making a proof of self-command rare in one of his impatient temper. "No rebel nor disorderly person has ever set foot in my house. If your warrant is couched on such a supposition, you will scarce find evidence for executing it."

"I say your works give your words the lie," shouted the other. "Aye, doth not this mass-vesture give you the lie, and the testimony of those who have attended Mass here?"

"Nay," said Sir Nicholas flatly. "You have only proof that I am a Catholic, which I have always openly avowed."

"Your contumacy, Sir, doth discredit you," exclaimed the sheriff pompously. "Constable, read the warrant—then do your office."

The constable, accordingly, stepping forward, cleared his throat and unrolling the parchment, read as follows:

"The Right Honorable Sir Christopher Hatton of the honorable Order of the Garter, knight and chancellor of England.

"These are in her Majesty's name to authorize and require your taking a Constable to your assistance to make strict and diligent search for Nicholas Nevile of Greenhalgh, Knight; and him having found to apprehend and secure together with his papers and arms for high Treason in adhering to the Queen's enemies and harboring a seminary priest, and bring him in safe custody before me to be examined concerning the premises, and further proceeded

against according to Law. And in the due execution whereof, all Mayors, Sheriffs, Justices of ye Peace, Constables and other her Majesty's officers, civil and military, and all other her Majesty's subjects whom it may concerne, are hereby required to be ayding and assisting to you, and for so doing this shall be your Warrant.

"Given at ye Court of Whitehall ye 7th day of May, 1591, in the 33d year of her Majesty's regne.

"To Richard Haywood, one of her Majesty's messengers in ordinary, or to Peter Moriscoe the same."

"There is no mention of my son, however," exclaimed Sir Nicholas triumphantly.

"I arraign the young man likewise," said Moriscoe, "on the charge of resisting me, the Queen's messenger, in the fulfilment of my duty, and likewise of stirring up a riot against her Majesty, for which these two men here stand witness."

"You have no warrant for his apprehension," persisted Nevile. "What's come to old Habby Corpus, if you can break into a man's house and arrest without a warrant?"

"As contumacious recusants ye have placed yourselves outside the pale of the law," retorted Leigh.

"But in English Law a man is to be supposed innocent until he is found guilty."

"You are bold to bandy words with me," returned the sheriff. "Have no doubt, you *will* be found guilty, unless, indeed, you refuse to plead. But either way your lives are forfeit—you can make your choice in London."

"Surely 'tis not to London you purpose to remove me?" exclaimed the Squire, who had listened with a mixture of disdain and dismay. "Why, is not Liverpool gaol good enough, or if you want the help of the garrison to con-

trol a lame old man—Chester prison, foresooth?"

"You and your son are to be delivered by me at Newgate in London, there to answer for your crimes," retorted the other.

"London—that is a far cry!" exclaimed the Squire,—“far from all my friends and kindred. God’s will be done!”

As he spoke he glanced up and smiled suddenly as though at the thought of a great happiness.

XII.

It was a weary ride into Liverpool, bound on their own horses. As they approached the Lone End, Richard saw one of the children, who had evidently been posted to watch, leap the ditch and go running across the field towards his father’s cot.

Just as the sheriff’s party came round the corner of the lane, Rimmer’s herd of pigs came rushing out of the yard into the road, getting in front of the horses and impeding their progress.

Joe himself rushed out in pursuit of the pigs, and while ostensibly endeavoring to control his animals, managed to approach Richard.

"Your commands, Sir?" he whispered urgently.

"Look to the Silver Pin," returned Richard eagerly. "Conceal it—guard it."

"Aye, by my life," answered the other, recognizing the synonym for a priest.

He wheeled as one of the followers aimed a blow at him, and threaded his way quickly out from among the plunging horses. Sir Nicholas stared straight ahead—any sign of undue interest might be harmful to Joe.

Another long interrogatory took place before the Mayor of Liverpool and the Governor of the prison, before the older and younger Neville were confined for the night. They found themselves in a

dirty cell, unfurnished save for a heap of mouldy straw, on which Richard spread his cloak for his father. Both had been unbound, but while the older man was left free, gyves had been placed on Richard’s legs. It was by dint of pressing money into the gaoler’s hand that he had obtained indulgence for his father.

"Well, Sir," he said, when they were alone. "At least they have nought that they can bring against us. We have transgressed no law, except in the exercise of our religion."

"Seest thou the window yon?" returned his father, warningly, "'tis barred and covered so as to keep out a breath of fresh air. Yet this place is *well ventilated*, Richard. These walls have both eyes and ears."

Richard glanced round, startled at this timely reminder, while the Squire partook of the supper of bread and cheese and small ale which they had purchased at an extortionate price from the gaoler.

Only a little light filtered in through the high, grilled loophole of a window. The flagged floor was moist and filthy, and the atmosphere charged with a noisome stench. Richard felt a horrible depression of spirit. There was no elation in this suffering for the Faith—arrest and confinement were of the squalid, degrading order meted out to thieves and common felons. His father had been spoken to and treated with the grossest discourtesy. He turned to look on him with a swelling heart. The old man had not uttered a word of complaint.

"Come, Richard, fall to!" he said cheerfully.

The boy sat down in silence and forced himself to eat lest he should fall short of his father’s standard of courage.

As they lay together that night, vainly trying to sleep, Sir Nicholas’ voice came out of the darkness:

"'Twas that blackguard Rolf Carr who betrayed us."

"Yes, he knew where the wall could be scaled; he got over and unbolted the gate," agreed Richard.

There was a long pause; the young man moved his gyved limbs restlessly. Then the Squire spoke again.

"Hast forgiven him, lad?"

"Aye, father," said the other in a low voice.

"That's right," rejoined the Squire; and turning over with a sigh of relief, he fell asleep, his grizzled head uneasily pillowed on his son's shoulder.

(To be continued.)

The Rider on the White Horse.

(On a Picture by G. F. Watts.)

BY ARTHUR V. KENT.

☞ LET me follow Thee,
Thou Royal Rider, on Thy milk-white steed!
Let me but hold Thy jewelled rein indeed,
So may I run with Thee.

Plant in my brow a star,
That I may know the living from the dead,—
That I may clearly see the way ahead,
Where all Life's glories are.

Tell me where I may find
Such gems as may be made a crown for me.
Is it that each gem means a victory
Of the Eternal Mind?

Now all my heart is fain
To change this faded robe for one of white.
Thy robe is red; but Thou art Infinite,
And I must yet attain.

Give me a two-edged sword,
That I may prove that God is glorious—
Truth over sin and death victorious,—
Omnipotent His word.

How I will run with Thee!—
Treading beneath us all the lies of hell,
Fixing our eyes where Light and Wholeness
dwell.

In the Beginning God made all things well,—
The sons of God are we.

A Foundress and Pioneer.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

II.

DURING this time of transition, between the founding of her schools at St. Omer in 1609 and her momentous journey to Rome, in 1621, to plead for the recognition of her Institute, Mary Ward visited England more than once. She believed that "for God's service," it was well to have a house in London; and she took one, probably near the Embassy chapels, where Mass could be heard. Winifred Wigmore, Mary's first biographer, tells us that two priests lived in this house and were busy ministering to the needs of the poorer Catholics, whom Mary and her companions instructed and prepared to receive the Sacraments. Among these brave women, Susanna Rookwood is mentioned as having brought back a great number of souls and prepared and instructed many others. . . ." She was imprisoned five times: once in a horrible dungeon, where she had to defend herself with a stick from the rats that infested it. We hear too that Mary's journeys to and from St. Omer to London were not accomplished without some risk; that "twice she was taken," arrested and imprisoned, but "yet came off." Another time the ships in which she was crossing wellnigh perished in a furious storm. Mary alone remained quiet and calm. With her usual confidence in God's kindness, she threw an "Agnus Dei" into the troubled waters, which immediately became calm.

In London, she was exposed to a persecution that was at this time more violent than ever; the prisons were filled with Catholics, whom she and her companions visited and encouraged. On their errands of mercy, they discarded the black dresses that had become so familiar to the inhabitants of St. Omer. It

was necessary to impress the jailers by dressing as ladies of rank. Mary wore a yellow starched ruff, and a "pompous farthingale" and her sister Barbara, "a bright taffeta gown with rich petticoats."

By thus combining prudence and courage Mary and her companions were able to convert and strengthen many troubled souls, some of whom the harassing persecution was driving to despair; others, convinced of the truth of the Catholic Faith, were held back by fear of the penalties that a conversion would entail. Their labors were so successful, and Mary's personal influence so great, that George Abbot, the Protestant archbishop of Canterbury used to say of Mary Ward that "she did more harm than many priests," and that gladly would he "exchange six or seven Jesuits for her." He once expressed a wish to meet her, and Mary alarmed her Sisters by telling them that she was going to call at Lambeth Palace. Abbot was out, but she wrote her name with a diamond on a window-pane, and then returned quietly home. There was about her an irresistible charm; even the rough guards that she met when imprisoned, treated her with much reverence.

Among the converts whom she reclaimed from an evil life was an unnamed apostate priest. For this unfortunate man, Mary had long prayed, and at last he was converted, and was persuaded to leave England with her; but contrary winds obliged the ship to return to shore. Mary was arrested and taken before the magistrates. On her way from the court of justice to the prison, she said the Litany of Our Lady aloud; and, on crossing the threshold, she knelt and kissed the ground, in memory of the confessors who had there been imprisoned for Christ's sake. Far from resenting her attitude, the very officials who escorted her "seemed her slaves."

Although she had no fear for herself, she was anxious for the priest, whom, at the cost of many prayers and penances, she had converted. Was he a prisoner, and if so, how would he bear the hardships of the English prisons? She knelt on the stone floor of her cell and prayed earnestly for this poor soul. God, in whom she trusted, answered her petitions. In a vision she saw the priest lying on a bed above which an angel was watching over his slumbers. "Do you not see the care I have of him," said the angel; and Mary, full of joy, put her anxiety aside, and made an act of perfect trust in God's care of her convert. Later on, she visited the room of her vision; it was exactly as she had seen it, not the place of a chair or a stool was different. This "fine good angel," as she called him, inspired her with much devotion, and she employed a painter to represent him watching over his sleeping charge. This picture she gave to the priest that he might never forget his heavenly guardian.

Mary, after spending some time in prison, was set free; her biographers believe that her friends "paid down money" to secure her liberty. Gold in those days was all powerful, and the King himself benefited by the crushing fines levied on his Catholic subjects.

When Mary returned to St. Omer, she left in London a devoted band of workers who carried on the apostolate she had started. A curious document, "Sister Dorothea's Narrative," tells us something of their methods. At a time when letters were rare and avoided touching on Catholic subjects, the information is valuable. They could not open schools, but in the houses of Catholics, they taught children their prayers, prepared converts to receive the Sacraments, they also nursed the sick; and often at a great risk, they were able to bring spiritual assistance to the dying. An eminent Jesuit, known later as

the apostle of Maryland, Father Andrew White, was at that time employed on the English Mission; he considered Mary Ward's work as "most necessary for the Church's universal good and help of our country."

A considerable sum of money had been placed at his disposal towards the assistance of some devout work. After due thought, he decided to give it to "the illustrious virgin and most reverend Mother Mary Ward." He was, like Mary herself, in advance of his day and admired her Institute, because "its members do not content themselves to live in monasteries for themselves alone, . . . but, according to their measure of grace . . . leave their rest and retreat . . . to quench the fire of sin and heresy."

Evidently, this broad-minded and zealous religious understood that, given the chief object for which it was founded, the Institute could not accept an enclosure that made work in England impossible. Mary's journeys did not prevent her from preparing the "Memorial," in which she laid the plan of her Institute before the Pope and solicited his approbation. Till Rome sanctioned her work, its footing must needs be precarious. In January, 1616, the "Memorial" was ready. In it are contained the foundress' cherished ideals; they were new and daring, considering the views then held, but Mary clung to them; and eventually, when she had gone to her reward, they became the ideals of many religious Congregations, among whom Mary's children have an honored place.

After stating that the life adopted by the Institute is a "mixed life," where personal sanctification is combined with devotion to the salvation of souls, chiefly by means of the education of girls, Mary expresses her desire that the Institute should be subject to the Pope, and that "no religious Order, or any person, . . . should have over it au-

thority, power or jurisdiction." She goes on to state that its members must, to exercise their duties, be without enclosure and not be bound to any religious habit. The "Memorial" ends by expressing the submission and filial sentiments of the petitioners towards the reigning Pontiff, and their hope that he will take their congregation under his personal protection.

It is a further proof of Mary's courageous and enterprising character that she seems not to have realized that certain of her petitions, being contrary to the customs of the Church at that time, were likely to raise difficulties in Rome. With absolute confidence in God and the simplicity that is one of her characteristics, she drew up the plan of her Institute according to the inspirations received by her in prayer, and then laid it at the feet of the Vicar of Christ.

A friend of hers, Mr. Thomas Sackville, set off in the Winter of 1616 to take the "Memorial" to Rome, accompanied, we may believe, by the fervent prayers of the community of St. Omer. Three months later he returned, bringing a brief addressed to Bishop Blaise of St. Omer, commending the Institute to his care, and holding out a hope that at some future time its confirmation might be taken into consideration by the Roman Congregations. The words were vague, but hopeful, and in those early days, anything more definite could hardly be expected. It may be that Mary and her Sisters, ardent and eager to see their Congregation put on a solid basis, unaccustomed to the methods of Rome, proverbially leisured and cautious, attached undue importance to the brief; but the fact that they were put under the direct protection of Bishop Blaise was to them an immense joy. For many years, he had been interested in Mary's work; he had followed its development with cordial approbation, and,

better still, had written a public letter to defend her against certain false reports that had been spread.

These reports were circulated by persons who, from jealousy, or merely from prejudice, accused Mary and her companions of preventing others from entering religious Orders, to keep them for their own Institute, of indiscreetly undertaking "apostolic missions," charges that the Bishop contradicted one by one. He had warm words of praise for the new-born Congregation, for its solid spirituality, its self-sacrificing spirit; for its well-conceived plan for the education of girls, and for the eminent virtue of its members and their "angelic manner of life."

Besides those who, from ignorance or ill-nature, found fault with Mary and her Sisters, there were some priests, who looked upon the life to which they aspired as above the strength of women. It is amusing to find Mary a "feminist" before the term was used, and, in spite of her gentleness, standing up for her sex. It happened that on his return from Rome, Mr. Sackville spoke of the admiration with which some of the cardinals heard of Mary's enterprise, whereupon an unnamed Jesuit Father remarked that the Sisters were then in their first fervor, but this would decay, "for they are but women."

The unfortunate words were repeated to Mary; she replied that "fervor is not placed in feeling, but in a will to do well, which women may have as well as men. There is no such difference between men and women, that women may not do great things, as we have seen by the example of many saints. . . . What can this profit you, to tell you that you are but women, weak and able to do nothing, and that fervor will decay? I say what does this profit you, but to bring you to dejection and without hope of perfection. . . . With respect to

this good Father, I must needs defend this truth of which I am assured: that fervor need not decay because we are women. Yet I intend not to condemn him; . . . but I will ever stand for this truth: that women may be perfect; and that fervor must not necessarily decay because we are women."

In all her instructions to her little community, Mary's bright, hopeful, energetic spirit reveals itself. She reminds her Sisters that "God loves a cheerful giver, that mistrust of Him ties His hands, as it were, so that He can not bestow on us His divine gifts." She teaches the importance of charity, gentleness in words and thoughts, and considers "a cheerful mind" as necessary to perfection. She even puts it first in importance before "a good understanding and a desire after virtue"; all three are necessary, but "a cheerful mind is most so."

Mary practised what she taught: her brightness was never diminished; it radiated from her even when she had most to suffer; it uplifted her surroundings, and was one of the secrets of her popularity. It was the outcome of her absolute acceptance of and love for the will of God.

While waiting for a more definite approbation from Rome, Mary accepted an invitation to found a house at Liège, where the famous Father Gerard, whom she had known in her childhood, had lately established a Jesuit college. Bishop Blaise gave her an introduction to Ferdinand, Prince Bishop of Liège, who proved a kind friend to the community, and who, two years later, invited Mary to found houses at Cologne and at Trèves.

The foundation at Liège was a novitiate that at one time gave Mary much trouble. A young religious, Sister Praxedes, whom Father Gerard calls "a miserable woman," professed to have revelations concerning the Institute. God

showed her, she said, that Mary Ward being deluded by the devil, the Congregation could not prosper under her rule. Mary's journeys to England may have loosened her hold on the younger members of the Institute, some of whom at Liège sided with Praxedes; and certain Jesuit Fathers, alarmed at schemes that clashed with the generally accepted ideas regarding religious women, were also disposed to take her part.

Hearing of the differences of opinion that spread trouble in the community, Mary Ward left London, and on arriving at Liège, went into retreat before making inquiries. This was her way at all difficult moments—and they were many in her life. Prayer was her great resource; before treating with men, she carried her troubles to God. In a long letter to Father Gerard, written after her retreat, she sweetly and generously offers to stand aside and give the reins of government to Praxedes, if it be proved that she was chosen by God to direct the work. After consulting God, her "last and best refuge," the writer leaves the decision to Father Gerard: "Do in this what pleaseth you," she adds. By an event unexpected and terrifying, the matter was taken out of Mary's hands: Praxedes became ill, and was advised to receive the last Sacraments. She could not believe that her life was in danger, and said to those around her that, if she did not recover, she would acknowledge that all she had said was false, and that Mary Ward was guided by God. Next morning, Praxedes was dead!

Another member of the Liège community, whom Mary had trusted, also turned against her; worse still, this unfortunate Sister gave secret information to the Government spies of the doings of the Catholics on the Continent. Against Mary, she seems to have had feelings of extreme bitterness, accusing

her of visiting the Catholic prisoners at Wisbeach "like a duchess," of being "extraordinary jovial," and generous to extravagance in her gifts to the keepers at the prison and to the servants at the inns.

These spiteful accusations, prompted probably by jealousy, can be easily explained. When Mary travelled in England, it was generally with friends of her rank; she was naturally generous, but, on this occasion her wish to conciliate the rough jailers for the sake of the prisoners made her lavish. Cheerfulness, as we have said, was her favorite virtue; in her case, it was often a form of heroism, for, in addition to her many cares, her health, at this stage of her life, was most precarious and her sufferings acutely painful, even when to outsiders, she seemed what her enemy calls "extraordinary jovial."

The seeds of distrust sown by this unhappy Sister bore many fruits of rebellion and discord; but in Mary Ward's letters, we have but one mention of the woman who injured her and her work. In 1627, she writes, alluding to this Sister's death: "Grace is soon lost. Poor Mary Allcock!" and yet, writes Mary's biographer, this Sister "wronged her more perhaps than any other person;" and, a far more grievous offence in Mary Ward's eyes, she also injured the Institute by her calumnies.

(To be continued.)

LIVE for something. Life is a blank book every page of which must bear something worthy of record, or a blot very hard to be erased. Be mindful, then, what you trace upon its leaves; for it will tell in time and in eternity what has been the motive of that life given you by God. For if you have in the real sense lived at all, He who keeps a record of our deeds will mete your reward accordingly.—*Anon.*

Marga's Dressmaker.*

BY BEN HURST.

I.

WE were strolling in one of the suburbs of Vienna.

"Look!" exclaimed my friend Marga. "Here comes my dressmaker,—a nice little body, is she not?"

A refined-looking, neatly-dressed woman passed before us, with a smile, and a graceful bow. She was walking rapidly, and a small boy followed her carrying a large wide box.

"She has crowds of fashionable customers," added my friend; "and I wonder how she can retain them all without extra help. But she is positively indefatigable. Her husband is a 'Beamter,' that is, you know, in the State service, with a good salary."

"Then he ought to be ashamed of himself!" I said. "Fancy making his wife work like that."

"You wrong him," returned my friend; "and here is where my story comes in. I must tell you why I am so interested in her. I went one day to see if she could manage to finish a theatre bodice of mine earlier than we had arranged; and, on entering, found the room occupied by a huge blond gentleman, lounging about in the most nonchalant manner, and puffing a cigarette. He removed the latter on seeing me, but his face expressed bewilderment.

"Is Madam Strell at home?" I asked, somewhat puzzled.

"Certainly, Madam," he replied; and called: 'Gretta! Gretta!' with true marital authority.

"A startled, anxious face looked out from an inner door for a moment, and Gretta's voice said:

"Please wait one moment: I am coming!"

"In a short time she appeared, came

forward, and to my surprise, shook hands with me.

"This is my husband," she said, introducing him formally.

"She then began to chat, behaving in general like a lady who was receiving a visit from one of her acquaintances. My woman's instinct kept me on the alert, and I carefully followed her lead.

"Do let me show you the new hat Raimund bought for me," she said at last, leading the way to an inner room.

"The Beamter profited of the move to make an elegant bow and take himself off. I then turned to my companion with a face that very probably represented a point of interrogation—like yours just now."

And Marga broke off with a laugh.

"Oh, do go on!" I said; "I acknowledge I am curious."

"Well," continued Marga, "she thanked me earnestly for not alluding to the dress. 'The truth is,' she said, 'my husband is well-to-do—a Beamter in fact,—and he sees no necessity for my keeping up my trade. Madam will understand, however, that there are many people I can not see my way to refuse,—particularly friends who patronized me before my marriage, and have got so used to me they do not like to employ a stranger.' (I was not one of these, but I did not say so.) 'I did not expect Madam to-day,' she went on volubly, 'as it is a holiday, and Raimund would be at home. Of course it is wrong to have secrets from one's husband, but men are sometimes so unreasonable,—and there are so many things wanted in a house. Why should I be idle, Madam? I am happy when I work; and my earnings are my own, are they not?"

"Of course," I said, recalling all my woman's independence theories. "You are quite right to work, and it is surely more praiseworthy than to pass your free time in dressing and visiting like

* A true story.

so many other Beamters' wives. But perhaps your husband finds you overdo it, and neglect your health?"

"Oh, no!" she said, with a pleasant laugh. "He doesn't mind my stitching, and only jokes at my vanity; for he thinks it is mostly for myself I take such pains."

"She then opened the ottoman on which we had been seated, and drew from among a pile of other materials the half-sewn bodice which had been the cause of my unannounced visit, at the same time resuming her professional manner, which she did not again lay aside."

"Raimund will peep into that box some day," I declared.

"No," replied Marga. "He probably has no idea that it opens."

"All the same, she can not go long undiscovered," I insisted. In spite of her plannings and combinings, he will come home unexpectedly some day and find her pinning linings on you or me."

"What?" exclaimed my friend. "So you will patronize her, too? Merely for the pleasure of outwitting a man, I feel sure."

"No," I said. "Your dresses are well made. I do not see why I can not also help an industrious little woman who wishes to have a small income of her own, instead of being a parasite on her husband."

"Very true," answered Marga. "That is just how I felt. But, do you know, if it had been anybody else than this good, quiet creature, I should not like to continue a customer?"

"Quite naturally," I assented. "But hard work can have nothing wrong in itself. It is a refutation of any unworthy motive. Besides, the face of that woman does not allow of suspicion."

"How much you manage to see in one glimpse!" she laughed. "My story is not lost, I see."

"Give me her address," I said. "I ad-

mire her pluck and industry, and I am sure there is some serious reason at the bottom of it. But I shall not look her up at her own place, for I do not care to encounter the blond lion. Are you sure *he* does not profit by her busy fingers?"

"I think not. I was curious enough to make inquiries, and my husband tells me he is quite a model clerk."

"All the same, he can't be nice," I maintained; "otherwise his wife would not need to have this secret from him. She must have special need of money."

II.

It was about a year later that Marga and I happened to be again together, driving in the Prater, when she called my attention to a tall, well-dressed man walking toward us.

"That's Madam Strell's husband," she said. "As you see, he won't salute me; although he never failed to lift his hat most correctly when we used to meet after our first introduction. He looks sourly on those who patronize his wife and enable her to follow her trade, I suppose."

"So he knows about it!" I exclaimed. "I often wanted to ask you about her. Are you still satisfied with her work?"

"Well, no," said Marga. "I am on the lookout for another dressmaker. She has been very unpunctual and careless, too, of late."

"Poor thing! She looks so pale and tired!" I said. "She must work harder than ever, now that there is no longer any concealment."

"Yes; she told me her husband saw how difficult it was to make both ends meet, and does not hinder her."

"I am sorry to hear it," I said; "for I think she is working herself to death."

"Let us drive there," proposed Marga, with a sudden impulse. "She has had a promenade costume of mine in hands for a month. Would it bore you?"

"Not at all," I answered. "Let us go,

by all means; although I have never been to see her about my clothes. Indeed, till lately there was no need to do so, as she used to be exactness itself."

"Unfortunately, she is not so now," said Marga; "though she works late and early, and he has been promoted."

We waited for some moments after Marga had knocked at a small door on the third story. This had a tiny card pinned on the top panel, bearing "Madam Strell, Dressmaker," in her own handwriting. My heart sank at the wan face of the little woman who opened the door for us. I remembered her so brisk and pleasant,—a different being. She led us into the room, where she had evidently been at work, and began to apologize for delay.

"I see you have a great many things in hand," I said. "You should not accept more than you can do. You look worn out. Give yourself a rest."

"Oh, no, Madam!" she replied, with a smile. "I am not tired, and I can be happy only when I work. It is important, too, that I should earn."

"But you will make yourself ill," protested Marga. "You are not reasonable. If you break down you will be obliged to give up your customers."

"That is what I fear," she said, with a startled look from Marga to me. "But what can I do?"

She sank into a chair and clasped her hands.

"You won't withdraw your custom from me," she murmured, "when I tell you how—"

All at once she turned deathly pale and closed her eyes.

Marga and I looked at each other for a moment in utter dismay. I then stooped down and took the cold hands in mine, while Marga rang violently.

"Shall I get you a glass of wine?" I asked, as a small *stubmädchen* appeared. "Here are salts. Only keep quiet and tell us what to do."

"Here is the cordial," said the little maid, taking a bottle from the mantelpiece. "She'll be all right when she takes it."

And so it proved.

"You are overwrought," said Marga, gently, as the woman sat up, apparently revived, and dismissed the maid with a smile. "Have you consulted a doctor? I see you are subject to such attacks."

"No—quite seldom," she answered, evasively. "It is not worth speaking of, and work has nothing to do with it. But—I have been in great trouble. My brother—"

Here she broke down and sobbed despairingly.

"O God! my own brother! my only friend! We loved each other so—from childhood. And he had nobody but me. Since I married nothing went well with him. I tried to help him—but he was so unhappy! And now—he is gone from me forever."

"Is it long since you have lost him?" I asked, compassionately.

"Some months," she murmured in a low voice. "I lost heart—although I promised him not to fret. I should work more than ever for the child's sake,—he left me a little girl to look after. I can not bring her here—my husband would not like it,—and I can not bear to send her to an orphan asylum. I have found a home for her with nice people,—but it is a struggle."

"And your health is failing. You *must* bring her here!" I said, indignantly. "Your husband can not object when he sees how you are wearing yourself out in order to pay for her elsewhere."

"Oh, no!" she said, quietly. "I do not ask to bring her here; and—Raimund is not fond of children."

"Is the child's mother dead, too?" asked Marga.

"His wife?"

For the first time I saw the pretty, patient face darken with anger.

"Ah, no! *She* is alive, but she has abandoned the child. And he loved her so! But she it was who drove him—to death. My poor, poor brother! He was so good, so religious, as a child. He would not hurt a living thing or wrong a soul. And so gay, so cheerful always. Everybody loved him."

Her tears welled forth afresh, and Marga, tender-hearted Marga, sat down by her side and drew her head on to her breast.

"Cheer up!" she said. "The child will not be neglected, and who knows but what Herr Strell may adopt it when it is a little older. Do not worry yourself any more just now. We shall all try to help you, and God will reward your sisterly devotion."

We left her calm and comforted, if not consoled.

"Did I not say there was some noble sacrifice at the bottom of her untiring industry?" I said as we drove away. "Now do you know what I propose? She *must* have rest; and the villa at Baden is empty, for we go to Marienbad next week. She could go there with the child till we return in a month or so. My old Martha will feed her and nurse her and pet her, if I only give a hint."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Marga. "That would be sure to set her up. Write to her at once about it."

I did so, but my offer was declined,—very gratefully of course, but still declined.

"I do not feel justified in accepting Madam's kind offer," wrote Frau Strell; "and shall explain my reasons on the first occasion when I shall have the honor of meeting Madam."

But it seemed to me that she avoided this explanation, and I took care not to force her confidence.

"She speaks and acts as if there were some disgrace attaching to the child," said Marga. "And she never mentioned its name, which would be her own

maiden one, too. Poor thing! Just think of her toiling and moiling day and night probably to provide luxuries for that other woman! And all for love of a brother! But I must say I now understand her husband's feeling aggrieved."

"Nonsense! He is a conceited, selfish brute!" I declared. "Surely no fit mate for that little golden-hearted wife of his. If he were worth his salt, he would have divided her cares and been a solace, not a hindrance."

"True," said Marga. "But why fall upon him in such a way? His rôle in the affair is negative."

"And that is just what I reproach him with," I insisted, as the carriage drew up before Marga's door. "I have a perfect spite against the man. A Christian's rôle in life is never negative."

III.

Life in Vienna is a selfish, absorbing whirl. True, it is pretty much the same in other capitals; but I am trying to find an excuse for the fact that, amid a thousand cares and pursuits, I lost sight of Marga's dressmaker for a considerable time. We had continued to employ her (although she spoiled our gowns, which we often got remade or altered without her knowledge; and in spite of her extravagant prices) until she herself ceased working, owing to the death of the child.

Some time afterward I saw her in the Prater, sitting by the side of the Beamter, who seemed ineffably bored. She was looking up at him timidly, plainly trying to entertain him; for I saw her speak several times, and get no answer beyond a shoulder-shrug. Her beautiful eyes were now unnaturally large, her mouth drawn, and she was but the ghost of her former self.

Next time I saw her it was on a hospital bed in the Cancer Ward. She had written to Marga, asking her to come.

"I hope you do not mind my having come, too," I said, as we approached the

bed. "I am truly sorry to find you here. Let us hope it won't be for long."

"Oh, no! it won't be for long," she said. "But the next move is to the grave, and to the better life beyond it. I want to ask a last favor of you, Madam,"—turning to Marga.

I moved away quickly, but she called me back.

"Don't go, please," she said, with her old, timid smile. "I want to ask your pardon, too, for having deceived you. My brother is not dead."

Her tears began to flow, and Marga tried to soothe her.

"Only tell us what we can do for you," she said.

"Bring Albert to see me," she sobbed. "He is in prison, but if Herr B——" (naming Marga's husband) "would speak a word, surely they would let him come to say good-bye. He knows I am dying, poor fellow, and he wants to come. The warders would be with him, of course; but he would not try to escape, for his life is ended, too. Ah, God! what has he to look forward to, now I am gone?"

My own eyes were wet and so were Marga's.

"You must tell me his name," she said, "if I am to try to procure your wish. I promise you I will do my best."

"It is Albert M——," said the invalid, in a low voice, pronouncing the name of a bank defrauder with which all Austria had rung some years before. "She made him take the money, and he got twenty years. She escaped to spend it, and he gave himself up. Poor boy!"

Yes, we remembered. A sensational drama that thrilled us at the time.

"Be assured," said Marga, "that we shall try to obtain his liberty under escort for a couple of hours. But do not count on it too much. Prison regulations may stand in the way."

"Does your husband come regularly to see you?" I asked.

"Well,—no, Madam. He knows this long time that I am incurable," was the answer; which seemed to her—poor wife!—a natural explanation.

We tried to cheer her by speaking with compassion of the unhappy convict, declaring that we had never in our hearts thought him so deserving of blame; it was clear he had been led astray, and so forth.

She listened, clasping her Rosary, while the tears coursed down her pale cheeks. But her face lit up with a smile of welcome as the Sister in charge drew near.

"Sister," she said, "I think I am not going to wait for the other side to have a taste of happiness, after all. It is possible that I shall see my brother; but if not—God's will be done!"

Marga and I paused outside the door of the ward.

"To think of it!" she murmured. "Such heroism, such devotedness! These things do exist among us; and for the sake of this one soul, perhaps, are many of the cowardly and selfish spared."

"I thank God," was my reply, "for the lively faith in a better land that has sustained her in her weary task all these years."

Marga lost not a moment in endeavoring to compass the invalid's wish; but there were inevitable delays, and she died—this humble heroine of sisterly devotion—with her last earthly wish unfulfilled.

We saw the husband at the funeral, in coldly correct mourning. Some months later we saw him again, apparently well pleased with himself and with the stout, smiling young woman on his arm. Evidently he wished to impress her with his high connections; for, as he caught sight of the livery, he actually turned out of his way to accomplish an elaborate salute. But Marga sat straight and returned a haughty stare.

"You are thinking of that poor little

woman who was his wife?" I asked, with a sigh.

"Yes," said Marga, "I can not excuse him. While she was happy and healthy, he liked her well enough. When trouble fell on her, he drew off. Had he been a *man*, she need never have fretted and worked herself to death."

"You said once his rôle was negative," I reminded her. "As for me, I prefer the brother, convict as he is, who sobbed in remorse over her coffin, to the heartless husband."

And Marga acknowledged that she agreed with me.

The Natural Bridge of Virginia, "The Bridge of God."

BY MAUDE GARDNER.

FOR nearly two hundred years, the Natural Bridge of Virginia has been the object of many pilgrimages. Henry Clay described this marvel as "the bridge not made with hands, that spans a river, carries a highway and makes two mountains one." People travel for hundreds of miles just to see this natural wonder, about which they have heard so much.

The Natural Bridge on the Lee Highway, fourteen miles south of Lexington, a famous old town, which treasures the memories of Lee and Jackson, ranks among the wonders of the world, being the only great arch in the United States, which nature has provided as a thoroughfare without the help of man; for the Lee Highway, which connects the Shenandoah Valley with the eastern part of the State of Virginia, passes directly over the great stone marvel. Since the crown of the arch is very thick, the rocky walls perpendicular and the top being on the same level as the country surrounding, a stranger to the section might cross without noticing the great chasm beneath.

The Bridge, an arch of blue limestone, which spans a little stream known as Cedar Brook, is two hundred and fifteen feet high, ninety feet wide, with the span of a hundred feet thrown across the chasm, and connects two of the five round-top mountains that rise from the great Valley of Virginia, near the confluence of the James and the North Rivers. Great trees grow beneath, directly under the arch, but are not tall enough to reach it.

On the steep face of the precipice are carved the names of many persons who have dared to climb the rocky abutments. The initials of George Washington, with an arrow painted white pointing to them, may be seen at a considerable distance up the rocky sides, to which dizzy height it is claimed the youth who later became President of the United States, climbed to a point never before reached. Many years later a college student from Washington & Lee University, it is said, surpassed Washington's feat by climbing from the foot to the top of the rock.

Few people probably know that the Natural Bridge of Virginia was a gift from George III. to Thomas Jefferson, in 1774, just one year prior to the American Revolution. At Williamsburg, Virginia, which was at one time the Colonial capital, there is still to be seen on file the deed, conveying the property. It reads as follows:

"Know ye that for divers good causes and considerations, but more especially for and in consideration of the sum of Twenty Shillings of good and lawful money for our use paid to our receiver general of our revenues in our Colony and Dominion of Virginia, we have given, granted and confirmed, and by these presents for us, our heirs and successors, do give, grant and confirm unto Thomas Jefferson one certain tract or parcel of land, containing 157 acres lying and being in the county of Bote-

tourt, including the Natural Bridge on Cedar Creek, a branch of James River. In witness, . . . witness our trusty and well-beloved John, Earl of Dunmore, our Lieutenant and Governor-General of our said Colony and Dominion at Williamsburg under the seal of our said Colony, the 5th day of July, 1774, in the 14th year of our Reign, Dunmore, Land Office, Richmond."

Even in that long-ago time Thomas Jefferson, referring to the Natural Bridge, said: "A famous place, that will draw the attention of the world." When the property came into his possession, he oversaw the building of a log cabin near one end of the bridge; and from his home at Monticello he brought two slaves who were to look after the property and receive and care for the visitors who should come to see the noted "Bridge of God." After Jefferson became the third President of the United States, he visited the Bridge tract, surveyed it, and made a map of it with his own hands. It is also claimed that during the Revolution, the French organized two expeditions to visit the great stone marvel; and from their measurements and diagrams a picture was made in Paris which for nearly half a century was copied in Europe and America.

In the early part of the Nineteenth Century many men, whose names were to become famous in American History, visited the Bridge: John Marshall, first Chief Justice; James Monroe, Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren, all Presidents of the United States; Henry Clay and Sam Houston, both sons of the Old Dominion and famous figures in the nation's history.

Last June a night illumination of the Bridge was installed, which developed aspects of beauty and interest altogether different from the appearance of it by daylight.

There are those who think it rather unfortunate that the Bridge and adja-

cent land is privately owned and that an admittance fee is required to see this great natural wonder. Perhaps some day it will become the property of the Federal Government, and be made into a national park or monument, open gratis to silent worshippers at this shrine of the Creator.

One of Our Needs.

BY LOUISA MAY DALTON.

ON a headstone in the oldest burying ground in Boston is an inscription which never fails to attract the attention of visitors. On the old slate slab is duly set forth the fact that he who lies beneath was a faithful servant of his king, a loyal member of the Church of England, and an "inveterate foe to popery and enthusiasm." What the survivors of that staunch old Tory meant by thus coupling together the religion certain people term "popery" and the earnest expression of feeling known as enthusiasm, we are at a loss to determine; but surely, it is not a stigma upon the Old Faith which is chiselled upon that tottering memorial.

For we need vastly more enthusiasm. We need it in our manners. Cordiality is out of fashion; a frigid code of behavior now prevails everywhere, from finishing schools to Courts. Emotion is banished; gestures are frowned upon. One would almost fancy that countenances were considered attractive in proportion to their appearance of imbecility. "Do not look as if you were ever guilty of an idea," say, in effect, modern teachers of propriety. Opinions are held in check, earnestness frozen at its fount. Our demeanor is despised if it has not "the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere." There is, to be sure, a dignity which is admirable, a reticence which we must commend; but these differ from the dreary and inane

indifference which makes of society a refrigerator.

We need more enthusiasm in our relations with our friends and kindred. We are afraid of being prodigal with our sympathy. We withhold our appreciation lest we spoil our dear ones, forgetting that many have gone to despairing ruin for lack of a single warm and affectionate expression of trust and fidelity. The sympathy we feel we leave for others to discover, if they can. We press gifts and dainties upon those who share our hearth; we nurse them when they are ill; we defend their reputations in their absence; we work for them, wear ourselves out in their service, perchance, leaving them our hoarded substance; but while we live we starve the hearts that hunger only for an assurance that behind our kindness true love is hiding.

We need more enthusiasm in our literature. We need burning words that will inspire and strengthen. We need fewer cold-blooded platitudes, and more rhetoric that can stir the pulse and warm the heart; less calm and unsavory dissection of questionable motives, and more narrations of simple heroism and devotion; fewer fine sentences, and more which make men better.

We need more enthusiasm in our religion. The old Crusaders were not in the habit of stopping to measure their dignity. The martyrs of the arena met the lions with fervent *jubilates* on their lips. Saints whose souls went up in flames did not weigh the words which testified to their willingness to die for the faith which was in them, nor should we. Let us act as if our religion was something of which to be proud and something that we were glad to share.

In rare instances, ill-advised enthusiasm may injure a cause; but what of the demeanor which naturally leads people to think that the cause is not worth defending?

Moorish Proverbs.

LIKE all Orientals, the people of Morocco are fond of proverbs, and use them freely in argument and conversation. Some of their sayings belong to the world's stock of such traditional wisdom; others are peculiar to the country; others again repeat, with a local coloring, proverbs familiar to us in different but parallel form.

"Cut your coat according to your cloth," is one of our common proverbs, which among the Moors is represented by "Stretch your leg according to your *haik*" (mantle). But one does not understand the meaning or see the parallelism, until one knows that the *haik* is a large, loose cloak used as a mantle by day and as a blanket by night. Thus, unless the *haik* is a long one, to stretch the legs too far may mean cold feet. "Every monkey is a gazelle to its mother," represents our adage, "All his geese are swans."

Many proverbs of the Moors refer to the worth of true friendship. "The upward road with a friend for comrade is as easy as the downward path," is a saying of the mountaineers. "The least gift from a friend is something great," is a graceful answer to the polite undervaluing of what one offers to or does for another. "A friend is known in time of sorrow," is part of the wisdom of many lands; and there is good, practical advice in the Moorish saying, "Look to your neighbors before you choose the house, and to your companions before you take the road."

The popular idea that the Moorish tribesmen live largely by plunder is negated by the currency of a number of proverbs that could belong only to a people who know the value of work and feel the need of thrift. "Work for the children is better than the pilgrimage to Mecca or the Jihad" (Holy War), is one of these sayings.

A Memorable Example.

THERE was much in the life of Sir Stuart Knill that would have made him an example to Catholics in any country and an ornament of the Church in any age. A shrewd man of business, he found time, while amassing a vast fortune, for his visit to the Blessed Sacrament, his regular Communion, his extra week-day Mass, and the little sanctities of daily life. A man of great responsibilities, he preserved a cheerful, placid demeanor under interruptions and irritations, ever scrupulously discharging the duties of father and friend,—hospitable, kindly and generous; promptly responsive to every call of charity. A man of the world, he took a knightly pride in professing before men his loyalty to Mother Church; and when honors crowded fullest upon him—when he had risen to the highest municipal office in the British Empire,—he went to visit the Catholic college in which he was educated, and asked as a favor to be permitted to serve the students' Mass, as he had done in his boyhood days.

His life, we repeat, would have been an honor to the Church in any age and in any country; but there are reasons why his example is especially valuable in this country and at this time. When Stuart Knill was chosen Lord Mayor of London, there would have been few to reproach him had he strained a point to prove to Englishmen that a Catholic "might be trusted" with the dearest interests of the people; that Catholics are not prigs nor hide-bound bigots; and that the rules of social, official and even religious intercourse, which Protestants call tyrannous, are susceptible of a wide and easy interpretation. Strictly speaking, he was the first Catholic Lord Mayor since the Reformation. There were many reasons and numerous cir-

cumstances which would perhaps justify him, as the Mayor of "the largest and most Protestant city in the world," as it was called, in straining a point to avoid wounding the susceptibilities of good people, who, not understanding the fine points of theology, requested him to attend heretical services merely in his official capacity.

Before his election, there had been a mighty howl against the candidacy of a Catholic for the ancient and honorable position of Lord Mayor. He had been severely catechised by the bigots as to the course he would follow in matters of religion in case he were elected. He had not flinched then, but answered that, whether as mayor or as merchant, he would ever remain an uncompromising Catholic. It was not for him, who had stood with such superb constancy during the trying times of a campaign, to waver when he actually wore the robes of office; and the public letter in which he announced his decision has the ring of the old Catholic metal that makes Sir Thomas More an everlasting example. His words are precious. "It may perhaps be argued," he wrote, "that I might be present materially and passively, without taking any part in the service. That might be so. But, without reverting to what I have said already as to the insincerity of such a presence, how would such fine distinctions between a material and a religious presence be received and understood by the English people? It is also necessary to consider the case of multitudes in work-houses and other institutions, of governesses and servants, and others who feel in conscience bound to suffer, and even to give up their situations, rather than attend religious services in which they can not conscientiously take part. No! It would never do for a Lord Mayor of London to avail himself of a subtle distinction such as this, which would be widely misunderstood, while it would be

without the poor excuse of having been adopted under dire necessity."

The effect of his manly adhesion to principle upon the public mind can hardly be imagined at this distance of time and space. Grumbling there was among many, and hard words from the narrow-minded; but it is safe to say that the best people of Protestant London were proud of their fearless and conscientious Lord Mayor. And when Stuart Knill went a step farther, and at a public banquet proposed as the first toast "The Pope and the Queen"—giving to the Holy Father the precedence which of right was his,—there was none to question his loyalty, though there were many (the bigots again) to question his taste. His manhood had partially won even them; for when his term as Mayor had expired, this stout Catholic was chosen alderman of an important ward in London; and public respect for him was further demonstrated when, at the same election, his son was chosen alderman of another ward. Certainly Queen Victoria herself took no umbrage whatever at his public preference for the Pope: she signalized his retirement from the mayoralty by conferring on him the honor of knighthood.

A knightly soul he was, and a wholesome example for us who live in an atmosphere of heresy and compromise. Let American Catholics learn from this great man that a rigid interpretation of duty is no bar to the esteem of all whose good opinion is worth having; that to be a "trimmer" in matters of conscience is to lower one's flag and to trade in one's manhood; that good Protestants respect good Catholics the more because they have ultramontane views about frequenting sectarian conventicles; and, finally, that, even in the eyes of worldly men, fidelity to conscience is the surest guarantee of fidelity to public trust. A memorable example is that of Sir Stuart Knill.

Notes and Remarks.

A strong indictment of modern spiritism and as strong an argument for the divinity of Christ, based upon His declaration, "If I, by the spirit of God, cast out devils, then is the kingdom of God come unto you," may be found in Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert's book "Christ and the Powers of Darkness." It is indisputable that Our Lord claimed this manifest power over the evil spirits to be one of the many proofs of the divinely authoritative character of His mission. The fact of the operation of this power was admitted by the Jews, in whose interest it was to disprove it. The entire scheme of Redemption indeed implies and presupposes the existence and activity of the devil and the fallen angels. Mr. Raupert shows that the supernatural truths of Christianity lose their force and meaning when this presupposition is denied. Some elements in human life can not be explained in any other way.

Our Lord conveyed to His Twelve Apostles the same power over evil spirits which He Himself possessed. Their successful exercise of this power was largely instrumental in furthering the spread of Christianity among pagan nations. In all the succeeding centuries the Church has unceasingly taught that she possesses this transmitted power over the spirits of darkness, and there is abundant evidence to show that she has successfully exercised it.

Evidence, derived from *experimental* research, has confirmed the Church's teaching that a spirit-world exists, and is seeking contact with the sense-world. A positively evil element has been found to be displaying itself in connection with these researches, the phenomena of obsession and possession becoming of frequent occurrence. The helplessness of science, in its attempt to deal with these abnormal phenomena, is manifest.

The power of Christ, on the other hand, over the spirits of darkness, working in His Church and manifesting itself through the appointed channels, can not be denied by those who have accurate knowledge of the subject.

It is an American trait to scoff at tradition, and to hold the printed word, however lightly written, superior to the testimony that is hoarded in the memory and the reverence of a whole nation. But sometimes tradition so approves itself against recent, reckless writing, that even those who were wont to scoff are constrained to believe. A good case in point was furnished some time ago by the London *Spectator*, in reviewing a new and learned study of Christian Rome. To quote:

It is no longer the right thing to believe that St. Peter never was in Rome; that St. Paul was buried anywhere but under the altar of S. Paolo fuori le Mura. Archæologists, with Lanciani at their head, have decided that the old Christian story of Rome is probably true, after all: that St. Peter's dust lies untouched under the golden cross of Constantine, and that St. Paul's very tombstone may be seen and touched at S. Paolo. It is curious that the verifying of these and other traditions should be one of the results of the changes which have so entirely altered the ancient character of the city of Rome. But this may serve to show that historical Christianity need have no fear of modern research.

"The Bible Christian," who looks with compassion on us Catholics because we take our faith from the Unwritten as well as the Written Word, might easily find other (even if lesser) illustrations of the tenacity of tradition. It is well known, for instance, that when doubt is thrown on the text of the ancient religious books of India, scholars go, not to the ancient manuscripts, but to the Hindoo priests, who know the sacred writings by heart, having learned them *from the lips* of the older

priests. And in a memoir of Bismarck it is told that the Count and the German Emperor, walking in the imperial gardens one day, saw a sentinel posted in the middle of the square without apparent reason. After many inquiries it was learned that, years before, the Empress had discovered an early primrose blooming on that spot, and had sent a soldier to save it from being plucked. The flower lived only a few weeks, but that was long enough to establish a tradition; and until the Emperor and Bismarck interfered, a sentinel was stationed at that place.

If not the most important of the resolutions adopted at the 71st general convention of the Central Verein of America, held in Philadelphia, Aug. 20-24, the following on the subject of education is among the most practical:

It is always opportune to emphasize the necessity and importance of giving to Catholic youth an education which will provide a religious and moral foundation in conformity with the highest purpose of life. Conditions prevailing in our country at present stress the need of adhering more than ever to this fundamental principle. To illustrate the timeliness of such emphasis, we need but allude to the prevalence of vice, laxity of morals, contempt for law, and to the not infrequent suicides among students in institutions of higher learning.

The foundation of correct education is laid in the home, where the principles of religion and morality give the initial direction to the formation of character. This home education must be continued in the elementary and secondary schools, and even the college and university must not ignore the principles upon which it rests.

In order that the paramount importance of religious and moral values over the mere material, or even the purely intellectual purposes of life, may be cultivated and preserved we again recommend and urge:

That Catholic parents, by word and example, plant deeply in the soul of the child rev-

erence for God and conscientious adherence to the Divine Law.

That, where at all possible, parents entrust their children to Catholic schools, elementary and secondary, and that they give to these schools every possible material and moral support.

That for purposes of higher education also Catholic institutions of learning be chosen wherever possible, and that, whenever, for any serious reason, secular institutions are selected, special care and diligence be exercised to safeguard Catholic faith and morals, in conformity with the regulations of the Code of Canon Law. Active affiliation with Newman Clubs or similar organizations, established for the benefit of Catholic students at secular institutions, should be encouraged, and intimate contact with the Catholic chaplain should be cultivated by the students.

Among Methodist laymen who hold that "talking right out in meeting is the right ticket" (to adopt Methodistical phrasing) is Brother N. D. Cochran, a special feature writer for the N. E. A. Service. Commenting on the statement made in the recent report of the Inter-Allied Church Council that as many as 500,000 members of the Protestant Evangelical churches in the United States backslide every year, Mr. Cochran had this to say:

When half a million people withdraw from the church rolls it is a fair assumption that those who are running the churches have driven them away. My personal opinion is that the preachers have wandered too far away from their spiritual ministry and have disgusted many honest members by playing too much politics. Many preachers have been meddling in affairs which are none of their legitimate spiritual concern. They got too busy lobbying for laws to regulate the personal habits of the people, including what we are to drink and wear and how we shall enjoy ourselves on Sunday.

The churches that now complain of losses of

membership are largely responsible for establishing the Anti-Saloon league as the political arm of the Protestant churches, and through the league lobby getting so deep into politics that they brought about what amounts in practice to a union of church and State.

Of course the preachers won't admit this. They won't admit that there is anything the matter with them. So we are told the war is to blame, the age of materialism and all that sort of thing. As the preachers are the church leaders, one would not expect them to blame their own poor leadership. . . .

As one who was born and raised in the Methodist church, I know how many Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians feel. They won't follow fanatical, ignorant, nosey preachers, who pay more attention to meddling in politics than to soul-saving; and I am convinced that it is the more intelligent members of the Protestant Evangelical churches who are dropping from the membership rolls.

We are unable to quote anything that the Methodist clergy have had to say in reply to Mr. Cochran. Perhaps they have come to the conclusion that nothing is to be said.

Believing that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's brief account of his apostasy ("I came to the conclusion that the Almighty is not the Patron of any one sect, but that all are equally His children") represents a state of mind that is more or less common nowadays, the editor of the *Bombay Examiner* expresses the opinion that Mr. G. K. Chesterton's reply should have all possible publicity, and proceeds: "It was certainly not necessary to leave the Catholic Church in order to be able to say that all people are equally God's children. It is the first and most elementary of Catholic dogmas. But as to 'sects,' well, there have been sects approving of assassination, or sexual perversion, or human sacrifice. Did Conan Doyle really think that

God patronizes all these bodies equally?" Says Mr. Chesterton:

But what is the meaning of this word "sect"? A sect means a section, and a section means a separated part of something. All the things that Sir Arthur calls sects were only so called because they were broken parts of something that was not a sect; and yet (it would almost seem) *that* is the very thing that Sir Arthur describes as one of the sects. But suppose, by any wild chance, it *were* something else? Suppose that the Almighty had in any sense founded a "sect," might He not be allowed to be rather specially a "Patron" of His own sect?

And then there is Doyle's own new religion of Spiritualism. He would hardly say, nowadays, that the Guiding Spirits are not specially patronizing Spiritualism, but are equally patronizing Calvinism or Mormonism. He has already grown more reasonable than that, since he began to believe in a revelation. For whatever else Spiritualism is, it is certainly based on revelations. It claims to be a voice uttering truths from beyond this world. But this will inevitably lead to that very complexity of division and distinction which Sir Arthur denies.

Suppose one spirit communication appears to contradict another, and sects appear in consequence. He must either despair and say that all are false, or he must select, and say that some are true. These immediately become the particular "sect" which the Almighty especially patronizes; and I shall be surprised if his own sect in Spiritualism is as universal as the Catholic Church. As a matter of fact, Sir Arthur has always quite frankly admitted the existence of frauds in psychical experiment; of many people who were deceivers, and therefore, presumably, of more people who are deceived. He has very honorably taken part in the exposure of particular mediums whom he considered unworthy or insincere. Does he not realize that in this he has, in fact, taken on the horrible function of a persecutor, since he is excommunicating sections which do thus in fact become sects? Should he not rather

declare that the Almighty is not the Patron of any one medium, but that all mediums are equally His children? He will very naturally answer, exactly as we answer, that the Almighty is not the Patron of falsehood, either consciously designed or unconsciously accepted; and that it is perfectly futile to claim to be bringing a truth to man, if you can not tell the difference between that truth and a falsehood; a falsehood which at once imitates and insults it.

"Deucedly clever" would be an Englishman's characterization of the foregoing paragraphs.

The Anglican Bishop of Exeter having stated in public that the Catholic Church was losing its adherents in Latin countries, Mr. Athelstan Riley, a High Church leader in spite of his name, has written to the press to say: "I respectfully differ as to the decay of Christianity in the Latin countries. I know France well, and there is nothing more conspicuous than the crowds of worshippers and the number of communicants in the churches throughout the land, and, still more striking, the very large proportion of men. The World War, which has adversely affected church attendance in Great Britain, seems to have had the opposite effect in France. My knowledge of Italy is limited, but, so far as it goes, the result of my observation is the same."

It is a great step towards religious unity when its necessity is recognized by sectarians themselves. They are a much-divided host, and they are now beginning to realize this fact. Commenting on statistics which show that there are as many as twenty-one different Protestant denominations in Japan alone, the editor of a Methodist journal sighs: "If the twenty-one could only be merged into the one!" And echo answers "If."

FOR YOUNG FOLKS



White Butterflies.

BY CORA MAY PREBLE.

WHITE butterflies, I'd like to know
If you are really flakes of snow—
Big, giant ones that grow and grow.
And did you fly from fairyland
To float about o'er Summerland?
And why?—I'd like to understand.

Or maybe from the roses white
Soft petals floated off at night
To fly about with magic light.
White butterflies, so lovely, oh,
I'd really, really, like to know
If you are petals, or are snow!

The Story of Raoul.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XI.—IN THE PATH OF THE STORM.

RAOUL followed Joe into the little house to find his usual welcome, for Gran had taken him into her warm Irish heart. She was in a happy flutter of excitement, for the yearly Mass at Muldoon's was the event of her quiet life.

"God grant that we may have the good day for it," she said tremulously, "though it's nayther rain nor hail will stop me if the Lord gives me strength to go. Shure I have known Father Muldoon since he was a bit of a red-headed b'y wid his blue eyes dancing wid divilment. No harum in him, but as full of mischief as b'ys are made. And why not? It's the light of heart that the Lord makes His own, knowing the sorrows and sins they'll have to hear and bear. I'm thinking sometimes that Danny, wid his tinder, weakly ways, would have found it too hard a life. Now,

this omadhaun here—" Gran suddenly paused in her gentle murmur as if she were saying too much.

"You think I am the pattern maybe?" grinned Joe.

"Ah, no, no, lad!" Gran shook her head sadly. "It's not fur the loikes of me to be thinking or saying what the Lord wills or manes. Whin He shows us the way we must walk in it step by step, and not be taking it by leaps and bounds. Ye've got the blessed Brothers' school open to ye, and we have the Holy Mass at Muldoon's to-morrow morning; and that's all we nade to be axing or thinking to-day. And it's a foin loaf of ginger bread I have baked to take along wid me, and we will bring a basket of those foin peaches wid us for Mrs. Muldoon."

"Raoul wants to come along," said Joe. "He could ride Danny, but I'm wondering if his folks will stand for it, Gran."

"Shure and why not—*why not?*" asked Gran, her dim eyes flashing. "Weren't we towld in the Ould Country afore we would put foot in the ship that Ameriky was the free land for Christians and haythuns alike? Why should they hinder the lad?"

"Oh, I don't know,—just from general cussedness, I suppose," said Joe lightly. "Maybe they won't care at all—that's for the kid to settle with them. I hear there's some sort of a row brewing on the Ridge; so they have something else to bother about just now," added Joe in a tone not meant for Raoul, who often missed the meaning of American slang.

"God kape thim from harum," murmured Gran; "and it would be the blessing the b'y would bring on thim all wid

his innocent prayers. Wait now till I bring out the cookies I made yesterday, thinking I'd take a bag of thim for the children at Muldoon's. I was fearing me hand was no good cutting thim into chickens as I did for Danny; but they came out all right."

And Gran turned to her corner cupboard and brought out a stone crock filled with little cookie chickens rather undetermined as to heads and tails, it must be confessed, but daintily crisp and thin.

"Danny would nibble at thim whin he would touch nothing else," said Gran with a soft little sigh. "I don't bake thim for this omadhaun 'cause he could swallow three at a bite. It's well that where he's going there will be full and plinty. Brother Benedict was telling me they have twinty milch cows, and they buy a side of beef at one time. Small wonder, whin they have to feed growing b'ys like Joe."

Raoul sampled the cookie chickens and found them very good indeed. Then they discussed the great event of the next morning, when Joe was to bring the light buggy, with Shag the pony in its traces, and how Raoul, who had learned the mountain ways now, could ride out to Gran's on Danny and join the party, following Joe's steady lead to Muldoon's.

"There will be the harvest hands, that count nigh to fifty at least," said Joe, "most of them Irishmen, though there may be some Polaks and Dagoes, if they have the sinse to come. Father Muldoon says he often reaches men in the open that wouldn't cross a church door; and he hears confessions for a couple of hours before the Mass. And Kitty and Molly Muldoon strip the woods and gardens far and near till the altar is a bank of flowers six feet high. And they have a cover of real Irish lace their grandmother made with her own hands, they say."

"And six silver candlesticks," put in Gran, "that was given to Father Muldoon himself by a sinner that he will not name,—wan that was brought to repentance by an outdoor Mass."

Then encouraged by Raoul's wide-eyed interest, Gran proceeded to tell stories she had heard from her forbears of the dark days in the Ould Country, when Masses were said in peril of life and liberty, in bogs and thickets and caves, with a price on the priest's head and "informers" on the hunt.

Gran told how her own poor mother (God rest her sowl!) had made her first Holy Communion in a black cave by Lough Carlin, wid the wather dripping down the rocks on the altar candles, and how Father Matt won the martyr's crown a month after saying the Mass. St. Etienne had no such stories as these, for the old church had stood safe in the shelter of its mountain heights through all its country's storms and changes, even the "Terror," of which Monsieur Le Brun had told his pupils, had only been a thunderous rumble in the distance; and had left St. Etienne unscathed. The little Seigneur's great grandfather had fled to a strange land for safety, and there were no others of the hated "nobles" to be imperilled by the storm.

Even in the late War, St. Etienne had been safe with but the hurried passing of a few regiments off the enemy's track. True, the airplanes had damaged the old church a little; but its doors had never been closed, nor had the sanctuary lamp ever ceased to burn before the altar, where soldier priests came to say Mass. And in Raoul's time there had always been Père Antoine—guide, father, counsellor and friend, to all the country round. So Gran's stories sounded strange, indeed, to one who had lived in the religious peace and quiet of St. Etienne; even Mass without church or altar seemed a bewildering

innovation in all that Raoul had ever known or heard.

So interesting was the conversation that it was prolonged past the lunch hour, and Gran, looking at the clock, felt it was time for something more substantial than cookie chickens; so she set forth home-made bread and honey, for there was a hive of bees in her little yard, and the ham that Joe brought her every week from his father, and the pitcher of goat's milk and the little cake of cheese, Gran's mother had taught her to make, and which no American money could buy. Raoul found it all very appetizing, indeed. Then Joe, who had gone out to get the pick of the peaches to take the Muldoons on the morrow, came back with rather a troubled look.

"It's black as night there behind the pines," he said; "there is the biggest kind of a storm coming on. I don't think we can make it back to Haverly before it bursts."

"Oh, but we must try," said Raoul, rising hastily; "I am not afraid of storms."

"Maybe you're not," said Joe grimly, "but Danny is. It's the one thing he skeers at, thunder and lightning; and that black cloud in the south is busting with both. I'll have to shut him in the shed till it's over. See that!" as the little room flashed into vivid light. Joe hurried out to look after the pony.

"God have mercy on us!" whispered Gran, devoutly making the Sign of the Cross, "the storm is on us indade. It's well ye're under shelter, lad. Let me light the blessed candle that God may save us from hurt or harum."

And as Joe came speeding back to close the windows and doors of the little cottage, there was the roar as of a hundred batteries; and the storm was upon them in all its wrath. Never had Raoul seen such a storm. Brave little man that he was, he sat white and mute as it roared and flashed around him,—

the wind shrieking, the trees swaying, the little cottage rattling and trembling in the fierce onslaught. But through it all, Raoul was conscious of some sweet familiar blessedness, as Gran's white candle burned in the darkness, and her trembling voice recited the Rosary, and the forked gleam of the lightning showed the smiling face of Père Antoine's Madonna over the big stone chimney whose sturdy strength seemed to uphold the frail little home. Through the full fifteen decades of the Rosary, the storm raged in all its fury; and then it seemed to burst into penitential tears. The skies cleared, and a rainbow spanned the breaking clouds. Then Danny and Shag were led out from the shed in which Gran stored her fuel and sheltered her goat in the Winter; and the boys mounted their ponies and took their way back to Haverly Hall.

The road was strewn with broken limbs and branches, and here and there, a tree riven from crown to root by lightning stroke, rose in grim reminder of the storm. But it had freshened the woodland ways in its rough passing, the dripping leaves glistened in the fading sunset, the birds were singing their Vesper hymn,—all was evening peace save for a hoarse murmur that came through the leafy distance.

"Corn Creek has broke loose," explained Joe. "It's well we don't have to cross it for the Mass to-morrow; but it will cut your folks off from Pine Croft sure."

"Oh, will it?" said Raoul regretfully, for to be cut off from Mademoiselle was sorrow, indeed. She would be going away soon, and he would miss her sadly. He could talk to no one else who understood him so well; for Monsieur Dad and everyone at Haverly Hall wanted him "to forget." And with Mademoiselle Cecile he could remember without making her look cold and stern as his father did when he spoke of St. Etienne.

Mademoiselle Cecile, who had spent three years in a convent, would understand why he wished to go to the Mass to-morrow, even though he must get up very early and leave without any breakfast. Grandmère and Grandpère would wonder why, and Raoul feared it would be difficult for him to explain; so many things were difficult to put clearly in English words. Only Mademoiselle Cecile could understand. So it was a somewhat troubled Raoul who parted with Joe at the gate of Haverly Hall with the understanding that they were to meet at Gran's at half-past seven the next morning.

"If your folks don't kick about it," added Joe.

"Kick!" repeated Raoul, "never would they kick, I am sure. They are too *gentil*, Joe."

"Well, maybe," said Joe doubtfully; "you can only try them." And he rode off leaving Raoul to canter up to the house to meet a startling welcome indeed. Neither Grandpère nor Grandmère were visible; there was a strange, frightened hush everywhere. Tomtit came scurrying out to take Danny, his eyes popping with excitement.

"Golly! I'se glad to see you back safe, Marse Rale. Mam Milly she's been saying dat de Lawd is visiting dis house wif His wrath, and she reckoned you'se struck wif all de rest. Bress de Lawd you'se got back safe through all de tribulation."

"Monsieur Dad — Grandpère," — faltered Raoul, catching the note of alarm in this bewildering announcement — "where are they? What has happened?"

"Dat Bill Dyson, he run off wid all your Pa's money, and dem furrin folks at de mines is all drinkin' and runnin' wild wif no one to boss; and Marse Ralph is gone off to set de police on Dyson's track. And dat ain't de wuss, Marse Rale. Pore old Marse come down wif de stroke; and all de wires

are broke, so we can't get no doctor to come here. Ole Miss she nigh onto distracted, and Mam Milly she taking keer of tings upstairs de best she can. Dar ain't no head to dis house now at all. But I'se saved your supper," continued Tom more cheerfully — "cold chicken, beat biscuit, chocolate cake, peaches and cream; it's awaiting in de dining-room. Bress de Lawd you'se come home alive to eat it, Marse Rale!"

(To be continued.)

Bad Blunders.

The most absurd errors are often caused by a misplaced letter. In the report of a Grand Army reunion it was stated in the local paper that more than two thousand soldiers were obliged to sleep on *cats*. The little hyphen, too, is often the cause of bad blunders. A man once wrote to his landlord that he wished to release his house; but as he forgot the hyphen, the landlord thought that he gave up the house, and leased it to some one else.

In Idle Moments.

Chancellor D'Aguesseau, becoming vexed because his wife was in the habit of keeping him waiting for a quarter of an hour after the dinner bell had rung, resolved to put the time to good account, and the result was a learned work on jurisprudence in four large volumes. Another famous man, having often to wait for his barber, learned the Spanish language in the otherwise idle moments.

IN a little town in Austria a very old and beautiful custom still prevails. At five o'clock every morning the public watchman knocks at the door of each house, at the same time repeating solemnly these words: "The clock has struck five. Beloved Christians, arise and praise the Lord."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Still More Old Rhymes with New Tunes," by Sir Richard Terry, illustrated by Mr. Gabriel Pippet, is among forthcoming books.

—A new and cheaper edition of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's "Life of Cardinal Manning," in one volume, is announced by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.

—"Mary's Month," by Sister M. Emmanuel, O. S. B., consists of meditations upon some of the titles of the Blessed Virgin, and is especially intended for use during May. (Herder Book Co.)

—Yet another new booklet explanatory of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, calculated to arouse the interest of children and entitled "Short Instructions on the Mass," is published by Benziger Brothers.

—Through thirty-six chapters the Rev. A. M. Skelly, O. P., takes his readers over much familiar ground in "Conferences for Religious." (Herder Book Co.) Little which might be of importance to them is omitted; and there is nothing to interrupt the regular order of the thought.

—New, or reprint, pamphlets, each excellent in the treatment of its subject, issued by the Paulist Press, are: "Temperance," by the Rev. George Deshon, C. S. P.; "Prayer," and "Eternal Punishment," by the Rev. Walter Elliott, C. S. P.; "Heaven," by the Rev. Francis A. Baker, C. S. P.; "Statues and Pictures in Religion," by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John L. Belford; and "Personal Immortality," by the Rev. Richard Downey, D. D.

—Five sermons preached in Westminster Cathedral (1926), by the Rev. C. C. Martindale, S. J., in preparation for the Feast of Christus Rex, are now available in book form. (B. Herder Co.) "Christ is King" is, like everything Fr. Martindale writes, excellent and beautiful. The present course of sermons is illustrated by the careers of Saint Aloysius and Stanislaus, about whom the author had previously written very refreshingly and reverently. The volume is dedicated, through

Mr. and Mrs. Sheed, to the Catholic Evidence Guild, which admirably serves a splendid cause in England.

—Short sermons for the Sundays of the year on texts taken from the Epistles constitute the Rev. Michael Andrew Chapman's book "The Epistle of Christ." (Herder Book Co.) Each sermon is divided into three parts, with a short peroration, so that the subject may be clearly grasped and, it is to be hoped, clearly set forth by those who will use these excellent discourses. They will be particularly acceptable to priests who like to give short sermons—and to congregations who do not like long ones.

—Mr. Harold Bell Wright, author of "God and the Groceryman," a new Appleton book, can afford to laugh at the critics. It is said that not long ago he was with a party of a half-dozen persons going over a newly acquired library. There was a large and splendid collection; all the books were *de luxe* editions, and all the pages were uncut. This discovery caused a good deal of laughter, but Mr. Wright raised his hand and said: "Hold on, my friends! Don't blame our host. For all we know he may be a critic."

—The possibility of attaining to perfection *anywhere*, and of living the spiritual life as it can be, and is, lived in the world, is the subject of "Victims of Love," by a member of the *Associazione Delle Vittime per La Santa Chiesa* (the Association of Victims for the Church) who works for God's glory in London. This Association owes its inception to the zeal of Mother Mary, foundress of The Little Company of Mary; "its object is to gather together devout persons of both sexes in order that they may dedicate themselves to the interests of the Church. . . . The spirit is essentially that of Calvary." The especial value of the present volume is the author's insistence on the sure and simple way of God's will; and throughout there is restraint, as well as a calm presentation of the difficulties which per-

plex souls striving for union with God. "Victims of Love" is particularly suited to pious layfolk who need especial strength to follow closely their Divine Model. The dedication is to Gemma Galgani, and an appropriate foreword is furnished by Mr. Benedict Williamson. Herder Book Co.

—He who would tell the story of Ireland satisfactorily must be a man of many parts. He should be something of a dramatic poet to recapture the tragic beauty of that story; but more of a poet than a dramatist perhaps, for such a thing as faith in "the Little People" is, after all, more characteristically Irish than any fearlessness in struggle which an Irishman is popularly supposed to possess. Also, whoever would recount Ireland's past should be by instinct and training a good teller of tales, for her history is full of the strongest elements of human interest. So that if the Rev. James Kelly does not perform his task with complete success in his new work, "The Story of the Faith in Ireland," he should not be severely criticised. His effort, considering the requirements of his task, is in many ways creditable—and it deserves a better format than it has.

—The editors of the new edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" are doubtless quite right in declaring that "knowledge is the mother of tolerance and the bitterest enemy of bigotry. The bigot is of all people in the world the one who excites the most violent dislike amongst the well-educated. The reason for this marked antipathy is that knowledge and tolerance are almost interdependent qualities. Where knowledge is, there also are tolerance and sympathy. To understand everything is to forgive everything, says a much-quoted French proverb; and few will argue that understanding and sympathy detract from the agreeable aspects of anyone's personality. On the contrary, tolerance and sympathy attract friendship and even affection for those who exercise these qualities. We all recognize the spell that an understanding and sympathetic man or woman casts over those with whom he or she is in close contact; and we instinctively feel that behind this sympathy

and explaining it are a depth and width of knowledge not common to the majority of men or women. . . . Confidence is born of knowledge; and with such a fund of authoritative knowledge behind him as the 'Britannica' provides, no one need fear for his facts."

To this last statement we must take exception. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" is an admirably learned work, and a very reliable authority for the most part; but on some subjects relating to the Church the contributors dealing with them have much to learn. While saying this, however, we rejoice over the improvements that have been made in the E. B. Many articles have been thoroughly revised or wholly rewritten.



Obituary.

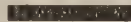
Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. David Quinn, of the diocese of Providence; Rev. Joseph Reilly, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Laurence Palladino, S. J.; and Rev. Edmund Klein, O. F. M.

Sister M. Olivia, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. John Belli, Mr. C. B. Brinkhaus, Miss Lula B. Haming, Mr. F. J. Hurley, Mr. J. H. Fuerst, Mr. Joseph Liszkiewicz, Miss Dora Neylan, Mr. Adam Mayer, Mrs. Bridget Ackerman, Mr. Henry Busch, Mr. John Fairham, Mrs. Robert Reilly, Mr. W. H. Kuse, and Mr. Arthur Klorer.

May they rest in peace!



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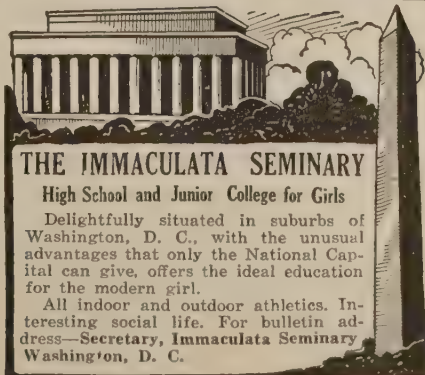
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CONTENTS

Madonna of Castelfranco.....	<i>Giorgione</i>	Frontispiece
Veni, Mater Gratiae!—(Poem).....	<i>York Missal</i>	353
Our Noblest Faculty.....	<i>The Rev. H. G. Hughes</i>	353
Ancient Lights.—(Continued)	<i>Agnes Blundell</i>	355
A Foundress and Pioneer.—(Continued).....	<i>The Countess de Courson</i>	359
To Rome.—(Poem)	<i>Arrigo</i>	363
Madame Robillard's Find.....	<i>Anna T. Sadlier</i>	363
Old-Time Rivers and Bridges.....	<i>Marian Nesbitt</i>	367
An Unfortunate Genius.....		370
The Legend of Loch Lawne.....	<i>S. D.</i>	371
More Moorish Proverbs.....		372
The Aim of Education.....		373
Notes and Remarks:		

Another of the World's Beauty Spots Consecrated to the Mother of the World's Redeemer.—Decidedly Awkward.—St. Uncumber; Witty Words of Blessed Thomas More.—Noteworthy Tributes to the Church and a Notable Comment on Them.—Undue Scepticisms *vs.* Pious Credulity; Excess in Exterior Religious Practices.—A Deplorable Fact, a Good Example.—Well Said.—Father Francis Siegfried.....374

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Clara at the Window.—(Poem).....	<i>Hope Willis</i>	378
The Story of Raoul.—(Continued).....	<i>Mary T. Waggaman</i>	378
A Touching Incident.....		382
Napoleon's Favorite Flower.....		382
With Author's and Publishers.....		383
Obituary		384

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 17.—Stigmata of St. Francis.	WEDNESDAY, 21.—St. Matthew, Ap., Evg. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
SUNDAY, 18.—FIFTEENTH AETER PENTECOST. St. Joseph of Cupertino, C.	THURSDAY, 22.—St. Thomas of Villanova, B. C. SS. Maurice and Comp's, MM.
MONDAY, 19.—SS. Januarius and Comp's, MM. St. Theodore, B. C.	FRIDAY, 23.—St. Linus, P. M. St. Thecla, V. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
TUESDAY, 20.—SS. Eustachius and Comp's, MM.	SATURDAY, 24.—Our Lady of Ransom. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>

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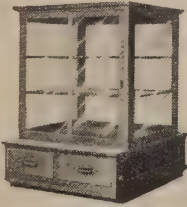
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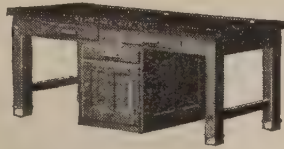
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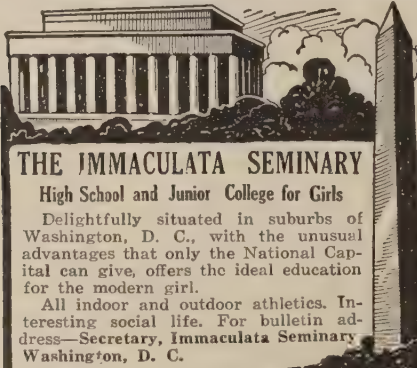
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MADONNA OF CASTELFRANCO.
(Giorgione.)

"The Queen held a royal progress in these parts a few months ago," returned Richard. "They will have had all the farmers' carts in use for the Court and the peasants' horses too."

"Aye," agreed the Squire. "A royal progress makes a sorry harvest. The burden of it falls on the poor, and the benefit—if there be any—on the rich. It was not so in Queen Mary's time. Nay, but she counted on the people's love without grinding their bones for her own display. She would have no such costly shows—nothing that would be a scourge to the poor country folk."

"'Tis a gallant sight though, to see the Queen go down the Thames in her barge," said Richard; "the gold and crimson damask streaming on the water, and the oarsmen in scarlet and gold, and music playing."

"Aye," answered the Squire. "Yet I can not but think sadly of the poor bare fields. There'll be hungry children in these parts, look ye; and I never could bear to see little ones lack bread."

"All men's hands are ready to dip into their neighbor's pockets nowadays," rejoined Richard gloomily. "'Tis less zeal for religion or hatred of our faith that makes folk hunt us down—'tis love of gain. This scurvy crew will wax fat on our arrest."

The old man's face puckered into angry lines, and then slowly smoothed out again.

"I have ever dwelt among kindly neighbors," he said. "These are none of our own people, my son. I doubt they'd not get a Lancashire jury to condemn us. Remember, if we die 'tis but too great an honor—to die for Our Lord. But I pray thou at least mayst be spared," he added hastily.

"Nay, father, I must follow where you lead. At least, pray God's mercy, we shall not be parted."

"And our blood will not lie on the heads of any poor Lancashire folk,"

said the Squire with satisfaction. "I love my own county passing well, Richard."

Richard glanced up, but he did not speak. Before the minds of both arose the vision of the mellow park land where the wild cherry was now ablow, of the old grey house with its wind-swept elms,—the home they both loved and which they were perhaps to see no more.

The last day's march was a short one, for owing to the Squire's exhaustion and a concurrent lameness in one of the horses, they had lain the night at Watford instead of proceeding directly to London. It was afternoon therefore when the grim little party passed the city gates.

Richard was footsore and weary, for though he had been taken up from time to time behind one of the men, he had walked the greater part of the way.

Two hundred and ten miles divided him from his home, but it seemed to him that the long pilgrimage had cut him off altogether from that other life of his. Boyhood was gone like a dream; youth seemed to have been snatched from him, scarce tasted, unfulfilled; manhood with heavy care seemed suddenly to have fallen upon him.

The kindly Squire bent to whisper in his ear:

"We must have a care if we see friends. Our recognition might cast a slur upon them."

Richard had been planning which of their acquaintance it were best to send to for succor; his father thought only of the other's peril—he could not be quite so selfless.

"And there'll be those who would scarce dare to acknowledge us in this plight," went on the Squire anxiously.

Richard glanced up.

It was a warm sunny day, the bushes in the gardens were coming into reluctant leaf, for it was a backward season.

The fineness of the weather had tempted folk abroad; and the narrow street was so thronged with the carriages of those who had driven outside the city to enjoy the air, that Richard was forced to step almost in the gutter.

The fine company were now on their homeward way; and Richard, noting that his father spoke with particular significance, curiously examined the faces of the throng. The coaches were blocked one behind another, and, at this point, could advance only at a snail's pace.

There were girls with fluttering ribbons, embroidered ruffs and gold-laced veils, matrons with masses of hair piled up under velvet caps, gallants riding alongside, earrings flashing in the sun as they bent their heads to utter the high-flown compliments then in fashion, and worthy merchants in rich velvet wearing their chains of gold. As Richard glanced from one equipage to the other, his eyes suddenly met those of Geoffrey Pemberton, which were filled with horror and amazement. He leant out over the emblazoned panel of a coach; his arm, in its sleeve of grey silk, wrought with pearls, suddenly stretched out to his friend. He was very fine, was Geoffrey, for a sober law student, from the white ostrich plume which curled against his cheek, to the embroidered glove he held so carelessly. The persons in whose coach he was sitting were gaily dight also; they seemed the richest in all that rich, gay company.

Richard smiled involuntarily, then mindful of his father's exhortation, turned his head away. There was another side to the picture. The road was crowded with beggars, who had come thither to beg alms as the city folk returned from their outing. They were a grim-looking crew: dirty, bedraggled creatures with greedy eyes. Between their whining demands

some of the rougher spirits began to scoff at the little cavalcade which, passing between them and the carriages, interrupted their traffic.

"There go the Papists to be butchered," cried one with an oath.

"There go the mass-mongers to dance with the devil!" bawled another.

The rough crowd surged towards them, shrieking blasphemies; and one man catching up a stone, aimed it at the Squire's grey head.

Richard leaping forward flung up his left arm. The stone struck his wrist and rebounded to his upturned face. Blood spurted from hand and chin, and he stumbled heavily, half-slipped into the gutter, and bespattered himself freely with muddy water.

"All's well, Sir," he gasped, as the Squire gave vent to a bitter cry.

The troopers on either side closed in, swearing lustily, but an old woman in beggar's rags, darted between the sweating horses. She held a handkerchief of finest holland, which had been tendered her by a gallant in pearl-grey who had sprung from a coach hard by. Limping along beside him, she wiped Richard's face and hand, the sweet odors with which the linen was permeated being grateful to his nostrils after the stench of the gutter. As she passed her hand across his brow, she made a little cross on his forehead; and Richard, under the tattered hood, looked into bright, unfathomable eyes.

"May Jesus have thee in His keeping," she whispered, and then, glancing up at the Squire: "God bless thee, old friend!"

As Sir Nicholas gazed open-mouthed, the old woman slipped away, and the troop hurried their prisoners forward. But fast as they went, a young man in rich court attire, sadly splashed and bemired, kept pace with them, now running, now walking, fighting his way through the crowds, and coming up

breathless as they passed under the grim portals of Newgate.

Richard looked back and saw his friend eagerly waving his cap. They had scarce time to exchange a smile, ere the great iron gate swung to, cutting off the sights and sounds of London, and shutting in a hideous clamor, which rose and fell ceaselessly in the dank, fetid recesses of the prison.

(To be continued.)

A Foundress and Pioneer.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

III.

IN 1621, Mary Ward receiving no further news from Rome determined to plead personally the cause of her Institute. Pope Paul V., whose words of encouragement to Bishop Blaise had raised her hopes, was dead and Gregory XV. reigned in his stead. The undertaking was a bold one; and at a time when nuns were enclosed, must have astonished and probably shocked many of Mary's friends. Among those who loved her best was the Archduchess Isabella, whose acquaintance she made when, having to found a convent at Gravelines, she needed the Archduke's permission. Since the distant days when she first took possession of the Netherlands, Isabella had met with many difficulties in the discharge of her high office, but on the whole, her government was a success.

Philip II. was a thorough Spaniard; his eldest daughter, like her grandfather, Charles V., understood the mentality of her Flemish subjects. Though deeply religious, she believed that it was necessary to keep up a certain state, and also to enter into the pursuits and pleasures of her people. She was elected, in 1615, Queen of the "Corporation of Archers," and her skill in archery delighted the Flemings; she was also a fearless rider, and devoted to hunting.

More cordial in her ways than the Archduke, she had, from the first, shown Mary Ward real affection; and now, on hearing of her proposed journey to Rome, she entered into the many difficulties and possible risks of this grave undertaking. Thus, she begged Mary to wear secular clothes; and it was, probably at her suggestion, that our heroine and her companions dressed as pilgrims. Two of the broad-brimmed beaver hats worn on this occasion are preserved at "Altötting," in Bavaria.

The little party that, on October 21, 1621, started for Rome from Brussels, consisted of Mary, her sister Barbara, Margaret Horde, Winifred Wigmore, Father Henry Lee, nephew of Mary's St. Omer friend, Father Roger Lee, a maid, a serving man and an unnamed "gentleman," whose history is worth telling. He was Robert Wright, son of the Wright who took part in the Gunpowder Plot; and, perhaps to atone for his father's error, he led an obscure life of toil till his death at the age of eighty. Except his superiors, no one knew his name; he cleaned boots, chopped wood, saddled the horses; he never slept but on the bare floor, and prayed day and night.

Mary's faithful friend Winifred gives us a detailed account of this long journey, which was performed partly on foot. Of the two horses that the travelers had secured, one carried their luggage, the other was used by the pilgrims in turn. On setting out, they were accustomed to recite the Litany of Our Lady, the *Itinerarium*, and other prayers addressed to the holy angels and the favorite saints of the little company. Mary was its life and soul. Always cheerful, full of enthusiasm for the magnificent scenery that proclaimed God's power, she observed, as far as was possible, the rule of life in use in her houses. Thus, the Roman Martyrology and the Lives of the Saints were

read every evening before retiring.

The crossing of the Alps in late Autumn must have taxed the strength of these delicate, refined young women; but we know from Winifred that Mary's winning ways earned for her the ready service and assistance of all those who came across her path. The pilgrims pursued their way by Nancy and Bâle, over the St. Gothard Pass, to Milan, Bologna and Loreto. On Christmas Eve, they sighted on the horizon the dome of St. Peter's; and Mary, on her knees, saluted the home of Christ's vicar, the centre of Catholicity.

After praying at St. Peter's and at the Gesù, she took lodgings near the English college, where some of the Sisters had relatives; and three days only after her arrival, she had an audience with Gregory XV. She brought him letters from the Archduchess Isabella, the King of Spain, and other notable persons. The Pope commended the courage, faith and generous spirit of the pilgrim for whom the Archduchess professed such warm friendship; and, what was more precious to Mary, he desired that her petition should immediately be taken into consideration.

In this second Memorial, with her usual directness and simplicity, Mary stated her wish that her Institute should be founded on the same lines as the Society of Jesus "as far as the diversity of sex" permitted; that it should be recognized as a religious Congregation, under the personal jurisdiction of the Holy Father.

The first sitting of the Congregation of Regulars, who dealt with the case, seemed favorable; but two obstacles stood in Mary's path: one was the attitude of the General of the Society, Father Vitelleschi, who, courteous and kindly to Mary personally, was opposed to her work, and had even forbidden his subjects in England to teach catechism in the schools of the Institute. He knew

that St. Ignatius desired that his sons should not be related to religious congregations of women; he could not foresee that, two hundred years later, times would change, new customs and needs would spring up in the Church; and that, by a gentle irony of Providence, the Constitutions of St. Ignatius would form the basis upon which many congregations of women built their Rule.

If the attitude of the General of the Society was cold, that of the agent of the English clergy in Rome, the Rev. J. Bennett, was distinctly hostile. This came in great measure from the painful misunderstanding that divided the Jesuits and the secular clergy in England; united in their acceptance of martyrdom, they were at that time at variance on minor matters. Thus the "Jesuitesses," as Fr. Bennett called Mary's companions, were, on the one hand, kept at a distance by the Society, and on the other, attacked by the Jesuits' adversaries. The tone of Fr. Bennett's report is abusive, and contains accusations, not one of which is proved; nevertheless it certainly made an unfavorable impression on the cardinals. They must have been, in spite of this, won by Mary's personal holiness and humility, for they permitted her to remain in Rome on trial. Having realized that for the moment she could not expect an immediate approbation of her Institute, she merely asked whether, pending a final decision of the cardinals, she might work under their eyes and found schools for the poor like those she had established at St. Omer.

Her petition being granted, she opened a school that soon became popular; though she felt that in general, the Romans found it difficult to believe that women not enclosed could be real nuns. Among those who judged differently were the Oblates of St. Frances at Torre dei Specchi. They spoke with enthusiasm of the "English virgins;" and

under their friendly roof Barbara Ward closed her holy and innocent life. We have a few glimpses of Barbara in the Lives of her sister, and they reveal a very charming personality. In the long journey to Rome, she served and assisted her fellow-travellers; and if they seemed low spirited, with a "pretty jest" she made them "merry." During her illness, she was consoled by the prayers and Masses offered for her intention, —the General of the Jesuits, unbending where his Rule was not concerned, had her prayed for at the Gesù. The Oblates were unwearied in their efforts to prolong her life; but on January 25, 1623, Barbara, at whose side knelt Mary, quietly fell asleep. Prayers and Masses continued to follow her at the English college, at the Jesuits' "Casa Professa;" and in many Roman convents, the English pilgrim was remembered, even "by those who had never seen her."

The success of her schools in Rome encouraged Mary to found others at Naples and Perugia. In the latter city, she was received with enthusiasm; she reached the town on foot, accompanied by four Sisters, Father Lee and Robert Wright. The bishop in full pontificals was waiting for her. He immediately gave her a house, church and garden; and in a letter to Father Coffin, S. J., in Rome, Mary graphically describes the warm welcome and "superabundant" compliments of the Perugians.

On her return to Rome, she proceeded to visit the new Pope, Urban VIII., at Frascati. Her thoughts were always centered on the recognition of her work by the Holy See, without which her Institute had no solid basis. Rome's methods are proverbially slow; and in this case, there were many reasons that justified delay. The novelty of Mary's plans which to us seem so simple, alarmed even wise and holy men. In a letter to Winifred, then superior of

the house in Naples, Mary gives an account of her interview with the Pope. She explained to him that for sixteen years she and her companions practised "in several countries and cities" the Rule for which she now sought the approval of the Holy See, a Rule that had been misunderstood by some, but which she besought His Holiness to commend to God. She then gave him a Memorial that contained the substance of her plan for the Institute. Urban VIII. replied very kindly, promising "to do as God should inspire him"; and, in the meantime, he granted Mary's request that she might have a chapel in the Roman house.

The Pope, on his return to Rome, appointed four cardinals to examine the Memorial. They were eminent for their holiness and good judgment, and knew Mary personally. But Fr. Bennett's successor in Rome inherited his predecessor's prejudices; and papers that he sent to several prelates were full of various accusations against the English ladies. The injustice of her enemies did not sour Mary Ward, however, and a signal grace granted to her during the Jubilee Year, 1625, was the power, not only of forgiving, but of loving those whom she often calls her "good friends." Their influence at last prevailed upon the cardinals to close her schools in Rome, whereupon the children's parents loudly complained to the Cardinal Vicar, Mary remaining meanwhile perfectly calm and silent, without even a word of regret for the work that she loved. Above the difficulties and opposition that came from the ill-will or ignorance of men, she continued to trust blindly to the providence of God; she had sought His will in humble prayer; and she firmly believed that if her Institute was, as she thought, His design, it would, at some future time, take root in the garden of the Church. In the meantime, she did her best to lay its

foundations in prayer, confidence and a patience that no opposition could shake.

In the November of that same year, 1625, Mary, with two companions, a lay Sister, Father Lee and Robert Wright left Rome with the intention of going to England. In the end her course was shaped on different lines; and the new friends made on this memorable journey were destined to play an important part in her future life and labors.

The letters of introduction that she carried would not alone have secured for her the welcome she received on the way, had not her charm, distinction and holiness won all hearts. The Archduchess Mary Magdalen, sister of the Emperor Ferdinand II., showed her, we are told, "exceeding great favor," at Milan. Cardinal Frederigo Borromeo, whose austerity was such that even the women of his family were not admitted to his palace, conversed for a long time with Mary, invited her to return to Milan, and sent her in his carriage part of the way. She and her companions arrived on Christmas Eve at Feldkirch, in the Tyrol. Their first visit was to the church, where Mary prayed with intense earnestness till three in the morning. Her biographer tells us that, though she never gave any details on the subject, she owned that her prayer concerned the Conversion of England. We find her next at Innsbruck, kindly received by Claudia de Medici, sister-in-law of the Emperor, then at Munich, where reigned the Elector Maximilian, to whom she brought letters from a holy Carmelite monk, Domenico di Gesù, the personal friend of three Popes, and a great servant of God, who possessed the gift of prophecy and worked miracles. This eminent religious, who deeply venerated Mary Ward, understood and approved her aims, but foresaw the trials that were to be her portion.

Winifred Wigmore, the faithful analyst, says: "He would often tell us

how much she and hers must suffer, and would use these very words, 'that we must be trampled on and have dependence on God. . . .' And he would present us the example of our Saviour's flight into Egypt, 'Blessed be the Hand from which all comes!'"

For the present, however, Mary had reason to rejoice. The Elector Maximilian when approached by the "constant friends of their heavenly gain"—as Winifred calls the enemies of the Institute,—paid no attention to the vague accusations brought against Mary. On the contrary, he listened to her plans, approved them, and asked her to open schools at Munich for his people. It was then that the "Paradeiser Haus," where for two centuries the English ladies found a home, was made over to them by the Elector, together with a liberal allowance for their support.

In haste, for the Elector wished to lose no time, Barbara Babthorpe and eleven companions were summoned from Cologne to start the Munich schools. The Elector's example and his praise of the English teachers, incited his brother-in-law, the Emperor Ferdinand II., to found schools in Vienna, where Mary went herself to choose a house; it was soon filled with four hundred pupils, rich and poor. In 1628, a year later, Cardinal Pazmanny, Archbishop of Presburg, whose people seem to have been ignorant and backward, invited Mary Ward to found schools for their benefit. "The chiefest thing you need here is patience," he wrote; and Barbara Babthorpe, who was sent to Presburg, tells us of his "fatherly heart" and great kindness to the newcomers. He valued their tact and discretion; "I am the more careful to help them as they ask nothing," he remarked, and Barbara adds: "To ask indeed is not needful: . . . we have silent, good friends."

Among these "silent, good friends" was an English Jesuit, who, for obvious

reasons, could not proclaim his approval of an Institute that made no secret of its wish to take the Rules of St. Ignatius. But Father John Gerard, the confessor, who to his dying day bore the marks of tortures endured in the Tower, had known Mary Ward as a child; and his friendship for her continued through life. Hearing of her new foundations, he wrote to Father Lee, the companion of her many journeys: "God Almighty reward that worthy duke and duchess (of Bavaria) for their charity;" and, in a few words of wise counsel, he advises Mary to have the Munich house "well and fully furnished, rather than strive and strain to erect others." The closing words of the letter, "pardon my scribbling, for my right hand shakes much," carries us back to what took place in the torture chamber of the Tower when Father Gerard was hung up for many hours by his wrists, to make him betray his Faith and his friends. We know how his lips remained closed and his courage unshaken.*

* "Life of Father John Gerard," by Father J. Morris, S. J.

(Conclusion next week.)

To Rome.

THE splendor of the princely halls so fair
 That once were his, illumines the outcast's
 dreams,
 But when the dawn appears, and with it care,
 Reality robs life of what it seems.
 I, though an outcast now, a while did dwell
 Within a mansion proud. And my poor night
 Of life is sweetened, when, with memories
 bright,
 Around me Fancy casts a fleeting spell.
 O regal Rome! thy glories oft return
 To steel my drooping soul, and to beguile
 My dream of life, as with a holy smile
 Thou soothest ills that grieve, and wrongs
 that burn.
 I love my native land, for 'tis my home;
 And thee I love, for thou art Faith's, O
 Rome!
 —ARRIGO.

Madame Robillard's Find.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

I.

MADAME ROBILLARD, in the lifetime of her husband, had often spent the Summer in that Mountain village, with its idyllic charm that appealed so powerfully to the tired dwellers in the city's glare. She loved the bracing air, invigorating as wine; the hedges, covered with wild roses in the early Summer; the orchards gleaming gold and red in August and September; the many-hued leaves of Autumn; the lake, fathomless, it was said, with the guardian hills standing round about; and the pine forests, redolent of aromatic odors. Most of all, she loved that highest hill—that was, in local parlance, emphatically the Mountain,—upon the slope of which the village stood, and down whose slanting side a streamlet wound merrily all the Summer long. Madame had a real affection, too, for the quaint and simple villagers; and so when she had been left a widow she secured for herself a homestead there, that had once belonged to a professor.

This residence which the professor had planned for himself stood well up on the high ground, with the beautiful wooded slopes of the Mountain just behind it. To the left was a garden, which, compared to the wild nature thereabouts, was small, but which from any other point of view would have been respectably large. It was there that the professor had expended some of that store of boundless energy which had also made him a keen sportsman. He it was who had first worked early and late, at the flowers—flox, petunias, nasturtiums, hydrangeas, mignonette, forget-me-nots, foxglove, geraniums, pinks, not to speak of a sea cat's tongue, a variety of cactus of which the old man had been very proud. His more practi-

cal wife had reserved a good corner of the ground for vegetables.

Close to the fences, and forming there a prickly guard, the professor had also set many bushes of red and black currants and gooseberries, which brought forth in the late Summer a fairly abundant yield, though rising above them, and as if in mockery of their stunted growth, were luxuriant cherry trees, thick laden, in June and the early days of July, with cherries red and black.

After the professor's death, the garden necessarily suffered, and at the time that it came into Madame Robillard's hands the weeds, gypsies of the floral kingdom, long strangers to the place, showed their uninvited heads. The flowers drooped more or less, too; the vegetables were evidently in need of care, and it was feared that the fruit would suffer.

Madame Robillard began from the first to cast about for some one who would take that neglected domain in charge; but this was not nearly so easy a matter as might have been supposed. The neighboring farmers were all busy men, who had quite sufficient to do in their own places, in the maple-sugar industry, with a few days given now and then, as the public weal demanded, to the mending of roads. Scarcely any of them had much skill as gardeners, and would have considered the care of flowers as fit employment for women only.

Madame Robillard knew not where to turn; the season was wearing on, and there seemed every prospect that the garden would be destroyed. It was just when her perplexity was at its height that the good lady drove down to the railway station to meet the incoming train from Quebec, by which she half-expected some visitors. These latter did not come; but while she waited, she was witness to a curious little scene.

The train itself was crowded, as was frequently the case after the arrival of a European steamer, with a large contingent of emigrants, and Madame Robillard scanned their faces as they appeared at the car windows. Some were full of joy and hope at the possibilities that this new land afforded; others were sad, unutterably sad, so that the appeal in their eyes went to the heart of the kindly observer.

Suddenly there was an outcry. Just as the train went puffing and steaming off round the curve of the lovely bit of road, it was discovered that a young emigrant, who had got off to stretch his legs, and who had evidently presumed that the stop would be longer, had missed his train. Nor was there anything to be done, and the poor man was quite in despair. His resources were very small; there was no way in which he could get to Montreal that night. What was he to do?

Madame Robillard, who had a heart full of compassion for all human suffering, drew a little nearer, to catch the emigrant's conversation with the station master. Now, the young man's accent showed unmistakably that he was from the Green Island over the water, and Madame Robillard, who was intensely Irish herself, though she had married a French Canadian, felt her heart warm to him. No mean judge of character, she liked his honest, intelligent face and the direct simplicity of his manners and language. Joining in the conversation, she asked him a few questions,—amongst others, if he were a Catholic.

"Indeed I am that same, thanks be to God!" the young man responded fervently,—“myself and all belonging to me.”

The lady then asked if he had in prospect any definite employment in Montreal. He replied no; but that he had brought some good references from his

parish priest and others, and hoped soon to secure employment.

An inspiration came to Madame Robillard, and she inquired if he had any knowledge of gardening. The stranger's face lighted up. He declared that he had been employed at gardening since his earliest years, and it was the work that he liked best. Indeed, he confessed that the thought of having to live in the stifling air of the city filled him with dismay, especially as his lungs were not very strong.

Then Madame Robillard consulted a moment with the station master, whom she knew to be both honest and shrewd; and, having weighed and measured the newly arrived, she made him an offer without even waiting to read his credentials. She asked him how he would like, during the Summer months, to take up his abode in the Mountain village, to tend her garden, take care of the cow, and perform such other services as she might require. She warned him that the wages would not be very large; but that, on the other hand, she might be able to procure for him additional odd jobs in the neighborhood. He would have his board and lodging; for there was a comfortable room over the Robillard's stable. The fresh air of the Mountain and the balmy breath of the pines would be beneficial to his weak lungs; while later, if he thought it advisable to procure more lucrative work in the city, Madame assured him that she had influential friends there, who would interest themselves in his behalf. Then, as a matter of precaution and quite as an after-thought, she read the letters from his parish priest and others, heartily recommending the young man.

The poor emigrant's joy and gratitude were quite pathetic. He accepted the offer instantly, and would have been almost willing to spend the Summer at

the Mountain merely for his board and lodging. But to that Madame would not agree, declaring that the laborer was worthy of his hire. She asked the station master who, together with a group of the *habitants*, was an interested and frankly curious witness of the scene, to telegraph for the man's luggage, and have it returned as soon as possible.

The large-hearted kindness of the *habitants* toward the poor stranger was at once in evidence. They were willing to help in every way they could. Not only did the station master promise to hasten the return of the luggage, as far as was in his power, but Joe Desourdie, one of the drivers who brought people from the station to the hotel, volunteered to bring it up free of cost, as soon as it should arrive.

So the exquisite sunset of that Summer afternoon, when color melted into color with an iridescent splendor that seemed to permeate the landscape, found Madame Robillard driving upward with her prize. Despite the natural loneliness of the exile's heart, he could not help breaking out into rapturous expressions of admiration for that lovely scenery. The heart of the stranger was warmed and cheered also by the kindly good nature of all those with whom he had come into contact, and he recognized in his kindly employer the true spirit of charity; for, while plainly stating and even emphasizing her need of his services, she had offered him a home and work.

II.

So Cornelius O'Grady, as Madame Robillard had learned to call the emigrant, became an institution at the Mountain. It is true that he usually went to Montreal in the Winter months, where work had been found for him in a large conservatory. But he returned invariably with the coming of the

Spring: there was no offer that would have tempted him to remain away. The result of his labors in the garden would have charmed the professor, could he have come back to earth to see them. Under his hand the fruit bushes gave more abundant crops than they had ever done before; and to the red and black currant bushes were added white ones, delicate in flavor and toning down in their paleness the marked colors of the other. The gooseberries improved both in size and flavor; and strawberry beds, that were quite new to that enclosure, now occupied a considerable corner. Raspberries and luscious thimbleberries followed each other in quick succession. New varieties of flowers were added to the old favorites; so that even that rocky, mountainous soil was made to bloom like a miniature paradise.

One peculiarity of the gardener soon became known to all the village, and this was his habit of naming various places or things in the garden after some spots in his beloved Ireland, a practice warmly approved by his genial countrywoman and employer. Thus a large boulder in the centre of the garden, which he had covered with luxuriant masses of vines, was named the Blarney Stone; a particularly charming nook, near one of the upper fences by which it was separated from a stretch of woodland, became known as Killarney. The Mountain itself, he had christened Slieve nan Or (Golden Mountain); and the river in the valley was, in his vocabulary, the Suir; nor did he ever seek to know its real name. It pleased and warmed his heart to transform that Canadian village into a corner of Ireland.

The barber, who often used to lean over the low stone wall to inspect the young man and his work, was the first to call attention to this peculiarity of

the emigrant, which he retailed at all the village meeting places, rolling his tongue with difficulty round the unfamiliar names. Cornelius was invited to all the merrymakings in the neighborhood; and his mellow, baritone voice joined quite recklessly in all the French Canadian choruses; while he was often asked to give a solo of one of the sad, touching melodies of his native land, or another that reflected its rollicking gladness.

Though he could not understand the (to him) unknown tongue of many of the villagers, he took an eager interest in all their concerns. To Mathurin at the sawmill, whom he particularly liked, he often gave a hand when work was pressing. M. Prefontaine got from him many valuable hints on agriculture. To the Delles Picard, whose pathetic story of the death of their brother strongly appealed to him, he rendered many a service. He had frequent chats with the old straw-hat maker, who had picked up during her long life many scraps of English from visitors at the hotel; and he was often a welcome guest at the flour mill, where the one English-speaking resident of the village, jolly old Southwick, presided. The Irishman, in fact, soon became a favorite with almost everyone at the Mountain. He was regarded, too, as a celebrity of whom the village was proud; and Madame Robillard was looked upon almost in the light of a public benefactor, and had often to felicitate herself on that luckiest of finds.

Those few years, in which Cornelius found himself thus happy, were truly an oasis in the desert of his exile. They passed indeed, as the pleasant things of life are apt to do, all too quickly. Then all at once the unexpected happened; and Madame Robillard, who had intended to spend the residue of her days in that charming retreat, found herself

constrained, by domestic reasons, to give up her dwelling at the Mountain, and to make her home in the city.

So Cornelius O'Grady came no more with the month of May to cultivate the little garden, but drifted away into a new exile in one of the cities of western Canada. But his memory long remained there, whether the house of the professor stood untenanted, or whether it was occupied during the Summer season. Cornelius had striven by various devices to render permanent those names which he had bestowed upon various places in or around the garden. Thus, there were groups of flowers that came up regularly every season, forming in that orderly arrangement the nomenclature which pathetically had sprung from the heart of an exile; though sometimes, as the years went on, one letter or another would be missing from a name. But more durable were the white pebbles arranged into words, or the tiny signposts erected at intervals. So that Killarney remained Killarney; and the vine-covered rock still the Blarney Stone, and a certain spot of intensest green was still the Dargle, long, long after Cornelius O'Grady himself had become but a memory. The memory was in that manner, however, kept green; and for years one of the stories oftenest told at the *veillées* was that of the *Irlandais*, who had given Irish names to every spot in the professor's garden, but who was otherwise known to the villagers as Madame Robillard's find.

It is better to appease than to conquer an enemy. Your victory may deprive him of his power to hurt for the present, but reconciliation disarms him even of his disposition to injure you.

—Anon.

MISHAPS are like knives, that either serve us or cut us, as we grasp them by the blade or by the handle.—Lowell.

Old-Time Rivers and Bridges.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

HOW frequently have rivers been made the subject of song and story! It would, indeed, require a whole volume to give quotations concerning them. They possess, too, a fascination for most of us; and, thinking of some well-remembered stream, we say with Longfellow:

Oft in sadness and in illness
Have I seen thy current glide,
While the beauty of thy stillness
Overflowed me like a tide.

Seldom, however, I imagine, do we recall the rivers that are gone forever—rivers whose names yet linger in the localities where their once shining waters glowed, but from which, even in the neighborhood of London alone, all visible traces have long since disappeared. If some of the persons who had lived in Medieval times were to return to their former haunts to-day, not only would they fail to recognize the places where their homes had stood; but if they could identify certain landmarks, saying: "Here is Highgate, Putney, Camden Town, Hampstead, etc.," would they not be compelled to cry aloud in dismay: "Where, oh, where are the familiar rivers, the beloved streams, which, issuing from the surrounding hills, rippled their way through London to the Thames?"

Perhaps not all of us in this Twentieth Century are aware that the most famous of all these old lost rivers was the Fleet. Now, it will be remembered that the word *fleet* points to an arm of the sea, or channel; and, until the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, this stream was a tidal estuary of no inconsiderable importance, supplying "numerous flour mills and doing a large trade at the wharfs which lined the banks."

It was, moreover, spanned by several bridges, the largest being the Fleet Bridge, which connected Ludgate Hill and Fleet Street; Holborn Bridge which crossed the river at the spot now occupied by the Viaduct; Bridewell Bridge stood between the River Thames and Ludgate Hill, and Fleet Lane Bridge was near the Meat Market. The tributaries which fed the Fleet—it was known by this name only as far as Farringdon Street—were the Hollowell and Holebourne. The former, after rushing down Highgate, near where it rose, flowed deep and calm, its course hidden by dense masses of foliage, straight through Holloway, past Islington and Clerkenwell, till it came to Farringdon Street, where a junction was effected.

The Holebourne, rising in the clay just below Hampstead, took for its course Haverstock Hill, and High Street, Camden Town, "branching off at the Cobden Memorial till St. Pancras Church was reached." Beyond this the tide did not ascend. Thence it wandered down the Euston Road, then, strange though it seems to us now, all green meadows strewn with daisies and buttercups and sheltered by waving trees, till it arrived at Battle Bridge, King's Cross, where it surrendered its individuality to Turnmill Brook, so called from the many mills it supported.

The Walbrook, although banished from the surface of the earth, still manages to eke out a precarious existence underground—certainly an ignominious part to play by a stream which once enjoyed the privilege of having its waters spanned by two bridges, one near the Mansion House and another called Horseshoe Bridge, near Horseshoe Bridge Lane, besides having possessed a hostelry on its banks, known as "The Old Barge," because the bargemen, who navigated the craft on this stream, made it their headquarters.

Again, well-nigh impossible though it

is to realize the fact to-day, there was a time when brilliant butterflies fluttered from flower to flower in Regent Street, and when birds sang in the overhanging branches that drooped their leaves above the ford of the Tyburn in Tottenham Court Road, where the shepherds led their flocks to drink.

The Tyburn took its rise not far from Swiss Cottage, traversing on its journey towards the Thames a corner of Regent's Park, dividing, on reaching Marylebone Road, into two streams, one of which, forty feet wide, but rather shallow, flowed down Tottenham Court Road and Oxford Street, meeting the other again at Regent Circus, whence, by way of Bond street and Berkeley and Grosvenor Squares, it flowed into Piccadilly. On entering the Green Park it again divided, the routes being revealed even now by two thin lines of mist: one, after feeding the ornamental water in St. James' Park, proceeds down Victoria Street to the Abbey, which it closely skirts, and hurries on to the Thames; the other goes straight to Buckingham Palace, beneath which it still runs covered by its arches, then down Buckingham Palace Road, and eventually falls into the Thames by way of Grosvenor Road.

Lastly, there was a romantic stream called the Effra which, emerging from the ground near Dulwich Hill, pursued the even tenor of its way down the Clapham Road, "drawing to its banks at eventide," as an old poet tells us, "all the lads and sweet lasses of Stockwell and Kennington." Rivers must be difficult to exterminate, and we can not but feel a thrill of pity for the fate of the Effra, for though it still exists, all its charm and picturesqueness are gone forever; and it does not reveal its presence until it falls slowly and sadly into the murky Thames near Lambeth.

The subject of rivers and the bridges spanning them reminds us that from

the earliest ages of the Church, Christian writers have constantly compared a swift-flowing stream to the transitory life of man, rushing on and ever onward towards the great ocean of eternity. This being so, it followed that the bridge became the symbol of her whose special prerogative it is to lead us in safety across the river of life, and hence it is that so many bridges, existing even in Great Britain at the present day, bear the holy name of Mary; whilst numbers of others have long since been corrupted, as in the case of the Ive (Ave), or Ivy Bridge, at Bradford.

"*Maria . . . Pons periculosi hujus mundani fluminis*," says that devout client of the Blessed Mother of God, Bernardine de Busti, in one of his sermons on the Coronation of Our Lady; and if we study the works of the Fathers, we shall find that the learned Friar Minor was following a very usual custom in alluding to the ever Immaculate Virgin as a bridge.

It should not be forgotten in this connection that during the Ages of Faith, when men seemed moved by a stronger "sense of the infinite nature of duty," bridge-building and road-mending were counted as "very notable good works." St. Dunstan's "Penitential" speaks of them as particularly incumbent upon the rich, whilst monks and priests, not only exhorted the wealthy to contribute generously for this end, but themselves also undertook to erect bridges in various parts of the country. Quite a number of bridges were built out of piety. For example, we read of the Bridge at "Bradford-upon-Turege," that it was "a very notable work," and had "twenty-four arches of stone." It was begun by a poor priest who was animated to do so, it is said, by a vision. "Then," continues the old chronicler, "all the country about set their hands unto the performing of it, and since lands hath been given to the maintenance of it. There standeth

a fair chapel of Our Lady *trans pontem* at the very end of it, and there is a fraternity in the town for the preservation of this bridge, and one waiteth continually to keep the bridge clean from all ordure." Here we find a priest inaugurating the good work, and a "fraternity," in other words, a guild, formed for the express purpose of preserving it.

In 1376, a chapel, dedicated to St. Mary the Virgin, was built, "together with the bridge," at Leeds. Again, in the chapel built over the Avon at Salisbury, Mass was offered at dawn every morning for the benefit of travellers. This was a usual custom in most of these little sanctuaries.

Chapels on bridges were not infrequently places of pilgrimage, for even Protestant historians remark upon the pious practice of travellers, whose first thought on entering a town was to turn their steps to some chapel dedicated to the Holy Mother of God, and there return thanks for preservation from danger. Such was the celebrated Chapel of Our Lady at Wakefield, which stood on "the faire bridge of stone of nine arches, under which runneth the river of Calder." This "right goodly chapel" stood on the east side of the bridge, and had two chantry priests.

At Sheffield, Bristol, Leicester, Droitwich, Lincoln, Rochester, Rotherham, Durham, Derby, York and King's Lynn, there were chapels on or beside their bridges; whilst at Blyth, in Northumberland, there was either an image or a chapel on the bridge, for we read that "in 1347, Alice, wife of John Heriot, bequeaths to the light of Our Lady on the Bridge of Blyth, her green tunic with its hood."

At the bridge end in Dublin, there was a chapel known as "Del Marie du Grâce," in which, in the year 1478, a guild of English merchants trading in Ireland was established.

There were many bridges of Our Lady in Scotland. At Perth, for instance, "Our Lady's Chapel at the Bridge" is described as an old building as far back as the year 1210, when it suffered considerably, owing to an inundation of the Tay. A chapel stood near the Bridge of Don, which spans the river near Old Aberdeen; and a still more famous chapel dedicated to Christ's Blessed Mother and containing a famous image of her, was that known as "Our Lady at the Bridge of Dee."

The source of revenue by which the chapels and the bridges over which they kept guard were built and repaired, was, it is needless to state, entirely cut off at the time of the Great Apostasy. Then wayside shrines were desecrated and overthrown. Even the very altar stones where, morning by morning the Adorable Sacrifice had been offered, were "defacid and laid in the high waies... for sheepe and cattall to go on."

An Unfortunate Genius.

IT is to their countryman, Salomon de Caus, that the French ascribe the honor of inventing the steam-engine, while they willingly yield to James Watt the merit of perfecting it, and of rendering steam-power, as a moving force, applicable to practical purposes.

The history of De Caus is a melancholy one. He lived before the age to which his genius was suited. It is only since the power of steam, as a moving force, has excited the attention of scientific Europe, and its utility been tested in thousands of different ways, that the discoveries of De Caus, two hundred and fifty years ago, have become generally noticed.

During the reign of James I., De Caus was invited over from Normandy to Richmond, in Surrey, and employed in erecting water-works, fountains, grottoes, etc., in the gardens of a palace

for the Prince, afterwards Charles I. The Elector of Bavaria afterwards engaged his services; and in Germany he published a small work descriptive of his invention of a method of raising water by partially heating it, so that a portion of the fluid should be converted into steam, and by its expansive force, drive the remainder through a tube prepared to conduct it to a reservoir.

The steam machine, however, which he described, was considered as little more than a toy, though it might suggest ideas to other inventors. Unhappily for himself, this man of genius, of whom France is now justly proud, returned thither to give his native country the benefit of his supposed inventions. He had then distinguished himself as an engineer, a painter, and an architect. His fiery zeal in soliciting the patronage of Cardinal Richelieu, the powerful minister of Louis XIII., caused him to be placed in the Bicêtre as a madman.

* * *

A celebrated lady of Paris was doing the honors of that city to the Marquis of Worcester, so famous for his scientific studies, recorded in his "Century of Inventions." "He leads me," wrote his cicerone, "from curiosity to curiosity, always selecting the most serious, speaking little, listening attentively, and fixing on any one he questions two great blue eyes, which seem to penetrate to the bottom of their thoughts. Besides, he is never content with the explanations that are given to him."

One day as these two personages were traversing "Madmen's Court" in the Bicêtre, and whilst the lady, more dead than alive with fear, clung to her companion, a hideous face showed itself behind the bars, and began to shout in a hollow voice—"I am not mad!—I have made a discovery which would enrich my country."

"And what is his discovery?" asked

the English nobleman of the keeper who was showing the house.

"Ah!" said the man, shrugging his shoulders, "something simple enough! You could never guess it;—it is the use of the steam of boiling water!"

The lady began to laugh—the *absurdity* of the thing had caused her to forget her fright!

"This man's name is Salomon de Caus," continued the keeper. "He came from Normandy some years ago to present to the King a book he had written on the marvellous effects which he said might be obtained from his invention. According to him, with steam you might turn mills, make carriages go, and perform a thousand marvels. The Cardinal dismissed the fool without listening to him. Not discouraged, De Caus set about following his Eminence everywhere; who, weary of finding him forever at his heels, ordered him to be confined here in the Bicêtre, where he has been shut up for three years and a half. He calls out to every visitor that he is not mad, and that he has made a wonderful discovery. He even composed a book on the subject, which I have."

The Marquis asked to see the book.

"This man is not mad," said he, after reading some pages; "and in my country, instead of shutting him up, we should have loaded him with honors. Lead me to him; I wish to question him."

The Marquis was conducted to the inmate's cell; but soon returned very sad and thoughtful.

"Now, indeed," exclaimed he, "he is mad; misfortune and suffering have driven away his reason forever. But when Salomon de Caus was cast into this dungeon, there was imprisoned the greatest genius of the age."

The two visitors then departed; and henceforth the genius of the unfortunate De Caus was frequently the theme of the Marquis of Worcester's conversation with learned friends.

The Legend of Loch Lawne.

BY S. D.

NOT far from the picturesque little village of Stranorlar, the last resting-place of Butt, the founder of the Home Rule movement, lies a calm, placid sheet of water known as Loch Lawne. In its southern side, about three feet from the shore, is the famous Well of St. Brigid, surrounded by a mound of small white stones brought from almost every part of the Province of Ulster, and surmounted by sticks, crutches, and pieces of linen left by those who had the happiness of being cured by the healing waters there. It has long been the pious custom of the pilgrim, on his first visit, to place three white stones on the ever-increasing mound.

In the year 18—, the number of pilgrims being larger than usual, the owner of the estate in which the lake is situated, under pretence that his crops were being destroyed, closed all ingress to the holy well. The people became excited; threats were indulged in by some; petitions were made by others, but in vain. He was a man of gentle but at times of very stubborn manner. Threats as well as petitions were disregarded by him. For three months his hateful mandate remained in force.

One morning, the inhabitants of Stranorlar awoke to find the following placard on the trunk of a large beech-tree, long used for public notices. It was signed by the owner of the estate, and read: "Free Access to St. Brigid's Well."

Many were the suppositions of the pious villagers as to the cause of his relenting: some said that his cattle were all dying; others, that St. Brigid had sent him a warning from heaven. A great change had suddenly come over him. Pilgrims might trample his oats, break his fences: he would only remark, "I will be nothing the poorer."

Sitting one evening by his blazing peat-fire, years afterward, he said to me: "I will tell you an incident that happened a long time ago. You were then a mere boy. One morning I found my fences thrown into the lake; I became angry, and, naturally suspecting the pilgrims, I poured forth threats and curses against them, and closed ingress to the well; I even determined to drain it by means of a channel connecting it with the lake. To accomplish this spiteful work, I chose a clear, moonlight night. Taking a gun and a spade, I set out by the shortest route to the well. Judge of my surprise on finding it illuminated as if by hundreds of candles. Trembling, I aimed my gun, and fired. Not a light was extinguished: on the contrary, I seemed only to have increased the brilliancy of the scene. As I was pausing, not knowing whether to proceed to the well or return home, I saw a beautiful maiden rising, as it were, from the lake, attired in a long-flowing white robe, girded by a blue sash. On her breast sparkled gems more dazzling than the sun. She glided, as I have often seen swallows glide, without touching the earth, and hovered over the well. No doubt it was St. Brigid. . . . I often think of calling on Father C——, and joining your Church."

He is dead long since, but his son, who inherited his liberal spirit, made a fine road to St. Brigid's Well. And the peasants thereabout tell the strangers that linger on that romantic way the story I have just told you.

No calling in life but is honorable; no one is ridiculous who acts suitably to his calling and estate; no one, who has good sense and humility, but may, in any station in life, be truly well-bred and refined. But ostentation, affectation, and ambitious efforts are, in every station of life, high or low, nothing but vulgarities.—*Newman.*

More Moorish Proverbs.

"**S**ET to work and the Lord will help you," is a common proverb with the Moors. Thrift and contentment are inculcated in such sayings as, "Little with saving goes further than abundance with waste"; and, "Manage with dry bread till Allah sends you the honey." "Five bees are worth more than a whole basketful of flies," is a workman's proverb.

"Man proposes, God disposes," say we; "The servant plans, the Lord gives effect," says the Moor, with, as in our proverb, a rhyme in the Arabic, that is lost in the translation. This trick of rhyme, or something like rhyme, appears in many Moorish proverbs. Thus, in "The wise man gives a wink, the fool strikes a blow," *ghamzah* (wink) rhymes nearly enough with *dabzah* (blow). Wisdom and learning are praised in many popular sayings. For instance, "The guess of the wise man is better than the judgment of the fool."

Some of these proverbs are concentrated essays on the philosophy of life. "The past is past, the future is far, the hour in which you live belongs to you." "Haste is the sister of regret," is a warning against the wild hurry of life that seems folly to the Oriental mind. "Allah is patient, haste comes from Satan," puts the same idea more strongly. "Sleep on your anger and you will not wake to regret," is a warning against rash revenge.

"The barking of the dogs does not hurt the clouds," is a contemptuous answer to mere abuse, and an admonition against paying too much attention to it. "One is not a horseman till one has broken a bone," is the saying of a race of bold riders in a wild country.

LABOR and trouble one can always endure alone, but it takes two to be happy.—*Ibsen.*

The Aim of Education.

A TRUTH that can not be too forcibly nor too frequently expressed is that the work of education regards primarily and principally the proper formation of character. It is not alone the powers of reason and memory that are to be developed and perfected in the training of the youthful mind, but at the same time the great faculty of the will, by which the general course of human life and conduct is directed, must also receive its instruction; its inclinations are to be brought under the control of sound reason, and directed in the channel which will lead to the acquisition of habits that will best secure the strict performance of duty, and thereby form the true man, the honest citizen, and the good Christian. In a word it must be realized, practically as well as theoretically, that moral training is a primary and essential element in the work of education.

This truth, which all great and sincere educators have always admitted, has never received such universal recognition as at the present time. Dr. John B. Peaslee, a leading citizen of Cincinnati, Ohio, said in a public address delivered some time ago:

"What the schools need is not more of arithmetic and grammar, but more of heart-culture—æsthetic and moral training; less cramming and driving for per cents, more moral instruction. The world needs good men as well as good accountants and grammarians, and there is far less lack of intelligence than of public virtue and private morality; less lack of knowledge than of an inclination toward a nobler life."

Not less worth the recording are the expressions of a free-thinker—Herbert Spencer—who, in his work on "Sociology,"—a book, however, which, in its general structure and development, but too well reveals the sad condition of hu-

man reason when deprived of an infallible guide in its gropings after truth—does not hesitate to say:

"Few, I suppose, will deliberately assert that information is important and character relatively unimportant. Everyone observes, from time to time, how much more valuable to himself and others is the workman who, though unable to read, is diligent, sober and honest, than is the well-taught workman who breaks his engagements, spends days in drinking, and neglects his family. And, comparing members of the upper classes, no one doubts that the spendthrift or the gambler, however good his intellectual training, is inferior as a social unit to the man who, not having passed through the approved *curriculum*, nevertheless prospers by performing well the work he undertakes, and provides for his children instead of leaving them in poverty to the care of relatives. That is to say, looking at the matter in the concrete, all see that, for social welfare, good character is more important than much knowledge." Spencer's "Sociology" is among the forgotten books, but this passage of it deserves remembrance.

What these personages have stated is nothing more than an adaptation of what the Church has ever incorporated in the sum of her teachings, and the practice of which she has ever strongly insisted upon. And how forcibly do events of the present time bring home to everyone the fact that the disturbances in the social order and the derelictions of the individual, which are so prevalent, are ultimately to be traced back to the lack of moral training! Now more than ever does the condition of the times reveal the great responsibility that rests upon our educators, and how essential to the preservation and welfare of society and good government is the intimate union between religion and education.

Notes and Remarks.

All lovers of the Blessed Virgin will rejoice to learn that another of the beauty spots of the world—Gavarnie, some thirty kilometres from Lourdes—has been consecrated to her by the erection, on the peak of Turon de Hou-lou, of a magnificent statue of Our Lady of the Snows. Under this title, Christ's Mother is the patron of the district, the inhabitants of which had longed to see an image of her dominating this white-capped peak of the Pyrenees. A friend in Pau has supplied this further information:

"The statue, including its base, which forms a small chapel, is of bronze and is some 35 feet high. It represents Our Lady wearing a capulet, the distinguishing mark of the mountain dress, and bearing the Infant Jesus, Who has His hand raised in the act of blessing the valley. A fortnight previous to the ceremony of inauguration, a road was made up the mountain side and thirty-six men carried up the statue in sections. It has a commanding position against the sky line, and can be seen from the main road for some distance before one reaches the village. Bishop Poirier, co-adjutor of the bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes, officiated, and was assisted by the bishops of Bomako and Nice, and some hundreds of the clergy. The orphans of Nevers, in their blue dresses and white capulets, and the hunting chorus from Pau were in attendance. The pink coats of the latter gave a charming touch of color, and every now and then they played a rousing halloo on their horns, which re-echoed from the mountain side as the procession, led by the guides of Gavarnie on horseback and by boy scouts, wound its way along the sharp incline. A specially trained choir of mountaineers chanted the Litany of Loreto, their virile voices mak-

ing wonderful music in the clear mountain air, and lending a rural charm to the proceedings. After the blessing of the statue a Low Mass was offered in the little chapel which is simple in style and reproduces three black crosses, reminiscent of the Knights of Jerusalem, former benefactors of the valley; it bears the device 'All ye snow and ice, bless ye the Lord!'"

"It is awkward," admits a Protestant missionary, writing in the *Indian Sentinel*, "to explain why one invites the new believer to ally himself with the Swedish Lutheran, or the American Disciples, or the Methodist Episcopal branch of the one true flock about which he reads in the New Testament;" and he declares further that "India is finding the divided churches inadequate."

In reply to this, the *Bombay Examiner* observes: "Yet his own motive for choosing the Presbyterian sect, was that he found it 'more consistently working for self-determining Christian churches on the [mission] field,' that is to say, producing yet more sections, only differentiated by nationality and race instead of theological principles. Not only is *that* basis of division entirely without Bible warrant, as he would express it, but it is clearly opposed to St. Paul's conception, for instance, of the Church 'where there is neither Gentile nor Jew, Barbarian nor Scythian, bond nor free: but Christ is all in all.' Notwithstanding the present wave of 'Nationalism'—which is obviously political at root and not religious—we believe that India will also find divided churches on these lines inadequate."

In confirmation of its belief, the *Examiner* quotes these words of a Bengali convert: "Oh, the unity of the Catholic Church! The Japanese and the Arabian, the Russian and the American [and who not?] all enthused by and following the same ideal and thus perpetuat-

Catholics seldom bequeath anything at all. Large amounts are left to relatives, and in some cases to friends engaged in charitable work, but educational institutions, as a rule, are ignored. In the will of a millionaire Irish Catholic, who died some time ago, there was no reference to the college where he received his education, even to any hospital or asylum—to any of the numerous Catholic causes whose promoters always have urgent demands upon them, and are obliged to keep their hands constantly extended for help—though large sums fell to relatives, near and distant.

Where did he get so much money? was asked on all sides. What has he done with it? was the question which many persons interested in Catholic education and benevolence put to themselves. The Celtic heart is naturally kind and generous; but when it hardens under worldly influence, it is harder than adamant. *Corruptio optimi pessima*. The man referred to was an exception, and his will, to speak very plainly, was a disgrace. Those mentioned in it naturally regarded themselves as claimants instead of beneficiaries. Catholic benevolence and education seem to have had no claims whatever.

By bequeathing the handsome sum of \$200,000 to the University of Notre Dame, Mr. Frank B. Phillips, of Fort Wayne, a worthy alumnus of the institution, lately deceased, has left an example which it is to be hoped will have many followers among wealthy American Catholics.

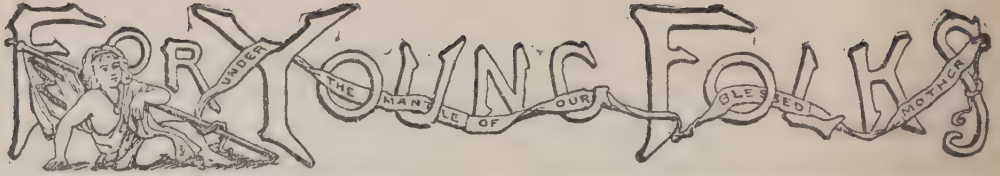
Rev. Charles Stelzle, of New York City, who describes himself as "a Protestant, a Prohibitionist and a progressive Republican," is reported to have said in a recent sermon: "America can demonstrate the possibilities of world peace through religious liberty. The spirit of freedom is our heritage. No country in the world can do more in this direction

than can America. Let us show the world that we are big enough to honor the man who can make a contribution toward human welfare, no matter what his religious convictions may be. . . . I disagree with Governor Smith on what I hold to be fundamental questions, but I would fight to the death any attempt on the part of the Ku-Klux Klan, or any bigoted religionist, to prevent Al Smith from expressing his personal convictions and living his own life as an American citizen and as a Catholic. America must demonstrate that it is big enough to elect as President of the United States one whose religion is different from that of the majority of its citizens; and when it has done this it can speak with authority on religious freedom to the nations of the world."

Would that all Americans were so "big" as Brother Stelzle! He is a man among men, a preacher among preachers. More power and long life to him!

The Church in America lost one of her noblest priests when death called the Rev. Francis P. Siegfried who, for half a century, taught philosophy in St. Charles' Seminary, Overbrook. The world knew little of this saint and scholar, yet his long life of devotion to religion and literature was felt where scholarship and learning are held in honor. Non-Catholic philosophers and scientists appreciated this simple priest and valued highly his just and always dispassionate appraisal of their writings.

Reading this brief paragraph in the *Register of the Diocese of Harrisburg*, makes us hope that some one who knew intimately the saintly priest referred to will furnish an extended notice of him. His inner life was rarely beautiful, and glimpses of it would be a source of edification and inspiration, not only to the clergy and ecclesiastical students, but to all Catholic writers and educators. There is needed light and leading in the story of Father Siegfried.



Clara at the Window.

BY HOPE WILLIS.

"YOU small, cunning sparrow with coat of gray,

I have some questions to ask to-day:

What is it you cry when you watch me eat
A slice of gingerbread, brown and sweet?"—

"Here, here, here!"

"And when my cake I share with you,
What do you call me then, tell me true?"—

"Dear, dear, dear!"

"Here are some lettuce leaves scattered about;
If you would like them, I'll push them out."—

"Push, push, push!"

"What will you say, gossip, if I tell

"You dropped a worm right in the well?"—

"Hush, hush, hush!"

"Sparrow, what are you when day by day
You take our cherries and grapes away?"—

"Thief, thief, thief!"

"Of all the robbers I ever saw,
Stuffing fruit in your greedy maw,
Always wanting another meal,
What are you sparrow, of those who steal?"—

"Chief, chief, chief!"

The Story of Raoul.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XII.—THE MASS AT MULDOON'S.

IT was a bewildered Raoul who followed Tomtit into the dining-room that seemed so strangely silent and deserted to-night, the tall tapers in their silver candlesticks lighting the wide expanse of the mahogany table. Raoul's loyal young henchman had seen to his comfort in the general confusion; and the cold chicken, with other appetizing accessories, were awaiting young

Marse's doubtful return. But they had no relish for him to-night. It was as if the sudden storm that had swept down upon Gran's little cottage had burst in greater fury upon this stately home, which had seemed to the little starveling of St. Etienne to stand in proud strength beyond all shock or change.

Nick and Pomp had started on horseback in different directions for doctors; and Mam Milly was in solemn and prayerful command of old Marse and Missus, who demanded all her attention. Lucy and Jane and Mandy (Tomtit's mother) were wrought up to concert pitch with high nervous excitement that there was no authority to control.

"Wif de wires down and Corn Creek busted loose, and Marse Ralph gone, de Lawd knows whose gwine to rule or save dis hyah place!"

"We'll all be robbed and murdered in our beds," declared Lucy Jane tearfully. "Suthing told me that I orter to hev merried Josh Tomers when he axed me last month, and gone to live whar there's streets and houses to keep you safe."

"Mam Milly seen it coming," declared Mandy who was sipping a comforting cup of tea at the kitchen table. "She's seen it waking and sleeping dis month past. Wif no one fearing or praying de Lawd in dis house but her and de Little Marse in his furrin way, de judgment was sure to come. Shē seen de black clouds gathering ober de house, and de lightning flashing, and heern de voices calling dat de judgment was near. She say nuffin; but dat prayin' child Marse Ralph brought to de house has staved it off dis long. She say dat wif de white folks never lookin' to de Lawd by day or night, and Nick and Pomp playin' crap in de stables,

and Uncle Mose sneakin' in de bottles of moonshine in his wheel barrer—"

"You leave me out, gal!" broke in Uncle Mose, rousing from his doze in the open doorway,—“leave me out of your gab, gal; I don't take nuffin but what old Marse 'grees is good for me, git it whar I kin. When your legs begin to shake like mine you'll take somethin' to steady dem up too."

And while these discussions ran high in the kitchen, Raoul wandered lonely and bewildered through the great rooms upstairs, where the pictures of his "people" looked down from the walls with blank eyes that had no sympathy in their unseeing gaze. Raoul would have found Gran's highly colored St. Joseph and St. Anthony far more comforting. He passed out on the porch where Tomtit, rigorously excluded from upstairs by Mam Milly's commands, was seated in solemn silence.

"Little Marse," who had never realized the deep chasm that in this New World yawned between black and white, took a friendly seat beside his dusky *camarade*.

"Dis hyah is de bad-luck time for shuah," began Tom sadly. "Doctors can't git here, 'count of Corn Creek biling too high fur to cross. 'Spec' ole Marse will gib out fore dey comes."

"Give out," repeated Raoul. "You mean, he will die, Tom? Oh, no, no, no!" the words broke off in a choked sob, "don't say he will die."

"Got de stroke," continued Tom; "and Uncle Mose says dat's de way all de Gardiners goes—wif de stroke."

"What is the stroke?" asked Raoul in a stifled voice.

"Mam Milly say it's de judgment," was the solemn reply. "She says it comes on de proud and de great and de grand dat won't bow dere heads nor bend dere knees in prayer to de Lord; and de Gardiners hez always been dat proud, grand kind. And Mam Milly says

de Lord strikes dem down in dere sins."

"In their sins!" Raoul heard this camp-meeting theology with growing dismay. It has a vague but troubling resemblance to his own Grandpère—dear old Grandpère had not the Faith; he was proud and great; he never bent his knees in prayer. Had Raoul not learned how God punished the "stiff-necked" Jews in the Old Law? Had poor old Grandpère indeed been stricken down "in his sins"?—dear old Grandpère who, in his blindness of body and soul, knew not where to turn for mercy. It was a sad thought for Raoul; it pierced his tender heart with fear and pain. He could not speak. Dear old Grandpère who had never heard of a novena, who had never learned to pray!

And there was no one but Raoul to pray for him, no one else to ask the good God for pity and pardon and peace. So as he sat there by Tom's side in the starlight, Raoul's thoughts turned back to the dim sanctuary of St. Etienne, to the altar, where, in his dreary childhood, he had brought all his sorrows and trials and fears, to the Friend who was always ready to hear and comfort and help. And then there flashed into his troubled mind the remembrance of the Mass to-morrow morning, the Mass at Muldoon's.

Monsieur Dad was away,—no one knew where. Grandpère ill, perhaps dying, Grandmère distracted with grief and anxiety, there was no one to ask, no one to consent, no one to interfere with his going earlier than usual to ride Danny and meet Joe. He would go to the Mass at Muldoon's and pray with all his heart and soul for poor Grandpère stricken down "in his sins."

It had been an anxious night at Haverly Hall. Mr. Gardiner, ignorant of the sudden illness of the old Colonel (the stroke had followed an outburst of righteous wrath against Dyson's treach-

ery), had gone off to set the machinery of the law in action against his wicked manager, to track him down if possible before he could make his escape. The telegraph and telephone wires wrecked by the storm prevented all communications with the Hall. Corn Creek swollen into foaming fury blocked the way to Pine Croft. The doctor, who arrived at midnight, had to take a circuitous route of full twenty-five miles to reach his patient with whom he remained several hours. He gave faint but most uncertain hope; and with the promise of sending a nurse as soon as possible, he left the old soldier to his wife's care, supplemented by Mam Milly's loyal devotion.

"Absolute quiet," was the parting caution to that faithful guardian, "any excitement might be fatal at once."

And Grandmère, who had overcome her first shock, took up her watch at the bedside to fight out the battle with death, for the love of her own life—fortune, home, son, least of all, grandson,—counted nothing with her now. All her thought, her care, was for the grim, gray old soldier who lay mute and still on the bed, his heavy breathing the only sign of life—the life she would—she could—she must—save at any cost! Not a step save Mam Milly's must cross the threshold of the room, not a voice be heard in hall or on stair. So, unseen, unnoticed, unquestioned, Raoul stole off through the early morning silence, and, saddling Danny as he had learned from Joe, rode off to Mass.

He reached the little cottage under the pines just as Gran and Joe were making ready for a start in the light, two-wheeled buggy which Joe had brought from his father's stables for the occasion. Great and prayerful was Gran's dismay when she heard of the trouble at Haverly Hall. It was the blessed chance that Raoul was given to-day to

ask God's mercy; and they would all join in his prayers.

So with the ginger bread and chicken cookies for the children packed carefully under the back seat, and the basket of peaches held in Gran's lap, the party started on their way over the mountain roads, rosy in the morning light, to the Muldoon farm, where, in a little cedar grove behind the house, an altar had been erected and decorated by the devout family with all the beauty within their reach: glowing flowers of early Autumn heaped in jars and vases, an altar cloth of Irish lace, the silver candlesticks, gleaming with tall wax tapers, the home-woven rug made by the good mistress of the home spread upon the grassy floor.

The harvest hands, who assembled in some numbers at this season of the year, had gathered from several farms around; so there were about forty men and boys kneeling about the improvised confessional or standing in hushed groups waiting for Mass. Raoul took his turn with the rest; and Father Muldoon wondered not a little at the presence of this charming little stranger who was so unlike the rest of his rude mountain flock, whose young face was so radiant in its reverence.

It was all so unlike and yet the same as at St. Etienne; and Raoul knelt on the grassy slope before the forest altar, feeling like a wandering child who was again at home. Never, it seemed to him, even in all the splendor of Easterday with Père Antoine in his festal vestments, and St. Etienne's choir swelling the triumphant chorus, had he heard a more beautiful Mass. True, there was only the little parlor organ brought out under the trees for the occasion, with Molly and Kitty Muldoon leading the familiar hymns; Father Muldoon's chaplain's "kit" did not offer anything but the simply needful; Joe's acolyte sur-

plice was very plain and short; but to Raoul, vaguely conscious as he had been for the last six months of a loss that all the rich plenty of his new home could not satisfy, nothing was lacking in this beautiful ceremony. So long and fervent were his prayers for Grand-père that most of the congregation in the leafy shelter of the trees had scattered to the breakfast hospitality prepared in a grove nearby, before he rose from his knees to find a boy about his own age staring at him wistfully—a boy shabby and ragged, and apparently as friendless as Raoul himself had been in the olden time.

Farmer Muldoon's hearty voice was calling his guests to the well-spread tables; and after his early morning ride, Raoul felt ready for breakfast, but the other boy, lingering shyly under the pines, did not hear or heed. He seemed so dull and forlorn that the young Master of Haverly was roused into sympathy. Gran had been taken to the family table by good Mrs. Muldoon; Joe had volunteered to wait on the guests, and Raoul was about to join him when a kindly feeling made him turn to the little stranger.

"They are calling us to breakfast," he said with his winning smile. "If you are hungry like me we will go together."

There was no answer, the boy only shook his head.

"The breakfast!" repeated Raoul in a louder tone, thinking the boy might be deaf or sick.

"*Je ne comprends pas*," came the low murmur that made the listener start.

"Is it that you are French, then?" cried Raoul, lapsing into his native tongue.

"*Oui, oui, oui!*" answered the other, his dull face brightening. "In America only four weeks. To my sorrow—my great sorrow—my mother die in the ship. She French, my father, *non, non!*

I hear of the Mass; I walk far from the coal mines that I may pray as my mother would tell me."

"You walked from the coal mines!" repeated Raoul pityingly. "Then you must be weak, faint. Come and have breakfast."

Again the boy shook his head drearily. "No, no! I have no money to pay," he said.

"You don't want money," said Raoul: "there is nothing to pay. Come I will talk English for you. Come, you are trembling with weakness; come, *mon ami*, you must have coffee, milk,—something to eat at once."

And Raoul flung a kindly arm about the boy's trembling form.

"*Non, non, non!*" said the other shrinking from his hold. "I am so ragged, so dirty,—I am not fit to be with one so *gentil*—so fine as you. Let me go! I am ashamed to go to the breakfast with a boy like you,—I am ashamed!" And as the speaker tried to pull away, a picture flashed into Raoul's mind of another boy, ragged, friendless, forlorn, seated on Mère Michelle's steps feeding the chickens while the bell of St. Etienne called Louis and François and Madelon in all their feast-day finery to the Easter Mass; of the shame and bitterness and fierce despair that filled that boy's heart and sent him flying into the wood to hide.

"*Oui, oui!* I understand that, I understand!" he said softly. "Once I was so myself, so I understand. But you must have your breakfast all the same, or you will faint. So listen to me: you will sit down on the grass in the shade of these low bushes, and I will go and bring your breakfast and mine—a fine breakfast that we two will have together with no one to talk or see. Come now, *mon camarade*, sit down here where it is soft and green. Ah, see how you are trembling with the

long walk, the long fast! I will bring your breakfast at once."

And little guessing what this friendliness would mean to him, Raoul left the trembling boy in the shadow of some low-growing trees and hurried away to Joe, who was pouring the coffee, handing round rolls and sausages, ham and eggs, and making himself generally useful.

(To be continued.)

A Touching Incident.

Lord Archibald Douglas, the good priest who founded St. Vincent's Home for Boys in London, sometimes crossed over to Canada, where homes had been found for them amongst the Catholic farmers. Many hundreds of poor boys were, in this way, saved from ruin. Occasionally this modern St. Vincent de Paul used to visit his young emigrants, always unexpectedly.

While on his way to make one of these visits, he was lost in the snow amidst some trackless waste, and, after many hours of privation and aimless wandering, he had given up all hope of succor. Suddenly through the falling snow he beheld a shaggy figure approaching him—a human form enveloped in furs, with nothing but the eyes showing. Lord Archibald asked assistance of the stranger, who, on hearing his voice (for Lord Archibald was also so enveloped in furs as to be unrecognizable), rushed forward, exclaiming, "It is Father Douglas!—it is dear Father Douglas!" Needless to say the half-perished wanderer was tenderly conveyed to the farmer's log wood home, where he was kindly received, and tended until he had completely recovered.

How strange that he who had saved so many from ruin was preserved from imminent peril by one of the rescued waifs in another country!

Napoleon's Favorite Flower.

DURING the period of his reverses, Napoleon said to his friends on leaving France for Elba, "I shall return with the violets"; and this expression at once became popular with his sympathizers. Not only were the flowers worn by Bonapartists, men and women, as a badge, but violet ribbons and jewelry in form of the flower were speedily used to display their feelings. When it was forbidden by law to sell portraits of Napoleon, his friends evaded the proscription by publishing a picture of a group of violets with their leaves so arranged that in their outlines the profiles of Napoleon, Maria Louisa and the King of Rome could readily be traced.

Such being the significance attached to the violet, one can easily imagine how its popularity increased when Napoleon, having escaped from Elba, entered Paris in triumph on March 20, 1815. He had, indeed, "returned with the violets," and his rejoicing friends decorated themselves with the emblematic flower. When the end came and Napoleon was about to depart for St. Helena, he gave a violet to an English naval officer—an intimation, perhaps, of never-to-be-fulfilled hopes of another return to France.

During the Bourbon ascendancy it was dangerous to wear a violet in public, as, naturally, it continued to be regarded as the Napoleonic flower. At the time of the Second Empire the popularity of the violet was again revived; and, singularly enough, when Louis Napoleon was a prisoner in the fortress of Ham, a package of violet plants having arrived, some of the officials were so busy in planting them in pots that the royal prisoner made his escape. This incident probably gave further favor to the violet; and during the reign of Napoleon III. the violet trade flourished greatly in France.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—The signed manuscript of Francis Thompson's poem, "Carmen Genesis," consisting of six pages taken from a cheap exercise book, has been presented to his native town of Preston by Mr. Wilfrid Ward. At the top of the first page is the tiny cross which appears on many of Thompson's manuscripts.

—Among the latest publications of D. Appleton & Co., we note "Certitudes," a volume of essays on literary topics by Sister M. Eleanore, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. It includes three essays on modern poetry, a discussion of the trend of the modern novels and an interpretation of Longfellow as the children's poet.

—The late Abbot Columba Marmion's great spiritual work "Christ in His Mysteries," has been successfully condensed by a nun of Tyburn Convent into a very practical volume "Our Way and Our Life." The sixteen short chapters, suitable either for spiritual reading or for meditation, will be welcomed by those who have neither leisure nor opportunity to read Dom Columba's more complete treatise on the Life of Our Lord. Published by Sands and Co.; for sale in this country by B. Herder Book Co.

—We heartily welcome a new, enlarged and improved edition of the pamphlet entitled "Hints and Aids to Happiness for the Sick, Especially Patients in Hospitals," by T. Hegemann, S. J. It has been rendered entirely suitable for the sick in general, Catholics, of course, in particular. One may venture to suggest that future editions of this excellent booklet—may there be many!—be sewed with thread instead of wire, and provided with a brighter cover. To be had of J. F. Spitzig—H. A. H., 2946 Lorain Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. Price \$3 per half hundred.

—Personal devotion to the Blessed Sacrament—so beautifully treated in the Conferences at the recent Eucharistic Convention in Buffalo—should ever increase in the souls of

priests, to whom power and jurisdiction over the mystical Body of Christ are given at ordination. If the priest is to be a pattern to his people, he must live in the Eucharistic Presence. We know of no better recent book for the clergy than Most Reverend Alexis H. M. Lepicier's "The Eucharistic Priest," which consists of reflections on the Sacrament of Love as the centre and inspiration of the sacerdotal life. The volume discusses motives for fostering a Eucharistic life and means of cultivating it. Priests who digest this treatise in meditation will then be ready, we venture to say, to expound to others the doctrine of and the devotion to Our Lord in His August Sacrament. Benziger Brothers.

—The Venerable Don Bosco possessed many practical qualities of sanctity. He lived close to the world about him, even while his unworldly spirit dwelt apart in a quiet sanctuary of its own. His extraordinary physical strength enabled him to work tirelessly; and his quiet mind inspired with a saint's vision, found for him a helpful place among the people of his day and country. Such a character readily lends itself to the biographer; and it is with special propriety that the Rev. J. B. Leymoine, S. C., has entitled his new Life of the Saint "A Character Sketch of the Venerable Don Bosco" (The Salesian Press, New Rochelle, New York). A generous amount of intimate detail, little stories which bring out the human qualities of the Saint, find their way into Father Leymoine's narrative. Everyone may learn from it how truly great was the character of Don Bosco.

—It is to be hoped that it will not become the fashion with Catholic professors of English Literature, as with so many non-Catholic professors, to sneer at what has come to be called the "melodious sentimentality" of Longfellow, who took to heart, and was never neglectful of his mother's critical maxim in poetry: "I am better pleased with those pieces which touch the feelings and improve the

heart than with those which excite the imagination only." Longfellow was a man of such sweetness and integrity of mind, of so gentle a disposition, of such amiability and urbanity, that he won the highest respect of all who came in contact with him and the deepest affection of his intimate friends. Ruskin described him as "a quiet, simple gentleman, neither specially frank nor reserved, somewhat grave, very pleasant, not amusing, strangely innocent and calm, caring little for things out of his own serene sphere."

—Teachers who have had to cope with the vexed problem of a suitable text for the teaching of religion in the grades and the junior high schools should not fail to examine "An Explanation of the Catechism," in two volumes, by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Victor Day, of the diocese of Helena, Montana. The manner of treatment meets most of the objections levelled against the old catechisms. Each question of the old catechism is preceded by a clear, succinct statement of its subject matter, well suited to the child's intelligence; an abundance of illustrative argument is used either in this preamble or in discursive paragraphs following the question and driving home its point. Part I. deals with the Apostles Creed, Part II. with the Sacraments, Sacramentals, and Prayer. Msgr. Day has also issued a First Communion Catechism on the same plan. Pictorial illustrations, many of them reproductions of the great masters, abound in all the volumes. Independent Publishing Co., Helena, Montana.

—Apropos of the appearance of a new volume of Pastor's "History of the Popes," we are minded to warn Catholic readers and students of the advisability of being on their guard against articles on such subjects as the Church, the Popes, the Reformation, the Middle Ages, etc., even in reputable works of reference like the "Encyclopædia Britannica," which do not cite authors like Pastor, Grisar, Janssen, Denifle, etc.,—Catholic scholars of highest rank who, in our time, have thrown floods of light on numerous disputed points of history. No one should presume to treat in any

capacity of the subjects referred to who has not made a study of the authors just named. They are now the authorities, their conscientious, painstaking research entitling them to be regarded as such. The productions of many of their predecessors, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, are now unreliable and should be relegated to obscurity. To quote them is to betray ignorance or prejudice. Very few Protestant writers, historians in particular, do justice to Catholic subjects. Maitland is one of the fairest of them. A declaration of his about the Middle Ages is memorable: "There is only one good reason for calling the Middle Ages the Dark Ages: most people are in the dark about them."

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bonds.—HEB., xliii. 2.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Arthur Teeling, of the archdiocese of Boston; and Rt. Rev. Msgr. Daniel Brady, diocese of Mobile.

Brother Edmund, F. S. C.

Sister M. Gabriel, of the Sisters of St. Magdalen; Sister M. Clementina, Sisters of St. Benedict; Sister M. Rita, Order of Mercy; and Sister M. Austin, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. George Seadon, Mr. Neil A. Campbell, Mrs. Mary Finnegan, Dr. John Carroll, Mrs. Catherine Leonard, Mr. Alfred Planke, Mr. William Lister, Mr. Bernard Connolly, Mrs. Catherine Torrance, Mrs. Mary Haas, Mr. Patrick Wall, Mrs. Bridget Purtill, Mrs. Johanna Lowe, and Mr. John Stuart.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

To help the Sisters of Charity in China: J. A. Webster, \$2; St. Mary's Hospital, \$2; Mr. John J., Misses Warren, \$15; Mrs. M. Burton, \$2; C. L. N., \$10; Miss M. A., \$1; Mrs. J. H. H., \$5; M. E. Gallagher, \$2; "in memory of George A. Page," \$5; Anna Liefker, \$10.

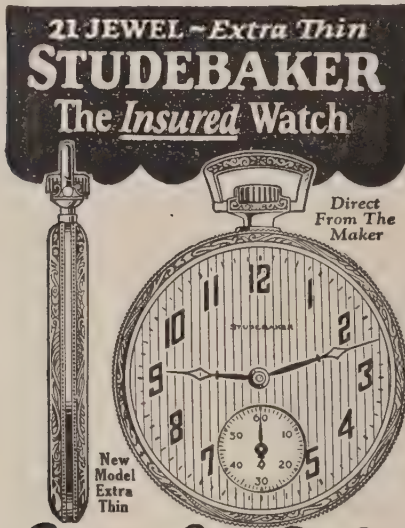


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IN this day of scant consideration of those things that matter so tremendously, true craftsmanship has, indeed, become a rarity. • But because we have felt that the spirit which spurred the ancient guildsman was not dead, but only quiescent, we have ever striven to revive it. • This organization of artisans, craftsmen, artists, has for years approached the adornment, fitment and illumination of God's House in what it conceived to be the spirit which the theme demands. We will welcome the opportunity to consult with pastors faced with this most inspiring of problems. And we hasten to add an earnest reassurance as to the costs. • Conrad Schmitt Studios invariably effects notable economies in interior decoration, stained glass and lighting fixtures.

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CONTENTS

On Hearing the Vesper Bell in Italy.—(Poem) ..	<i>The Rev. Dr. F. R. Marvin</i>	417
An American Contrast	<i>Stanley B. James</i>	417
Ancient Lights.—(Continued)	<i>Agnes Blundell</i>	421
The Call.—(Poem)	<i>Marie Schulte Kallenbach</i>	425
For the Sake of a Rosary	<i>L. R.</i>	425
A Husband for Antoinetta	<i>Florence Gilmore</i>	428
American Folk Music	<i>A. J. Reilly</i>	431
Gleanings From an Old Field	<i>Virginia McSherry</i>	433
An Egyptian Shrine	<i>Ellis Schreiber</i>	435
The Rose of Sharon		436
The Rosary in the Family		437
Notes and Remarks:		

Everybody's Mother.—An Excellent Explanation.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.—Facts about Mexico.—A Suggestion.—Profanity and Foul Speech; Public Snoking by Women.—Miracles and Conversions.—Catholicism in Scotland.—About a Forgery.—The World Conference on Faith and Order.....438

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

The Hero.—(Poem)	<i>Lionel Byrra</i>	442
The Story of Raoul.—(Continued)	<i>Mary T. Waggaman</i>	442
Mother Sun's Children	<i>Emma Florence Bush</i>	446
Mississippi		446
With Authors and Publishers		447
Obituary		448

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

OCTOBER.

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We have received a copy of a little pamphlet entitled "Your Son's Education," by Frank H. Spearman, which is issued from the *Ave Maria* press. It is a reprint of an admirable article which appeared in that magazine some time ago, and should be carefully perused by Catholic parents, to whom it is primarily addressed. Mr. Spearman is an American author whose novels and short stories are well and favorably known. His tales of Rocky Mountain life have achieved a great vogue in America, and his later novels, "Robert Kimberly" and "The Marriage Verdict," have a Catholic setting, and are distinctly Catholic in their treatment of marriage problems. The reasons for giving a Catholic education to children are well and forcefully put by Mr. Spearman in this pamphlet, and they are just as applicable to Australia as to America.—*The Southern Cross* (Adelaide).

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 1, 1927.

No. 14.

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On Hearing the Vesper Bell in Italy.

BY REV. DR. F. R. MARVIN.

HARK! it is the Vesper bell
Sounding forth the hour of prayer;
Bow the head and bend the knee,
God is worshipped everywhere.
Stranger in the city street,
Lift thy soul to Heaven above;
Peasant toiling in the field,
Now adore the Eternal Love.
Man of wealth, thy pleasure leave;
Merchant, cease from trade and gain;
Humbly worship now the King
Who for human guilt was slain.
Hushed be every busy sound;
Let a solemn silence fall
On the lowly cottage home
And the proud ancestral hall.
Send your music through the land,
Evening bell of faith and prayer!
Holy thoughts of God and Heaven
Gently breathing everywhere.

An American Contrast.

BY STANLEY B. JAMES.



AS regards mechanical invention, it must be remembered that the modern industrial era had its birth in Europe; it was there that the railroad, the telegraph, the spinning-jenny and the Bessemer process of steel-making were first used. Even the democratic forms of government which characterize the United

States were generated in the minds of men fresh from the other side of the Atlantic, and imbued with ideas announced by the French Revolution. But the American business man is probably unique in the history of the world. The Carnegies and the Fords belong to a class by themselves. They are a native product, to which there is no corresponding type elsewhere. The practical idealism for which they stand is a specific contribution to human progress.

Their distinction lies in the seriousness with which they take the business of manufacturing goods and disposing of them to the public. In England, to take one country as an example, this is apt to be regarded as merely a money-making concern. A man engaged in business there may be genuinely anxious to serve his fellows; but his mercantile activities have little intercourse with his philanthropic instincts. Such moral idealism as he may possess is exercised at the expense of his financial interests. For these latter he is inclined to apologize as something almost degrading. The fact, pointed out by Ruskin in "Unto this Last," that the trader, as such, is placed on a lower level than the soldier still holds good. The soldier, it is said, is prepared to make sacrifices, but the trader's motives are purely selfish.

The American business man, on the contrary, is proud of his occupation, and regards it as a dignified calling. It

is his way of serving the community. Again and again in Henry Ford's "Life and Work," it is made clear that the actual accumulation of wealth is at best but a secondary object. As to competition and the jealousies and intrigues to which it gives rise—they have no place in his scheme of things. "We have no trade secrets," he says in "To-day and To-morrow." "If we are doing anything which another manufacturer may find useful, then we want that manufacturer to have the benefit of what knowledge we possess. That we take as our duty." John D. Rockefeller spoke in a similar strain in "Random Reminiscences of Men and Events." "If I were to give advice," he wrote, "to a young man starting out in life, I should say to him: If you aim for a large, broad-gauged success, do not begin your business career . . . with the idea of getting from the world by hook or crook all you can. In the choice of your profession or your business employment, let your first thought be: Where can I fit in so that I may be most effective in the work of the world?"

I have been looking at a number of codes of ethics drafted by organizations of business men in the United States for the guidance of their members; they are in much the same spirit, and it is that spirit which is unique. It is scarcely too much to say that, among those of whom I am speaking, business has almost the status of a religion. The devotion, zeal, self-sacrifice, which in other countries have gone to the maintenance and development of ecclesiastical systems, have here gone to the building up of great commercial undertakings. Such undertakings have an ethical status which I find nowhere else. It is a remarkable phenomenon. Making all due allowance for the inevitable difference between profession and practice, it is safe to say that America is showing the world how to apply Christian principles

to business life, and proving that those principles have a practical value unsuspected before. What is ethically sound is revealed as being, in the long run, financially wise.

But when we turn from the application of Christian ideals to the business world, and consider the application of recognized business principles to religion, a different state of things meets our gaze; and it is this view of the matter which the New Testament emphasizes. In spite of all that rotary orators may say, it was not Our Lord's purpose to provide maxims for the successful conduct of commerce and industry, nor is Christianity to be reduced to a set of rules for office and work-shop. It was the application to religion of the wisdom shown in his own sphere by the trader which He demanded.

"The kingdom of heaven is like to a merchant" is a keynote which interprets much of Christ's teaching. Instead of showing how moral justice was economically sound, He went out of His way to commend the cleverness of an unjust steward, and to declare that His disciples should approach spiritual matters with the same thoughtfulness: "The children of this world," He affirmed, "are wiser in their generation than the children of light." It will scarcely be denied that this saying holds good today, and nowhere more clearly than in the country which may be termed the home of big business.

What would be said, for instance, by the manager of a large firm if the branch establishments cut themselves off from the head office, and refused to take orders from those in authority? What would happen to the interests represented by the firm if its subordinates overlapped each other's operations, carrying on competitive trading in the same cities? Would it be a good thing, from the professional point of view, if, instead of sticking to the type of com-

modity which had made the firm's reputation in the past and enabled it to build up a world-wide connection, every little branch establishment issued its own patent?

The answers to these questions are easy. Everyone knows that in a very short while chaos would prevail, the quality of the goods supplied would deteriorate; and the public would be tempted to dispense altogether with the article the quality of which could not be guaranteed. Yet that is something like what has happened in the religious world. Turn the light of American organizing ability on the nation's spiritual affairs, and there meets the eye nothing but confusion and waste. Is it not strange that a people which leads the rest of the world in commercial acumen should allow its Christianity to get into such a muddle? Where, outside the Catholic Church, are evidences of the genius for eliminating superfluous operations which, in the manufacturing sphere, we find exemplified by Carnegie and Ford?

It is certainly true that Christianity is needed in business, but it is also true that business is needed in the conduct of Christian enterprise. Religion is not a series of private fads, but humanity's most serious concern. To say that it calls for as much ability in its ordering as oil, steel or automobile industries is, putting it mildly, to understate the case. But I fail to find in the Protestant versions of Christianity operating in the United States anything corresponding to the genius for organization revealed in the industrial and commercial enterprises of the same country.

One of the recognized methods adopted in all efficient business establishments is that of periodically taking stock. Accounts must be balanced, bad debts dealt with, and the books of all concerned overhauled. No responsible manager would allow those in his

charge to run on from year to year without some sort of check. This principle is recognized in the Catholic Church when she lays upon the faithful the obligation of confession. She has her expert inspectors trained in the examination of conscience, her accredited representatives authorized to remit payment. Her spiritual book-keeping is, as far as human frailty allows, kept up to date. Endowed with divine knowledge of the needs of the soul and with the accumulated wisdom of many centuries in dealing with moral disease, she is a supremely effective practical psychologist. Under her training have graduated the holiest men and women the world has ever known; even among those opposed to her authority, her unique power in cultivating the type known as saintly is acknowledged.

But of this spiritual discretion the multifarious sects know little or nothing. Their adherents are under no compulsion to submit their consciences' accounts to authority. Amateur psychologists, without insight and exercising at best but an analytical office, tamper with the delicate working of the human spirit. What wonder that there should be what can only be described as spiritual slovenliness? To turn from the carefully prepared reports issued by commercial organizations to the publications of these religious bodies is to pass from efficiency to confusion and ignorance, from detailed and accurate statements to vague generalities or inconsistent conclusions.

Frankly, the science and art of directing souls are almost unknown. The individual is left largely to the exhortations of the pulpit addressed to the congregation generally,—exhortations which are themselves often ill-informed or even positively false in doctrine. It is an amazing spectacle, this, of some millions of people, pre-eminent among the nations of the world as

regards the conduct of their material concerns, trying to "muddle through" in matters requiring the profoundest wisdom and most exact knowledge. But that is not all. One of the points of contrast already hinted at—that between professional and amateur guidance—demands separate treatment.

There was a time when the whole of an industry could be carried on by one man. The cobbler made the whole shoe; the farmer's wife wove the wool from the sheep in her husband's pasture, and fashioned it into garments for her household. That day is gone. It is the specialist who rules in industry to-day. The division of labor is a *sine qua non* of effective production. The more developed a business is the more highly specialized will be those operating it. The children of this world are, in this respect, wise in their generation. They know that the old-fashioned methods are no longer practical. Yet those of the non-Catholic world who claim to be "the children of light" show no similar wisdom. Each individual Christian is supposed to perform the whole task undertaken by the Church. He is his own priest, his own theologian, his own pope.

It seems obvious that those with a vocation for prayer and meditation should be given special facilities, that they should withdraw from the distractions of the world, and concentrate on the sacred task assigned them; but this common-sense view is repudiated by Protestantism as implying a neglect of ordinary social functions. (One might as well say that the wireless operator on a liner was neglecting his duties in the stoke-hold.)

The functions of a priest, again, demand special and careful training. He who is to offer the Holy Sacrifice for his fellows must be unencumbered with worldly occupations. This is but ordinary wisdom, yet the principle involved is recognized only in the most element-

ary way by the "Reformed" bodies, with the result that the individual, overburdened by his responsibilities, instead of delegating those which he can not himself manage to others, affirms the needlessness of an elaborate ecclesiastical system or of an organized body of religious doctrine. Because he can not carry on his own shoulders the whole burden of the Church, he reduces Christianity to something which he thinks he *can* manage. A few moral truisms summarize for him the wisdom of the centuries, a few social duties are made to serve for the whole range of Christian obligation. It is as if a man determined to do his own housekeeping, and finding the cooking, washing and sweeping too much for his unaided powers, were to cut down his requirements to those which could be supplied by a tent and a diet of nuts and water.

The Protestant doctrine of the priesthood of every believer and of the right of all to exercise their private judgment in matters of faith and morals, overloaded the individual and compelled him to dispense with dogma and sacrament, and to content himself with a vague sentiment and certain ethical commonplaces. I am not concerned here with the terrible deprivation this implies. It is the unbusinesslike character of the arrangement which I want to make clear. The contrast in this respect between the religious world outside the Catholic Church and the efficiency of American business is too clear to need further elaboration.

And yet, in view of all that is said so frequently concerning the connection of religion and commerce, it must be pointed out afresh that that connection is twofold. It is quite true to declare, with those who emphasize the idealism of financial undertakings, that the Christian spirit of service must find expression in business. But let us not forget that it was the other aspect of the

matter on which Our Lord insisted. Standing in the crowded bazaars of Jerusalem, He did not comment on the serviceableness to the community of those engaged in merchandise. What seems to have impressed Him most was the need of carrying over into the realm of spiritual economy the foresight and wisdom of the merchant. It was as a Business Man—so to express oneself—that He spoke when He said: "For what shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XV.

RICHARD was astir early on the following morning while his companions still slept. He rose noiselessly, and, stepping softly across the floor, took stock of his fellow-prisoners. One was a rough-bearded fellow, dressed like a carter, the other, of Jewish type of feature, was clean-shaven and bore some appearance of gentility. He opened his eyes as Richard stood looking down at him, and treated the stranger to a bold stare.

"You are ill accustomed to such genteel lodging, I'll go warrant," he said with an oath. "But, look you, I will act your friend. If your purse is well lined you will not fare so ill here."

"Why, what great expenses can a man have in prison?" asked Richard, feigning ignorance. He felt a profound dislike for his interlocutor.

"Captain John Fenn, at your service," said this person, getting out of bed, presenting himself with an exaggerated bow. "A trifling matter of debt and suspected forgery." He leered at Richard as he spoke. "And you, my young innocent, are the son of yonder obstinate old Papist knight, I take it?

Well, well, how eager some folks are to taste of death and torture!"

"My name is Richard Nevile. And what is your friend yonder?"

"My friend! Why marry, that yokel is no friend of mine! I do but share his sty, being short of the wherewithal to buy me a separate couch. You can purchase my friendship, however, at a cheap rate to-day, Master Richard! Give me but the price of a stoup or two of the filthy wine they sell here, and I'll e'en give you the list of prison dues."

"Why, as to that," retorted Nevile, "I may reckon with the goaler for information. In truth, my father's purse will scarce maintain us two."

"Well, well," said the other with a wink, "I'll even tell you for pure affection, and you can stand me a quart of ale at some other time. First you must pay the Governor, or, as we call him here, the Major, of the prison for ease of irons."

"I have already fed the goaler," interrupted Richard.

"Tush, man, that will not avail thee! Though he will clap irons on thee to a certainty unless thou consent to go to the high tables, and thou must likewise pay him chamber rent, and fees for bed and bedding. Here we buy the necessities of life at the most exorbitant charge. If we can not pay we are thrust into the common side"—he broke off and added in a lower tone, "the old cock is stirring."

Sir Nicholas was indeed sitting up, his grey hair ruffled, his blue eyes wandering about in utter bewilderment. Sitting on the edge of the bed, Richard acquainted him with what he had learned.

"If we are indicted for treason," he added, "they can not try us here. We must needs be sent back to Lancashire for the next Quarter Sessions. There, at least, we can call witnesses in our defence."

"Nay," said the Squire, "we can not do so; but I think there will be few to bear witness against us."

"Why can not we call witnesses?"

"Oh, we can *call* them," said Sir Nicholas with a little chuckle, "but we can not make them attend; and if they do attend they can not be sworn. You stare, Richard, but 'tis thus the law is administered. The law is like a stage play nowadays—often enough the judge convicts the prisoner before the jury has retired at all. But we must remember it is a light thing to be judged by man's day."

"Geoffrey will find a counsel to defend us," declared Richard.

"That also is not allowed. Nay, my son, we have God to defend us—in Him only can we place our hope. We shall not be allowed a copy of the indictment even—we may challenge the jury, but we shall not know their names till we are in Court. I have stood by too many old comrades not to know the course of events."

"Then we must send to all our friends," said Richard with energy. "We shall need money, Sir, and we are but ill-provided."

"Do you send as you think best," said Sir Nicholas after a pause. "See you, Richard, my mind is somewhat clouded and bewildered."

He got up, straightening his disordered attire with Richard's help. The gaoler sold them a little stale water for washing and some coarse food. Sir Nicholas courteously invited his fellow-prisoners to share it.

Fenn was familiar and noisy; his comrade ate greedily and in sullen silence. The meal was still in progress when the clatter of turning bolts was heard, the door was half-opened, and Geoffrey Pemberton slid through the aperture.

"Most dear Sir," he cried, "and good

Richard, I trust this is but a temporary lodging."

"Welcome, Geoffrey," returned Sir Nicholas. "Worthy Sirs," he added, to his unfortunate guests, "we will now leave you to your repast. We have private affairs to speak of."

He bowed politely, and, leading the way to the bed, invited Geoffrey to take his seat upon the cloak.

"I have ventured to bring you a change of linen," said Pemberton hurriedly. "I think that you will be carried before the Commissioners this very day. I went to many of your acquaintance yesterday, but—you know how it is—the highest and most influential are those that dare stir the least."

The Squire colored angrily.

"I'll not be beholden to any one," he said. "Thank God, I was never one to falter in a friend's cause, but I'll ask no man to endanger himself for me!"

Geoffrey glanced at Richard and went on hastily.

"Oh, we have good friends too—Sir Guy Whitlock is waiting on Judge Paterson this very morning. My Lord Molyneux has sent a present of a great pasty to the Secretary of State, Sir John Fortescue too—"

"Sir John Fortescue," interrupted Richard, "is he not the Keeper of the Queen's Wardrobe?"

"Aye, but he holds open house for Catholics," returned Pemberton. "He doth not indeed go to church for fear of losing his post and his possessions—"

"He is a schismatic in short," said the Squire, interrupting in his turn.

"He is I think rather a Catholic who does not live up to his convictions," replied Geoffrey. "But there is always a priest to be found in his house and help for the faithful who are in need."

"I'll have no schismatics meddling with my case!" exclaimed the sturdy old knight. "Hark ye, Geoffrey, I've

lived peaceable enough, tilled my own land and milled my own wheat; but that's over and done with. The Lord has called us, and we'll not be backward at the summons,—if 'tis to suffer and to die—God's will be done! Only," he added, his voice suddenly dropping from its exalted tone, "I pray Richard may be spared. Richard is over young; and look, I could not even obtain fresh water to wash his bruised head."

"It is nothing," said Richard quickly; but as Geoffrey came close to examine the scar he whispered urgently:

"You must save my father; he must not be brought to the rack! O Geoffrey, I have seen it! There is the cruelty of hell in this fearful place!"

"Speak up, man," cried the Squire pettishly. "What are you muttering about there?"

"I doubt we have been stripped of all," continued Richard in the same low tone, "but our kinsmen will stand by us. Buy my father's life—cost what it may."

Sir Nicholas, whose ears were more acute than they supposed, heard the last words, and said:

"Nay, nay, Geoffrey, let no man be burdened for me. I have no debts, the Lord be thanked! for I have been prepared this long while back for this which hath befallen."

"You Lancashire folk put us to shame with your constancy," said Pemberton. He was about to enlarge on his plans for their release, when the turnkey entered with the announcement that the Neviles were summoned to appear before the Lord Chief Justice at the Sessions House at the Old Bailey. The friends parted without further words, and the prisoners were at once hastened to what they imagined to be their judgment.

The Sessions House in the Old Bailey was half empty when the Neviles were

led in. There were few interesting cases before the Commissioners; but when the word went about that two persons were come to answer for causes of religion, curious idlers began to drop in; and the wooden benches were soon occupied, while a little group of the baser sort of people gathered near the prisoners. Sir Nicholas went free, but Richard had been loaded with an iron chain, which was passed round his body and fastened to his leg; he was holding it up with his hand.

The building was warm and close, and the time of waiting passed wearily enough. At length father and son were pushed forward to the bar and required to take the oath.

"Marry, what oath?" queried Sir Nicholas in alarm.

"'Tis but to vouch for the truth of your answers, Sir," quoth Richard.

"Aye, is it so? Well, give us the words," said the Squire, and he held up his hand and was duly sworn.

Richard was fearfully oppressed, the weight of his chains, after the night of agony, combining with stress and anxiety of mind, had brought him near to swooning. He was supporting his fetters with the right hand, and when called upon to swear, without thinking, held up his left.

There was a hum of anger and disapproval in Court, several councillors stood up, and angry voices assailed the prisoner from all sides.

"This is contempt, my lord," cried one, addressing the Secretary of State.

Richard had paused in confusion; and, having been made aware of his fault by the scandalized outcry all around, addressed his judges with a smiling countenance.

"I crave pardon—I had no ill intentions whatever. If any one in charity will heave up my chains for a moment I will lift my right hand."

Sir Nicholas made a movement, but was ordered to stand still. The Keeper made no effort to assist the prisoner, but an old woman darted forward from among the bystanders, and kneeling down bore up the chains in her wrinkled hands while Richard pronounced the oath.

And then as he lifted again his burden he bowed towards her very courteously.

"Who is the hag?" shouted one of the councillors. "I vow she is one of the same crew—rogues and ruffians, all of them!"

Emboldened by this language, one of the bystanders jostled the Squire, and snatched from him his kerchief and scarf.

"How now!" exclaimed the old man. "Are we free-born Englishmen to stand in a Court of Justice and be brow-beaten and robbed even before we are charged?"

"Look to your prisoner, Keeper!" exclaimed the President. "And you, fellow, return what you have taken. The old woman is a bedlamite, and wears her badge as you can see. Now, Sir, since you complain of not being charged—bring me the sheet."

The usher laid a paper on his desk.

"You, Sir Nicholas Nevile, Knight of Greenhalgh, Longacres and Little Mead in the County of Lancashire, and you, Richard Nevile, gentleman, son of the above named, are charged with receiving and maintaining a Seminary priest, and aiding and abetting the same in Massing and reconciling."

"On whose evidence?" inquired Richard quickly.

"On the sworn evidence of one Rolf Carr, countryman."

"Whom my father flogged for stealing corn," said Richard. "The witness is doubtless in Court, Sir?"

The witness is not present," whispered the clerk, "but here is Peter Mo-

riscoe who will swear to having heard the deposition."

"My lord, you can not accept hearsay evidence," declared Richard promptly. "You have no witness against us."

"Where there is no evidence a strong presumption must suffice," said the Secretary sternly.

There was a murmur of applause at this statement; and the Secretary feeling himself approved, leant towards the bar and addressed Sir Nicholas.

"I charge you," he said, "on your honor as a gentleman to confess without subterfuge that you are a subject of the Pope of Rome?"

"If you mean to ask me if I am a Catholic," returned the Squire, "I can only answer, thank God I am! But that does not prevent me from being a loyal subject of the Queen's."

"And yet lame from an injury which he suffered when he joined the army with a levy in '88," exclaimed Richard.

"Be silent!" exclaimed Mr. Justice Young, and leaving his seat, he strode over to the bar.

"Have you, an old man, the effrontery to thank God that you are an outlaw and numbered among the Queen's enemies?" he demanded.

"Why marry, I do; but as the Apostle says—'Fear God and honor the Queen,'" said Sir Nicholas. "I'm not such a noddy but that I would rather have a hard time here than be damned hereafter."

"Contumacious villain!" exclaimed the other, and struck the old man heavily in the face.

"What, you rogue, do you dare strike me!" exclaimed Nevile furiously.

"My lord! I demand your protection!" cried Richard.

The Squire's face was flaming, but he turned resolutely to his persecutor.

"Here, you cowardly rogue, here's the other cheek for you," he said angrily; and then, suddenly catching himself, he added hastily, "Oh, forgive me, most

holy Lord! How much more didst Thou endure for me!"

"Be silent!" interposed the Secretary. "Gentlemen, we will now adjourn for dinner. Remove the prisoner."

As the Nevilles were marched back to gaol, the old beggar-woman besought the Captain of the guard that she might be allowed to bear up the fetters of the young man.

He consented, but with a coarse gibe at her.

"Yet the third time you come to my relief, Mother Anne," said Richard, as the kind eyes peered at him from the deep hood.

He was roughly ordered to keep silence, but as he stumbled along over the miry cobblestones, there came to him suddenly from the bent, ragged figure beside him the scent of freshly gathered violets. The delicious fragrance was wafted towards him again and again until it seemed to encircle him like a cloud, even after he had returned to the noisome prison.

(To be continued.)

The Call.

BY MARIE SCHULTE KALLENBACH.

GF you but knew the tears I shed
When mourning in Gethsemane,
Into my chapel, pity-led,
You'd come to me.

If you but knew the solacing
My sad soul found in sympathy,
Veronica might see you bring
A veil to me.

If you but knew a mother's smile
And how her heart beats close to mine,
You might be moved to pray awhile,
At Mary's shrine.

And if you knew my love was sweet,
And in that love for you—I died,
Something might lead your halting feet
To come inside.

For the Sake of a Rosary.

A REMINISCENCE OF A PARISH PRIEST.

BY L. R.

THE incident which I am about to relate—strictly true in every detail—occurred many years ago, when I was an assistant priest in a village of South Germany, about two miles from the nearest railway station.

It was one night in October, if I remember aright, that at the close of a tedious day I laid my weary head upon the pillow with the prayer that God in His mercy would grant "patience, rest and kind relief" to all the sick and suffering. Let me add that I wished that our house-bell might rest serenely that night. There was good reason for the last petition; for I was much exhausted, and the night-bell in a presbytery seems to take pleasure in arousing the unfortunate curate, summoning him to hurry out to a sick call. My wish on that particular night was not destined to be fulfilled; perhaps because it was dictated rather by love of ease than by kindness.

It was a cold night, but I soon got thoroughly warm under the blankets. The last thing I heard before I lost consciousness was the puffing of a freight train as it slowed into the distant station. Suddenly I was startled by a shrill sound. Was I dreaming, or was that the night-bell clanging through the house? I listened a few seconds, holding my breath. No, I was not mistaken: there it was again, louder than before,—a cry of distress, an entreaty for help.

Throwing on my clothes I drew aside the curtain and flung the window open.

"Who is there?" I called. No answer came; the cold night wind blew in my face and made me shiver. It was too dark for me to see any one, but I heard the sound of footsteps upon the gravel,

as if some one was stepping back from the door in order to look up at the window more easily. "Is there any one there?" I repeated.

A hoarse, unfamiliar voice replied:

"Are you the priest of this place?"

From this I gathered that the man was not one of our parishioners, and was probably not a Catholic; for the inhabitants of the neighboring villages were chiefly Protestants.

"I am not the pastor: I am his curate. What do you want?"

"The wife of the station-master at W—— has sent me to beg you to come to the station immediately. A passenger was run over by the last train; both his legs were nearly cut off. The doctor has bound them up, but he says there is no hope. If you make haste, perhaps you will find him still alive. The station-master's wife says she is sure he is a Catholic. I am a Protestant myself."

I thanked and praised the man for taking the trouble to come so far on so cold and dark a night; and told him to return at once and say I would be there as quickly as possible.

The heavy steps moved swiftly down the path. I closed the window.

"Now, look sharp, your Reverence!" I said to myself. "There's no time to be lost. The man's life hangs by a thread: a few minutes may make all the difference in the world to him. Make haste!"

As I hurried downstairs the light I was carrying fell on the countenance of the Mother of Dolors: her statue stood there. Never did she look so pale and grief-stricken.

At last I was out of the house. "Upon my word, the cold is frightful! Do not be silly, old fellow: turn up your coat collar. Wait a moment. Shall I take the Blessed Sacrament with me? Yes, I may as well be fully prepared, in case he is conscious."

The key grated as it turned in the

lock. How still and peaceful it was in the church, while the wind howled outside! There was the light of the sanctuary lamp. "My God, I adore Thee! Come, Lord Jesus, Thou Son of David! Behold, a soul whom Thou lovest is sick!"

With the pyx containing the Bread of Life carefully hidden in my breast, the oil stocks in my pocket, I trudged onward. Leaving the highroad, I took a footpath across the fields, which soon brought me to the station. All was quiet there; the shrill scream of the engine was hushed; there were no hurrying feet of travellers on the platform. A light was burning in the waiting-room which I entered. The chairs had been pushed to one side to make more room. On a table were a basin and some bandages. On the floor, stretched out on a bed of straw, lay a man in a light travelling suit; his legs were swathed in linen bandages. I shuddered as the dark stains on the boards met my eye.

Two sturdy-looking porters were now watching beside the injured man, who was still apparently unconscious. They rose on seeing me, and, saluting me respectfully, left the room. I cleared a space on the table whereon to deposit the burse containing the pyx, and then bent down to the sufferer. He was a young man not over thirty. As I gazed at his livid features, a convulsive twitch, as of pain, suddenly passed over them. If only consciousness had returned!

"Can you hear me, my friend?" I asked. "Can you see me? I am close beside you,—a priest."

There was no sign of life. I knelt down, placed my hand under his head to raise it, put my face close to his, and again attempted to make myself heard. I took his arm and gently pressed it; I passed my hand over his cold face, damp with the sweat of death. Again I endeavored to arouse him from his stupor, telling him I was a priest, and asking if he would not like to make his

confession. I listened with deep anxiety, and watched his countenance intently.

"Say, my friend, shall we pray? If you can not speak, never mind; only say in your heart: 'My Jesus, mercy!' You hear me, do you not?"

A slight convulsion again passed over his countenance; his hands moved and a heavy sigh escaped his lips.

"What is it?" I asked. "Did you say anything?"

Again his lips quivered. Watching, listening intently, I caught a sound—a half-articulate cry for "Water!"

Thank God, he was reviving! I hastened to take a glass of water from the table, and held it to his lips. Consciousness had now fully returned.

"My legs," he murmured,—*"my legs!"* And presently, *"My poor mother!"* he ejaculated.

My duty was plain. He understood what I said, and was willing to make his confession. It was made in the best dispositions. But would he be able to receive Holy Communion? Yes, to my joy I found he could swallow easily; and reverently I placed the Sacred Host upon his tongue.

I administered Extreme Unction, at intervals repeating aloud a few short prayers; but the sufferer soon relapsed into a state of coma from exhaustion. I had done all I could, and I consoled myself with the thought that he had made his peace with God and was prepared for his last journey. So I called in the men who were waiting outside. With them came the wife of the station-master and their son. Addressing the woman, I said:

"I think it is you whom I have to thank for sending for me. I am much indebted to you for your kindness."

"Certainly I felt bound to send for your Reverence. The gentleman is a Catholic, is he not? When, after the accident, we turned out his pockets to see if there was anything by which to iden-

tify him, we found this. Is it not what you call Rosary beads? I thought the poor fellow must be a Catholic; so I sent one of our men to fetch you."

"He did not ask for a priest, then?"

"How could he? Why, he was totally unconscious when they got him from under the wheels; and, unless he came to while you were here, he has been in a faint ever since."

I asked how the accident occurred, and was told that the traveller, on whom was found a ticket to a station some distance down the line, wanted to get out at this depot, as the train stopped there for a few minutes; and on endeavoring to regain his place just as the train was starting, he missed his footing and fell upon the track. The wheels went over both legs. So his Rosary was the means of procuring for him the ministrations of a priest. "What a singular chance!" the children of this world would say; but I saw in it the gracious interposition of Divine Providence, a fresh example of the faithful care wherewith Our Lady watches over the salvation of her children.

To finish my narrative, I will add that, with one of the porters and the station-master's son, I remained beside the injured man. But he did not again recover consciousness. From time to time I breathed a word of comfort and encouragement, Acts of Faith, Hope and Charity, in his ear. About two o'clock I felt the approach of an unseen visitor, and the relentless hand of Death conducted the soul of the stranger into eternity. Thus I witnessed the departure of this young man whose identity I never learned.

If, I said to myself as I walked home through the cold, dark night,—if that poor fellow had not had his Rosary in his pocket, no one would have known that he was a Catholic; no one would have sent two miles in the dead of night to summon a priest to his side. And if,

when he came to himself, he had called for a priest, before one could have come the brief interval of consciousness would have been over.

Before I fell asleep that night—and fatigue long prevented me from doing so—I said the Rosary for the soul of the departed, and gave heartfelt thanks to our Blessed Mother for another favor received at her loving hands.

A Husband for Antoinetta.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

I.

FATHER FITZGERALD was old, he was tired, and his book was intensely interesting, so he must be forgiven if he sighed a little when his housekeeper appeared in the doorway of his study to say that a man and a woman were waiting in the parlor to see him. But although he went downstairs rather slowly and reluctantly, he smiled the moment that he caught sight of Mr. and Mrs. Bonaventura, seated stiffly on narrow, straight-backed chairs, and looking very grave and uncomfortable.

Father Fitzgerald shook hands cordially, said that he was glad to see them, and tried to put Mrs. Bonaventura at her ease by inquiring:

"And how are all the children? You have eleven, haven't you?"

"Not eleven—twelve," Mrs. Bonaventura answered laconically. In Italian she was voluble—tirelessly so; but in English she attempted no unnecessary word. When they were away from home Mr. Bonaventura, who rushed in where she feared to tread, had his turn in leading the conversation. She contented herself with emphatic nods, frowns of disapproval, and an occasional word in support of what her husband had to say.

"Twelve children we have, and every one of them well and strong," Mr. Bon-

aventura quickly supplemented. "But three of them are married and live two and three blocks away from us, and the baby is two years old—no baby at all now; so Margherita and me, we're getting to feel almost lonesome."

Father Fitzgerald spoke a few words in praise of their boys who were in the parish school, and Mrs. Bonaventura beamed upon him, and their father echoed and re-echoed and enlarged upon what he had said. But when, at last, even Mr. Bonaventura realized that the subject was exhausted, conversation lagged in spite of Father Fitzgerald's best efforts to enliven it. He was certain that his guests had come on some special errand, and wondered how long it would be before Mr. Bonaventura broached it. Twice, when there was a short silence, Mrs. Bonaventura looked appealingly at her husband, but his response was a trite comment on the weather. It was only after the third pause that he shifted uneasily on his chair, clutched its arms with his plump hands, and began without further preface:

"It's because we're in much trouble, Margherita and I, that we came to see you this cold evening, Father. We do not know what to do: many times already we have talked together and tried to see what to do, and we not know. And this morning, just before I go to the shop, I said to Margherita: 'To-night we will ask Father Fitzgerald; he's smart, even if he is a priest. He will tell us what it is good to do.' Because, you see, Father—"

Mr. Bonaventura leaned forward, and lowered his voice impressively.

"You see, it's about Antoinetta. You remember our Antoinetta? She went here to school for a long, long time; and now she's nineteen years old, almost twenty—the thirty-first day of March she will be twenty. And all three of her sisters, they were married when they were sixteen, seventeen years old. But

when I take the nice young men home to see Antoinetta, she just laughs at them,—she laughs and laughs; and afterwards, when she passes them on the street, she does not know them. When I scold her that she does not recognize them, she laughs some more, and say so funny, 'But, father, how can I tell them apart? The young men, they all look alike!'

"And about a month ago—maybe six weeks ago,—I asked a fine man, named Tony Vittorio, to come and see us at our house—fifty years old, Tony is, but not very ugly, and with three thousand dollars in the bank; he told me so himself. And Antoinetta, she laughed more than ever at him. Never did I see a girl try so hard not to laugh out loud as she did all time he was talking about how good, big business he has mending shoes; and after he said good-bye, and went away, she laugh like she would never stop. Antoinetta's made that way: just to laugh loud and sing all the time."

"So sweet she does sing," Mrs. Bonaventura interjected; but her husband ignored her completely.

"And, Father, now she's nineteen, and no sign at all that some day soon she'll get married. Still, she's the prettiest girl we have; and often I tell my wife, when nobody else can hear, how somehow I always love Antoinetta a little the best of the children we have: so cute and sweet she was when she was little girl, and now so nice to do things for make me comfortable, and for helping her mother in the house, and for keeping the little boys out of mischief."

Mr. Bonaventura paused, and Mrs. Bonaventura looked expectantly at Father Fitzgerald, plainly awaiting from him an answer that would solve their difficulty at once; but before he had found anything to say, Mr. Bonaventura hurried on, rather irrelevantly:

"When Antoinetta went to school

here it was always the same. The Sisters, they scolded because she giggled in class and play little tricks; but they like her, and they said all time to me how smart she is. One day you told me yourself, Father, how she laughed when you went to the schoolroom to teach the children the Catechism for Confirmation—and the Bishop coming, and everybody else scared."

"Same way at home," Mrs. Bonaventura chimed in unexpectedly. "Always she was the one that broke the dishes; always, when I hid the candy away for Christmas or St. Anthony's Day, always she find it sure; but always she was the one most good to me when I was sick."

"Now, Father, you tell us what we can do," Mr. Bonaventura said, again ignoring his wife's interruption, and suddenly switching the conversation back to the point where it had started. "Twenty years old soon, and we can't get her anywhere near being married; and so many fine Italian men, they need nice Catholic wife; and some day, when Antoinetta is a little more like grown-up woman, more good sense she'll have than all her sisters all together. But what can Margherita and I do, Father? You're smart man,—you tell us."

Father Fitzgerald was careful not to smile. "Nineteen is not so very old," he reminded Mr. Bonaventura. "I have known women, even Italian women, to marry so late as twenty-two or twenty-three years of age."

But Mr. Bonaventura found no comfort in this.

"Not in my family," he boasted; "not in my wife's family, either; and so big a family as she has in Napoli you never saw in all your life: all married before they got old. Some, they married twice, if the husband or wife died quick enough. But Antoinetta, she would not care if she was seventy years old, and not one husband yet!"

Mrs. Bonaventura sighed hopelessly.

"Margherita, she feels worse than I do about Antoinetta," her husband explained; "and still she say to me many times how it's joy all day to see her around the house and to hear how gay she sing when she wash the dishes and mop the floor. Now, what can we do, Father?"

"All I can advise is to give Antoinetta time, and to pray that she will get a good Catholic husband in the end," Father Fitzgerald counselled, knowing that he was disappointing both Mr. and Mrs. Bonaventura in having no swift and certain solution to offer.

"Two people told me lately St. Joseph is good for finding husbands. Every day I will light a candle before him. When Antoinetta was little baby we thought about naming her Josephine; now, I wish we had. Maybe it would have done some good," said the distracted father.

"Antoinetta is a fine young girl. There is no reason why you and her mother should be troubled about her. Give her time. Some day you will come to tell me that she is engaged to the finest young man in the whole country. What's the hurry?" asked the priest.

"But Maria was only sixteen when she was married, and Angeline is only twenty-one, and she has three children; but they are not half so sweet as Antoinetta, not so pretty or so smart. But just like I tell you, Antoinetta laugh at the young men that would be good husband for her, and pay no attention to them at all."

II.

Six weeks later Father Fitzgerald was again called to the parlor to see Mr. Bonaventura. As soon as he entered the room he noted that Mr. Bonaventura's ordinarily florid face was almost pale, and it was evident that he was undecided whether to smile or to cry.

"Well, what's the news about Antoinetta by this time? Has St. Joseph done

his part?" Father Fitzgerald asked at once.

Mr. Bonaventura shook his head. "Never will I believe it again when anyone tell me St. Joseph is good to get a husband," he answered decidedly.

"Oh! So he has not answered your prayers!" Father Fitzgerald was really curious to hear what was coming.

"Every day since Margherita and I talked with you about Antoinetta I light a candle before St. Joseph's altar. Some days, when I feel blue, I light two or three. Four dollars and twenty-five cents I spend on candles; and money's scarce this year,—money's most always scarce, I know, when you have twelve children; and—"

"But Antoinetta still laughs when you introduce young men to her, does she?" Father Fitzgerald interrupted smilingly.

"No, Father, worse than that now; now, she does not take the trouble even to laugh at them. Last two, three, weeks she just does not see the young men at all. Then last Sunday, real serious and looking white in the face, she came out on the porch when her mother and I was sitting there after supper, and she say right out sudden that she's going to be a Sister—Franciscan missionary Sister; and she's so glad she don't know what to do,—that's what she said; and then she cry so hard,—she cried almost so hard as we did."

Mr. Bonaventura swallowed something big and inconvenient which had risen in his throat.

"Why, Mr. Bonaventura, that's fine news!" Father Fitzgerald exclaimed.

Mr. Bonaventura smiled faintly. "Antoinetta's glad; and maybe some day we can be glad, too, I said to Margherita,—two, three times I said to her, and she say the same to me—'Anyhow she won't be old maid, like we have been afraid so long. Not one of them in our family.' And Margherita's brother in Italy,

he's a priest: he's sure to say it's a fine thing. And—and, Father, Margherita say to me, 'God was good to give us so many nice children; we must be glad to give one of them back to Him. And I say, 'Yes.' And we know she'll still be our little girl always, more than if she got married, and love somebody else better than she love us."

Two big tears rolled down Mr. Bonaventura's cheeks, but he smiled as bravely as he could. "God gave us twelve," he faltered.

"And now He wants one of them for Himself," Father Fitzgerald prompted. "You must try to be as happy as An-tonietta is."

American Folk Music.

BY A. J. REILLY.

ONE of the most striking paradoxes of the present age is the part radio, that youngest child of Twentieth Century genius, has played in reawakening an interest in our American past—a past that is as remote from us in point of understanding as it is near to us in point of time; a past that has been almost completely lost in the ceaseless rush of modern life. Radio reintroduced the quiet evenings at home, common enough in the last century, but an innovation in this age; and then the presiding geniuses of radio broadcasting stations were faced with the problem of producing programs satisfactory to their countless, unseen listeners.

This search for novel and interesting programs led them back into the early years of the Nineteenth Century, and revealed that America possesses a folk music which, if not so old, can yet compare favorably in other essentials with the folk music of those countries whose age is counted by centuries. It is distinctively American, as all folk music must be, redolent of the soil from which

it sprang; it is characteristic of the period when this country was beginning to take shape as a distinct national entity, and to assume those manners, customs and habits henceforth to be associated with the term American; it could have been produced nowhere else in the world except in the America of the Nineteenth Century. But so completely had this earlier music been submerged by wave after wave of that fearful and wonderful thing called jazz, that it was in danger of being entirely lost.

The folk music of any country is the simple, harmonious expression of its people's reactions to the passions and problems of life; and American folk music clearly reflects those conditions of life peculiar to the America of the Nineteenth Century—conditions which could be duplicated in no other country in the world in that or any other age,—conditions which we ourselves can never meet again. They belong to the childhood of our nation, when the spirit of adventure, the spirit of the pioneer, was strong within us, when religious fervor or fanaticism was rampant; and when civilization, itself, judged by our present-day standards was not greatly refined. These old melodies rescued from oblivion will live henceforth as the true expression of that age.

And the most unique among these songs are what have become known as the Negro spirituals, of which modern jazz tunes are the lineal, if somewhat degenerate, descendants, as many of our "newest" dances are but the society adaptations of characteristic dances of the American Negro. The spirituals were the more or less spontaneous outbursts of the religious transports of a singularly emotional and childlike race, and were often accompanied by certain expressive movements of the body. There is a haunting sweetness and sadness in this music, expressive of the spiritual yearnings of a race which had

become an integral part of American life; but the words are often marked by incongruities as the Negro attempted to translate the joys of eternal life in terms of his everyday existence. In "The Gospel Train," he sings "there's no third class aboard this train, there's no difference in fare."

In the spirituals we hear those minor cadences characteristic of the songs of an unfree people, but, on the other hand, they often rise almost to a pitch of frenzy; and, listening to them, it is not difficult to picture the popular "camp meeting" of plantation days. Their preservation is not only a matter of moment from the musical standpoint, but also a study of the reactions of the race to civilized institutions. For it must be remembered that the makers of these melodies were removed from the primitive state only by approximately two centuries.

A second group of American folk songs which likewise touch the lives of the Negroes may be described as songs of home and childhood. The best of Stephen Foster's melodies are not entirely unknown even to this speed and jazz generation; and they have acquired a certain European reputation. They are sung almost as frequently in Ireland to-day as in the land of their origin; and it is in such alien surroundings that their distinctive Americanism stands out. They have been included in the repertoires of some of the greatest singers who have thus paid high tribute to the beauty and simplicity of their harmonies. Their appeal is as poignant to-day as in "the old slavery days," and will be as strong centuries hence.

American folk music, like other American interests, is strongly sectional, as was certain to be the case in so vast a country so loosely bound together as were our States in the Nineteenth Century, when means of communication were slow and extremely un-

certain. And for that reason the Western trail and frontier mining towns undoubtedly resounded more often to the strains of "Oh, Susanna" in the stentorian voices of hardy pioneers than in the effete East, where the delicate sentiment of "Seeing Nellie Home" was more in keeping with the New England traditional festivities. For, in spite of much to the contrary, snow-bound New England must have been a merry place at times, and great-great-grandmother (if the songs are to be relied upon) quite as incorrigibly feminine, for all her hoops and ringlets, as her bobbed-haired, short-skirted, great-great-granddaughter. For does not another song tell us how "over the bannister leans a face" when all the other merry-makers had gone except one who lingered in the hall below?

But there is another group of songs associated with New England, deeply serious in tone, if sometimes mawkish in sentiment, the songs of temperance which swept the country in the period following the Civil War. A backward glance over our history shows that waves of enthusiasm over some cause periodically inundated the country. There was the French enthusiasm of the Eighteenth Century, when we had not quite dissociated ourselves from Europe; there was the Anti-slavery wave which culminated in the Civil War, and the Temperance wave bringing up with Prohibition, as we know it, to mention the most outstanding. Each of these enthusiasms, as they gripped the people of the country, found expression in song. The same phenomena may have been remarked recently in the innumerable songs dedicated to the national air hero, Colonel Charles Lindbergh.

The temperance movement was particularly prolific in this sort of emotional propaganda. What tears were shed over the tragic fate of poor Benny

in "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now!" And "The Drunkard's Child" could soften the hardest heart, while "Pass the Pledge this Way" was designed to inspire the weakest to heroic action.

The last group, which may be called the songs of exile, had a slightly different inspiration, but were nevertheless distinctively a part of the elements which went to make up American life of the period, and can not be overlooked. The Nineteenth Century was the century of emigration. The vast, new, untried land of the West held out brightest hopes to the poor, oppressed and land-hungry of Europe. This was particularly true of the Irish, passing through the terrible ordeal of the famine years, who flocked to these shores in thousands. Their numbers were greatly augmented by recruits from practically every country in Europe,—brave men and women who gave the best of brain and brawn in laying the strong, secure foundations of this nation. Within a short time they became truly American, for their very lives were woven into the warp and woof of the young nation.

Nevertheless, in long, lonely night watches on the Western plains, in isolated mining camps, or amid the busy hum of giant machines, recollections of a childhood spent among vastly different surroundings would steal upon them; and the longing for the scenes of early youth gave birth to American-made songs of heart yearnings that even the greatness of the new land could not entirely stifle,—songs which reveal the toil it cost and the tears necessary to build for this generation the America we know. In the widest sense of the word, these are American folk songs, revealing a cross section of our history very little touched upon in learned tomes.

In rescuing these songs from the oblivion into which they had sunk, the ra-

dio has performed a distinct service, which will be more and more appreciated as time passes and carries us farther from our simple beginnings. And familiarity with the folk music no less than a knowledge of history, tends to develop that spirit of race pride, solidarity and unity, which at bottom was responsible for the great achievements of America's early years.

Gleanings From an Old Field.

BY VIRGINIA MCSHERRY.

"**I**NSTRUCTIVE Rambles through London and Neighboring Villages" is the title of an old volume, once the property of an English gentlewoman who had the distinction of being governess to the three Misses Caton, granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. They were known as the "Three Graces," and the portrait of these sisters in a group adorns the walls of the Mercantile Library in Baltimore. One of these famous beauties became the Duchess of Leeds, another wedded the Marquis of Wellesley and spent most of her life in Ireland, while the third married a Mr. MacTavish, and lived in Maryland. One of her descendants is a nun in a convent in Europe.

The book was printed in 1810, though it was compiled at an earlier date by a certain Mrs. Helm. To the description of the places visited, with the history and origin of their names, the author adds a great deal of moral instruction to the youth of that era whose greatest fault, she says, was "a certain arrogance which, if not corrected in youth, spoils the disposition and makes one unpopular."

From Cheapside (cheap meaning market, as Chepstow, market place) where the mercers and drapers lived and had their shops, coaches of that

day jolted along over "stony roads, and ladies at the end of a journey found their saddle cloths and brocaded riding skirts well bespattered with mud from passing vehicles." So the best way to Westminster was by water as all the great houses on the riverside had water stairs, at the foot of which boatmen were waiting to convey passengers up or down the Thames to their destination. The grey old Abbey then enshrined, as it has done for ages, memorials showing the honor due to the illustrious dead, tombs and effigies of kings and queens. In the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, the "Chapel of the Kings," is a quaint monument, a marble cradle, with marble draperies, in which is a pathetic little image of Sophia, fourth daughter of James I., aged two days.

Another "ramble" was by hackney coach to St. James' Park and Palace. At one time a marsh where in the early days a hospital dedicated to St. James was founded for poor women, the Park was beautified by Charles II., who planted the trees and who brought from Boscobel a slip of the oak in which he hid from his enemies. He resided here after his accession, and in the shade of the trees he planted spent many hours with his doves, dogs and other pets "when he was the most popular and beloved ruler England ever had." Here James II. lived when he was Duke of York, and here his daughters, Mary and Anne, were born.

Chelsea (from *chest*, gravel, and *ea*, an island) was the home of "Mr. More" after he spent four years in study and meditation in the Charterhouse (from Chartreuse) under the prior who with four other Carthusian monks was executed at Tower Hill with Blessed John Hale of Isleworth

and Blessed Richard Reynolds of Syon Abbey, in 1535, for refusing to acknowledge the king's supremacy in matters of religion. For the same reason Sir Thomas More when Chancellor of England was committed to the Tower and there beheaded; as was also another great and good man, Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, who had just received the Cardinal's hat.

Bird Cage Walk at Chelsea was so called from the number of bird cages hung under the trees. There is an account of the hospital at Greenwich for old and disabled English sailors and soldiers, but no mention is made of the Observatory from which longitude is reckoned.

Charing Cross was not at that time one of the city gates as it is to-day, when hundreds of trains thunder through the busy station. The Cross of Gothic design that gave its name to the place was taken down in Queen Elizabeth's time. A modern cross in front of the Station replaces the original, one of the twelve erected by Edward I., to mark the resting-places of the funeral train of Queen Eleanor on the way to Westminster from Lincoln where she died. This was the site of the old village of Cherringe, once a suburb of London. There was a hermitage here in the reign of Henry III.

The story of the Blackfriars' Bridge is that when it was built by the monks each pedestrian was charged a small pittance to be given to the old ferryman and his daughter who had gained their livelihood by carrying passengers across the river. The daughter became so wealthy that she bought a tract on the bank of the Thames and built a church and hospital.

Old London Bridge was built of wood. In time it was replaced by another, also of wood, that had a pas-

sageway through the middle; and on each side were houses inhabited chiefly by pin-makers. Here the first needles in England were manufactured by a "colored man who worked for a pin-maker. His secret of piercing the eye in the needle died with him." During the great fire in London hundreds crowded on the bridge; and when one end caught fire many were drowned in the river as the boats were unable to reach them. This bridge was replaced by a substantial stone span.

Oftentimes the name of a place throws light upon its history. Piccadello was the name of a certain style of collar made by a "taylor" in London who built a house in a lane leading to the city. He called his place Piccadilly, and the name was after a time applied to the lane and to the busy square in the heart of London. The name survives in a certain style of collar still worn.

Rotten Row was in the quaint old French *Route du Roi*. From *Castro*, *camp*, comes Chester, as well as Lancaster, Rochester and Colchester, the camp or stronghold of King Cole, whose daughter, St. Helen, was the mother of Constantine. Penzance means Saint's Head, and reminds us of St. John the Baptist, the patron of the old town in Cornwall.

HUMAN respect is the greatest tyrant in the world. Next to pride, it is accountable for most of the backslidings of the soul. More than any other fault, it makes cowards of us all. Every step we take under its tyranny binds us with a stronger chain, till at last we find ourselves so strongly fettered that we despair of freeing ourselves. Happy the man who has the courage to break the links before they become too numerous or too strong!—*Anon.*

An Egyptian Shrine.

BY ELLIS SCHREIBER.

IN no country in the world, perhaps, has time wrought more complete changes on the surface of the soil than in the land of Egypt. The wonderful monuments of the past are buried beneath heaps of sand, but modern research has unearthed treasures of antiquity retaining all their pristine freshness of coloring and beauty of sculpture. No city has more completely disappeared than Heliopolis, the City, or House, of the Sun, frequently mentioned in Holy Scripture. In Genesis it is called On. At a very early date it was a rich and flourishing Egyptian city; its temple was one of the most, if not the most, ancient and spacious in the land; its priests were celebrated for learning; and it had a famous university, where, possibly, Moses studied "all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

Cambyeses, with his hordes of Persians, conquered and in part destroyed this city, which was on the highroad from the East to the Nile, about 525 B. C. One obelisk still stands on the original site, the only remaining remnant of the ancient City of the Sun. Obelisks were the emblem of the Creator and of the sun, which was considered His representative. They were already venerated in the time of the ancient Egyptian Empire; and this, the most renowned seat of religion and learning, seems to have possessed a number of them.

One of the kings who reigned more than three thousand years before the Christian era is recorded to have erected and dedicated three obelisks to *Ra* (the sun), and endowed a priesthood especially for the religious services connected with them. These obelisks were worshipped as the personification, so to

speak, of the great God of heaven and earth. The obelisks of Heliopolis, with their golden cappings, must have been a landmark that could be seen from afar across the level country and distant desert.

Of all the great buildings of this seat of learning of almost prehistoric times one obelisk alone remains, raising its majestic shaft on its original site, almost as perfect as when erected. Instead of being in the centre of a large and populous city, it is now among corn and clover fields, in the midst of a fertile plain. It is difficult to account for the entire disappearance of the city and its splendid temple. The one relic that yet remains deserves to be regarded with the veneration due to a monument of remote antiquity. There it stood when Abraham passed on his way to Egypt, when Moses was educated at its foot, when Joseph went to woo his Egyptian bride, when another Joseph, at God's command, took his holy spouse and her Divine Child to Egypt for refuge from Herod's persecution.

The ancient place was on the highway from Palestine to the Nile; and not far off is the Virgin's Well. It is undoubtedly of great antiquity, and is the only one of pure, fresh water in the neighborhood, the others being brackish. Sacred indeed it is to the Christian, welling up, clear and pellucid, on a spot hallowed by Mary's presence and that of the Infant God.

A traveller in Egypt states that when first he saw the well it was a beautiful place, one of the most interesting sights in the region, even apart from the halo cast upon it by Christian tradition. The *sakiya* was constantly at work supplying water to the adjoining orange gardens. The bullocks, driven by a picturesque old Arab, patiently laboring at the wheel; the musical cadence of the rude mechanism; the bright stream of pure crystal water issuing from the

chain of brown earthen pots, giving refreshment and health all around,—the scene was one of idyllic beauty. The whole was surrounded with hedges of roses, and rich verdure abounded everywhere. But on a more recent visit the same traveller found that an ugly wall had been built round the little property. The whole beauty of the spot was destroyed. This was done, he was informed, to improve the place. From these "signs of the times" of modern progress and improvement, which holds nothing venerable, he fears that the beauty of the ancient shrine is doomed to extinction.

The Rose of Sharon.

The Rose of Sharon is one of the most exquisite flowers in shape and hue. Its blossoms are bell-shaped and of many mingled hues and dyes; but its history is legendary and romantic in the highest degree. In the East—throughout Syria, Judea, and Arabia—it is regarded with the greatest reverence. The leaves that encircle the round blossoms dry close together when the season of bloom is over, and the stalk, withering completely away from the bush on which it grew, and having dried up in the shape of a ball, is carried by the sport of the breeze to great distances. In this way it is borne over the sandy waters and deserts, until at last, touching some moist place, it clings to the soil, where it immediately takes fresh root, and springs once more to life and beauty. For this reason the Orientals have adopted the Rose of Sharon as emblem of the Resurrection. The dried flower is placed in water, and if it expands, it is looked upon by Judeans as a favorable omen.

AH, if men but knew in what a small dwelling Joy can live, and how little it costs to furnish it!—*Emile Souvestre.*

The Rosary in the Family.

IN his frequent recommendations of the Holy Rosary, Pope Leo XIII. expressed the hope that it might become popular everywhere as a family devotion. In one of his encyclicals on this subject he exhorts the flock of Christ to renewed fervor in their devotion to the Queen of the Holy Rosary, and increased confidence in her patronage. "It is our ardent wish that this devotion should be restored to the place of honor in the city and in the village, in the family and in the workshop, in the noble's house and the peasant's cottage; that it should be to all Christians a dear devotion and a visible sign of their faith; that it may be a sure way to divine pardon."

Let the clergy take up this subject and urge it repeatedly upon their people; let parents feel it a sacred duty to comply with the Pope's wishes to have the Rosary a family devotion. There is no reason whatever why this beautiful devotion should not be practised in every Catholic household. The five decades may be recited in ten, or at most fifteen, minutes. What devotion could be more appropriate for night prayers? And when attendance at Mass is impossible, what better substitute could there be than the prayers and mysteries of the Holy Rosary?

As the Holy Father observes in his encyclical, the more we consider this devotion, the more we are moved to wonder at its excellence. "If rightly considered, the Rosary will be found to have in itself special virtues, whether for producing and continuing a state of recollection, or for touching the conscience for its healing, or for lifting up the soul." Of its very nature this devotion helps us to pray well, and it is adapted to every stage of mental capacity. Again we may cite the words of the Vicar of Christ: "It is remarkable

how well adapted to every kind of mind, however untrained, is the manner in which the truths of religion are proposed to us in the Rosary. They are proposed less as truths or doctrines to be speculated upon than as present facts for our devout contemplation. Thus presented, with the circumstances of place, time and persons, these mysteries produce the most powerful effect; and this without the slightest effort of imagination; for they are treated as things known to, and engraven in, the heart from infancy."

In older countries, and even in portions of our own, it is customary for families to gather at nightfall into one room and to recite the Rosary in common. This beautiful practice ought to become universal in Catholic homes. Let father and mother call the little ones round them at eventide. Let each member of the family lead in a decade, with the privilege of announcing the intention for the same. In this way special interest will be aroused in the prayers; the little ones will be taught to regard it as a necessary part of each day; the younger members of the family will be taught the beautiful lesson of praying for an absent brother or a sick sister, or for the dear departed; and a foundation would thus be laid for that Christian home life which the Father of the faithful longed to see revived everywhere, and for the promotion of which he established the devotion to the Holy Family.

We sincerely hope that this beautiful practice may ere long be introduced into every Catholic household in the land; and that the present month may be signalized by increased devotion to Our Lady of the Rosary, Mother of fair love and of holy hope.

Leo XIII. was singularly devoted to the Rosary. In private audiences to bishops, he was wont to exhort them to do all in their power to promote this beautiful devotion.

Notes and Remarks.

A writer in the London *Tablet*, reflecting on how millions of mankind have rejected the Blessed Virgin as their Mother, in refusing to accept her Divine Son, refers to this as an "Eighth Dolor" and admirably says:

By millions this *Mater amabilis* has never been loved. Into this Mirror of Justice, they have never looked. This Mystical Rose has bloomed for them unseen. Into this Tower of Ivory, this House of Gold, this Refuge of Sinners, they have never entered. In vain has this Gate of Heaven swung inward on its hinges; in vain has this Morning Star pointed out the way. Mourners have gone on weeping as if there were no *Consolatrix afflictorum*, weaklings have failed in their tasks as if there were no *Auxilium Christianorum*. Orphaned by ignorance or by pride, this Mother's truants have gone unmothered and uncomfited. And there is no ache of the breast more dolorous than the ache of mother-love unaccepted and unrequited.

The prayer with which the writer closes is seasonable at all times: "May Catholics so faithfully give Mary her full meed of blessings wherever they go, and may God so follow up their loyal witness with His graces, that Our Lady shall be Everybody's Mother!"

No better or briefer explanation of our allegiance to Rome—an explanation that is still called for, and that should satisfy all honest and intelligent Protestants—could be given than the one occurring in a pastoral letter of the illustrious Archbishop Kenrick. He wrote:

"We owe no temporal allegiance to the Bishop of Rome. We recognize in the Government under which we live the power established by God for the regulation of society,—supreme in all that constitutes the civil order; and always to be obeyed, whenever its require-

ments are not obviously opposed to the law of God.

"We maintain that the Church is the supreme judge of all questions concerning faith and morals; and that in the determination of such questions, the Roman Pontiff, as Vicar of Jesus Christ, constitutes a tribunal from which there is no appeal, and to whose word all the children of the Catholic Church must yield obedience.

"If this appear incompatible with the allegiance we owe to the civil ruler, it can only be in the minds of those who ignore the rights of conscience, or suppose that in the most difficult and momentous questions conscience has no certain rule by which to be guided; and who in denying the paramount obligation of God's law would establish, under the name of liberty, the most revolting despotism—that which absolves power from its most obvious and sacred obligation of obeying Him from whom all power descends; and substitutes for obedience, submission to a force that can not successfully be resisted."

Admirers of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes are rejoicing over a revival of interest in the books of their favorite author. We are hoping that "Over the Teacups," one of the most readable of them, will not be overlooked. Young Catholics will find in it numerous passages to their liking, for example what the genial "Autocrat" had to say in answer to a prominent non-Catholic clergyman, who had asked his opinion as a physician on the working of beliefs about the future life in the minds of those dangerously ill. "So far as I have observed," wrote Dr. Holmes, "persons nearing the end of life, the Roman Catholics understand the business of dying better than Protestants. I have seen a good many Roman Catholics on their dying beds; and it always appeared to

me that they accepted the inevitable with a composure which showed that their belief, whether or not the best to live by, was a better one to die by than most of the later ones that have replaced it."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was not without prejudices, and his attitude towards the Church was not always the most sympathetic. He may have neglected to give the subject of religion the serious thought which is its due, but he never, we feel certain, deliberately falsified the truth. Allowance should be made for his early education.

At last, thanks to Archbishop Hanna, of San Francisco, we have positive confirmation of some facts about Mexico which have been repeatedly denied by the despotic ruler of that country. There can be no question that its heroic clergy and faithful people have been suffering a veritable persecution of the most cruel kind; and it is equally certain that, contrary to President Calles' formal statement, it has not ceased. His assertion that the people of Mexico have accepted his rule is another falsification. Says the Archbishop:

"At the very time when Mr. Calles was preparing that statement, twenty-two Mexican archbishops and bishops, hundreds of Mexican priests, and thousands of laymen and women were suffering in exile, because they refuse to accept the anti-religious program of President Calles. Hundreds more are languishing in pestilential penal colonies and in noisome underground cells in Mexico.

"The martyrs who laid down their lives in Puebla, Zamora, Leon, Guadalajara, Durango, Michoacan, Jalisco, and a thousand Mexican villages; the hundreds of priests who, hunted by spies and assassins, at the risk of their lives are still faithful to the duties of

their ministry in Mexico; the thousands of Catholic men and women who are risking everything to attend religious services in hiding; the homes that have been searched, the property that has been confiscated, the lives that have been taken, all in violation of the law, even in Mexico; the women who, because they refused to deny their faith, have been delivered to the lust of scoundrels and cowards, these and a thousand more are the evidences with which the people of Mexico defend themselves against the infamous charge that they have forgotten their religious traditions and abandoned the defence of liberty and justice.

"The very day before President Calles read this message, his agents at Toluca, not many miles from Mexico City, put to death, under conditions most revolting, a large number of Mexican citizens for no other reason than their Catholic faith."

The Archbishop declares that his sources of information concerning the situation in Mexico are absolutely reliable, and that it is impossible to accept Calles' explanation of the religious conditions existing there.

As the Winter season approaches, the thought again recurs that the sufferings resulting from poverty and lack of employment will be multiplied by the cold weather. The number of families and individuals who must be cared for will be considerably increased, and the demands upon Catholic charity more frequent and urgent. We suggest that, beginning with Advent, a poor-box be set up in every home, to which each member will contribute a *small sum frequently*. Let the father forego daily some indulgence; let the mother contribute the cost of certain superfluities; and let the children offer occasional "nickels" for their homeless and com-

fortless little friends. The poor-box might then be opened at intervals, and the contents forwarded to the diocesan institutions or to the parish priests. This practice, if persevered in even until Christmas, would prove a most effectual and ineffaceable lesson in charity and self-denial, and go far to relieve suffering and privation.

One has but to listen to the ordinary conversation of some men (and, we say it regretfully, some women) to understand the need of the movement against profanity and foul speech. In the general loss of a sense of faith and reverence there seems far less restraint than there used to be in this matter; and on the stage and in a certain class of books, the irreverent use of the name of our Creator and Redeemer is more general to-day than perhaps it ever was. The London *Tablet* recently declared that cursing and swearing had suddenly become common in circles where the mildest oaths would have been heard with genuine horror a few years ago. No longer, says our London contemporary, are blasphemies and obscenities the monopoly of gross persons; and it mentions girls and women as being among the offenders.

The growing habit of public smoking among the latter, the *Tablet* thinks, may have something to do with the increase in profanity; for it continues: "We do not suggest that there is any necessary connection between a packet of cigarettes and an unclean vocabulary; but the fact is undeniable that since our women-folk took to public smoking, hundreds of them have become recruits to the army of profane speakers. They do not mean the dreadful things that come from their lips, but it has always been the curser's defence that he does not mean it. Cursing and swearing are cursing and swearing, even when they

are indulged in only to follow a fashion, or to make a show of emancipation from old-fashioned prudishness."

On the European Continent also the growth in profanity has been noted, and the *Tablet* remarks that in Italy the bishops and clergy, backed up by a strong public opinion among the laity, are fighting blasphemy with all their might. The civic authorities in many towns and cities, including Rome, are giving help to the crusade by allowing notices to be posted up in tram-cars and public places, requesting those who frequent them to abstain from cursing and swearing. Two periodicals devoted to the campaign have been amalgamated into a more powerful organ. In several places "Days" have been organized, on the familiar French plan, at which the evil is thoroughly examined. The lay folk taking part in these "Days" have gone home detesting blasphemy, and resolving to do all in their power to oppose it, while the clergy have picked up valuable points for sermons and short discourses to young people. "Surely," concludes the *Tablet*, "there is as much need for such work in England as in Italy." And surely, we may add, there should be no "letting up" in this country of the work of the Holy Name Societies, which have done so much to foster among Catholics a reverence for the Name at whose mention every head should bow, and against the desecration of which every Christian should be ready to protest.

Catholics often find it difficult to understand why the well-authenticated miracles occurring at Lourdes and elsewhere effect so few conversions among those outside of the Church. That these special interpositions of God are intended to effect conversion is evident from the miracle which Christ wrought for the Pharisees, who murmured when He

forgave the sins of the man sick of the palsy. "That you may know that the Son of Man hath power to forgive sins (He saith to the sick of the palsy), arise and walk." It is a fact that not a few persons are converted by these marvels; but they are invariably earnest men and women, sincerely groping after truth. To all such the light that flashes from God's throne is a special mercy; but to those who neglect prayer and the other means of arriving at truth, a miracle, however well established, has no special significance.

Reviewing "An Old Story of a Highland Parish," a book written by George P. Shaw, with a preface by Hilaire Belloc, recently published in London, W. G. Scott Moncrieff says in the *Scottish Historical Review*:

By the middle of the Seventeenth Century Catholicism in Scotland was almost extinct, but it lingered in a shadowy form in the Mortlach district. The priests were banished, only venturing back at risk to themselves, while the sacred buildings, monasteries, churches and shrines were destroyed or dismantled. Although the Catholic's life may not have been taken, much that made life dear he might no longer enjoy. Even to hear a rare occasional Mass, he had to use precautions somewhat similar to those followed in the South by the Covenanter attending a conventicle among the hills. Sentinels were appointed, and Mr. Shaw tells of an ancestor of his own who acted in that capacity. He describes picturesquely what such a service must have been, and its effect upon the worshippers.

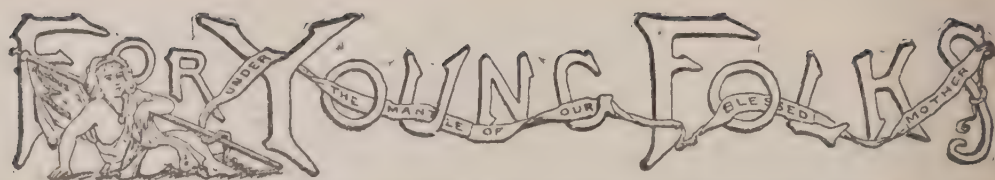
This period of suppression lasted from 1560 till 1793, although latterly there must have been considerable toleration. It would have indeed come sooner had it not been for the risings of 1715 and 1745, which caused Catholics to be identified with Jacobites.

"The state of matters now is very different," concludes Mr. Moncrieff. "Almost every Banffshire village has its

chapel, and that at Dufftown has celebrated its centenary. The priest leads a placid life, and is often one of the most popular men in the district, bearing a good Highland name, and sometimes able, like our author, to claim a family connection with those past events. Those who have enjoyed the friendship of such men, as has been the present writer's good fortune, will admit that there is a peculiar charm about the Highland priest."

Of all the lies and forgeries circulated by anti-Catholic lecturers and writers perhaps the most common is the travesty of a noted declaration of Lafayette. He is quoted as having said: "If ever the liberties of the American people are destroyed, they will fall by the hands of the Romish clergy." What Lafayette said (in a letter written in 1829 to a Protestant friend in New York) was this: "But I must be permitted to assure you that the fears, which, in your patriotic zeal, you seem to entertain, that if ever the liberty of the United States is destroyed it will be by Catholic priests, are certainly without a shadow of foundation."

In spite of all that has been said and written by Catholic publicists against the recent World Conference on Faith and Order at Lusanne, we can not help hoping for its resumption. The good will of the great majority of the promoters seems to us unquestionable. Dr. W. A. Harper, in a recently published book, "Youth and Truth" (Century Co.) writes: "The young are for union, for Christian union, because their hearts tell them that unity must characterize every cause that hopes to continue permanently in the ministry of life, and because the Master prayed for the oneness of His followers."



The Hero.

BY LIONEL BYRRA.

HERE'S a hand to the boy who has courage

To do what he knows to be right;

When he falls in the way of temptation,

He has a hard battle to fight.

Who strives against self and his comrades

Will find a most powerful foe;

All honor to him if he conquers—

A cheer for the boy who says "No!"

There's many a battle fought daily

The world knows nothing about;

There's many a brave little soldier

Whose strength puts a legion to rout.

And he who fights sin single-handed

Is more of a hero, I say,

Than he who leads soldiers to battle

And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast, my boy, when you're tempted

To do what you know is not right;

Stand firm by the colors of manhood,

And you will overcome in the fight.

"The Right!" be your battle-cry ever

In waging the warfare of life;

And God, who knows who are the heroes,

Will give you the strength for the strife.

The Story of Raoul.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XIV.—FRIENDS IN NEED.

"WHY, Joe Dermott! Joe Dermott!" said Father Muldoon in displeased surprise. "Is not this a rather uncivil way to break in upon honored guests?"

"It is, I know, your reverence," replied Joe; "and I beg your pardon for that same; but these kids have come to me with a story that the two of them, being furrin-raised, can't put in plain English speech. This fine fellow here

is Raoul Gardiner, son of the gentleman of Haverly Hall; but the other," Joe cast a withering glance at the helpless Adolphe, "ye can see for yourself the sort he is; and whether he is a liar or a fool, I can not tell, for not a word of his gibberish can I understand."

"But I do," broke in Raoul breathlessly. "*Je comprends, mon Père*. I understand the terrible things he says, too terrible for me to put in the right English, *mon Père*. I can not find the words to tell what Adolphe has said, so frightened am I, *mon Père*."

Raoul's words were coming in quick gasps, his eyes shining, his whole graceful figure tense with excitement. His English, at the best never very assured, had failed him utterly, so he could not put his story into words befitting its horror.

Father Muldoon looked at him with kind, understanding eyes.

"*Eh bien! mon fils*," he said gently, "tell me your story in French then." And at the fatherly tone, the familiar words, Raoul burst into eager, voluble speech in his native tongue, while Adolphe choked back his sobs, and with nods and sighs and broken murmurs seemed to bear witness to the story which Father Muldoon heard with grave and growing concern.

"We must see to this, Major," he said turning to that gentleman. "It seems this boy whom our little friend here has taken under his care this morning, has repaid his kindness by a warning which we can not altogether ignore. Mr. Gardiner has been called away from his home on important business, and there is a crowd of discharged miners at his works very bitter against him. They are threatening to

attack his property, loot, perhaps burn his home, wreak their hate and vengeance on his child,—at least such is the story this boy has brought to Raoul.”

“And it’s true,” burst forth Joe,—“I’m ready to swear that it’s true, your reverence. Everybody within five miles of Gardiner Ridge, knows that there has been mischief brewing there ever since that snake in the grass, Dick Dyson, found the Gardiners were catching on to his tricks. He took a high hand, knowing the old Colonel was nearly blind and Mr. Gardiner across the sea; so this Dyson drove off all the Negroes from the place, and brought in a lot of scallawags from across the sea, and now that he has beat it with all the money he could get his hands on and left that dirty crowd loose without no police or nothing near, there’s no telling what can happen,” said Joe desperately. “Here, you fellows,” he cried, turning to the harvest hands standing around, “get clubs, picks, pistols, anything you can find and come with me to look out for Haverly Hall.”

“No, no, no, my friends!” rang out Father Muldoon’s voice, “there must be no unwise disturbance. Remember this is only a child’s story,—a child who can neither speak nor understand English. You may only start a riot.”

“Oh, my Grandpère, my poor Grandpère,” cried Raoul,—“my poor Grandpère for whom I came to pray at the Holy Mass, *mon Père*. The noise, the trouble will kill my poor Grandpère—he will die in his sins.”

“No, no, my boy,” said the Major, as he laid his hand kindly on Raoul’s head. “I see a way out of this difficulty, Father. This child’s story may or may not be true, but the danger for the unprotected home is real. I know the type of men employed in some of these smaller mines,—blusterers, bullies, desperadoes when they have the chance, but cowards at the sight of real or

apparent force. I have fifty sturdy young fellows armed and equipped for military duty within call. They are on the march about five miles from here. We will make a detour, and if those rascally miners mean mischief, we’ll give them the scare of their lives by offering our services to guard Haverly Hall. What do you say, boys?”

“Hooray!” was the jubilant shout, as the Major’s young bodyguard started up gleefully. “We’re in it for sure, and the other fellows will be too, you bet. After six weeks’ training, with only bears and wild cats within range, we’re just spoiling for a real fight.”

“There will be no fight, I hope,” was the answer; “though we shall be ready for it if it comes. But we will give the rascals a fright, which will answer our purpose. So let us start off at once, and join our force on the main road; and if this sturdy, would-be fighter will lead us,” he added, turning to Joe, “St. Inigo’s Guards will make a double quick to Haverly Hall.”

Meanwhile Monsieur Dad was having the most strenuous time of his easy-going life. All the Gardiner spirit of his fiery ancestors had been roused into action by Dyson’s treachery. He had waited too long, trusted the villain too far, been ‘an indolent fool, so he told himself, as he made his way by any conveyance he could find over flooded ways, to the nearest unbroken telegraph, and set the officers of the law—near and far—on the tracks of the fleeing manager. There was no lack of energy in his efforts now: broken wires were repaired at his demand, whole wires kept busy in a score of cities, seaports, railroad terminals; keen-eyed officials were put on the lookout for the fugitive. From his hotel in Washington, Gardiner directed their activities until on the second day after Dyson’s flight they seemed to be rewarded by a show of success.

"We think we have your man," read the message from New York. "Come and see."

And Gardiner went to find it was Dyson indeed,—white, haggard, desperate, but with fires of hate and revenge burning in his sunken eyes.

"You've got me," he said sullenly when Gardiner identified him. "I would have been out of your reach to-morrow morning. I did not think it was in you to move so quick. Perhaps you'll find it has been a little too quick for your own good."

"My good," repeated Gardiner coldly. "I am not considering my personal affairs in this matter. I am simply bringing you to justice for treachery and wrongdoing."

"Bah!" said Dyson bitterly. "Always the high-toned gentleman that I have hated. But though you think you have me done for, Ralph Gardiner, the account between us is a little more even than you suppose. You started on your hunt for me too soon; you would have been wiser to wait awhile, and find what sort of work I had left behind."

"The work you left behind," said Gardiner,—"that is of no further interest to me, Dyson. You have done all in your power to ruin me, I know."

"Not all, Ralph Gardiner, not all as yet," was the answer hissed between set teeth. "I left enough liquor behind me to turn those fools in your mine into madmen. I told them that your house was full of the loot such madmen are ready to seize. I taught them to hate you and yours, as I hated you. You left a blind father, an old mother, a set of black simpletons to protect your home against two score drunk-crazed men turned off work. You left that son of yours to my son whom he fought without cause; and my boy is ready to settle with him. There will be another fight that will have a different ending, you may be

sure of that. Oh, you will find things pretty lively, I think, Mr. Gardiner, when you return."

"You are a devil, Dyson," said Gardiner scornfully, "but a poor devil without power to harm. I have done completely with you."

"Don't be too sure of that, Mr. Gardiner," was the jeer that followed him as he turned away more chilled by the villainous threats than he would confess. For he had heard nothing from Haverly Hall since his hasty departure the previous morning; he knew nothing of his father's sudden illness, his mother's distracted fears. Broken wires, flooded roads in the valley that lay below his home, had prevented all communication; he had been too busy, perhaps too sure, to think of any peril that could reach Haverly Hall.

But now—now, a strange, icy fear, such as he had never known before, seemed to strike Gardiner's very heart as he recalled the evil triumph in Dyson's look, the hissed threat in his voice; and he hurried homeward by the shortest route, tortured by misgivings he could not repress; for if there was any truth in Dyson's threats, danger threatened Haverly Hall. With only his simple-minded Negroes, who would be quite incapable of defence, Gardiner dared not think of what might have happened during his absence. His blind father—his helpless mother at the mercy of these foreign devils that Dyson had brought around his home—his boy! The thought of Raoul riding fearlessly over the mountain ways brought a new thrill of terror as Gardiner recalled Dyson's threat that his brute of a son would "be even" in that fight; that he was watching his chance for vengeance on the brave little fellow that had downed the big bully even while he fought fair as a gentleman should.

A gentleman indeed—poor little aban-

done starveling that he had been! It was as Mademoiselle Cecile had said: Raoul was a little gentleman born, aye, more than a gentleman, his father realized with a sudden thrill of pride and tenderness as he recalled the simple, gracious charm that had won all hearts in his new home—the gentleness with which he had accepted his own coldness and rebukes and given him love, all unasked. Somehow, somewhere, how and where, Monsieur Dad could not understand, his son had learned lessons of honor, duty, kindness, chivalry, that no books could teach. And as he recalled their talk on the moonlit porch of Mademoiselle Cecile, Monsieur Dad was conscious of a stir in his heart that proved his son had wakened all its father love and fear. “That devil of a Dyson!” was his unspoken cry, “he may cripple, maim, kill my boy.”

And as the train jerked to a stand still, he hurried forward in a fever of impatience to learn the cause: “A wash out, sir! That storm has done bad work for the rails sure. We’re likely to be stalled here for hours.”

Gardiner stepped to the platform and looked about him. They were on a wild stretch of road with frowning heights darkening around them. But he knew the place well; he had climbed and hunted in its rough fastnesses when a boy. It was here he had made the fight with the black bear of which his father boasted yet. It was thirty miles by the railroad, a circuitous climb to his home station; but by the rough hunter’s track he knew less than ten to Haverly Hall. The Eastern sky was already darkening, though the West was aflame. He must get home before night to look out for his home, his boy; and leaping from the stalled train he started up the mountain trail. It was a rough climb, but a familiar one. It was the beginning of the Ridge on whose western stretch the

prospectors of his grandfather had located the coal that for the last forty years had added so greatly to the revenue of Haverly Hall.

Dyson had left things in a devilish mess, no doubt, and it would take a strong hand and a clear head to settle matters. But Monsieur Dad would look to that later. Just now his sole purpose was to get home to his blind father, his helpless mother—to his boy, the boy who had crept into his heart and entwined himself with memories of the past, with hopes rosy and tremulous as the dawn of a new day, of a beautiful future.

Celeste, Cecile,—the names seemed to blend in sweet harmony that had been awakened by Raoul’s touch—Raoul, whom he felt belonged to both. Celeste, Cecile,—the names seemed to make music in Monsieur Dad’s heart, and for the time banished all its fears. He took the olden boyhood trail with a springing step, climbing the rocks, leaping the chasms, breaking through the tangled undergrowth that barred his way, until he became suddenly aware of a muffled sound that grew louder as he hurried—cries, shouts, mutterings that rose into a thunderous roar that means the waking of the human beast,—the cry of a maddened mob bent on destruction. Gardiner sprang upon a rocky ledge that commanded a view of his Works. Through the gathering shadows he could see the wild tumult that reigned there. Dyson’s threat was not in vain.

(To be continued.)

THE phrase “Holding a candle to you” is supposed to have originated in the custom, formerly observed by wealthy masters, of having a servant hold a candle when they wished to read after going to bed, the small light-stand not yet having been invented.

Mother Sun's Children.

BY EMMA FLORENCE BUSH.

MOTHER SUN has to get up very early in the morning—in fact, long before Grandmother Night takes the stars from her soft, silver hair and lays them carefully away, Mother Sun begins to call her bright little Sunbeam children around her and gives them their daily duties.

Sunnylocks and Goldengleam were twin sunbeams, which Mother Sun always sent together to work on Earthland, for they were shiny and happy, and twinkled all day long.

One morning these little sisters were dancing over the meadow when they came to a path that led to a garden. They reached a tiny house on the very edge of the road, and at the window was a pale little girl sitting on a chair. There was no smile on her white face, and her eyes were closed. The two little Sunbeams stopped and looked at her.

"Poor little girl," said Sunnylocks. "What can we do to make her happy? See, she does not even look at the green grass and the leaves dancing in the breeze."

"Yes, let's see what we can do for her," answered Goldengleam. Sunnylocks slipped over to a rosebush under the window and played hide and seek with the rosebuds until they burst their green coverings. Goldengleam ran over to the cherry tree and kissed the little green knobs until they began to glow a rosy red.

Then they both flew into the garden along the roadside, here kissing open a bud that was shut too tight, there warming the heart of a flower that was trying to grow in the shade of a big tree, until by the time Mother Sun called them for the night, the roadside and garden were trying to outdo each other in flower bloom.

When the sunbeams were tucked into their fleecy little cloud beds by Mother Sun they could hardly wait for morning. Then they threw off their pink cloud blankets and hurried to the window where the little girl was sitting.

They looked at the rosebuds and saw that they were still a lovely pink, and that the cherries were already turning dark red. The twins shone on the girl's pale face until her cheeks began to take on a tiny flush of pink, and then she opened her eyes.

"Oh, they are blue!—her eyes are blue!" exclaimed Goldengleam and Sunnylocks together.

They were so happy that they flew to the meadow where the dew was still on the grass, and flitting over the dewdrops these kind sunbeams made them shine like jewels.

The little girl saw the pink rosebuds and the cherries ripening on the trees and smiled, but when she looked toward the meadow and saw the shining dewdrops she clapped her hands and laughed aloud.

"Hurrah, hurrah! Now she will get well!" exclaimed the sunbeam fairies. And away they hurried to see what else they could do to help Mother Sun cheer the world.

Mississippi.

The name of this great river is a slightly corrupted form of the original Indian name *Miche Sepi*, Great River, or literally Father of Waters. It is the longest river in the world; its length, from its mouths in the Gulf of Mexico to the source of the Missouri, being upward of 4500 miles. Father Marquette named the Mississippi the River of the Immaculate Conception.

THE lady-bird is often called by pious German Catholics *Marienvöglein* (Mary's Little Bird).

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—There are nine excellent meditations in "Points for Mental Prayer," by Charles F. Blount, S. J. (Benziger Brothers). The volume is paper-bound and vest-pocket size.

—*Der Wanderer Kalender* takes Time by the forelock. The issue for 1928 has already appeared. There is the usual supply of excellent and useful reading matter, with numerous attractive illustrations.

—It may be permissible to state that the author of "Parvulus and Other Poems," a volume imbued with a fine spirit of devotion, of which mention was made here last week, is a member of a religious Order. We are hoping that there will be a wide demand for this beautiful book in the United States. It is for sale at Ravenhill, Germantown, Pa.

—Dante scholars throughout the English-speaking world will be interested in "The Vision, or Inferno, Purgatorio, and Paradiso of Dante Alighieri," translated by D. I. Mackenzie, F. S. A., to be published some time this month by Longmans, Green & Co. The object of this translation is to give the English reader as exact an idea as possible of the Italian original, so the metre chosen and the scheme of rhymes correspond to it as closely as possible.

—The latest pamphlets of the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland include "His Slave," by Mother St. Paul, which consists of short retreat meditations on a well-known prayer of St. Ignatius; "Living the Truth," by Judge O'Brien, and "Faith and Reason," by J. F. W. Howley, two exceptionally interesting and well written papers; "St. Gertrude," by Wilfrid H. Woollen; "St. John of the Cross," by a Carmelite; and "St. Vincent de Paul," by the Rev. Fr. Hastings, C. M.,—concise and informative lives of these Saints.

—Two practical booklets on the interior life, from the German of the Rev. Cassian Karg, O. M. Cap., are "In the School of Jesus" and "The Little Secret." The author holds that the reason why so few persons respond

to the love of God is because they do not understand the secret of the interior life. He presents a sane method of sanctifying our daily life, with the examples of holy men and women as an inspiration. Both treatises are suitable for people in the world as well as for religious. Published by the Capuchin Fathers, Detroit, Michigan.

—It would be interesting to know the present whereabouts of a beautiful MS. prayer-book which once belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. A writer who saw it in 1832, describes it as one of the most exquisite illuminated manuscripts in existence. It is a small quarto of vellum leaves, with numerous pictures, rich crimson cover and gold clasps. This precious volume contains some prayers, notably a long paraphrase of the *Salve Regina*, and a Litany of the Saints containing many unusual names, and from which that of St. Thomas of Canterbury was erased by order of Henry VIII. The martyr-Queen of Scotland is known to have used this prayer-book in her prison of Fotheringay, and before her death she bequeathed it to her favorite, Dorothy Willoughby. On the lower margin of one of the pages is written "Elysabeth ye Quenes," and throughout the book are scattered other interesting memoranda. It is a very ancient as well as a beautiful specimen of Medieval manuscript, and internal evidence shows that it was at least two centuries old when it beguiled the weary hours of the royal prisoner of Fotheringay.

—Miss Ina Coolbrith is to be felicitated upon the volume of poetry, "High in Her Tower," which Mr. Charles Phillips has so graciously brought out in her honor. And the poet himself is to be congratulated, not less upon the excellence of the tribute paid his friend than upon the fineness of a spirit that recognizes the obligations of such a friendship, and seeks to honor it. Any poet, any friend, might be proud to receive Mr. Phillips' tribute. A warmth of heart is in it all. A general breath of beauty is diffused through these poems,

so that we have not here a concentrated strength and there a corresponding lapse from power, but rather, throughout the whole, an even temper of delightful song. Thus, "The Star-Born" is a high concept, humble homage to the greater bards from one who in his singing proves his kinship to the masters; "Rose in the Rain" does musical wonders with the four-line stanza; "November Vigils" is elegiac verse at its best; "The Christmas Snow" is one of the purest Christmas poems in the language, while most of the poems in the section called "Soldiers" are hauntingly memorable. Here, for example, are four lines from "Quentin's Grave":

Yesterday within the nest
Safe, a fledgling young and weak;
Now there is no sunset peak
Higher than your daring breast.

Indeed, in this volume, a beautiful friendship has been beautifully immortalized. We are grateful for both the inspiration and the devotion which brought this volume into being. F. T. Kolars and Co.

—Title-pages, it seems to us, are becoming more and more crowded and complicated. Here, for example, is a volume which announces itself thus: "Mystical Phenomena, Compared with their Human and Diabolical Counterfeits,—a Treatise on Mystical Theology, in Agreement with the Principles of St. Teresa, Set Forth by the Carmelite Congress of 1923 at Madrid—by Mgr. Albert Farges, Doctor of Philosophy and Theology; Laureate of the French Academy; Former Director of Saint-Sulpice and of the Institut Catholique of Paris. Translated from the Second French Edition by S. P. Jacques" (Benziger Brothers). The only thing we have supplied here is the punctuation. There is this advantage to such a title-page—that the volume is, after all, pretty fairly described, not to say catalogued, for one in advance. And the volume in question is eminently worthy of a place in the clerical or religious library along with other standard works of reference. It is divided into two parts, the first, and more authoritative, treating of "The Essential Phenomenon of the Mystical Life: Infused Prayer of Contemplation," the second, and more in-

teresting, discussing "Accidental or Marvelous Mystical Phenomena and their Natural and Diabolical Counterfeits." In the first portion, Mgr. Farges reveals himself as the *savant* which he undoubtedly is, in the second part he is rather the popularizer. The volume is an octavo of upwards of seven hundred pages, fully equipped with appendices, indices, etc. It will not replace such a masterpiece as Father Poulain's "Graces of Interior Prayer," but it well deserves a place alongside the older work in any standard collection of mystical and ascetical books.

Obituary.

Rt. Rev. Abbot Andrew Hintenach, O. S. B.; Rev. Aloysius Mistelli, of the Archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Patrick O'Brien, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rev. Garrett Welch, diocese of Altoona.

Brother Alfred, C. F. X.; and Brother Hilary, O. S. F.

Sister M. Aurea, of the Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Theotima, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Sister M. Benedict and Sister Mary Mercy, Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

Mr. Samuel Manvill, Mr. John Lamb, Miss Alice Riggs, Mr. John T. Martin, Mr. Charles McIntosh, Mrs. Rosa Letson, Mr. John Wafer, Mr. John Metcalf, Mr. Edward Dwyer, Mrs. Cornelius Campbell, Mrs. L. J. Page, Mrs. John Gillis, Mr. George Curran, Mrs. Thomas Davis, Mrs. Mary McDonald, Mr. A. J. Garden, Mr. Thomas Russell, Mr. William Byrne, Mr. George Hall, Mrs. John McArthur, Mr. Robert Walsh, Mr. Benjamin Bradshaw, Mr. Angus McIntyre, Mr. John Durkin, Mrs. Anna Chisholm, and Mr. Alexander Grant.

May they rest in peace!

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CONTENTS

St. Luke	<i>Book of Hours</i>	Frontispiece
Before the Pietà of Michelangelo.—(Poem).....	<i>The Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S. J.</i>	481
An Old Objection to Our Faith.....	<i>The Rev. H. G. Hughes</i>	481
Ancient Lights.—(Continued)	<i>Agnes Blundell</i>	486
Founded by a Novena.....	<i>May Stanislas Corcoran</i>	490
Wonderment.—(Poem)	<i>Raymond Massari, C. S. C.</i>	492
Clouds and Sunshine	<i>Katharine Tynan</i>	492
A Training Ground for Emigrants.....	<i>Michael Walsh</i>	497
The "Ave Maria".....	* * *	498
An Unappreciated Inheritance.....		500
A Word to the Wise.....		501
Notes and Remarks:		

Salutary and Memorable.—Plain Truth.—Scientific Dogmatism.—Real Fundamentalists.—Teresa Neumann.
—An Important Project.—Good Words from President Coolidge.—"Progressive Polygamy."—Another Ex-
ample for Wealthy Catholics.....502

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Helen's Logic.—(Poem).....	<i>Virginia McSherry</i>	506
The Story of Raoul.—(Conclusion).....	<i>Mary T. Waggaman</i>	506
An Indian Inventor.....		510
Like Little Chapels.....		510
With Authors and Publishers.....		511
Obituary		512

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii. 34.

SATURDAY, 15.—St. Teresa, V.	WEDNESDAY, 19.—St. Peter of Alcantara, C. St. Frideswide, V.
SUNDAY, 16.—NINETEENTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Gall, Ab. St. Gerard Majella, C.	THURSDAY, 20.—St. John Cantius, C.
MONDAY, 17.—St. Hedwiges, W. St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, V.	FRIDAY, 21.—St. Hilarion, Ab. SS. Ursula and Comp's, VV., MM.
TUESDAY, 18.—St. Luke, Evg.	SATURDAY, 22.—St. Donatus, B. C. St. Mary Salome.

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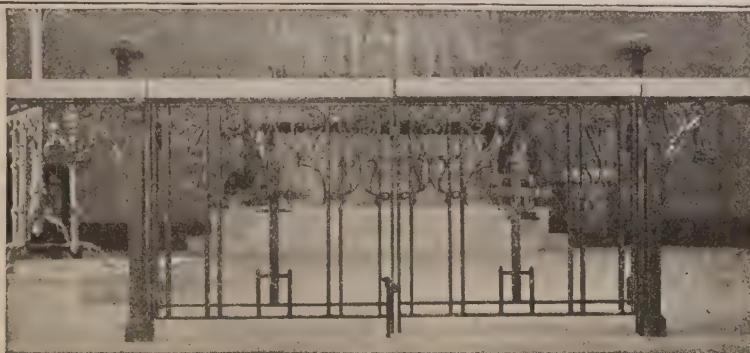
Though most widely known as a novelist of first rank, Mr. Spearman has written much that is of greater importance than fiction. His plea for the Catholic education is a valuable production.

We have received a copy of a little pamphlet entitled "Your Son's Education," by Frank H. Spearman, which is issued from the *Ave Maria* press. It is a reprint of an admirable article which appeared in that magazine some time ago, and should be carefully perused by Catholic parents, to whom it is primarily addressed. Mr. Spearman is an American author whose novels and short stories are well and favorably known. His tales of Rocky Mountain life have achieved a great vogue in America, and his later novels, "Robert Kimberly" and "The Marriage Verdict," have a Catholic setting, and are distinctly Catholic in their treatment of marriage problems. The reasons for giving a Catholic education to children are well and forcefully put by Mr. Spearman in this pamphlet, and they are just as applicable to Australia as to America.—*The Southern Cross (Adelaide)*.

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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 15, 1927.

No. 16.

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Before the Pieta of Michelangelo.

BY EDWARD F. GARESCHÉ, S. J.

OH, moving sight,—the Mother with her Son!
The tragic passion of His woe is done;
One Heart is still, of hearts that beat as one!
The Virgin weeps,
Tears that are still infinities of woe;
But, ah, He sleeps
As softly in her arms, as long ago,
When the white angels hovered over them,
In Bethlehem.

Both were most weary—but He is at rest!
His drooping head is sweet unto her breast;
He is at peace,

As oftentimes of old, within her arms—
Her God-in-flesh had shelter from all harms.

She is His heir, and unto her

He leaves His body and His pain.

Soon, in bright Easter's joyful stir,

He will revive that Flesh again,
Turning this crimson sunset back to day,
Yet these dear wounds in His bright hands
shall stay.

We are her heirs, and unto us

She leaves His body glorious.

She leaves His Passion, too, that we

May ever be

Faithful and dutiful in this,

Companions of Christ's Mother in her sorrow,
Until her Son returns, some joyful morrow
And reaps His age-long harvests into bliss!

WE can not do too much to honor
the Mother of Christ; our most must be
sorrowfully too little.—*Faber.*

An Old Objection to Our Faith.

BY THE REV. H. G. HUGHES.

NOT only priests and theologians,
but lay people also, frequently
meet with the old objection
against Catholicism, that the
Church has added to the faith and has
introduced doctrines, and consequently
practices, that have "no warranty" in
Holy Scripture. Hence a recent work
on development of doctrine by the Rev.
Eugene O'Doherty, entitled "Doctrinal
Progress and its Laws,"* presented as a
thesis for the degree of Doctor in The-
ology at Maynooth, will be welcome not
only to the clergy, but to the laity also;
since, while full of learning, it is writ-
ten in a style and language by no means
too difficult for the layman of average
education to understand.

The object of all theories of doctrinal
development, whether they be orthodox
or unorthodox, is to account for the
growth of the complex system of
Christianity as we have it in the world
now, and especially for the growth of
Catholic Christianity, out of what seem
to be the small beginnings recorded in
the New Testament and in the earliest
Christian writings that have come down
to us.

If we study those beginnings, as we
have the right to do, in the light of
later but continuous tradition—tradi-
tion that goes back to the Church's

* Browne and Nolan, Dublin.

origin—we find that they are by no means so small as they may at first sight appear; and it is part of the task of Catholic students of development to show that this is so. It is very noticeable that non-Catholic students of this subject pay most attention to development as exemplified in the Catholic Church. This is, indeed, inevitable, for development outside the true Church has always been a fungus growth, bearing no useful fruit and ending in barrenness or corruption. Sooner or later, heresies come to one or other of these ends, either losing all definite doctrinal belief, or producing some strange distortion of the Gospel teaching.

Besides development of doctrine, there is included in the general study of development the progress also of worship and discipline and practice; of rites and ceremonies and governmental administration, as well as the immensely fruitful development of scientific theological exposition and defence of doctrine. This last plays a great part in doctrinal development properly so termed. Doctrinal development proper is the process by which truths are recognized as belonging to the original Deposit of Faith, and so become the subject of definition by the Church, or matter of universal belief and teaching.

Since all those other subjects of development just mentioned depend ultimately upon doctrine, it is natural that in all study of religious development the chief interest should centre, as it does, upon doctrinal progress and its laws, and upon what is termed the "history of dogmas."

For investigators belonging to the liberal Protestant school, their object is not only the historical exposition of development as they see it, but also, and chiefly, to prove that all development in religion is of purely human, though inevitable, elaboration, and to bring Christianity back to what they contend

was its original simple form. Unhappily, some Catholics, fascinated by the attraction of certain modern philosophies, mainly German, upon which the ideas of the liberal Protestants are founded, and largely influenced by the teachings of these Protestants themselves, endeavored to reconcile their theories, philosophical and religious, with Catholic dogma, and so produced the system of Modernism, which Pope Pius X. denounced as a synthesis of heresies.

For the Modernist, the development, or, as he prefers to call it, the "evolution" of dogmas, is not, as it is for the Catholic, a process by which a sacred deposit of fixed and unchangeable truths is authoritatively drawn out in all the richness of its full significance and contents, under the promised guidance of the Holy Spirit and the constant and supreme control of the infallible Teaching Authority; it is on the contrary a purely human and naturalistic process of evolution from which the divine and supernatural element is practically eliminated,—a process, moreover, which involves a constant "restatement" and a real change in the meaning and sense of the Church's doctrines. This is the "intrinsic evolution of dogmas" condemned by Pius X. in his Encyclical "Pascendi" against Modernism.

This evolutionary process would make our holy religion a thing of human manufacture, in which dogma, sacred rites, discipline, institutions, sacraments, are no longer of divine origin, but instruments humanly elaborated to carry on the simple "root-idea" or "germ" in which the essence of Christianity is supposed to consist. It is like that evolutionary theory according to which living things have gradually produced organs to suit their environment and to preserve their original life-germ amid the difficulties and necessities of their surroundings.

"Having such ideas," writes Father O'Doherty (p. 28), "it is not difficult for Modernists to expound their theory of organic development."

There is, of course, the distance of the poles between the Modernist theory of "organic" development in doctrine, and the teaching upheld by Catholic theologians that there may be found in the development of doctrine a certain *analogy*—no more than an analogy—with the organic growth of living bodies.

"The application [by Catholic theologians] of physical laws of growth," says Father O'Doherty, "is not . . . intended to be accurate to the last degree. The analogy is introduced because there is a certain similarity; and, to a certain extent, it is perfectly reasonable and theologically correct. But the physical laws of the sensible world can not be predicated in their entirety of the things of the supernatural world, and revelation is of the latter" (p. 31). The author also points out that the comparison of the growth of doctrine with the growth of physical bodies is by no means a modern innovation. "We find the very same illustration used by St. Vincent of Lerins; and he is very far from admitting anything approaching substantial change."

Thus, while Vincent of Lerins compares doctrinal progress to the growth of the plant from the seed, or the man from the infant, he points out that essential change is not development, progress, or evolution, but is the destruction of what was and the substitution for it of something else. "It is the property of progress that a thing be developed in itself; it is the property of change that a thing be altered from what it was into something else." And again: "Let there be progress, a widespread and eager progress, in every century and age, both of individuals and of the general body, of every Christian and of the whole Church; a prog-

ress in intelligence, knowledge and wisdom, but always within their natural limits; that is, preserving the same doctrine, the same sense, and the same opinion" (p. 33).

The object of the Catholic theologian, treating of development is to show that the great principle of the immutability of Catholic doctrine,—an immutability insisted on from the beginning till now, taught as of supreme importance in the New Testament and the earliest Christian writings, inculcated over and over again by Popes, Councils and Fathers of the Church,—is not incompatible with nor violated by what St. Vincent calls "a growth of religion and a growth of the faith;" that, in fact, what developments have taken place have not involved the least substantial alteration, have not added to or taken away from the faith once delivered to the saints.

The closest analogy between the development of dogmas and the organic growth of physical bodies is to be found in the bringing out and recognition by the Church of truths that were purely and simply latent, or, as some put it, virtually included, in the original Deposit of Faith. How far this particular process has taken place, or may again take place, so as to result in the definition of a dogma of the faith to be believed as revealed doctrine is much discussed by Catholic theologians. Some reject it; others, of equal authority, accept it. All, of course, agree that the definition of a doctrine by the Church gives us absolute assurance of its inclusion in the Deposit of Faith from the beginning; the discussion being about the mode of inclusion and the process of eliciting the full contents of the Deposit.

What development of doctrine, then, has undoubtedly taken place—development, that is, resulting in the definition or universal acceptance by the Church of doctrines *as revealed*, which before

were not binding upon the faith of Catholics? Father O'Doherty gives in excellent fashion a concrete instance of the most usual form of development. "Take, for instance, the doctrine of the Incarnation. The kernel of the doctrine is simply 'God became man.' If an ordinary Catholic peasant is asked what he means by the Incarnation, he will reply by saying that he means that God became man. He is not troubled by any metaphysical speculations or abstractions, but he is certain about the fact. Now, if the same question is put to a theologian, he will tell you that the Incarnation is the assumption of human nature by the Second Person of the Trinity, who is at once human and divine. . . . The peasant and the theologian believe exactly the same thing, but the latter has a clearer understanding of the doctrine. His concept of the Incarnation is more perfect than that of his uneducated fellow-Catholic; yet all his additional knowledge is contained in the simple statement, 'God became man.'"

This is a good illustration and, consequently, a good explanation of the kind of development which consists in the bringing out of the full significance and content of doctrines always explicitly and manifestly taught in the Church, yet needing time for their elucidation and their full apprehension by those who had received them from Christ and the inspired Apostles, but who themselves had not the gift of inspiration.

"Such doctrines," writes Father O'Doherty, "were there from the beginning, but their whole content was not grasped immediately. Much time was required before they were adequately appreciated. The first understanding of them was true as far as it went, but it was imperfect. By degrees new light was thrown on them, and aspects hitherto concealed were brought into prominence. With this clear vision of the im-

plications of any particular dogma there came also a certain development of the dogmatic concept itself. It was not a change from one concept to another, but the old concept became fuller, more orderly and more precise. Just as a rise of false opinions necessitated greater accuracy of expression on the part of the defenders of the truth, so this accuracy of expression in turn resulted in a more precise conception of the dogma assailed" (p. 25).

In this passage the author rightly insists on the fact that "development" is a growth in *our understanding* of the Deposit of Faith, not an increase of the truth as it exists in itself. Pope Pius X., reiterating a pronouncement of the Vatican Council, reminds us, in his Encyclical against Modernism, how "that sense of the sacred dogmas is to be perpetually retained which our Holy Mother the Church has once declared, nor is this sense ever to be abandoned on plea or pretext of a more profound comprehension of the truth." Then he adds: "Nor is the *development of our knowledge*, even concerning the faith, barred by this pronouncement; on the contrary, it is supported and maintained."

Thus, in development, as Albert the Great said long ago, we have "rather a progress of the faithful in the faith than of the faith in the faithful." In other words, development consists in the progress of our knowledge and understanding of the objective body of truth delivered to the Church by Jesus Christ and His Holy Apostles. It is not the body of truth that grows; but it is our understanding of it that grows. A dogma of the faith does not grow in itself; but our apprehension of its meaning and contents does. Hence, it would be, no doubt, more accurate to speak of the development of "dogmatic science" than to speak of the development of dogma itself; though the latter is an accepted phrase, and,

rightly understood, is free from objection. Father O'Doherty's title "Doctrinal Progress" avoids all possible ambiguity, and one may surmise was chosen for that purpose.

It is of great importance to insist on the "conceptual" nature of development: to state clearly that it is a development of our knowledge; to show that it involves no addition to, no increase or growth in, the truth itself; that it has nothing in common with the Modernist conception of an original "germ" of religion endowed, as it were, with something like a physical and independent life of its own; a vital germ which, assimilating ideas from any and every quarter, has built them up by a purely natural process of evolution into the Catholic religion as we have it to-day.

The term "Development of Dogma," rightly used and rightly understood, is the application (by analogy) to dogma itself of the idea of growth which really takes place in man's understanding of dogma. This application is justified by the fact that a truth does, in a certain sense, grow *in us* and *for us* as we learn more and more of what it means and of all that it involves; though all the time that truth is in itself simply and unchangeably all that it was and all that it ever will be.

The volume which has occasioned these remarks does not deal at any great length with the question of doctrines which, being contained "implicitly," not "explicitly," in the Deposit of Faith, could be at some time (as Cardinal Franzelini pointed out in his classical work on Divine Tradition) matter of controversy among Catholics without any sin against faith; or could even fall into obscurity for a time, though, as the Cardinal says, never into such obscurity that a general consent against them could prevail in the Church.

This can not apply, of course, to those great fundamental doctrines of Chris-

tianity which are necessary to be explicitly known and professed by all Catholics in order to salvation. Such doctrines have always been manifestly taught, as they were manifestly revealed at the beginning. Nor does Father O'Doherty discuss at much length the question (already alluded to in this article) whether or not there exists that process of doctrinal development in which is to be found the nearest permissible analogy with the organic development of a physical body.

One gathers, on the whole, the impression that he is not on the side of those theologians who assert this kind of development—the process, to repeat it, by which truths, being not merely theological conclusions, but being really, though virtually, in the Deposit, are brought out into explicit recognition by some process other than the simple analysis of terms, and, being thus brought out, are acknowledged by the Church as belonging to revelation. The theologians who accept this form of development as a fact, hold that it is the Church's power of doctrinal discernment that makes the process possible, and is its agent. That these much-discussed points are not very specifically or definitely treated will not detract from the value of the book for the general reader, for whom, also, the valuable historical account which the author gives of some doctrines of the Faith will throw much light on the question of development in general.

We naturally look for the exercise of human thought upon the subject-matter of divine revelation, and for the influence of this thought upon the course of doctrinal development, understood in its proper sense, as a growth of man's understanding of the truth. Heresies, theological study, controversies, the loving contemplations of saints, the whole life of prayer and religion that pulsates through the Church; the events also of

the Church's history, and even the events in the world in which her lot is cast,—all these things, under the overruling of Divine Providence, are the occasions of and the preparation for the final outcome of development. To these must be added the very nature of Catholic doctrine itself, with its profundity of truth and rich treasures of revelation, bound to stimulate, as no other truth can, the reverent and untiring contemplation of the human minds to which it is given.

Yet the process of doctrinal progress does not depend upon the action of human minds alone: it may not be dissociated from the divine action of the Holy Spirit who dwells in the Church, and who guides to infallible conclusions the Teaching Authority to which in the Church on earth the predominant part in development belongs, and without which development would result, not in the exposition, but in the corruption of the truth.

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XVII.

WHAT news, dear Geoffrey?" inquired Sir Nicholas cheerfully, when the young man made his appearance.

"Why, Sir, you have leave to walk upon the leads for an hour or two," answered the visitor.

He seemed as though he would have spoken further, but after a glance at Fenn, who sat on the table, loudly whistling, he changed his intention.

The gaoler waited for the three men to emerge, and Geoffrey turned on him somewhat sharply.

"How now, fellow! Why keepest thou these gentlemen so close confined? They are not yet condemned, and may at least be allowed the liberty of the prison."

As he spoke he slipped a piece of money into the man's hand.

"I have my orders, however," returned the keeper in a surly tone.

The Squire was very thoughtful as he climbed the narrow staircase to the flat roof on which they were to be allowed to walk.

"See thou, Geoffrey," he said when they were alone, "that was money wasted. Stout Lancashire folk like Richard and myself can well endure a bad lodging for a day or two—aye, for months either; there are others in sorer need. They spoke to us when we entered here of a poor gentlewoman, taken for conscience' sake, who hath run mad—"

"Aye, Mother Anne hath at length been admitted to visit her," said Geoffrey as he paused. "She is nigh to her end, God be praised! and has partly recovered her senses. The good Mother has hopes that Father Beasley may be conveyed in to bring her the consolations of religion."

This speech stirred the curiosity of both father and son.

"Who is Mother Anne?" asked the first.

"Is Father Beasley confined here?" exclaimed the other:

Before his own question could be answered, the Squire burst forth with another.

"A priest! Is it possible to meet with a priest in this place?"

"That villain Topcliffe, the priest-taker, has caused the holy man to be so grievously tormented that it is a miracle that he yet lives," said Pemberton; and he exchanged a glance with Richard. "He was three hours on the rack to induce him to reveal whom he had confessed and whom he had reconciled. But they can not break his constancy; and he is ready to risk further torture if he can but bring spiritual consolation to poor Mistress Barclay."

"O Richard, we are indeed blessed to be in the same house with so holy a martyr!" exclaimed the elder Nevile joyfully. "Pray God we may give so good an account of ourselves. And what of her you call Mother Anne?"

"Why, you should know her, Sir Nicholas! She states herself to be an old acquaintance of yours."

As the old man stared at him, pulling his beard in bewilderment, Pemberton continued:

"Before the dissolution she was abbess of one of the largest Benedictine houses in the South, nigh unto Tintern in Somerset."

The Squire's face lighted up.

"Not the Lady Abbess who was daughter to the Lord Vaux—impossible! Why, 'twas there I first met my wife; she was a kinswoman of Mother Vicaress, and was educated there!"

"Aye, so says Mother Anne."

"But good lack, this old woman wear-eth the habit of Bedlām hospital, and hath a beggar's license. It can not be the same. How could the scion of a noble family fall into such want? She could have found friends in the North!"

"Partly the rigor of the times was the occasion and partly her own saintly character," said Geoffrey. "She goes about to all the Catholic houses, acts as a channel of communication between priests, and purveys assistance to those in prison."

"I think she is a very holy woman," observed Richard. "A marvellous sweet fragrance surrounds her."

"But how came she in the hospital? For sure none but those who have been confined as mad may wear the badge?"

"When the convent was sequestered and wasted by Thomas Cromwell, some of the nuns who proved recalcitrant were brought to London and cast into prison. Two of these poor ladies presently ran mad, as many another gentlewoman has done in this reign from the

very horror and filth of their place of confinement."

"Was my old friend a lunatic?" exclaimed the Squire.

"Nay, but she obtained leave to accompany the poor religious out of charity; and when they died in the hospital in Bishopsgate, they released her, and allowed her the badge, as she had no other means of subsistence."

"The Lady Abbess!" ejaculated the Squire. "She held an almost royal state; and is she come to this! Why, 'twas the fairest abbey ever you saw, with wide lands about it, and the hillside white with flocks! All the poor in the countryside flocked there for relief. And the chapel—'twas like one great jewel!"

"Mother Anne asks no pity," Pemberton rejoined. "So that she finds means to go about God's business and has strength in her old age to encompass it, she is satisfied."

"These women have great courage," said Richard.

He took occasion presently to draw his friend aside, and communicated to him the story of his visit to the Cleburnes, of Alice's resolve to enter the religious life, and of his promise to help her.

"And now," he ended, "since I am laid by the heels, 'tis you, good Geoffrey, who must bring this affair to a happy issue."

"But I can not seek out a gentlewoman whom I do not know—or at least whom I have not seen since childhood," returned the other in dismay. "I wot we played at hide-and-seek ten years ago in the pleached alleys at Greenhalgh. But, Richard, folk say Cleburne was one of the first to send complaint against your father to the President of the North; and you know how bitter Burghley is against Catholics."

"'Twas for that they made him President," agreed Richard. "But, nevertheless, thou must help this girl. Mr. Hunt,

the Jesuit, who lay in our house when we were taken, will surely recommend her to the Fathers in London, where she is shortly to come with her father. Know you not where to find them?"

"Yea, at sundry houses—at my Lady Plunket's in Temple Bar, and with Mrs. Lovelesse at Blackfriars. Then there is Richard Beedell, whom they visit often at his chambers in Holborn. He draweth there a great concourse of young men from the Inns of Court, who go to hear the Fathers hold forth—and there's another place, nigh to Barnard's Inn—"

"And Mistress Meany—the mother-in-law of Sir Thomas Gerard's son and heir, doth she not harbor a priest?"

"Aye, and hath taken more than one maiden overseas to boot," returned his friend.

"The Gerards are from our own Lancashire," exclaimed Richard. "She will be the one to conduct this affair."

Pemberton nodded thoughtfully.

"It could be done, but it is dangerous, you know, Richard. The fine is a hundred pounds, or a year's imprisonment, for assisting a young person to pass overseas to a religious house. It would go hard with thee were this to be traced to thee at this juncture."

"We must risk that," returned the other. "If there is danger in the mission may it fall on me and not on you!"

"Why, as for that, my life is so full of dangerous missions that one more or less makes no odds," retorted the law student, striving to speak lightly. "I am an unworthy and unprofitable servant; but even so, God pitying my weakness, I meditate a further step."

Nevile, who was leaning against the parapet, looking out over the city, turned round to glance searchingly at his friend.

Geoffrey came and leant beside him.

"Aye, even when we talked together in my chambers before Christmas, my

conscience was ill at ease," he continued. "Look, Richard, at this great city teeming with life! Folk die every day without the Sacraments, virtue fails for need of the Holy Mass. Failing nobler instruments, think you the Lord would stoop to use such as I?"

"You a priest!" exclaimed Richard; "and for the English Mission! O lad, I'm proud to call thee friend!"

They clasped hands, and the bond of human comradeship was suddenly reinforced by a spiritual one.

"What thou sufferest now," said Geoffrey, "I am to bear hereafter. God give us humble, patient minds!"

He then knelt down and solemnly kissed the heavy chain.

"If you are released, Richard, which I trust you will be, let your part be to harbor priests, and pray always for those who strive to be God's ministers and friends."

"Aye, friends," repeated Richard—"to make Him known and loved!"

The Squire, who had been limping up and down, now rejoined them; and Geoffrey put into his hand the purse of money subscribed by friends for his support.

"Sir John Arundell will send a sum weekly," he observed. "He would he could assist you further; but Father Weston and many another priestly prisoner live at his charges."

"Aye, bid him put the priests first," said the old Knight approvingly. "Mark me well, ye two young men: 'tis in the Mass that our faith liveth! Cecil knoweth this full well, as also doth the Queen; and hence they strive to stamp out the Mass by slaying all priests. Yet will Almighty God not permit it; He will raise up priests from the very stones of the earth if need be, so that the light of the faith may shine forth to future generations."

"You say truly," replied Geoffrey, and paused.

Richard whispered in his father's ear, and a great flush of joy lit up his face.

"Thanks be to the Lord Jesus! He will fill in the ranks of those that fall. I will give thee my blessing, Geoffrey, but I shall not live to feel in return the touch of thy anointed hand."

"Please God, Sir, you may be delivered," exclaimed his son eagerly.

Sir Nicholas answered with a faint smile. Presently he plucked at Geoffrey's sleeve.

"See thou! Do thy best for Richard. I made offering of my life when the catch-polls broke in at Greenhalgh, and there was danger of desecration of the Blessed Sacrament. I made offer of my life to God," he repeated after a moment's hesitation, adding with a tremor in his voice, "though not of Richard's, Geoffrey. Yet if the Lord sees fit to take us both, may His Will be done! Thinkest thou that fetter doth gall him much?"

"Nay, Sir, he is young and strong and beareth it right sturdily," returned Pemberton. "But we shall see if we can not buy him ease of irons."

Richard, however, caught the words and demurred.

"Nay, nay," he said, "I wear this easily enough;" and he made a great effort to stride as though unhampered. "And if we are like to lie here a long time we must not be too prodigal of our friends' bounty. 'Twill be long ere aid can reach us from our kinsmen in Lancashire; and you know if we can not pay for what they choose to call the 'high table,' we must go to the common side."

"I'll be guided by you," said Geoffrey, feeling once again that new comradeship of the spirit. He would not rob his friend of the mortification which he doubtless used as a means of strengthening his soul for combat.

Richard, who was anxious to cheer his father, now led the talk back to old days and its childish follies.

"Young Cleburne was with us the day we scaled the barn roof," he said; "and now they say he is a lisping, perfumed Court gallant."

"Aye, 'twas he stole Debby's keys and rifled the pantry of the great pasty that was being made for a Christmas gift to my Lord Gerard," returned Geoffrey.

"Aye," rejoined the Squire, laughing; "that was the finest pasty ever your mother made. There was every kind of game in it, for your mother and Debby potted the birds as I brought them in; and the great wrought crust was added at the end."

"There was a curlew that I brought down," added Geoffrey. "Debby made a great ado about putting it in."

"There was a hare, eight or nine partridges, a brace of grouse, a wild duck or two—poor Debby! I wonder what has become of her!"

The careworn look was returning to the Squire's face, when Geoffrey quickly intervened with the recital of yet another piece of boyish folly.

The old man's hearty laugh rang out more than once, so that the prisoners confined alone in the cells below must have marvelled at the sound.

"We know our true friends now, my son," quoth he, as Geoffrey took his leave, and they were haled back to their airless den. "Thou hast chosen thy comrade well." After a moment's hesitation he added: "And when it comes to a life partner, I'll trust thee to choose for thyself too."

It seemed an idle concession of the parental privilege, and Richard could not forbear a sigh.

(To be continued.)

WE have the assurance of God Himself that death is no break but a continuance,—rather a real beginning, all before it being but a prologue. The gates open and we pass through.

—Percy Fitzgerald.

Founded by a Novena.

BY MAY STANISLAS CORCORAN.

It lies not East nor West,
But like a scroll unfurled,
Where the hand of God hath hung it
Down the middle of the world.
The mighty mountains o'er it,
Below the white seas swirled—
Just California stretching down
The middle of the world.

—John Stephen McGroarty.

SPANISH banners flying through the morning air, Portola's cross uplifted, a volley of artillery, the sound of a grand *Te Deum*, the music of the Mass, and California was founded on the Feast of Our Lady's Visitation, July, 1769. A thanksgiving to the patron, San José, for his intercession before the throne of God and his protection on their completed journey was offered by the Father President, Fray Junipero Serra, from an improvised altar in the presence of laymen and officers, on the shores of the Pacific in the harbor of San Diego. Church and State planted Spanish faith and customs forever by the Western sea. "The occupation of Alta California, in 1769, was one of the dramatic episodes of American Colonial history. For two hundred years Spain had contemplated the step. . . ." * And now its completion awaited an answer to a novena that lacked no mark of celestial favors, and, while explained by natural causes, appears a miracle.

The spectacular enterprise, no less thrilling, no less important in the founding of our nation, than the events which transpired upon the Atlantic seaboard during the wonder-working years, 1769-1784, when George Washington, John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, Patrick Henry, John Adams, and other heroes struggled for the Confederacy of the American Union, might be told in a

few brilliant phrases; but history demands a background, a reason for the novena.

In 1533, twenty years after Balboa first beheld the Pacific Ocean, Cortes, or Jimenez, who was sent by him, discovered the supposed island that Bernal Diaz, comrade-in-arms of Hernando Cortes, named in his "*Verdadera Historia*," "*California*." In 1850, largely through the instrumentality of John Charles Fremont, California entered the Union as a State. Between these two dates stretched a long period of transition here briefly summarized.

In 1542, Cabrillo and Ferrelo travelled along the coast, touching here and there between Acapulco and Cape Mendocino. Coronado and Alarcon made fruitless journeys; in 1579 Sir Francis Drake came and reported California an island; in 1602 Vizcaino entered and named the Bay of San Diego. Bernal de Pinadero and others followed, and in 1691 Alejandro Malespino, on his proposed trip around the world, made the map that Brevet Captain Fremont of the United States Topographical Engineers used on his expedition a century and a half later.

In 1697, Francisco Eusibio Kino,* "the man who led the way into Arizona and Lower California," a man of scientific knowledge and physical endurance, who persevered with tireless energy and invincible courage, led by the blue shells of the Indians, made his way overland to California, and by 1702 proved erroneous Drake's theory of its island formation. His close friend,

* As an explorer Kino ranks among the greatest of the Southwest. From Mission Dolores [Arizona], during the twenty-four years of his ministry, he made over fifty journeys, which varied in length from a hundred to a thousand miles. He crossed repeatedly in various directions all the country between the Magdalena and the Gila Rivers and between the San Pedro and the Colorado. One of his trails lay over the waterless Devil's Highway, where scores of adventurers have since lost their lives. . . . For himself he cherished hardships. He ate sparingly, drank no wine, and went meagerly clothed.—Bolton.

* H. E. Bolton, Editor of "Historical Memoirs of New California," by Fray Francisco Palou, O. F. M., Vol. II.

Father Salvatierra, who, with inspired faith, made his way into Lower, or Baja California, erected there the first missions. Kino supplied them with provisions.

This work of the Jesuits leads to the founding of California by the Franciscans. "The lives of such men as Kino and Salvatierra—and of some of their associates, who met martyrdom at the hands of their flocks—are the undimmed gold on one side of the shield. It was for what he professed to see on the other side that Carlos III., in 1767, banished the Jesuits from his dominions."* At first this field was given to the Fernandinos, then transferred to the Dominicans.

Spain faced the Russian menace with its fur posts all along the Pacific Coast; Carlos heard afar the cry of England's lion for more and more, forever more, adown Canadian waters, and the Visitor-general, José de Galvez, carrying forward the reforms of New Spain, sent northward the first defensive overland party into Alta California under the command of Captain Rivera, with Father Juan Crespi as diarist; while the Governor, Don Gaspar de Portola, accompanied the great founder, Fray Junipero Serra. Mission and presidio of San Diego de Alcala were dedicated with Mass and military music, and Alta California was accomplished.

Then Don Gaspar de Portola in pride and pomp, and with love and devotion, set out for Monterey, of which Spaniards had dreamed through a century and a half since Vizcaino's day. Fogs trailed along the cypress hills, and silvery mists spread over the waters, while "ahead rode Portola, Fages, Costanso, the friars, six Catalan volunteers, and the Indian sappers." They followed the passes, the arroyo's, the giant *palo colorados*, and they gathered Castilian roses. In their diaries they tell of the

flowers and of the large red woods. But the creeping cypress and silvery mists rolled back with never a glimpse of Monterey. Along the shore, through soft valleys, over high ranges, and down between oaks and pines, they came at last to a "plain covered with lilies," and looked down upon a strange blue water.

St. Francis had called to the heart of California, and, it may have been with a bit of irony, the magnificent Don Gaspar de Portola bowed his head to the lover of "My Lady Poverty." The Bay of St. Francis was found; Don Gaspar de Portola was lost. Birds sang, the birds of St. Francis, and the cavalcade turned southward.

In this mood the Governor rode into San Diego. There was no food, at least none such as he required. "What I have desired least is provision," wrote Fray Junipero Serra. "Our needs are many, it is true; but if we have health, a tortilla, and some vegetables, what more do we want? . . . If I see that with food hope vanishes, I shall remain together with Father Crespi and hold out to our last breath.* However, Portola, gentle and courteous though he might be, was Governor.

To him Monterey seemed a myth, San Diego, a failure. The only hope for the Spaniards, he decided, was a speedy return to Mexico, and Fray Junipero, the most important man among them, would not be left for savages. Father Serra proposed a nine-day novena in honor of San José. Portola consented. Day and night the trusting President besought God for the long overdue supply ship. The novena ended on the Feast of St. Joseph. High Mass was celebrated. The disappointed ordered immediate preparations for departure, which was to take place that night on the "San Carlos." His men joyfully set to work for returning home. The re-

* Bolton, "Spanish Borderlands."

* H. E. Bolton, "Fray Juan Crespi, Missionary Explorer of the Pacific Coast, 1769-1774."

cently founded California, with its vast, unconverted people, and great commercial ports was to be abandoned.

Fray Junipero Serra stood apart and watched. Crespi wrote. The sun rose higher. Noonday passed, afternoon shadows gathered. Men hammered and hauled. Serra prayed. Suddenly in the golden afterglow appeared a ship. Portola saw it. Fray Junipero Serra, with celestial assistance, ruled the camp. Four days elapsed. "The weather did not give the 'San Antonio' an opportunity to enter the harbor at once. On the contrary, those on shore lost sight of it, suspecting now that it might have gone up to Monterey, for which reason the retreat was again spoken of, though with more indifference.

"But the most holy patriarch San José was pleased to give them the consolation of seeing it enter the port most successfully in the afternoon of the 24th of March, well loaded with provisions, to the joy of everybody, who gave a thousand thanks to God and to the most holy patriarch, to whose sovereign patronage they knew they owed this succor. From every point of view, all perceived now that it was an obligation of gratitude to God not to abandon the undertaking which they knew had been begun by Divine Providence."

Then joyous bells, cannons and *Aves* thrilled the air. Turned back by accident from her journey to Monterey, the "San Antonio" glided through an opal twilight into the Bay of San Diego. California was founded by a novena.

Wonderment.

BY RAYMOND MASSART, C. S. C.

FAIREST of all God's creatures,
What wonder must have been thine,
When thou, just one of the branches,
Wert chosen to nourish the Vine!

Clouds and Sunshine.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

JACK BARRY and his wife were at loggerheads already, although they had not been married a twelvemonth. And they had begun with such idyllic happiness! For Jack and Liliás, all the romance and poetry of all time had been compressed into that morning when they were married, when they had gone home as bride and groom to a little house hidden in a garden full of bloom and scent, with the blackbirds and thrushes piping from dawn to dark, until the nightingales in the valley began.

They had not very much money, of course; in fact, the lack of it had kept them apart, and had made Liliás' friends frown on the engagement. Then, all of a sudden, Jack had a rise in his office; Liliás' father had relented, and bought them this pretty cottage. And there they were, belonging absolutely to each other, whom no man should put asunder. It was more happiness than any mortal had a right to, they said to each other.

Perhaps for that reason the want of money irked after a little while. There was no more to come from Liliás' father. He had other children besides her, and he lived up to the last penny of his income. His children had always been able to entertain their friends and be entertained by them. The girls had had their pretty frocks; they had gone to theatres and dances, and such things as girls delight in. No one had ever taught them to think before spending money.

And to be sure at first Liliás made mistakes. It was hard to get into the new ways. Jack was very patient with her, and again and again she promised to be more careful. But it was so difficult to think before asking her friends to see her pretty house and stay for dinner; and when that was done she could

not put them down to such a dinner as would have done for her and Jack. It was so difficult to resist buying a pretty thing for the house or for her own personal adornment. It was always done for Jack. Little she cared how she looked in the eyes of any one but him, or so she said to herself after Jack had refused to admire and had turned away with an air of patient endurance.

It was perfectly bewildering how the money slipped through her fingers. It had been the natural order of things at Holmedale to keep big fires going in every room, to have a generous table and all sorts of wines, to keep a troop of servants. And now it was so difficult to remember that things must be different. It was a trial to economize all day long. The stupidity and rudeness of the one general servant, to say nothing of her wastefulness and her breakages, were so hard to put up with. When Jack turned away with that look of endurance, Liliás said to herself hotly that he might remember that she also had things to put up with. If she had married So-and-So or So-and-So, how different her circumstances would have been! And it was too ungracious of Jack not to recognize that the pretty blouse was bought for his delight; that that dish from the pastry cook's was one he had admired at Holmedale; that that easy-chair was bought specially for his comfort, and so on.

After a few months of marriage those who were interested in Jack Barry began to notice that he was looking ill. No one drew his wife's attention to it, and she was too much engrossed in finding out how many crumpled rose leaves there were in her lot to find out for herself. She had really tried, she really was trying, she said to herself, to be more careful. She was keeping an account-book, over which she got headaches and flushed cheeks; and she was

learning,—she was really learning; only Jack was too discouraging. Of late his gloom was more than he could conceal from her. Perhaps, thought Liliás, he was finding out that he ought not to have married her at all, but his cousin, Amelia Smedley, a plain girl, who had all the virtues, and attractiveness added, despite the plainness. Jack had praised his cousin's efficiency and wisdom in the old days, and now Liliás made up a foolish grievance of jealousy against her.

She was not really jealous. Somewhere at the back of her mind she knew perfectly well that she was not jealous and had no cause to be. But Jack had said to her, after those discoveries of a new extravagance: "Why not ask Amelia Smedley's advice?" Why not, indeed? Liliás was sure that, no matter whose advice she asked, it would not be Amelia Smedley's.

She asked instead the advice of a maiden aunt of her own, who had run through every penny she possessed and was content now to sit down in a corner of Holmedale for the rest of her days. In her heart of hearts—for she was no fool—Liliás despised herself for telling her grievances to Aunt Marion. She despised herself for listening to the foolish advice. But the sympathy was sweet, for Jack had been colder and colder of late. And she had had so many scares over that wretched book. And Jack had never seemed to notice the traces of her tears.

Aunt Marion had found her weeping, and had folded her to a warm if foolish bosom.

"If he's not kind to you, my darling child, come home to us. How we have missed you! All I have shall be yours when I am gone," Aunt Marion sobbed over her niece's golden head.

As Aunt Marion possessed only a poodle and a few trinkets, the bequest was not likely to prove of use to any

one. But Liliás was touched by her aunt's kindness, and was drawn on to tell the whole tale of her grievances.

At first she was simply shocked at Aunt Marion's suggestion that she should leave Jack even temporarily. But the idea recurred to her as things became more difficult. The last straw was when Jack dismissed Phyllis, the soft-spoken, middle-aged woman who had been recommended to Liliás as a "perfect treasure," and had made things much more easy for her in the matter of efficient service.

Jack had dismissed her at a moment's notice, had spoken sharply to Liliás about the way in which Phyllis had plundered them; finally had departed, leaving Liliás in tears, to return a little while later with the news that his mother's old cook, Howell, who had served her some thirty years, was coming to take charge of their disordered affairs.

"Wasn't the mater no end of a brick to give us Howell?" he said, looking more cheerful than he had looked for a long time past. "She'll straighten us out. Leave everything to her, Liliás, for the present. There will be no more thieving, I promise you. And the mater won't miss her. Amelia will take care of that. I wish you'd take lessons in housekeeping from Amelia, Liliás."

It was too bad, for Liliás had really been improving of late. How could she have suspected that Phyllis was running them in debt all over the place? Jack never seemed to understand how she was trying to do what he wanted,—how she was really learning to be prudent and to deny herself.

And Howell! Howell was perfectly respectful, but she treated Liliás as though she were a person of no account. She took the entire direction of the house. Worse, Liliás had fancied once or twice that there was an accusation in Howell's cold glance as it rested on her.

The woman was devoted to Jack. She knew all his fancies, all his preferences. The weekly bills shrank magically with her coming. But it was lonely in the little home, with Jack away all day, and nothing to do in the house, since the unfriendly Howell took all the doing out of her hands.

It came to her to run away to Holmedale, to the friendly, warm, plentiful house, to the comfort Aunt Marion shed upon her so lavishly. They would all be only too glad if she came back on a long visit. Jack was so unsociable these days! What was the good of Liliás' being at home in the evenings when Jack would retire into his own little den and scribble, scribble, till the small hours? It came to her spending many of her days and evenings and nights at Holmedale. While she did it she was bitterly hurt. Jack never seemed to miss her, to want her back. He had returned to the writing for the magazines which had augmented his income before his marriage; and he was late now at the office: there were some important changes being made, and he worked overtime. He had barely time to snatch his dinner before retiring into the little room, where he did not ask her to follow him.

She was bitterly hurt. No one wanted her here in her own little house, and they all wanted her at Holmedale. She was sulky with Jack for several days, but he barely seemed to notice it. Her comings and goings could matter little to him. Perhaps if she went away for a while, he would come to miss her. There had been a time when he could hardly bear her out of his sight; then it would be "Liliás! Liliás!" all over the little house the minute he came home. Alas that it had been so fleeting! She was bitterly grieved over the change in Jack; but her grief took the outward form of ill temper, as often happens.

Then one morning at the breakfast

table Jack suddenly asked her to accompany him to town.

"Could you drop me at the office," he asked, "and pick me up again about half-past five? You could lunch in town and go to see some of your friends. Perhaps you might induce Amelia to go with you to look at the shops, and fetch her back to dinner."

It was the unfortunate mention of Amelia! Liliās had softened at Jack's invitation; at the hated name, she quickly froze again.

"I am going to Holmedale," she said icily. "Perhaps, if you don't mind, I'll stay over Sunday, as they wish me to."

He covered his face with his hands for a second and sighed wearily. Then he answered her:

"Of course you will do exactly as you please, Liliās."

He went out into the hall then, walking as though he were tired. While he put on his hat and found his gloves and stick, she asked him somewhat ostentatiously if he would order a cab from the station to fetch herself and her luggage at twelve o'clock. He answered that he would, and went out.

Liliās turned to go into her little drawing-room. As she did, she encountered the gaze, more than ever unfriendly, of the old servant. Howell seemed about to speak, but the latch-key sounded in the door. Jack had come back: he had forgotten something.

He came in without speaking, and handed something to his wife,—an open envelope and the contents. The expression of his eyes as he did it, the pallor of his face, gave Liliās a shock. She felt like a guilty woman whose guilt has been discovered.

"Why, Jack—" she began, in a scared way; but he was gone.

She went into the little drawing-room and shut the door behind her, with a sense of calamity. She looked at the paper in her hand. It was a bill from

Tregunter's, the drapers. She turned to the total and read it with a feeling as though she were going mad. "Fifty-four pounds, sixteen shillings, and eight pence," stared at her from the yellow slip, following a long list of feminine fripperies, household linen, and the like.

She dropped the paper and took her head between her hands, feeling as though it would burst with the whirl of her thoughts. True, she had an account at Tregunter's,—a little account; at least she thought it was a little account. Perhaps she had gone on piling up purchases without realizing it. Fifty-four pounds, sixteen shillings, and eight pence! Had she been buying things in her sleep? Had Phyllis bought things in her name? No wonder Jack had looked at her like that. Why, they had as much chance of paying fifty-four pounds, sixteen shillings, and eight pence as they had of paying the national debt!

She took up the yellow paper and stared at it as though it were her doom. One or two items stood out. "Silk blouse, £1, 19s., 6d." Why, she had bought a blouse at Christmas for Aunt Marion, after she had exhausted the money Jack had given her. But it had been only eight and six. She was quite sure of it. "Mink collar and muff, £11, 11s." She was sure she had never had a mink collar and muff.

She turned the bill over with the odd, numbed feeling of stupefaction and fear. "Mrs. Barry, the Lindens, in account with Tregunter & Co." Yes, that was herself, sure enough. She disengaged the first page, and looked at the next.

With an incredible relief she read the name at the top: "Mrs. Crawford, Ludlow Towers, in account with Tregunter & Co." Then back at the other page. Yes, that was her own total—£1, 18s., 4d. The stupid people had put two bills into the same envelope,—hers and that of the wealthy woman who lived up on the hill. In the first relief she could have

cried with joy. And to think that Jack, poor fellow, had gone off believing *that* of her!

There was an accusing face in the doorway.

"Begging your pardon, Ma'am!" said Howell, stiffly. "I won't be a party to keeping it from you. If you don't know, you ought to know; and he ought to see a doctor at once. He's a-killing of himself with the anxiety and the worry and the overwork, Master Jack is. Took with dizzinesses in the streets he has been many times; and him having to cross them wildernesses of streets, with as like as not one of them there nasty busses a-bearing down on him. He looked mortal bad this morning. I heard him ask you to go along with him, and you refused. I hope he comes home alive."

Lilias stared at the woman with wide eyes of horror. Her Jack in danger! And he had appealed to her and she had not answered him. How foolish, how contemptible, all those divergencies, those grievances seemed now! And he had had a shock over that abominable bill. Her thoughts ran before to all possible calamities. He had been injured, he was in a hospital, he was dead! And to think that through her own wicked fault he had not told her!

She stood up unsteadily and made for the door. She was going to him. She had never done anything so tremendous as going to Jack's office, which was guarded by soldiers, and had policemen in its corridors, as well as magnificent gentlemen in livery, looking more important than the chief of the office himself. But she was going to run the gauntlet of them, to make sure that Jack was safe, to tell him that it was a mistake about that wretched bill, to let him know that she loved him,—only him in all the world. What hope was there for her if she were too late to tell him!

She went off, in spite of Howell's ef-

forts to detain her. At the station she discovered that she had barely enough money to pay her fare to London; and it was a long way to Jack's office after she had arrived at the city terminus. No matter: she must walk.

She did walk, in a glaring sun, in a dazed state, which made it a special providence that she was not run over. When she got to the office, Jack was out, "with Sir Michael," one of the functionaries added; and his voice had a note of awe. It was uncertain at what time Mr. Barry would be back.

In front of the office, with the wide roadway intervening, was a space of grass and trees, with a seat or two. Lilias was glad to sit down on one of these. She felt tired; and after a time, with the strain and the want of food—she remembered now that she had eaten nothing at breakfast,—she felt faint. But she was sure she could not have eaten, if she had the food before her. She felt so castaway, so forlorn. If she were to miss Jack—her eyes were tired watching for him across the wide roadway, where so often things intercepted her view,—she had no money to get home. There was no friend anywhere near. She would have to walk. Supposing she fainted and were taken to a hospital!

The hours passed like a painful dream. At last, about five o'clock, a carriage drove up to the office, and Jack got out, with a grey-haired gentleman, whom the policeman saluted. They went into the building. Dreading to lose Jack again, Lilias crossed over, and once more applied to the magnificent hall porter. He looked kindly at her as he took her to the waiting-room.

"I'll let Mr. Barry know at once, Ma'am," he said.

It seemed an eternity till Jack came. Lilias had time to dread that the hall porter had forgotten her. But suddenly the door opened and Jack came in.

"Why, little woman!" he said, coming to her with a buoyant step. "So you came, after all!"

Luckily, they had the waiting-room to themselves.

"I came—I came—" began Liliás, unsteadily. "It was all a mistake, Jack, about the bill. It wasn't mine. And, oh, I never knew you were ill! To think I refused you! And—here's the bill. You see, it was all a mistake."

Something yellow and damp and crumpled fell to the floor. It had been in her hand all day. She leaned her head on Jack's shoulder. The room seemed going round and round.

"Never mind," said Jack, with his arm about her. "Our ship has come in. I'm the chief's new private secretary, at a thousand a year. I had a dizziness when I was with him, and he carried me off to Sir Arthur Greatorex. There aren't many men like the chief. I don't know what I wouldn't do for him. There's nothing the matter with me at all but indigestion and overwork. The chief has given me a two months' rest. We can go for a honeymoon now. Why—little girl!"

"'Tis only that I'm hungry," said Liliás, in a far-away voice. "I haven't had anything to eat since morning. I've been waiting for you all day, sitting—over there—on a seat."

"You poor little darling! You shall dine on the best London can afford. Bother that bill! You shall have as many pretty things as you want."

"But I want only you,—only you!"

THE garden of the Lord hath not only its roses, the martyrs; but also its lilies, the virgins; its ivy also, the wedded; its violets, the widows. Let no sort of people despair of their vocation. Christ suffered for all. With truth it is written of Him that "He would have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth."—*St. Augustine.*

A Training Ground for Emigrants.

BY MICHAEL WALSH.

AN organization known as the Catholic Emigration Society, which is supported in its scheme by the hierarchy and the prominent Catholic laity of Great Britain, is taking steps to transform the Island of Caldey into a training ground for emigrants.

Caldey, famous for its association with the Benedictine monks, is situated near the mouth of the Severn, off the South Welsh Coast. It has an area of about six hundred acres, and its celebrated abbey dates back to the very dawn of Christianity in England. A school, under the care of Celtic monks, flourished there as far back as the Fifth Century. Four hundred years later, the piratical Danes drove out the monks and lorded the island; and for three centuries Caldey was the resort of sea pirates and adventurers. A monastic settlement, established by St. Bernard of Tiron in the early Fifteenth Century, was pillaged and suppressed by the commissioners of Henry VIII.

About thirty-five years ago, a number of young Church of England men, from the East End of London, felt a desire to pursue a monastic life, and the lonely Island of Caldey offered to them a certain sacred glamour on account of its hallowed associations. Their corporate submission to the Holy See thirteen years ago, and their joining the Order of St. Benedict, restored Caldey to its former greatness.

Enterprise and industry mark the life of these island monks. They have reached a high degree of excellence in all kinds of manual achievements. Not only are they famed for their beautiful and profitable gardens, but for their poultry farms and workshops, where the various arts and crafts are taught. Even in the more skilled arts calling for

originality and genius, such as painting and stained-glass making, they have attained great excellence.

The new departure of the monks in making the island a training ground for emigrants is certainly unique. Here the "tenderfoot" will become accustomed to the pioneer work which will fit him out for the hardships over seas.

Dom Wilfrid Upson, the Prior of Caldey, outlined the scheme to me. "The colony or farm," he said, "would be a testing ground for the emigrants, showing them the difficulties they would have to face in the first few months after their arrival in their new homes. They would be prepared for hard work and for living an entirely new kind of life. They would have to realize that they were going to a place where there was no cinema and possibly no church. They must learn how to keep the Faith. Caldey Island is an ideal place for the training farm. It is far removed from the attractions of civilization and has few material comforts."

A portion of the island, about fifty acres in extent, will be set aside for the farm. Huts or shacks will be built on this land, each with its little garden and provided perhaps with poultry and pigs.

The head of a family will be the first to go to the farm for a few months' training. He will live in the hostel, and the authorities will endeavor to find out what is his general capacity for the life of a settler. He will help with all sorts of work and generally get used to doing the many little things about which townspeople know nothing. If he proves a success, then the rest of the family will come down and take over one of the shacks, living as nearly as possible under the conditions they will be sure to find in the colonies.

Not concealing in the least the difficulties and hardships which oftentimes confront the emigrant, the Prior made

the stern remark: "Emigrants will not be allowed to obtain food just when they want it. They will be able to procure it only at certain times—and on condition of working for it."

Both the hierarchy and the Prior wish it to be understood that the proposed scheme is not meant to encourage emigration. It is intended only as a help to those families that *must* emigrate.

The "Ave Maria."

(Salute to the Queen.)

THE month of October has occasioned the multiplication of prayers to God through the Queen Mother who brought to us in her immaculate bosom Christ the Son of God. The Rosary is a special gathering of sweet-scented and beautiful flowers of prayer, which we strew on the path of our pilgrimage to heaven. Their fragrance naturally tends to rise upward so long as the roses are not wholly dried; and even then the tears of sorrow for neglected thoughtfulness in prayer have a power of preserving the attar that is pleasing to our heavenly King, as bestirring the sweet memory of our Queen.

In fingering our garlands of roses we are taught to reflect on the mysteries in which joy and sorrow mingle with the elevating hope of glory, realized by our holy Mother Mary. These mysteries supply a certain composition of place in which and to which, alternately, we make our offering of the *Ave* roses. They have the image of Our Lady for their centre, from the Annunciation to the Coronation in heaven. We easily conceive of the Virgin Mother as looking down upon her children with an affectionate compassion and hands outstretched to help them. The only act of her presence in actual history or tradition wherein we miss her image is the Glorious Mystery of the Resurrection.

The Gospel tells of the appearance of Our Lord to the Angels, the Holy Women and the Apostles. There is no mention of Christ appearing to Our Lady. Why?

Because there was no need of such revelation in the minds of the historians of the Incarnate life of the God-Man. When Christ appeared to Magdalen He bade her not to touch Him, because He had not yet ascended to His Father. The earthly touch which forbade Mary Magdalen to embrace the feet of her Rabboni was of a quality different from that of the Immaculate Mother untainted by Original Sin; and the sinless Eve could not have desecrated the Son of God by her touch of Him to whom she had given that body, even glorified as it now was.

But my object here is to concentrate my readers' attention not so much on the mysteries of the Holy Rosary as on the prayer which holds their meaning and heavenly virtue.

Father Faber was in the habit of saying that "one recital of the *Angelus* with an interior spirit of jubilant thanksgiving for the Incarnation could merit heaven." The power or habit of concentrating our attention, with an elevation of the heart to God, is the whole secret of this efficient devotion. It would not seem so very difficult to bring this about, if we properly use our imagination, conforming to it in external action as we should do at any other serious occupation of daily life.

Let us take the *Ave Maria* in its historical setting and development, as recited by millions of the faithful every hour of the day in the official and private prayer of the Church. We may for the moment ignore the arguments of chronologists to prove that the "Hail Mary," as a recognized formula of prayer, can not be traced farther back than the Eleventh Century, since the matter of

liturgical institution is not identical with the devotional exercise of prayer.

The initial words of the *Ave Maria* are those of a salutation, which bids us place ourselves before the Immaculate Virgin in the company of the Archangel. Our English idiom is much less expressive than most other tongues in making us realize the sentiment "I salute thee" (*Je vous salue*, or *Gegruesst seist du*,) which emphasizes a directly personal relation between us and the Queen Mother whom we invoke. If we prepared to address some dignitary in personal audience, coveting his favor or gift, we should have no great difficulty in doing so with becoming reverence and sincerity, especially if the words which we were to use had been suggested to us. The expression of St. Luke, who probably had it from Our Lady's own report, sought by him for his historical account to the Antiochian prince, Theophilus, implies an exclamation of joy, addressed to one whose charm and grace, dignity and character, compel both reverence and trust.

Reverence on the part of Gabriel, due to the predestined Queen of Angels, as he must have foreseen, was united with trust in her accepting the message which invited her free consent through her answer: "Behold the Handmaid of the Lord." These two qualities find their counterpart with us as we pray to the "potent Virgin" with confidence in her helping us as our heavenly Mother through Christ. What the angelic messenger actually said, and what we Christians all desire to say with him, is: "I bow in reverent greeting to thee, most graceful Queen, whom the Lord has elected to be the richest in blessing of all womankind."

The last words of this heavenly chant are then taken up by Elizabeth "consecrated by vow to Elohim" as, in the name of consecrated motherhood, she

bends her head and heart in salutation before the living tabernacle that enshrined the Incarnate Word, exclaiming: "Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb." To-day the name of Jesus is added, as it came from the lips of the aged Simeon when he lifted the Host in his arms at the offering in the Temple. The words, "my eyes have seen thy salvation" is an announcement of the Holy Name of Jesus, "Salvation of God," given to the Divine Child in the ceremony of Circumcision.

And here we join the Church on earth as it catches the strain of Simeon's *Nunc dimittis Domine servum tuum in pace* which is a prayer for a happy death by an appeal to the Mother of Mercy: "Holy Mary, Mother of the Son of God, pray for us, that we too may leave this world in the peace of the heavenly promise brought to us through the Redemption." The prayer of Mary's assistance "now and at the hour of our death," is the refrain of the Angelic Salutation, as carried through the aisles of God's Church by Elizabeth and Simeon, and continued day and night throughout the ages.

The realization of this act, as we kneel to say the "Hail Mary," may not be difficult to the average imagination, and it is one way, not only of preparing reverently for the recitation of the *Ave Maria*, but of teaching the little ones of Christ, who readily catch the images of its triple presentation, if brought to their notice in an intelligent way.

* * *

ALL that I think, all that I hope, all that I write, all that I live for, is based upon the divinity of Jesus Christ, the central joy of my poor, wayward life.

—Gladstone.

No friendship is worth the name which does not elevate and does not help to nobility of conduct and strength of character.—*Hugh Black.*

An Unappreciated Inheritance.

IT is a fact as strange as indisputable that non-Catholic Christians should now be going back to the beautiful old liturgical services and many Catholics themselves setting them aside. Intelligent Protestants are in admiration of the ancient Catholic prayers, hymns, and ceremonies, and are adopting them to a great extent in many places. The old prayers are found to be pithy and unctuous; the ceremonies sacred and solemn; the hymns melodious and soul-stirring, and possessed of a distinct quality, attributable to usage by generations of Christian people. English-speaking Catholics, on the other hand, seem to prefer "fancy devotions" of all sorts, especially "up-to-date" prayers.

Vespers, a part of the Divine Office sung by saints through ages, the noblest expression of the divine praises possible on earth, is becoming less attractive to our people, though processions and other services and devotions are popular enough. As for Compline, "the most beautiful set of night prayers in existence," it is almost unknown to American Catholics.

The attendance at High Mass is falling off in many places, sad to say. Not a few persons much prefer—no wonder—to attend a Low Mass, anywhere they can, than to hear small or unskilled choirs attempting to render "the great Masses." It has often been remarked that the smaller and more untrained a choir is the more pretentious its members are. There is nothing less uplifting than to hear such choirs performing what they call an effective Mass. The effect on those who have sensitive ears is painful to anguish. The grand old music which the Church sanctions for use in her services has been replaced by the kind which favors operatic effects.

It is the same with religious literature. Catholics have allowed such books

as those of St. Francis de Sales, "The Spiritual Combat," and "The Imitation," which nurtured the solid piety of our forefathers, to lapse into comparative oblivion, whilst edition after edition of these books is sold among non-Catholics. The Anglicans have "brought out" the writings of St. Francis; theirs is the best edition of "The Spiritual Combat." As for "The Imitation," we venture to assert that it is now more widely read by Protestants than by Catholics. As many as six different editions of it are issued by one Protestant publishing company, which assures us that "The Imitation" is in constant demand. Instead of these books, which, with the New Testament, should form the nucleus of the Catholic family library, we have books, which are not worth the paper they are printed upon, and the cost of which would provide a number of really valuable works.

Any sign of dissatisfaction with this order of things, any expression of preference for the old-fashioned prayer-books and the old-time devotions, is gratifying. For instance, it is ordered by a decree of the Provincial Synod of Westminster that the children in the schools should be taught the Church music, in order that they may be able to sing at our services, and so save the expense of hired singers; and in order that gradually the whole congregation might be got to join in the singing. In the Archdiocese of Dublin there is a law prohibiting Mass to be sung unless the *Introitus*, *Graduale*, *Offertorium*, and *Communio* are rendered.

As the best way to revive liturgical services is to begin with children in our schools, it is suggested that they be taught the meaning of the words of the *Kyrie*, *Gloria*, *Credo*, *Sanctus*, and *Agnus Dei*; and that these, and not hymns in English, should be sung at the children's Mass—especially that they should be taught to sing the *Credo* in

Plain Chant. "I never could see why," says a parish priest, "the whole congregation should not be got to join in singing the Mass service, in the same way in which they commonly sing the Benediction service. It is just as easy 'to pick up' the tune of a plain chant *Gloria* and *Credo* as of an *O Salutaris*, 'Litany,' or *Tantum Ergo*."

The use of the Missal and Vesper-book by the laity would soon reveal the powerful influence for good of the liturgy. The august Sacrifice of the Altar would be better understood, and the attendants would be moved to unite themselves with the Divine Victim. What can we want for soul or body that is not petitioned for in the prayers of the Missal? Users of the Vesper-book would soon learn to appreciate the Psalms, the majestic Office hymns, the *Magnificat*, "Our Lady's own glorious hymn of praise," and those sweetly-varying antiphons. And the blessed result would be a deeper, more earnest, serious and sincere character in the spiritual lives of our people.

A Word to the Wise.

As the prevailing fashion of women's dress is unlikely to change, it will be well to remind boys and young men that if they can not avoid this new occasion of sin—unquestionably it is such—they can nullify it to a great extent. No reason exists why one should take notice of everything that one sees. There is as much difference between seeing and noticing as between hearing and heeding, and many other things.

It is a deplorable circumstance that the present style of dress is followed by so many mothers, who should be in all respects an example to their daughters. But indications of a lowering of respect for women are not lacking; and perhaps when they notice this, they will have more respect for themselves.

Notes and Remarks.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was a prolific author, but we doubt if he ever wrote anything more salutary than his denunciation of a salacious novel, still in circulation. Coming from one who was a physician as well as an author, these words are all the more weighty:

"When a realistic writer like ——— surprises his reader into a kind of knowledge he never thought of wishing for, he sometimes harms him more than he has any idea of doing. . . . Who does not remember odious images that can never be washed out from the consciousness which they have stained? A man's vocabulary is terribly retentive of evil words, and the images they present cling to his memory, and will not loose their hold. . . . Expressions and thoughts of a certain character stain the fibre of the thinking organ, and in some degree affect the hue of every idea that passes through the discolored tissues."

The literary historian of the future will find a curious commentary on our age in the fact that the best-selling books have been those dealing with problems usually reserved for medical text-books. It is no discredit, it is an honor, to be without knowledge of the class of novels referred to, though many may rank as classics. The pity is that readers can not be made to understand that, as Dr. Holmes said, they "stain the fibre of the thinking organ" by indulging in salacious novels.

There is truth which nobody can deny in the subjoined paragraph of an address delivered in Kansas City, Mo., a while ago by Mr. James R. Page, a prominent lawyer of Missouri:

"No law can be enforced that does not meet the moral principles of the people. It is not morally wrong to take a drink of whisky; it is morally wrong to abuse it, as it is wrong to eat too

much. You can not legislate Christian principles into men. They are taught by church and school and by parents. There are more boys and girls drinking to-day than before the Volstead Law was enacted. Prohibition not only has created a desire among the young, corrupting many of them, but it also has corrupted public officials."

To this straight talk may be added a sensible declaration of Senator James A. Reed: "It is the duty of parents, preachers and teachers to inculcate the virtue of temperance, not the duty of Government."

Rebuking the dogmatism so often displayed by scientists, both of high and low degree, Fr. Bede Jarrett, O. P., in a sermon delivered at Leeds, where the British Association for the Advancement of Science lately held its annual convention, said: "When its president called in Prof. G. Elliot Smith to say that the human brain showed no formation of any sort other than that of the brain of the chimpanzee, then we may say that this is not scientific, but unscientific, mischievous, misleading and untrue. If he had said that the material formation of the two was the same, he would have been within his province, but in what he said, he wandered out of his sphere. He did not give us science in uttering that statement, he gave us cheap philosophy; and it is the indulgence in that sort of thing that makes us angry with scientists who ignore the fundamental principles of the real scientific spirit."

A new book that should prove salutary to those who accept the infallibility of science is "Science: Leading and Misleading," by Arthur Lynch. (Murray, publisher, London). The author thinks that the number of such people is large. "It is usual," he says, "to take for granted that, no matter what has been done in the past, our social system

has become well-nigh perfect, our universities great and liberal centres of illumination, our associations for the advancement of good things—including science—all wise and helpful institutions. Candidly, deliberately but sadly, I hold quite other views." And he proceeds to cite cases of scientific men who obstinately stuck to their own theories after they had been shown to be insufficient; cases of scientific men who did not welcome the discoveries that proved them to be wrong; also instances of the whole scientific world accepting theories that were afterwards abandoned.

By the request of a representative committee of students attending Northwestern University for a course in religion an opportunity of doing untold good is afforded to the officers of that institution, and a serious obligation is imposed upon them. It is desired that the course be given during the Freshman year by instructors "not officially connected with any denomination,"—which is both interesting and significant. It is also suggested that the nature of the course be such as to constitute a study of religion from the scientific standpoint. "Students know too little about religion," report the committee, and they stress the importance of urging that such a course be taken during the first four semesters, in order that students may "revolute" religion and make intelligent choice of what meets their needs.

The students of Northwestern University who are in sympathy with the request made by their representatives, are fundamentalists in the real sense of the word. They seek information from reliable sources, and their insistence on obtaining it is most praiseworthy. Their guides must accede to the demand made upon them and they can hardly fail to realize the responsibility which they will thereby incur.

In view of the difficulty of finding

competent instructors for the course and of avoiding disputation, it is to be hoped that booklets composed of judiciously selected passages from the writings of standard authors will take the place of lectures. The Catholic students at the University should see that authors like Brownson, Newman, Balme—to mention only three Catholic apologists—and books like Pascal's "Thoughts," Cardinal Manning's "Religio Viatoris" and Hello's "Life, Science and Art," of which there are any number, are not neglected. Many of the pamphlets issued by the English Catholic Truth Society would be "just the thing" for the fundamentalists of Northwestern University.

Describing at length a visit, on July 29, to Teresa Neumann, "The Stigmatized Virgin of Konnersreuth" (Upper Palatinate), the Rev. Dr. K. Ried Newmarkt writes in the *Fortnightly Review*:

. . . . On Good Friday, 1926, the stigmata appeared in her hands, feet and side. Every Thursday and Friday, with the exception of the Easter season, beginning usually at one A. M., she not only sees the Passion of Christ in a vision, but suffers intensely with Him. During these periods her wounds, especially that in the side, bleed; and since Nov. 19, 1926, also three wounds in her head, marking the crown of thorns. . . .

At a quarter to Eleven the visiting priests and religious were admitted to the presence of the suffering virgin, who at that hour is most interesting to observe because of her visioning the last stages of the Passion. When I was admitted, the pastor said she was just contemplating the Crucifixion. She sat in her bed with outstretched arms, evidently suffering great pain, her legs trembling under the cover. The white cloth which she wore around her head was completely saturated with blood. Bloody tears dropped from her eyes in such profusion that they formed two long dark stripes down her face. . . . This scene recurs every Friday. In the afternoon

her pains cease and she rests; on Saturday morning she is again in the condition in which we saw her. . . .

Repeated efforts have been made to get Teresa's wounds to heal, but in vain; the medicaments employed merely increased the pain, which did not cease until all efforts were abandoned. On May 17 of this year Teresa, who hears Mass daily, secreted behind the high altar of the parish church to avoid being stared at, went into a trance during the Holy Sacrifice; and the people who were present saw her stigmata glow luminously through her gloves. The village schoolmaster photographed her when in this condition, and the plate shows a perceptible halo around the wounds. Man can deceive himself, but the photographic plate represents no light where none exists. . . . Some have tried to explain this photograph by attributing it to a defective plate; but no one who understands photography takes this explanation seriously.

The most remarkable thing about this puzzle of Konnersreuth is that Teresa, who goes to Communion every day, has not taken any solid food for fifteen months, and not a drop of water or other liquid has passed her lips since last Christmas. Still she lives, loses blood every Friday, and even works; for the schoolmaster told me that she had carried bricks for the erection of the second story of her father's house just a short while before. To establish the fact that she takes no food of any kind, four nuns stayed in Konnersreuth from July 14 to 28, and watched her closely day and night. . . .

Teresa Neumann's pastor, who has known her for sixteen years, describes her as "a quiet, sensible girl, free from exaggerated pietism." Her extraordinary case is under investigation by the ecclesiastical authorities.

Although it can not be said that there is a lack of true scholarship among American Catholics, it must be admitted that there is a lack of what the editor of *America* calls "productive scholar-

ship." "We shall never really take our rightful place among the ranks of the learned," he declares, "until we have to our credit a library of American-written books on theology, philosophy, sociology, education, history, science and literary criticism, all written from the point of view of Christian and Catholic scholarship." In order to supply this want, the *America* Press has set aside a fund called "Thought Foundation," which, under the auspices of *Thought*, will make possible the publication of scholarly works in all the branches above named.

Success to "Thought Foundation"—greater success than the most sanguine of its promoters dream of!

Nothing that has not already been said before, innumerable times, will be found in President Coolidge's address at the South Dakota State College last month; but he expressed himself so accurately and so emphatically that we are hoping his words will be pondered by parents all over the country. Salutory declarations are these:

"We have been excessively busy seeking for information that could be turned to practical advantage in the matter of dollars and cents, rather than for that wisdom which would guide us through eternity. . . . We must come back to the query contained in the concentrated wisdom of the ages, 'What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

"All of our sciences and all of our arts will never be the means for the true advancement of our nation, will never remove us from the sphere of the superficial, will never give us a civilization and a culture of worthy and lasting importance, unless we are able to see in them the outward manifestation of an inward reality.

"Unless our halls of learning are real

temples which are to be approached by our youth in an attitude of reverence consecrated by the worship of the truth, they will all end in a delusion. The information that is acquired will simply provide a greater capacity for evil.

"Our institutions of learning must be dedicated to a higher purpose. There is something more in learning, and something more in life, than a mere knowledge of science, a mere acquisition of wealth, a mere striving for place and power. Our colleges will fail in their duty to their students unless they are able to inspire them with a broader understanding of the spiritual meaning of science, literature and the arts. Otherwise their graduates will go out into life poorly equipped to meet the problems of existence, and will fall an easy prey to dissatisfaction and despair.

"Many of our older universities were founded by pious hands at great sacrifice for the express purpose of training men for the ministry, to carry light to the people on the problems of life. Unless our college graduates are inspired with those ideals, our colleges have failed in their most important function, and our people will lack true culture. . . .

"The human soul will always rebel at any attempt to confine it to the physical world. Its dwelling-place is in the intellectual and the moral world. It is unto that realm that all true scholarship should lead. Unless our scholarship, however brilliant, is to be barren and sterile, leading toward pessimism, more emphasis must be given to the development of moral power.

"Our colleges must teach not only science, but character. We must maintain a stronger, firmer grasp on the principle declared in the Psalms of David, and re-echoed in the Proverbs of Solomon, that 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowledge.' "

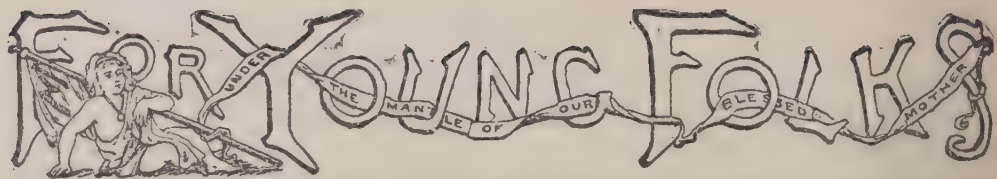
It will be a sincere gratification to

Catholic citizens and a great encouragement to Catholic educators to remember that principles which they have always defended and for which they have made generous sacrifices are upheld by the President of the United States.

Noting that the Rev. Dr. Stetson of Trinity Church, New York, has given the name "progressive polygamy" to the practice of serial marriages and divorces, which has grown under legal and even social sanction, the *Times*, of that city, remarks: "The legalized polygamy of the East has at least not left childhood without a home. That is more than can be said for serial rather than synchronous polygamy. When one in every six marriages is ended by divorce, and divorce means in most cases wreckage of the home, it is difficult to overestimate the menace to the oncoming generation."

It is reported that in one county of a State in the Middle West nearly a fourth of the marriages end in divorce. In a single year there were 855 petitions for divorce, and during that period the Courts liberated 798 couples from marital bonds. What a blot on our boasted civilization!

Another good example to wealthy Catholics has been set by the daughters of the late F. B. Knowles, of Worcester, Mass. They have given \$100,000 for a chapel at Rollins College, of which their father was one of the founders. Benefactions of this kind by Protestants are reported every month, but not often do we hear of legacies to Catholic educational institutions, the needs of the majority of which are numerous and becoming more and more urgent. But benefactors should be discriminating. The resources of some of our educational institutions would seem to be superabundant.



Helen's Logic.

BY VIRGINIA MCSHERRY.

OF birthdays she has seen but three,
And I saw her standing there
As busy as ever she could be
Ironing on a chair.

I said: "Are you ironing Dolly's clothes?
This is Sunday, is it not?"

"I know," she said. "But Our Lord, He
knows
That this little iron's *not hot*."

The Story of Raoul.

BY MARY T. WAGGAMAN.

XVI.—LIGHT AND LOVE.

THE St. Inigo Guards had gone. They had marched away in the morning with regrets, that not even the last thundering "salute" from their fifty rifles could possibly express. There was no more need of their services. Roads and bridges were in working order, telegraph and telephones had been repaired, and Haverly Hall was again in communication with the "powers that be," and under the protection of the strong arm of the law.

A new manager had been secured for the Works, and the colored miners, banished under Dyson's régime, had returned cheerfully to well-ordered duty. It had been a glorious holiday for Raoul, and he was sorry that it was over. In the thrilling excitement of the past two weeks he had almost forgotten that such delights must come to an end and Haverly Hall return to its usual calm.

"We won't nebbah have such fine times no more," said Tomtit, voicing the sadness in Raoul's heart, as he and

his loyal friend took their way from the river bank through a twilight silence unbroken by bugle note or hymn. "De Lawd, dem sojer men could eat water melluns for sure! De patch is purty nigh clarrred out. But Mam Milly says she's glad of it. Dem sojer men hez lifted de judgment hanging ober Haverly Hall, and it ain't going to hang no more. Fust time she ebbah knew a preacher put foot on de place—fust time Haverly Hall ebba sounded to de praise ob de Lawd! De judgment is lifted, Mam Milly, says; and she reck-ons its 'cause ob de Little Marse praying on dem beads o' his'n dat it didn't fall."

And then Raoul had to hurry in to supper, for there were guests to-night—Aunt Betty and Captain Jack, who was going back to his post to-morrow, and Mademoiselle Cecile, whose visit to Pine Croft was drawing to an end. And Raoul had seen very little of this dear Mademoiselle during the past few weeks, for the grown-ups had demanded her care and attention, as the St. Inigo Guards had claimed his.

So when he missed her to-night after supper he felt he must find her, and have a last talk before she left. She was not with Grandpère on the porch, nor with Grandmère and Aunt Betty in the big parlor; she was not in the wide hall when the gentlemen who brought her candies and flowers rode up in the moonlight to escort her back to Pine Croft. Raoul volunteered to look for her, while they waited on the porch smoking and chatting with Grandpère and Captain Jack.

But down by the sunken garden, where the fountain was silvered by the moonbeams and the last day lilies were in sunny bloom, he found her and Mon-

sieur Dad. They were talking very quietly, but as Raoul came up he caught Monsieur Dad's low words: "I do not ask for myself alone, but"—he stopped suddenly as Raoul broke in upon them—"Here he is to ask for himself," he added, laying his hand on the boy's shoulder. "Raoul, I am begging Mademoiselle not to leave us. We can not give her up, can we, Raoul? Tell her so, my boy. Ask her to stay."

Raoul looked up at his father in bewilderment, for it seemed another Monsieur Dad who was speaking, the strong, clear, often stern tone was low and pleading, the proud, cold face strangely soft. "O Mademoiselle, dear Mademoiselle," the boy faltered, "if you would, if you could! But—but it is impossible, Monsieur Dad."

"Not impossible, Raoul—to love nothing is impossible," was the deep-toned answer.

"But—but I do not understand," said Raoul in a troubled voice. "Mademoiselle must go and teach."

"I am asking her to stay and *teach*—you—and me, Raoul. For she can do it wonderfully, as we know."

"O Mademoiselle, yes, yes," cried Raoul eagerly. "That would be much better than the school! You could teach me the English that I do not speak well yet, and Monsieur Dad the French which he does not speak right at all. And then—then we would all understand, dear Mademoiselle," concluded Raoul cheerfully.

"Raoul, Raoul, you blessed little prophet," laughed Mademoiselle softly, as she laid her hand tenderly on the boy's shoulder, where, somehow, it met Monsieur Dad's strong clasp, and the matter was settled then and there in a way Raoul did not guess.

It was Easter time again at St. Etienne. The old sanctuary had blazed with lights and the altar bloomed with

Springtime flowers; the rich vestments had been taken out of their wrappings and the Easter chants had risen in all their joyful triumph through the dim, old church. Yet Père Antoine, pacing up and down the shaded walk saying his Office in the sunset, felt a little sad for such a joyful season. He was growing old, perhaps, and losing something of his hope and cheer; and there were the new graves in the churchyard over which the grass had not yet grown—Madelon's grandmother, who was doubtless a saint in heaven, and poor old Mère Michelle, of whom he did not feel so sure, though she had died in the grace of God at last, and Tante Lise, who had followed her old cronies by a paralytic stroke,—all old enough to go surely, thought Père Antoine, with a remembrance of his own seventy years. The weight of those years seemed to be heavy upon Père Antoine this evening, as it sometimes is in even the saintliest of men; and closing his Breviary, he sank down upon the worn flat stone that marked the spot, where an ancestor of the little Seigneurs had been resting since the time of Saint Louis,—a stone whose moss-grown surface offered a comfortable support to a weary priest whose life work was nearly done.

And then suddenly in the midst of these sad meditations rang out a cheery shout of "*Mon Père, mon Père!*" And dashing through the grass-grown graveyard came a lithe young figure buoyant with life and hope and cheer.

"Raoul!" gasped Père Antoine in amazement, as the young arms enfolded him in a close embrace. The bright young face was pressed to his withered cheek. "*Mon fils, mon cher fils!* is it you indeed,—indeed, or am I dreaming? Raoul back at St. Etienne!"

"Yes, *mon Père*, yes. I could not wait a moment, not even to brush off the dust as Jean Baptiste wished. I had to see you at once, *mon Père*. Oh, how hap-

py I am to be here with you once more, *mon cher Père*, at blessed St. Etienne."

"But how, where, with whom, did you come? Surely not alone from that far-off land?"

"Alone, O *mon Père*, not alone!" laughed Raoul. "Never am I alone now. I am with Monsieur Dad, my father, I mean, and Mademoiselle Cecile, who is my Maman now! and we have been travelling—oh, in many places!—for two months; and for the last we came here, as Maman, who was the Mademoiselle Cecile whom you knew a year ago, so wished. For, as she says truly, St. Etienne brought us all together in love and joy and happiness beyond all words. And my Dad (I must not say Monsieur any more, for I am American now) and my Maman are at the inn of Jean Baptiste where we will stay for a week; and I am to have a feast for all the children with whom I used to play, and have only thoughts of joy and gladness for St. Etienne. But let me sit down here at your feet on the soft grass, *mon Père*, and tell you all the blessed, wonderful things that have happened since I left."

And, his bright, happy face uplifted to Père Antoine, Raoul told his story at length to his eager listener. He told of Haverly Hall and all its beauties, of Grandpère and Grandmère, Mam Milly and Uncle Mose and Tomtit, of the comfort and ease and luxury and plenty of this rich, old home. With Raoul's tongue loosened freely in his native French, Père Antoine learned all the history of the past year. He heard of Gran and Joe and the Mass at Muldoon's, of the trouble at the mines, and the coming of the St. Inigo Guards to defend Haverly Hall. "Never would I have heard or known of the wicked men's doings, if I had not gone to the Mass, *mon Père*, and met Adolphe there. It is as my beautiful Maman, who was Mademoiselle Cecile, says: 'It was the blessed

thing for all that you went to the Mass, that you did not forget.' For now all is happy and right beyond words, *mon Père*. For my Maman is true Catholic now, as she says she has always been at heart since she went to the school at Sacré Cœur. But here they come now, *mon Père*!"

Raoul started up joyfully as Gardiner and his lovely young wife appeared at the churchyard to be met and cordially greeted by Père Antoine.

"Welcome, *mes amis*," he said, holding out a kindly hand to each, "welcome back to St. Etienne! Raoul has been telling me his happy story and yours. God has blessed you all wonderfully."

"By your kind hands, *mon Père*," said Gardiner in a moved voice. "If you had not taken a gruff unbeliever into your fatherly care a year ago all this would not have been."

"*Chut, chut*," said Père Antoine, smiling. "I did nothing, my son. It was the little Raoul, whom the good God gave back to you, that has done all. There is the Vesper bell," as the mellow chime of old St. Etienne sounded through the growing twilight. "Let us go thank God for His great mercies."

It was a joyful week that followed at St. Etienne,—such an Easter holiday as the quiet old town had never known. For Raoul, the poor little, nameless, unwanted Raoul, had come back a very fairy prince, beside whom the little Seigneur faded into insignificance. Ah! such beauty, such clothes, such magnificence,—and the American mother lovely as an angel at Mass every morning! And the father, "proud and handsome as a king, with a mountain of silver that will one day be Raoul's own," ran the admiring murmurs around St. Etienne.

"It's not silver," put in Petit Pierre eagerly; "it's only coal. Raoul told me all about it; and his father isn't a king, and he isn't any prince,—he is just our own Raoul back again."

And so it was, as, after the first glamour of his reappearance vanished, St. Etienne found out. It was the Raoul of old, only in happier guise, who knelt every morning before the old altar, who raced gaily through the familiar streets, who sang "Sur le pont d'Avignon," with his old mates in the tree-shaded square. It was the Raoul of old, who took his seat on Monsieur Le Brun's steps in the deepening twilight, and perched on the cobbler's bench in the friendly way of yore, and who exchanged news about ponies and dogs with the little Seigneur at the chateau gate. And above all it was the little Raoul of old who spent happy hours in the presbytery and churchyard at Père Antoine's side, nibbling at Janet's *gateaus*, and lifting at least twenty years from his old friend's life.

"The boys are saying sad things, *mon Père*," Raoul murmured at one of these visits—"that the grass will not grow on Mère Michelle's grave because she was not good to me. That is not true, *mon Père*."

"No, it is not true, my son" was the gentle answer. "She left no one to mourn or care for her, Raoul."

"I will show them there is no curse on her grave," declared Raoul. "To-morrow I will get the grass sod from her yard, that I used to water, and her grave shall be green as the rest."

And this Raoul did with the help of Petit Pierre, to all St. Etienne's breathless surprise.

"It is as you wished, you hoped, as you commanded, dear," explained Maman to Monsieur Dad, when they heard of their son's strange reprisal. "Raoul has forgotten, indeed—but only the pain, the sorrow, the hard treatment of his young life. He remembers only its sweetness, its joys, its blessed lessons of faith and hope and love."

"The lessons you and he are teaching me," was the tender answer. "I am

slow to learn, perhaps; but the rock of my Gardiner pride was rent on that night when I heard the cry of a maddened mob threatening all I held dear, and I was powerless as a child against its fury. I have never been the same man since, Cecile."

"But a much better man, dear," answered his wife softly," as the eyes of love could and did see. "I could never have trusted the proud, hard Ralph Gardiner of old with my woman heart as I trust him now. But we are forgetting Raoul's feast this evening. The children are already gathering for it. I told Jean Baptiste to do his best."

And he had indeed. *Carte blanche* was an unusual order at St. Etienne's, but Jean Baptiste, Jean Baptiste's wife, and a dozen eager assistants had been equal to it. Long tables, improvised for the occasion, stretched the full length of the tree-shaded yard, and covered with the snowy home-made linen cloths that had been Madame Jean Baptiste's dowry, fairly groaned with good things, for St. Etienne's young people had wholesome appetites as Jean Baptiste knew. Great cakes sugared and frosted, fruit, stewed and jellied, baskets of candies, bowls of nuts; and, as Raoul had insisted, ice cream, that was quite beyond Jean Baptiste's efforts,—ice cream that Maman had sent from Chevrolet, of every color and kind. Such a merry babel of young voices at the long tables, with Raoul as host, and the older people seated under the trees looking on.

"So he will remember St. Etienne," said Père Antoine, as the merry shouts of Raoul and his old mates filled the twilight shadows; "so also, my friends, with joy, with gladness, will St. Etienne remember Our Raoul."

(The End.)

THE Maronites derive their name—they are very proud of it—from *Moran* (Our Lord).

An Indian Inventor.

IN the beginning of the last century, when the Cherokee Indians lived down in the State of Georgia, one of them completed as extraordinary an invention as many which have given their originators fame and fortune.

One day members of his tribe took a white man prisoner, and found in his pocket a scrap of paper with printed words upon it. The prisoner explained its meaning to the wondering red-men, who at once called it "the paper that speaks." There were some, however, who refused to believe the white man; while others received the message on the paper as the work of the Great Spirit. One only among them, by name Sequoyah, comprehended the situation.

"We forget things," he said, "because we have no way of making paper speak. We should have a way; I will find one."

The captive explained that letters stood for sounds, groups of letters for words or ideas. And Sequoyah said:

"My nation, too, shall have what you call an alphabet."

He worked for twelve years, the laughing-stock of his tribe, using birch bark instead of paper; always hopeful, always believing, until at long last success came. He was a white-haired, old man when his task was done, but he had not lived in vain: he had placed himself in the rank of great inventors and given a priceless boon to his people.

There are those who declare that Sequoyah's alphabet is better than the one from which he gained his inspiration. It is so simple and so well adapted to the language for which it is written that young Indians easily master it in a few weeks. When it was a novelty, they looked upon it as some wonderful new toy, and neglected their sports and occupations while they went to work to learn how to write down words that

would fix their thoughts, as flies are imprisoned in amber.

Sequoyah's alphabet contained thirty-six letters, each one representing a sound and having the value of a syllable. The inventor, unlike many others, received honors and appreciation during his lifetime, being proclaimed Philosopher and Prophet by the Great Council, and receiving a medal which he wore to the day of his death.

One would have thought a single achievement of this sort enough for one individual; but, not content, Sequoyah devised a scheme whereby all Indian tongues might be consolidated into one. To gain the knowledge of other languages which he would require for his new undertaking, he set forth on a long journey, and from this journey he never returned. He was received everywhere with honor; but the fatigue of the trip conquered him, and he died in New Mexico, working to the last.

He never became a Catholic, although the Bible was one of the first books that was given to his people by the help of his alphabet. He could never understand why those who believed in Christ should be at variance; and the dissensions between the various sects were no doubt responsible for his reluctance to forsake the faith of his nation. "But," says one, "God, who is always full of mercy, will make allowances for him: he never had the grace of knowing the Catholic faith. He believed in the Great Spirit and in the happy hunting-ground. God grant that he may have been admitted therein!"

Like Little Chapels.

Each of the four great piers that support the cupola of St. Peter's, Rome, takes up as much room, at the base, as a little chapel; and yet they do not appear large, being in proportion to the rest of the vast building.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—To "Intimate Biographies Series" (Hodder and Stoughton, London) has been added a study of "R. L. Stevenson," by Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

—"A History of Christian-Latin Poetry from the Beginnings to the Close of the Middle Ages," by F. E. J. Raby, is among new publications of the Oxford University Press.

—The first collected edition of the poems of Gilbert K. Chesterton, a new book from Burns, Oates and Washbourne, contains, besides the contents of his previous volumes, a number of new poems not heretofore published in book form.

—We welcome a new edition (the fifth) of "The Directory for Novices," a valuable little book for assisting youthful members of religious communities to obtain the perfection of their state. It is intended especially for novices of the Order of St. Ursula.

—In a new book entitled "Setting It Right," by the Rev. Charles F. McGinnis, Ph. D., S. T. L., will be found concise answers on numerous points of Catholic doctrine and a large amount of information on a great variety of subjects conveyed in the fewest possible words,—information not always easily found. Besides a full table of contents, there is an alphabetical index. For sale by the author, whose address is Hastings, Minn.

—The archæological works published by Chevalier de Rossi prove that he was not less remarkable for unwearied industry than for brilliant intellectual gifts. His "Inscriptiones Christianæ Urbis Romæ" contains as many as 12,000 specimens of early Christian inscriptions. De Rossi is best known to the English-speaking public by his "Roma Sotteranea," an abridgment of which was published in England many years ago by the Rev. Dr. Northcote, of Oscott.

—There has just reached us the thirteenth edition of "Thyrea," a book of sonnets by John Ferguson. (Andrew Melrose, Ltd.) It is

easy to understand the great popular appeal these poems have had. The author finds his subjects close at hand and treats them with true insight. A sort of inspired realism is the result. We venture to think, however, that there is nothing in this volume comparable in power and beauty with Mr. Ferguson's sonnet, "On Hearing a Cock Crow in a Poulterer's Yard," published by us last week.

—It is announced that the first publication of the Thought Foundation, to which reference is made in another column, will be a "Life of Bishop England," in two volumes, by the Rev. Dr. Guilday, of the Catholic University of America. It will be a history of stirring times for the Church in this country (1820-1840), as well as a biography of the great prelate. The plan adopted for Thought Foundation doubtless includes numerous other works of like importance and new editions, edited by competent persons, of valuable books which have gone out of print and are wellnigh forgotten.

—All who are familiar with Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "St. Francis of Assisi," will welcome the illustrated edition of it just issued by George H. Doran Co., and hope that many more readers will be secured for this exceptionally handsome book. It should be remembered as a holiday gift. The best of the illustrations is "Meeting of St. Louis of France and Brother Giles." But is not this title a mistake? Many books have been written about the Seraph of Assisi in recent years; at the head of a list of them we should be disposed to place this one by Mr. Chesterton, who tells us that when a boy his fancy caught fire with the glory of St. Francis.

—Students engaged in research work in every country of the world are rejoicing over the announcement of a complete catalogue of the printed books in the Vatican Library, which has been rendered possible by an appropriation of the Carnegie Foundation of International Peace. This wonderful library,

in the shadow of St. Peter's, is the richest in existence. The work of cataloguing it, which will require years for completion, was begun in 1913, when the present Pope was chief librarian, but was interrupted by the World War. The library owes its foundation to Pope Nicholas V. (1447-55). Additions to it, like the Chigi, Barberini and other collections of books and manuscripts, have rendered it unique and invaluable.

—A valuable treatise on one of the principal means of attaining Christian perfection is the Abbé Courbon's "Familiar Instructions on the Degrees of Mental Prayer," translated from the French by a client of St. Teresa. Many souls are retarded in their spiritual advancement for want of knowledge about meditation, or because they lack method. These orderly instructions are divided into five parts: Meditation, Affective Prayer, Active Recollection, Passive Recollection, and the Prayer of Union. The question and answer method, simply and practically illustrated, is well calculated to profit all who make use of the saintly curé's manual. We are delighted to note an excellent index,—now so rare in spiritual books. Published by M. S. Kelly and Co.; Loughrea, County Galway; for sale in this country by Benziger Brothers.

—"The Catholic Anthology," compiled by Thomas Walsh (Macmillan Co.) is original in its general aim of representing the Catholic spirit in poetry from the earliest Christian times down to our own day. In consequence, much, if not most, of the poetry offered here is translated from other tongues. The industry and talent of the editor himself are exemplified in translations from as many as nine or ten languages, including the Armenian. A section of the volume is given over to poets who are not of the Faith, yet who have in occasional poems given expression to its spirit,—a rather negligible contribution except for the "Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres," by Henry Adams. Of important poems, not to be found in similar collections, the compiler has unearthed perhaps half a dozen, a very fair average, considering how much the field has been

worked of late. As for omissions and inclusions generally, there are so many factors at work apart from an anthologist's taste, that one must assume there were times when only "Hobson's choice" was possible. The "errata," we fear, would be a lengthy table. Some of these mistakes are only typographical, others are evidently errors in copying, while a few more are unaccountable.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. A. A. Werbila, of the diocese of Duluth; Rev. Julius C. Fortin, archdiocese of Chicago; Rev. J. H. Gaughan, archdiocese of St. Paul; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Brennan, archdiocese of St. Louis; Rev. William Garrigan, S. J.; and Rev. Fulgence Brem, O. M. Cap.

Sister M. Philomena, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister John Gualbert, Congregation of Notre Dame; Sister M. Petronilla, Sisters of St. Dominic; Mother M. Gertrude and Sister Joseph Miriam, Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Morris Crum, Mrs. Florence Lynn, Mr. Hugh Ewing, Mr. Fenwick Ewing, Mr. Matthew Plunkett, Mrs. Mary Scully, Mrs. Julia Templeton, Mr. G. H. Barbee, Mr. William Betschardt, Mrs. K. McAnineh, Mr. James Forde, Mrs. M. Callahan, Mrs. William Moyland, Mr. John Boggiano, Mr. Thomas Crawford, Mr. C. L. Eagan, Mr. Franklin Kelly, Miss Margaret Rooney, Mr. Denis O'Connor, Mrs. A. Martin, Mrs. F. B. Reilly, Mr. William George, Mr. Leonard Haas, Mr. John May, and Mr. Henry Schmitt.


Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

Our Contribution Box.

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CONTENTS

October.—(Poem)	<i>Teresa Brayton</i>	513
The Church and Liberalism in Mexico.....	<i>George Fielding Eliot</i>	513
Ancient Lights.—(Continued)	<i>Agnes Blundell</i>	517
When Babies Smile.—(Poem).....	* * *	519
Catholic Judges of the Supreme Court.....	<i>Louis W. Reilly</i>	520
The Answered Prayer.....	<i>Angela Francis</i>	525
Women as Legislators.....	<i>Elizabeth Christitch</i>	528
An American Bible-reader in Ireland.....	<i>Denis A. McCarthy, LL. D.</i>	531
An Old-time Saying		532
A Plea for Privacy.....		533
To Politicians		533
Notes and Remarks:		
The Gates Ajar.—Bossuet's Tercentenary.—Good Results of Woman Franchise in England.—Fire Prevention.—The Blessing of Motherhood.—Evolution Not Proven.—About Suicide.—Bishop Muldoon.—Our Example.—Abraham Lincoln as He Was.—Light on the Situation in Mexico.....		534

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

The Proper Way to Speak.—(Poem).....	<i>Uncle Austin</i>	538
Childerswell Hall	<i>Mother Mary Thomas</i>	538
Columbus' Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.....	<i>E. A. C.</i>	541
The Knight's Tour.....		542
With Authors and Publishers.....		543
Obituary		544

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 22.—St. Donatus, B. C. St. Mary Salome.	TUESDAY, 25.—SS. Chrysanthus and Daria, MM. SS. Crispin and Crispinian, MM.
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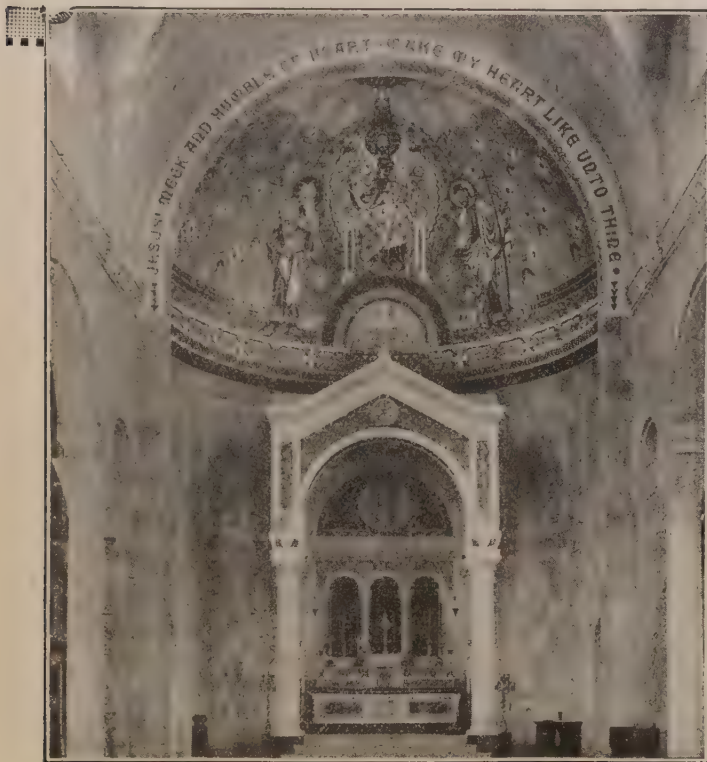
Though most widely known as a novelist of first rank, Mr. Spearman has written much that is of greater importance than fiction. His plea for the Catholic education is a valuable production.

We have received a copy of a little pamphlet entitled "Your Son's Education," by Frank H. Spearman, which is issued from the *Ave Maria* press. It is a reprint of an admirable article which appeared in that magazine some time ago, and should be carefully perused by Catholic parents, to whom it is primarily addressed. Mr. Spearman is an American author whose novels and short stories are well and favorably known. His tales of Rocky Mountain life have achieved a great vogue in America, and his later novels, "Robert Kimberly" and "The Marriage Verdict," have a Catholic setting, and are distinctly Catholic in their treatment of marriage problems. The reasons for giving a Catholic education to children are well and forcefully put by Mr. Spearman in this pamphlet, and they are just as applicable to Australia as to America.—*The Southern Cross* (Adelaide).

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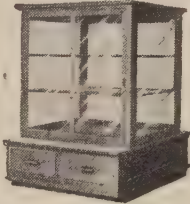


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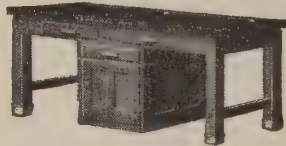
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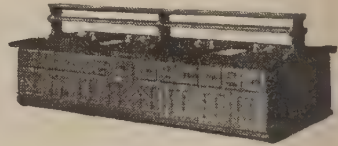


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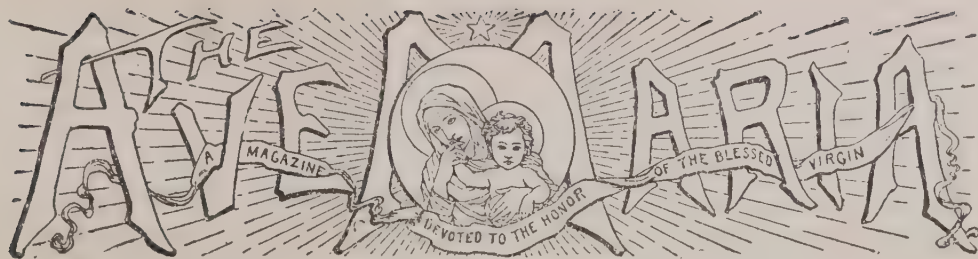
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Vol. XXVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 22, 1927.

No. 17.

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October.

BY TERESA BRAYTON.

'TIS the brown month of October,
And the brown beads in my fingers
Remind me of the brown trees
Where Summer still lingers
With Autumn fires asmother
Nigh the year's eclipse;
'Tis the beads that my Irish mother
Once held to her lips.

As I say my *Pater Nosters*
And *Aves*, ten by ten,
I seem to behold her kneeling
In the twilight, again;
While these old beads through her fingers
Slipped in soft Rosaries,
As the brown leaves of October
Slipped from the trees.

O beads that my Irish mother
Once held in her dying,
I hold you here while October
Its brown flags is flying!
And the song of songs of my sireland,
The Rosary,
I say for her soul who taught me
That song by her knee.

'Tis brown-leaved October
When Nature's full breast
Lulls the trees of the forest
And flowers to rest,
Until in the resurrection
Of a coming Spring
They will wake at the wand of April
To the swallow's wing.

So I say my *Pater Nosters*
And *Aves* ten
On the beads of my Irish mother
Till she bids me again,
In the mighty resurrection
Of a day to be,
Sing the song of songs of my sireland
Again by her knee,—
The song of songs of Ireland—
The Rosary.

The Church and Liberalism in Mexico.

BY GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT.

IN discussions—not always untinged with prejudice—of the present religious situation in Mexico, the assertion is frequently made that the Catholic Church there has always been the foe of popular freedom and the champion of reaction. So frequently has this been stated, even by those who should know better, that it has come to be accepted almost without question by many Americans. A dispassionate examination of the facts, however, reveal quite the contrary situation.

The greatest difficulty in such a survey lies in the almost impossible task of separating the ecclesiastical and the political activities, not of the Church as such but of individual churchmen during the period between the Conquest and the establishment of the Republic. So closely are these interwoven that much misunderstanding has resulted,

and the Church has been accused of political meddlings and of responsibility for mistaken and unwise policies which in fact were not at all the policies of either the Papal Court or the archiepiscopal See of Mexico, but had their origin in the mind of some ecclesiastic who was performing administrative or governmental functions in addition to his sacred duties.

From the time of Cortes onward this was the case—that not only did priests and bishops attend to their duties as such, but in addition the burden of government was laid upon their shoulders to a surprising degree. They were frequently appointed to act as governors of provinces, as judges, and as inspectors or *visitadors*. The entire administration of vast territories was placed in their hands. Nor was this the policy of the Church, or done at the solicitation of Church officials. It was the policy of the royal Spanish Government and of the viceroys who successively represented the Crown of Spain in Mexico City. Frequently, too, ecclesiastics reached even this high office; there were instances where, in the intervals between one viceroy's departure and the arrival of another, an archbishop ruled all the land in the King's name.

The very expedition of conquest itself sailed from Hispaniola, in 1519, under Cortes by authority granted by two Jeronymite Fathers, Luis de Figueroa and Alonzo de Santo Domingo, who were at that time the principal governing authority in the Spanish Indies, having been sent out as a royal commission to investigate and to settle disputes which had arisen regarding the natives and other matters. As early as 1530 the control of Mexican affairs is found in the hands of a royal council, or *audiencia* (with Cortes as captain-general), headed by Sebastien Ramirez de Fuenleal, Bishop of Santo Domingo, and including the famous friend of the In-

dians, Vasco de Quiroga, later Bishop of Michoacan. Bishop Fuenleal's wise rule did much to establish peace and order in the new colony, to pacify the bickerings and quarrels of the *conquistadores*, and the dissensions caused by the enemies of Cortes, also to pave the way for the peaceful establishment of the viceroyalty. Nevertheless, even at that early date, we see in the royal instructions to the first viceroy, Antonio de Mendoza, the jealousy and suspicion with which the Crown regarded temporal authority by Churchmen. The king's prerogative in Church patronage was to be safeguarded; ecclesiastical courts were to have no power over laymen; and no Papal Bull or brief was to be published in New Spain except when issued through the Council of the Indies.

In 1545 Mexico was made an archbishopric by Pope Paul II., and about this time a royal decree empowered the archbishop to exercise the viceregal power *ad interim*, in certain stated instances. Nor can this period be passed over without mentioning the noble work of Bartolomeo de las Casas, Bishop of Chiapas and Protector-General of the Indians, who fought so sturdily to abolish the wretched system of *repartimiento*, by which the unfortunate natives were distributed as slaves amongst the Spanish landholders. That his efforts ended in failure was due to no want of tireless energy, of fearless championship on his part; but to the rapacity and lack of humanity in the colonists.

In 1553 the University of Mexico was founded under both royal and Papal auspices, though the Papal confirmation was not finally granted until 1555; and as always in those days, the Church took the lead in educational affairs—not always with the full co-operation of a reactionary government. As the champion of the oppressed Indians, therefore, and as the leader in education, the

Church and her loyal servants laid the foundations of liberalism in Mexico. Nevertheless Churchmen were still called upon to assume governmental functions.

It is interesting to note that civil and ecclesiastical authority seem to have been regarded as almost interchangeable. For instance, in 1536, we have the unusual occurrence of the tendering of the bishopric of Michoacan to Vasco de Quiroga, a royal magistrate, even before he had taken Holy Orders! Of course his actual episcopal appointment did not take place until he had been duly ordained and had passed—as rapidly as possible—through the various grades of the hierarchy; and this incident is mentioned merely as an example of the tendency of the time to confuse and mingle the authority of the Crown and the Church.

From the establishment of the archbishopric onward, the influence of the Church grew greater with every succeeding decade. Education, public morals, charity, almost all scientific and artistic progress were under her control; and though both the Church in her general policy, and those Churchmen who from time to time occupied political office in their individual capacities, supported established authority and order, she was also regarded as the bulwark of the Indian and the poorer classes of Creoles against official oppression and corruption. Many, indeed, are the instances of fearless opposition by Churchmen to such conduct on the part of royal officers.

So firmly had this regard for the Church become ingrained in the Mexican people, that such oppressive acts as the expulsion of the Jesuits, in 1767, caused a serious uprising, which might well have resulted in the destruction of the Spanish power in Mexico had it not been revealed by premature action on the part of some of the conspirators. No more touching scene is depicted in Mex-

ican history than the weeping crowds of humble, distressed Indians surrounding the Jesuit Fathers in Jalapa, when the latter were being conducted to the port of Vera Cruz under military escort, prior to their expulsion from the country.

But it is when we come to the Mexican Revolution, which resulted in the final overthrow of the Spanish authority and the establishment of the Mexican Republic, that we realize the true place which the Church and Churchmen occupy in the advancement of Mexican freedom. Of the three principal revolutionary leaders—Miguel Hidalgo de Costilla, Jose Maria Morelos, and Augustin Iturbide—two were parish priests; and among the minor leaders were many others, of whom Mariano Matamoras is but a single, though shining example.

Hidalgo—called “The Father of Mexican Independence”—led his revolutionary army under the banner of the Virgin of Guadalupe, for centuries the patroness of the Mexican Indian, and his battle cry was the famous “*Grito de Dolores*—Long live religion! Long live our Most Holy Mother of Guadalupe! Long live America, and death to bad government!” It should also be recorded that during Hidalgo’s campaigns, when the Spanish general Calleja del Rey was about to massacre the citizens of Guanajuato for harboring the Independents, a friar of the order of San Diego, Father Belaunzaran (afterward Bishop of Nuevo Leon), prevented the terrible deed by sternly ordering the general in the name of Holy Church to desist from the slaughter of the innocent civilians.

It is not too much to say that had it not been for the immeasurable services of Hidalgo and Morelos, the later success of Iturbide would have been impossible. These gallant champions laid the foundation of Mexican emancipation from Spanish rule, at a time when Spain

itself was in a political convulsion. Seizing the opportunity, they fought for the freedom of their country from age-long oppression; and though both perished before the firing squads, their work did not perish with them. Mistakes they made, and many of them—they were priests, not generals, and could but do their best at unfamiliar tasks. But they lit the torch which the soldier Iturbide caught from their dying hands and carried on to victory. To-day they stand far higher in the estimation of the Mexican people than does Iturbide, whose vaunting ambition led him first to a tinsel crown and then at last to the miserable fate of his priestly predecessors.

It is true that since the time of the establishment of the Republic, there have been frequent conflicts between Church and State. One has but to reflect upon the miserable character of the Mexican Government for the past century—except during the “reign” of Porfirio Diaz—to understand that the Church can not always be blamed for these differences. Nevertheless, certain Church leaders undoubtedly pursued a mistaken policy in their relentless opposition to the liberal legislation of 1856 and 1857. A more complaisant policy, a recognition of the undoubted fact that the liberal party was seeking only to win self-expression in governmental processes, to limit the political and economic activities of ecclesiastics, and was not attempting to assail the spiritual and moral leadership of the Church, might well have resulted in adjustments which would have been beneficial to all. But wise and far-seeing leadership was lacking on both sides; and a bitterness arose which has had a malign influence on the course of Mexican history down to the present moment.

Nevertheless, in summing up the activities of the Church and of Churchmen, the contributions of the early

Fathers in the work of education and exploration, their amelioration of the condition of the Indians, and the softening effects of their participation in the Government more than outweigh these later errors; and when all this is crowned by the work of the great priest-liberators, Hidalgo and Morelos, who stand in relation to Mexican Independence as do Washington and Franklin to our own, the impartial observer can not but admit that the Catholic Church and her ordained servitors have had a high and honorable place in the history of Mexican liberalism.

There have been dark chapters, too: both Hidalgo and Morelos were severely censured by their ecclesiastical superiors, though these were little more than royal officers; the Inquisition was not unknown in Mexico, and, even as late as 1814, it had a hand in the degradation of the hero Morelos. Ecclesiastics supported the ambition of both the Mexican Emperors, Iturbide and Maximilian; and allusion has already been made to the stubborn and unfortunate policy of the Church leaders during the crisis of 1856-7. But in general, the history of the Mexican Church is one of succor to the oppressed, of stern opposition to the corruption and rapacity of secular officials, of the advancement of education and the arts and sciences, of protection to natives and of ardent championship of liberal principles and the freedom of the Mexican people.

Let the Mexican people, and all other people, do justice to the work of the Church in Mexico, give honor where honor is due!

A VENIAL sin is the greatest evil there can be in the world except a mortal sin. We should not be justified in committing a single venial sin, even if by doing so we could convert all who are in rebellion against Almighty God.

—“*Meditation Manual.*”

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XVIII.

"ALICE," whispered Julian, pressing closely against her sister, "do not look so deeply abstracted! Have you no curiosity to see the Queen?"

"I think I almost fear to look upon her," replied Alice in the same cautious tone.

They were sitting together in the embrasure of a window at Whitehall, the guests of the Lord Lymington, who stood near in earnest conversation with their father. He was a young widower, son and heir to the Earl of Dangerfield; and while he talked his eyes often glanced towards the girls. Alice had grown pale and thin of late, and looked strangely ethereal, even in her stiff, rich garments. She was all in white—a white stomacher, pearl-embroidered over a petticoat of milky velvet; the delicate, gold-threaded ruff which framed her thoughtful face, was scarce more white than her slender throat. The dark eyes had shadows under them, and seemed to look far away.

Julian found her tightly-laced bodice of orange satin extremely irksome. Her dark curls escaped rebelliously from the gold net in which they should have been confined; her ruff, too, scratched her delicate chin, and she crumpled it with impatient fingers, laughing when Alice chid her.

The Cleburnes had been invited to witness the Queen's return from Richmond; she was to come by water, and to be met by the royal coach at Westminster. The procession tarried, but Julian found plenty to interest her as she gazed into the street. When Lord Lymington presently approached and addressed Alice in the high-flown, complimentary tone then fashionable at Court, little Julian gave him back conceit for

conceit; and, seeing that Alice was relieved to be delivered from him, exerted herself to the utmost to distract his attention from her sister. A rush of people into the street and a loud outcry announced the Queen's arrival. Eight white horses drew the heavy golden chariot in which she sat, her clothes and head-dress also stiff with gold.

"O Alice, 'tis an idol!" exclaimed impetuous Julian. "That can not be the Queen!"

Alice leant forward to gaze down at her sovereign. There was indeed an almost terrifying impassivity about the upright figure—the face was like that of a smiling, graven image, only the little, restless, cold, grey eyes seemed to live, and darted rapid glances to right and left. Her hand, laden with gems, was lifted from time to time to sway a jewelled fan, and rainbow lights seemed to dart from wrist and fingers.

"Oh, the jewels!" murmured Julian, awestruck. Then as the darting glance seemed to be directed upward towards their window, she crouched down and hid her face.

As they presently descended the shallow stone steps to enter the coach Mr. Cleburne had hired, Julian clutched her sister's hand.

"O Alice, Alice! Richard is in the power of that cruel woman!" she whispered. "While I have laughed and talked, he has been lying in prison!"

Alice returned her clasp.

"Patience, my dearest," she replied, turning at the stair-foot to bid her host adieu with a silent curtsy.

It seemed that Julian's efforts had been thrown away, for Lord Lymington, having overwhelmed Miss Cleburne with extravagant compliments, suddenly dropped his artificial tone, and declared, as he handed Julian into the coach, that he would fain have a little sister exactly like her. Mr. Cleburne's lowering countenance cleared as though

by magic, Alice blushed slightly, and Julian bit her lip in vexation.

"Lord Lymington will be a frequent guest at our house," observed Cleburne presently in a significant tone.

"Yes, and it be your pleasure, Sir," returned his elder daughter meekly.

It was but a short distance to their lodging, and he spoke no more as the coach rattled noisily through the streets. The house Mr. Cleburne had hired was large and handsomely furnished. It had a fair, pillared porch and a small garden in front, but the back abutted on a mean and narrow lane.

Julian was restless, and anxious to draw her sister away, but Alice seemed in no hurry to leave her father's company. She roused herself to talk of the events of the afternoon; she dallied with a piece of music which lay upon the virginals, and made no effort to depart, until Mr. Cleburne was called down to speak to a gentleman who had come to wait upon him.

"Now!" exclaimed Alice, springing up as the door closed behind her father. "Come quickly! We must not lose a moment. 'Tis for to-night."

"But what—what Alice?"

"To-night we must try to see the Jesuit Fathers of whom Mr. Hunt spoke, Julian. I dare delay no longer. I must take the very first opportunity to fly overseas."

"Well, but sister, you can not walk the streets in that attire. We must convey some message—"

"Too dangerous," interrupted the other. "Nay, I must go myself. Run, Julian, and bid Sally come to our chamber to help me to disrobe."

"But then we can not talk," objected Julian in discontent.

"Yea, but I must persuade Sally to lend me some of her clothes. I shall be less noticed."

"But, sister, we can not walk in the streets alone!" exclaimed Julian, with a

frightened look. Indeed any gentleman would be horrified at the temerity of such a thing.

"Not you, Julian. But I must go," said Miss Cleburne resolutely.

"Nay, it were better we went together. You would be more remarked alone, and troth! I am the bolder of the two! Poor Sally must hie her to bed, for I doubt she has but one change of apparel," quoth Julian, as she sped away upon her errand.

Sally, who was the daughter of the Cleburnes' old nurse and a staunch Catholic, was eager to assist her young mistress to the utmost of her power. She begged to be allowed to accompany them, but Alice demurred, fearing that her absence might be noted. All the other servants had been hired since their coming to London; all were, ostensibly at least, adherents of the new religion, and might prove dangerous.

"If your father asks for you, Mistress Alice, what must I say?" asked the girl as she handed Julian her own pair of darned worsted stockings, her wardrobe having proved sufficient to provide for both.

"Why, say you don't know!" cried Julian, answering for her sister.

"Aye, you had better leave us, good Sally," agreed Alice. "Say that we put off our Court dresses and that you laid them away in the new suit bags and saw us not again."

"Well, but—Mistress Alice, you'll not go for running into danger?" Sally's eyelids reddened. "London is not like our own Lancashire. There is more choice of wares on the stalls and in the mercers shops to be sure, but the folk in the streets are awful rude."

"We shall be safe enough, Sally, and it is quite right that we should go. Take all this gear and busy yourself in laying it by."

When the maid had departed, Julian said in a mournful voice: "You mean

not to flee to-day, Alice,—surely not? Our father will be wrath indeed!”

“Nay, nay, but I must see the priest, and get him to forward my letter to the good nuns at Bruges. Julian, see you not that my father hath again a project of marriage afoot? I feel the net closing round me.”

“Ah, Alice, will you leave me then—just when I need you so sorely!”

“Dearest, it is God’s will—I must obey the call. I go to serve Our Lord; and He Himself will take care of you as I never could. Julian, Julian, we must go forward blindly, casting ourselves upon Our Saviour’s mercy!”

Julian bowed her head, but made no further protest. She followed her sister in silence, down the passage, through the door leading to the near staircase, and out into the little yard. Voices and laughter could be heard in the adjacent kitchen, but the two girls escaped unnoticed into the street.

It was here that Alice’s courage seemed suddenly to fail her.

“Oh, if I am but doing right!” she murmured, pausing irresolutely.

“It can not but be right to seek the priest as Mr. Hunt bid us,” said Julian firmly. “For the next move we will depend on his counsel.”

She stepped in front of her sister as a ragged, ill-looking fellow came towards them, and, taking her arm, led her on briskly.

“Come, be quick, wench!” she cried, acting her part of servant maid. “We must return before dark.”

The man looked curiously after the pair, and Alice, feeling his gaze upon her, would have quickened her pace almost to a run, had not Julian restrained her.

“Faith, we are Sally and Margery now,” she whispered; “and we must behave as they would. Come, Alice, do not look so pale! Have we not each a holy angel to keep all evil from us?”

Alice strove for self-mastery, but to one so delicately pure of soul, the very thought of the evil and sin of the multitude about her was almost unendurable. She shrank involuntarily from every passer-by; and indeed the riff-raff of the town had crept out of their lairs to watch the pageant of the Queen’s passing, and still hung about. Their faces were cruel enough to frighten a braver maiden than Alice.

“Poor creatures!” she murmured. “See the poor little children almost naked! If bodies are thus misused and neglected, what of their souls?”

“Aye, and what of Richard, thrown into prison perhaps in the company of these fearful men,” said Julian.

“God will protect him,” said Alice. “But it is glorious for those who are chosen to die for Christ.”

“Yes, sister,” said Julian, and began to sob a little to herself. “Only I am too weak to do otherwise than dread pain and woe for those I love. Yea, I will say it this once and then no more—I love him—I love Richard!”

“But God first, my dearest?”

“Yea, God first, of course. And after Him, you, Alice, and Richard—and I am to lose you both!”

“God’s will be done!” said Alice brokenly. “He points out the way, and we, His poor, weak children, must follow it, even should it be the way of the Cross.”

Julian looked up. Her eyes were bright but dry. She paused as though to recollect herself before she spoke, and then answered solemnly: “Amen.”

(To be continued.)

When Babies Smile.

FOND mothers tell us when they see
 Their babies smile in sleep,
 That Angel Guardians speak to them
 While mothers vigil keep.

Catholic Judges of the Supreme Court.

BY LOUIS W. REILLY.

IT is a remarkable fact that of the four Catholics who have been members of the United States Supreme Court, two have occupied the position of Chief Justice. The Court was established under the Judiciary Act of 1789. Soon thereafter six judges were appointed to preside over it: John Jay, of New York; John Rutledge, of South Carolina; William Cushing, of Massachusetts; James Wilson, of Pennsylvania; John Blair, of Virginia; and Robert H. Harrison, of Maryland. From John Jay, appointed in 1789, to Harlan F. Stone, nominated in 1925, the Supreme Court has had seventy-four members; of them only four have been Catholics.

There have been ten Chief Justices: John Jay, John Rutledge, Oliver Ellsworth, John Marshall, Roger Brooke Taney, Salmon P. Chase, Morrison R. Waite, Melville W. Fuller, Edward Douglas White, and William Howard Taft; of these, Taney and White were Catholics. There would have been a third Catholic Chief Justice, if the late Hon. Frank Hurd, of Ohio, had accepted the offer of the position made to him by President Cleveland. The four Catholic members of the Court are Roger B. Taney, Edward D. White, Joseph McKenna, and Pierce Butler.

Roger Brooke Taney was reared on a farm owned by his father, Michael, in Calvert County, Maryland. It embraced several hundred acres on a bank of the Patuxent River, about twenty miles from its mouth. The Taney family settled in that neighborhood in 1656. Roger was born on March 17, 1777. The boy was first sent to a country day-school about three miles from his home; next he had a private tutor; and, when he was fifteen, he went to Dickinson

College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, where he was graduated in 1795. In his eighteenth year, Taney began the study of Law in the office of Jeremiah Townley Chase, of Annapolis, who was then a judge of the General Court of Maryland. He applied himself diligently to his books, and was admitted to the Bar in 1799.

After the young lawyer returned to his father's home, he was elected a member of the State Legislature, and took his seat in November of the same year. During that session the death of George Washington occurred. Taney was present when Charles Carroll of Carrollton and John Eager Howard, as a committee from the State Senate, announced the death to the House of Delegates. He used to relate that a long silence followed the announcement. It was broken only by the audible sobs of the committee and of members of the House.

As Calvert County was sparsely settled and furnished little law business, Taney, in search of clients, moved, in 1801, to the town of Frederick. Near that place was the home of John Ross Key, whose son, Francis Scott Key, wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner." Taney made the acquaintance of the family, fell in love with the daughter Anne, married her on January 7, 1806, and lived happily with her for half a century.

Taney was elected a member of the State Senate in 1816. The attractions of Baltimore for an ambitious young lawyer drew Taney to that city to reside in 1823, when he was forty-six years of age. Among those who sought his legal advice was Charles Carroll of Carrollton, whose immense properties he helped to conserve and whose last will he drew up.

At the unanimous recommendation of the Bar of Baltimore, Governor Kent, in 1827, appointed Taney Attorney-

General of the State of Maryland, a congenial position, which he filled with signal ability. He began his political career as a Federalist, a member of the party to which George Washington, John Adams, and Alexander Hamilton belonged. But when many prominent Federalists, notably in Tory New England, opposed the second war with Great Britain in 1814, he forsook that party and joined the followers of Jefferson and Jackson, who were then called Republicans, but later were known as Democrats.

The important office of Attorney General of the United States was entrusted to Taney by President Jackson on June 21, 1831. He was the first Catholic who was a member of the Cabinet in any Administration.

In the contest between the President and the money-power of that period, as represented by the so-called "Bank of the United States," a private corporation for the control of the monies of the Government while on deposit, Jackson had the support of Taney. When a Bill to extend the charter of the bank was passed by the two Houses of Congress, the President requested his Attorney-General to prepare a statement showing why the measure should not be enacted. So convincing were the reasons advanced by him, which the President adopted as his own, that the Bill did not pass over the veto. Jackson was re-elected on his platform of hostility to the bank monopoly; and the bank went out of existence in 1836, when its charter expired.

Because William J. Duane, the Secretary of the Treasury, opposed the President's policy of withdrawing the Government's funds from "The Bank of the United States" and depositing them in many State banks over the Union, he was removed from office. Taney was appointed to the vacancy on September 23, 1833, at once took possession of the

office, and proceeded to carry out Jackson's plan. The appointment was not submitted to the Senate for confirmation until June, 1834. Then, under the influence of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster, partisans of the bank, the nomination was rejected. Taney immediately resigned the office.

In accepting the resignation, President Jackson wrote to him: ". . . For the prompt and disinterested aid thus afforded me at the risk of personal sacrifices, which were then probable and which have now been realized, I feel that I owe you a debt of gratitude and regard, which I have not the power to discharge."

The Senate, at the instance of Henry Clay, adopted a resolution condemning the removal of the Government's deposits from "The Bank of the United States," but a majority in the House of Representatives would not concur in this official censure of the Administration. A panic, partly artificial, engineered by friends of the bank to focus public odium on Jackson, and partly the natural reaction from financial alarms among the people, swept over the country. It occasioned some losses and caused some failures in business; but it speedily subsided. Then the beneficial effects of the Administration's policy became more and more evident. An era of prosperity followed. It was largely due to the wide distribution of the nation's cash monies and to the ease with which merchants could borrow from local banks. Jackson and Taney, credited with being the authors of this prosperity, became exceedingly popular. Resolutions approving their opposition to the bank monopoly were passed at public meetings held all over the country. At a dinner in his honor given at Frederick, Maryland, Taney said:

"It was evident, if this ambitious corporation should succeed in its designs, that the liberties of the country

would be destroyed, and the power of self-government would be wrested from the people; and they would find themselves at no distant day under the dominion of the worst possible government—a moneyed aristocracy.”

Gabriel Duval, a Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, before whom, acting as a magistrate in Annapolis, Taney had tried his first case as a lawyer, resigned his seat on the Bench, in 1835, on account of deafness. The President appointed Taney to the vacancy. But the Senate, still under the influence of “The Bank of the United States,” did not act on the appointment, thus keeping Taney off the Court. However, in December of that same year, Chief Justice Marshall died; and the President nominated Taney to succeed him. Again the foes of the Administration raged. But the tumult and the shouting eventually lessened; and after a bitter contest, the nomination was confirmed.

Taney took his seat at the head of the great Court where for more than twenty-eight years he presided over its deliberations. His ability was quickly recognized,—his firm grasp of judicial principles, his lucid statement of the facts involved in controversies, his integrity, his impartiality, his courtesy. Even his opponents soon admitted his merits. Reverdy Johnson used to relate that Henry Clay once told him that he (Clay) had strenuously opposed confirmation of Taney’s appointment to the Supreme Court, principally from conviction that he would be a partisan on the Bench. After scrutinizing his decisions for some time, and finding them masterly interpretations of law, without political bias or favoritism, Clay concluded that he had completely misjudged the man.

To make amends for this injustice he determined to tell the judge of his change of opinion. Accordingly he sought an interview with Taney, told

him frankly what he had thought of him, and why he had been turned from critic to admirer, adding: “I am now convinced that a better appointment could not have been made; and that the ermine so long worn by Marshall has fallen on a successor (what higher praise could I give you?) who is in every way his equal.” Taney willingly shook hands with his former opponent, and from that day forward their personal relations were cordial.

The Chief Justice took a prominent part in the deliberations of the Court. He prepared a goodly number of the rulings it handed down during his period of service. He had, therefore, a strong influence in making the great decisions of that tribunal which became established as settled law within the term of his incumbency of more than a quarter of a century.

The most celebrated case, in which he wrote the judgment of the Court, was that of *Dred Scott vs. John F. A. Sandford*. It was decided at the December term, in 1856. This decision was used to foment the agitation against slavery, which was then disturbing the nation and which eventually resulted in the Civil War.

The decision in the *Dred Scott* case is one of the longest among the rulings of the Supreme Court. It went to the foundations; it outlined the beginnings of this nation that affected the suit, and it traced the record of slavery in this country. It reached the conclusion that, when the Constitution was adopted, the Negroes, bond or free, in any of the States, were not regarded as members of the political community which constituted the Commonwealth, and were not numbered among its “people or citizens”; that, consequently, the special rights and immunities granted by law to citizens, did not apply to them; that, not being citizens within the purview of the Constitution, they are not entitled to

sue in that character in Courts of the United States; and that, therefore, the Circuit Court had no jurisdiction in the case of *Dred Scott*, and could give no judgment on it.

The decision raised a storm all over the country. No error could be found in its statement of facts, no flaw in its conclusions of law; yet it was denounced. The Constitution was denounced with it; the Court was denounced; most of all, the Chief Justice was denounced. Since nothing derogatory could be brought against Taney, the rampant Abolitionists resorted to abuse and to falsehood. They greeted the mention of his name with hoots and execrations. They distorted the words of the decision, and falsely represented that he held that the Negro had no right which the white man was bound to respect. Taney had no such belief; he had only declared that the nations of Europe had acted on that theory. As for himself he hated slavery; he grieved for the wrongs it inflicted on the Negroes. He had inherited some slaves; and he not only set them all free, but he also provided for those who were too old to begin life anew.

The calumniators of Justice Taney, who put blame for the *Dred Scott* decision on him, overlooked the fact that the opinion was the judgment of most of the members of the Court. Justices Wayne, Nelson, Grier, Daniel, Campbell, and Catron concurred with it; only McLean and Curtis dissented. Moreover, the nation recognized that the decision was sound in law, for even after the Civil War had changed the old order, and had written new judgments with cannon, the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were proof that the Constitution had been truly interpreted in the *Dred Scott* decision.

Bearing in dignified silence the denunciations that were heaped upon him, the Chief Justice continued his work. Sensitive and affectionate, he could

not but suffer from this ill-treatment. Domestic bereavement added its pangs to this later affliction. He had lost his beloved wife on September 29, 1855, and his youngest daughter Alice on the following day. Grief, contumely, and ill-health preyed on him; and a little later the horrors of the Civil War brought him to his grave.

The fifth Chief Justice died on October 12, 1864. He was in his eighty-eighth year. He was interred beside his mother in the graveyard at Frederick, Maryland. The pastor of the church there at that time, the Jesuit Father McElroy, made this edifying statement about him: "Often have I seen him stand at the outer door leading to the confessional in a crowd of penitents, the majority colored, waiting his turn for admission. I once proposed to introduce him by another door to my confessional, but he would not accept of any deviation from the established custom."

Justice Taney, in his last days, wrote to a relative: "Most thankful I am that the reading, reflection, studies, and experience of a long life, have strengthened and confirmed my faith in the Catholic Church, which has never ceased to teach her children how they should live and how they should die."

The second Catholic to become a member of the Supreme Court was Edward Douglas White. He was born on a plantation near Thibodeaux, in Louisiana, on November 3, 1845. His grandfather was a planter, lawyer and judge; his father was a planter, lawyer, judge, member of Congress, and Governor of the State; he himself was a planter, lawyer, member of the State Legislature, judge, United States Senator and Justice of the Supreme Court.

White was a student at Georgetown College when the Civil War broke out, a lad in his sixteenth year. He left school, returned home, and enlisted in

the Confederate Army. After a brief training he was sent to the front, rendered some service, was captured by Union troops, and was confined in a Northern prison. After months of confinement, enfeebled by hardships, he was paroled in 1863. Far from home, without money, he made his way, mostly on foot, to Louisiana, to be nursed back to health by his mother.

After the war was over, young White went to New Orleans, studied law under Edward Bermudez, was admitted to the Bar, and began to practise. His first case, which involved the levee system of protection against floods from the Mississippi River, brought him into public notice. Thenceforward his progress was rapid. Clients seeking his services began to be fairly numerous. He was elected to the State Senate in 1874, and was appointed by Governor Nichols, in 1879, judge of the State Supreme Court. He returned to private practice when the Court was re-organized by the Legislature, was elected a U. S. Senator on March 4, 1891, and was nominated a Justice of the Supreme Court by President Cleveland on February 19, 1894. He was a second John Marshall in upholding the authority of the Federal Government; and the list of celebrated cases in which he wrote the opinion of the Court is long and brilliant.

On December 12, 1910, President Taft appointed him Chief Justice. Thenceforward, in the white light of that high office, he felt as if under a new consecration to render justice without fear or favor. He died on May 19, 1921. The Bench and the Bar all over the country united in his praise. The State Legislature appropriated \$15,000 to place a bronze statue of him in the National Statuary Hall at the Capitol in Washington; but at the request of his widow, it was erected before the courthouse in New Orleans.

Judge White's boyhood home in Louisiana, with five surrounding acres, has been purchased by the Knights of Columbus as a place of patriotic pilgrimage. Like Chief Justice Taney, Edward D. White was devoted to his Faith, and died fortified with the Last Sacraments. He is buried in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington, D. C.

The third Catholic to be appointed to the Supreme Court Bench, was Justice Joseph McKenna. Born in Philadelphia on August 10, 1843, he grew up in California, to which State the McKenna family moved when he was a child. After finishing his preparatory studies, he pursued a course in law at the Beneficia Collegiate Institute. Shortly after his admission to the Bar he was chosen, in 1866, District Attorney of Solano County. Next he was elected a member of the House of Delegates in the California legislature, where he served two years, and after that, he was sent to Congress for four terms. While he was still a Representative, President Harrison appointed him a Federal Judge in the Ninth Judicial District, where he served with signal ability for five years. He entered the Cabinet in 1897, when the Hon. William McKinley, at the beginning of his term as President, selected his chief advisers and assistants in the new Administration. On the death of Justice Stephen K. Field, of California, Attorney-General McKenna was appointed to the vacancy in U. S. Supreme Court.

Justice McKenna was a member of the Supreme Court for twenty-seven years. He prepared the opinion of the Court in a number of most important cases, among them being the United Shoe Machinery litigation, under the Sherman Act, various suits under the Inheritance Tax Law, and the freedom of speech controversies growing out of the World War legislation.

Death came to him on November 21,

1926, at his residence in Washington. He was buried beside his wife in Mount Olivet Cemetery in that city. His only son, Major Frank B. McKenna, U. S. A., retired, and three daughters survive him. He left them the treasure of the memory of a useful life, a good name, and a peaceful death in the Faith of his fathers.

The fourth Catholic to be a Justice of the Supreme Court is Mr. Pierce Butler. He was appointed on November 23, 1922, by President Harding. He was born in Dakota County, Minnesota, on March 17, 1866. He received the degree of B. S., from Carleton College, Northfield, in 1887, and the LL. D. in 1923. He was admitted to the Bar in 1888. He was Assistant Attorney for Ramsey County, Minnesota, from 1891 to 1893, and thereafter was County Attorney for four years.

After many years in various official capacities, Mr. Butler took his seat on the U. S. Supreme Court Bench on January 2, 1923. Since he became a justice of our highest tribunal he has written the opinion of the Court in a number of cases of great public consequence, the most notable of which, perhaps, is the ruling made in the case of Pan-American Petroleum and Transport Company, Pan-American Petroleum Company, petitioners, *vs.* the United States of America, cancelling the contracts and leases of oil lands in the Elk Hills reserve, California, made by Edwin Denby, Secretary of the Navy, and Albert B. Fall, Secretary of the Interior, to these companies, which were controlled by Mr. E. L. Doheny.

The Catholic members of the Supreme Court of the United States have not indeed been numerous, but they have carried on the highest traditions of that august tribunal for unsullied integrity, knowledge of the law, and strict impartiality in the administration of justice.

The Answered Prayer.

BY ANGELA FRANCIS.

I.

MIMI put her dark head on one side and looked at her husband, her large, black eyes bright with unshed tears.

"But, Réne," she said pleadingly, "you can't give up your Faith, not for the best position in the world."

"Who spoke of giving up my Faith? It's not a question of that at all, *chérie*; it's simply that Gallard, the new manager, hates Catholics, and everything pertaining to them. If he suspected that I belonged to the Church, my job would have about two seconds more to run. So why should I risk losing a splendid position, by admitting I am a Catholic? I shall keep silence, and he need never know."

"But if he asks you point-blank—what then?"

"Can't you realize what it would mean to us if I lost my place? Starvation, most likely, in the streets of Paris. Think how happy we are in this tiny house here, in the fresh air. We are extremely comfortable, we want for nothing, and can save a goodly sum for Fleur-de-Lys."

Her real name was Anne-Marie, but to her parents, the golden-haired, blue-eyed mite had always been Fleur-de-Lys. It was indeed Réne's good position in a silk factory that had enabled the young couple to take their darling to this comfortable little house on the outskirts of Paris, where she had blossomed like the lily-bloom after which she was named.

"Would you have Fleur-de-Lys know her father denied his Faith?"

"Would you have me take her back to Paris? Back to the narrow side street, to droop and wither in the heat and dust?" Then more tenderly, as he saw

the fear in his wife's eyes: "Mimi, have a little reason, will you? It can't make much difference if I have to deny my Faith. I shall still be a good Catholic at heart."

Mimi did not reply. Her heart was torn between her duty and love for her child. She knew Réne spoke truth. If he lost his position they would have to return to Paris, to live in a dull flat, while Réne began a heart-crushing search for work. As ever in all the trials of her life, it was to the Sacred Heart she went with her trouble. He would give back to Réne in full measure his Faith—faith that would make him acknowledge his Lord, even in the face of death itself.

Réne had said it would not make any difference to his Faith; but, with sinking heart Mimi saw him neglect Sunday Mass, lest any employee would see him, and tell Gallard; saw him neglect the Sacraments for the same reason; and lastly, and perhaps the hardest of all to bear, he would no longer join in the family night prayers. His association with some atheists in the factory was bearing evil fruit; so much so, that even when Gallard was sent to Lyons and he was appointed to his place as head of the department, he was farther than ever from the Church. Yet Mimi continued to pray for him, ever hopeful that God would not desert this sinner who had turned his back upon Him.

Then across the quiet fields, where the golden corn was bending and swaying in the breeze, came the call of War. With a great fear at her heart Mimi watched Réne go, for he was a true Frenchman, who responded at once, and thought how proudly and tearlessly she would have sent him away, had he been at peace with his God. She had one last glimpse of him when he was ordered to the Front. Down on the road to the station, lined with the cheering crowds, she saw them,—first the long ranks of Brit-

ish, gay-voiced and khaki-clad, who enlivened the march with snatches of song, which she only half-understood:

It's a long way to Tipperary. . . .

Mimi marvelled how quickly the French children had learned these songs; down the line she could hear their voices mingling with the deeper tones of the men, singing:

There's a long, long trail awinding,
Into the land of my dreams. . . .

It was drowned suddenly in a fresh burst of music—the *Marseillaise*. Then there was a glimpse of Réne's face, alight and eager as he saw Fleur-de-Lys, before it was blotted out by blinding tears.

Back again to the little home, with nothing to do but wait—and pray; and who will say what pleadings went up before the Throne each morning when Mimi and her little daughter attended the Holy Sacrifice? They were fighting for the salvation of an immortal soul.

II.

Réne found time to write snatches of letters which were eagerly awaited and read again and again.

"It's a strange thing, Mimi, how War turns everything topsy-turvy. . . . The comrade next me in the trench is a lineal descendant of the Bourbons, and he is just an ordinary private. His superior officer, whom he obeys and calls 'Sir,' used to sell papers for a living at the corner of the Rue de la Paix. . . . Just to show you how men from every walk in life have answered the call. . . . New thoughts, new ideas come crowding in upon me when I look at life from War's view-point. . . . Things I valued in the old days seem so many trifles now. . . ."

On the day when Mimi and Fleur-de-Lys had finished a novena to Our Lady de Victoire, there was a letter awaiting them when they returned from Mass.

"Mimi, my dear, I am going to tell you

of a strange thing that has happened to me; I don't know just yet what to make of it, but I know that you, with your glorious trust, will call it the providence of God.

"We have been in the trenches around Ypres for over a week now, and have not yet attacked; we appear to be playing a waiting game. Those first few days, it was dreadfully monotonous; just waiting, and the nerves of our men were all on edge. It came to a climax one night when one man wagered another he would crawl out to No-Man's-Land, and find out what the enemy was about. It was Jules Martin, who, you may remember, kept a cobbler's shop in the Rue Corderie. Before I could stop him, he was gone—over the top. It was sheer madness, of course, and he paid the penalty. A sniper got him. He managed somehow to crawl back to the trench, and we laid him in a dugout, to await the arrival of an ambulance, and the chaplain, for whom he called incessantly.

"He could not live over an hour, the orderly told me, and it was dreadful to watch his agony. He recognized me, and called out: 'Ah, it is you, Patou, my comrade! Come near me!'

"I felt helpless, knowing that nothing could be done to save him; but you can imagine my surprise, when he asked me not to relieve his pain, but to pray for him! He drew a little book from his pocket, and pointed to the Prayers for the Dying; but first he bade me recite three Hail Marys.

"Can you imagine me praying? Yet that was what I did, because I could not refuse a dying comrade, and the chaplain might be too late. The life I had led did not quite fit me for the rôle of ministering angel, but poor Martin had taken it for granted that I was still a good Catholic, and answered the prayers as I read them out to him. It came to me with a strange sense of

peace, that Martin was dying with gladness—that is the only word I can find to suit it—and as though he held the familiar hand of a Friend between his own. He asked me to say over and over: 'Mary, Help of Christians, pray for us!' The chaplain was just in time; Martin died in his arms.

"When they had all gone, I stood looking down at the peace of his dead features, and it became clear to me with an awful clearness, that there is only one thing necessary in this life,—the salvation of one's soul. People say that the face of the dead looks wise; Martin looked wise, with his new-found knowledge of the secrets behind the Veil, and happy too, as though he found them sweet.

"What a fool I have been! Mimi, what did it matter if I had died, in utter starvation, so long as I kept the Faith? The trouble with me was I put too much value on material things, which blinded me to the sole reason why God created me, which is, as the Catechism tells us—"To know Him, love Him, and serve Him in this world, and to be happy with Him forever in the next."

"You need have no further fear for me, Mimi. Before the chaplain left that night, I had made my peace with God. I am in His hands now, whether He spares me, or if I find a forgotten grave beside Martin; and I have chosen for my patroness and advocate the Lady who brought me back to the Fold with the charm of her Hail Marys."

Mimi's heart beat almost to bursting with a wave of thankfulness. She cried quietly for some minutes—tears of joy, that eased her full heart. An exquisite sense of peace fell on her; Réne was Home at last.

III.

Mimi was gathering the first roses for her altar when the news came. "Regret to inform you . . . your

husband . . . killed in action . . . Ypres. . . ." Only one thing could she make out through blinding tears—Réne was dead.

He would never come back. A wild despair shook her. She could not go on living when her beloved was dead. Yet, even while these thoughts coursed through her brain, she knew she must live, and be brave, if only for the sake of Fleur-de-Lys. Then she remembered that Réne's soul was saved! With calm features, she placed her flowers on the altar, and kneeling down, called the child and told her about her father.

"I should not call it altogether the Providence of God," she murmured so softly that only the angels heard. "No, Réne, rather would I call it the answered prayer."

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They have a small tablet at the foot of the Calvary, erected to the memory of the dead in the parish square. On the anniversary of the battle, the mothers, wives and daughters place wreaths on the memorial. All are alike, set in the mould of grief, with sad eyes fixed on the Face of the Dead Christ; but one young matron comes, who touches with her lips the place on the stone, whereon is set the name of Réne Patou. She also looks on the Face of Our Lord, but, instead of tears, a smile of thanksgiving and trust crosses her gentle lips.

GOD, in His eternal prescience, saw, at the same moment, the creation, the fall of man, the Redemption. He likewise beheld, while creating Adam, Jesus, who was to redeem him with His precious blood; and, while creating Eve, He beheld Mary, who was to repair the transgression of the first woman. O Mary, you are the "Morning Star"; you arose not only over the creation of the world, but over eternity itself!—*Mgr. Pavy.*

Women as Legislators.

BY ELIZABETH CHRISTITCH.

IN this magazine, the first to grapple boldly with the question of Woman Suffrage, sixteen years ago, advocating it as feasible and, from a Catholic standpoint, advisable, a review of what the measure has accomplished in England at least may not be amiss. If the social cataclysm, the dreaded evils prophesied by opponents of votes for women have not materialized, neither, say some critics, have the sweeping reforms expected by optimists of woman's influence. But the effects of improved legislation have never been spectacular. Not even Magna Charta wrought immediate, violent change. Vote by ballot, when first introduced, did not entice men to the polling booths. Ten years elapsed before England profited by the Reform Act of 1832.

There is nothing surprising in a certain apathy of women towards the exercise of a right for which centuries of political suppression had not prepared them, and which, moreover, they had been told was useless and even a degradation. If they behaved almost as badly as men had done in similar circumstances, ignoring a duty and holding fast to the tradition of woman's abstention from public life, it must be remembered that they, too, are human, liable to slackness and doubt. There is seldom a sudden alteration of outlook in the masses, but in the matter of Women's Franchise we can already note the increased interest in world affairs that leads to a wider conception of charity, once the voter realizes the responsibility of her new privilege. This is a real boon for herself and her mental development, while the added respect accruing to her, through her improved status as a potent factor in the community, is evident at every turn.

The old scoffs and sneers at women have disappeared, and women's opinions are heard with deference in quarters where formerly ridicule was the only argument. It is recognized that house-keeping, simplified to-day by a hundred contrivances, does not absorb all a woman's mental powers. Cooking, sweeping, polishing, are tasks performed subconsciously, and leaving the mind free. It is better that minds should be occupied with public matters than dwell on futilities, or remain blank. Especially is it desirable that the natural trainer, the God-appointed educator of the young, should have every incentive to acquire and apply knowledge of social problems so as to give the proper directive. Political enfranchisement for women is undeniably a step forward in civilization; and if it has been so long delayed, it is because of the unfortunate habit of generalizing which afflicts the average man. The genus "woman" was identified with a minority of noisy, scantily-clad, frivolous, pleasure-seekers, "products of the age," although every age has had its fashion fiends and votaries of pleasure.

When we pause to consider what the women who sought and used the parliamentary vote have really done, we can only thank God for the sane, virtuous, earnest band of social reformers who are best entitled to represent their sex. There is nothing sensational, nothing obstreperous in the modifications of the code brought about by women's participation in politics. We have a number of reasoned, substantial ameliorations of existing conditions achieved during the nine years of women's enfranchisement, whereas it took previously over eighteen years to get merely half as many measures passed. Justice and social reform moved slowly without the pressure of the feminine vote. It is noteworthy that all the Acts in the Legislature, directly attributable to woman's influence,

tend to establish by law what has been constantly preached by the Church: care for the poor and the weak, and an equal moral standard for both sexes.

Dame Millicent Fawcett, that venerable pioneer of women's political rights, mentions in her pamphlet, "What the Vote has Done," the Registration of Midwives Amending Act, and the Midwives and Maternity Homes Act as two of the greatest benefits secured for mothers and infants. The Registration of Nurses, made obligatory one year after votes were accorded to women, gave trained nurses the status for which they had unsuccessfully striven during thirty years. By this Act the public also is protected from unqualified, inefficient attendants in the sick room.

The Affiliation Orders Act doubles the amount payable for maintenance by the father of an illegitimate child. The Legitimacy Act provides for the legitimization of unfortunate children born out of wedlock, as soon as the parents get married. The Guardianship of Infants Act puts the interests of the child in the first place, as decided upon by a competent Court, irrespective of the claim of either parent who has been proved unworthy. But the right of a deserving mother to the custody of her offspring and to material help for their upkeep from a culpable father, has also been assured by this Act. Hitherto English law was most unfair, and considered the father, to all intents and purposes, as the only parent. The Summary Jurisdiction Act defines the grounds on which a wife or husband may claim separation, adding cruelty to children and habitual drunkenness to the usual reasons.

A Property Act guarantees to all British women the right to private property, and freedom in disposing of their own earnings. A husband had hitherto legal right to a wife's wages or salary. The Infanticide Act exempts

from the death penalty a woman guilty of infanticide when it is proven that she was suffering from birth pangs, fever, inanition, and such abandonment and destitution that it was impossible for her to find food for herself or her child. The Intoxicating Liquor Sale Act, which forbids sale in public taverns to young people under eighteen years of age, is due to the tireless endeavor of a valiant American, Lady Astor, the first woman to sit in the House of Commons.

But the crowning triumph of Woman Franchise is the Criminal Law Amending Act, passed after long and stormy struggles, which raises the age of consent (to seduction) from thirteen to sixteen, and abolishes the plea so disgracefully used by seducers that there was reasonable cause to believe the victim was over the age of consent (and therefore lawful prey!). Pensions Acts, with improved provisions for widows, orphans, and the aged, have also been furthered by women's votes; and laws regulating child adoption, enforcing stricter control of children's hostels, and lessening smoke pollution in industrial cities, testify to women's solicitude for the welfare of minors and for public health.

Several other Bills put forward by Women's Organizations are now before the Legislature. Among them is one for equality of the franchise, boys being at present judged ready for voting at 21, while girls have to wait until they are 30. Mr. Baldwin, the Prime Minister, has promised to correct this anomaly which is "unjustifiable either by experience or common sense." The Order in Public Places Bill, actively furthered by women and meeting with fierce opposition, seeks to apply to a man who molests or annoys a woman in the street the same penalty that is imposed on a woman who accosts a man.

The Removal of Sex Disqualification Act opened to women the universities, the magistrature, the legal profession,

and the right of jurors, for the great good and solace of women, children, and paupers.

Indirect results of the franchise are: the examination of women prisoners by doctors of their own sex; the establishment of policewomen, whose special duty is to watch over young people exposed to temptation, away from their homes and living in corrupt surroundings. Women voters are intent on protection for boys from whom a vicious society expects laxity of morals while demanding virtue from women,—as if the two notions were compatible! Because a double standard was condoned everywhere outside Catholic circles, unspeakable evils have supervened of which physical disease is the least. The appointment of women to the League of Nations has broken down the barrier behind which an infamous trade flourished. Now that the stricter sex accepts responsibility for the social structure of the world, we may look forward to improvement in all fields where women have scope. In the House of Commons coarse jokes are no longer heard, and there is none of the unseemly behavior, traceable to the use of alcohol, that was a common feature of the nightly debates.

In the Courts of Justice a gentler method prevails of handling cases where juvenile delinquents are concerned. Wherever a woman sits on the Bench it is known that she will apply remedial rather than punitive measures. But she would not hesitate to attach the millstone round the neck of the scandalizer of the little ones. The Code and its male interpreters leave much to be desired in this respect.

"I mean to strike terror into the hearts of scoundrels like you who are a pest to the community," said the judge at the Old Bailey recently in sentencing to three years' penal servitude a laborer who had got three pounds by menacing

a city banker. The same week a man was sent to prison for only six months for grievously assaulting a little girl at Swinton! Such discrepancies of justice are bound to disappear as women increasingly participate in its administration. Higher standards of integrity, sobriety and morality may be confidently awaited from the sex which followed faithfully the Way of the Cross and never insulted nor betrayed the Redeemer. The short record of women as molders of the law reveals His spirit and affirms His teaching.

An American Bible-reader in Ireland.

BY DENIS A. MCCARTHY, LL. D.

PARAPHRASING the title of George Borrow's celebrated book, "The Bible in Spain," Alfred Tresidder Sheppard takes an old and little-known volume called "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," excises from it matter that seems extraneous, writes a long introduction, and publishes it this year under the title, "The Bible in Ireland."

The reason for the title is that Mrs. Asenath Nicholson, the author of the old book, was an American Protestant woman who, filled with a desire to know the Irish people in their own country, and to "evangelize" them if possible, made a trip through that country in 1844 and 1845, giving copies of the Bible to all who would accept them. Her avowed purpose was "a personal investigation of the condition of the poor." She seems to have adhered faithfully to her object, for her book is filled with observations of the lives and surroundings of the poorer classes, and of reproaches to the rich, who were living in forgetfulness of the wretchedness so close to their doors. Everywhere she seems to have been treated with courtesy by the Catholic people, as well as by the priests and nuns whom she met;

but she has some very sharp criticisms of the Protestant sects.

Of some Catholics who treated her kindly at Roscrea, she wrote: "They manifested no fear about my heretical Protestantism, though I talked freely and read the Scriptures in their hearing many a time. They conducted me to the Protestant church, showing me the way, and then turning to go to their own. I felt that their liberality in opinion and conduct to a complete stranger was quite a rebuke to many who profess the guidance of the Scriptures and the teaching of the Holy Ghost."

Needless to say, Mrs. Nicholson did not make any converts to her particular brand (or any other brand) of Protestantism among the Catholic Irish people; and as far as vegetarianism went (and she was an ardent vegetarian), it was rather superfluous for her to preach that gospel to a poor people who were at the time living for the most part on potatoes and skimmed milk; for those were years of scarcity in Ireland, almost in the shadow of the Great Famine.

That she greatly pitied the poor is evident on every page of her book, as also that she was fearless in rebuking those who despised them. For example, she tells of having called on a Protestant lady with the reputation of being charitable, who accused her of having come to Ireland to stir up the poor people against their betters, and who said that the Irish were not oppressed "but by their nasty religion." Whereupon the spirited American Bible-reader replied: "But does their religion compel them to work for six or eight pence a day, and eat potatoes by a ditch? Does it compel them to reclaim a bog, for which they are paying twice the value, without the encouragement of a lease for their improvements? And does it compel them to pay a tenth for the support of a religion

which they neither believe nor hear?"

In Waterford the American inquirer met a poor Englishwoman, who said that she was a Protestant, "but she appeared to know no more the meaning of the word, or the way of life and salvation, than did the seat on which she was sitting. And lamentable as it is, the lower class of Protestants, wherever I met them in Ireland, are more ignorant of their religion than the same class among the Catholics. Their teachers do not pay the attention to the flock that the ever-watchful Catholics do."

No doubt Mrs. Nicholson taught something of American thrift and cleanliness to the wretched people, the victims of centuries of oppression, among whom she moved; but she was taught something herself by her stay in Ireland. For instance, at the close of her book she wrote:

"To the Roman Catholics, both duty and inclination require that I should acknowledge a debt of gratitude. They have opened the doors of convents and schools, of mansions and cabins, without demanding letters, or distrusting those that were presented. They have sheltered me from storm and tempest; they have warmed and fed me without fee or reward, when my Protestant brethren and sisters frowned me away. God will remember this, and I will remember it."

With all her good intentions and her keenness of mind, it seems never to have occurred to the good American Bible-distributor that the work of "evangelization" in which she was engaged was superfluous to a people who, even if a great many of them could not read, were still members of a Church which gave them in her teachings the essence of Holy Scripture, whereas the evils under which the Irish people groaned were the direct result of the inhumanity of the sister isle which was noted throughout the world for Bible-reading.

An Old-time Saying.

IT would be a curious thing, if they could be traced out, to ascertain the origin of many of the quaint old sayings and maxims that have come down to the present time from past generations. Who, for example, knows anything authentic of the leanness of "Job's turkey"? Scores of other sayings there are, concerning which similar questions might be asked. Who ever knew, until comparatively late years, what was the origin of the cautionary maxim, "Mind your P's and Q's"? A modern antiquarian, however, has put the world right in relation to this saying. In ale-houses, in the olden time, when chalk "scores" were marked upon the wall, or behind the door of the tap-room, it was customary to put the initials "P" and "Q" at the head of every man's account, to show the number of "pints" and "quarts" for which he was in arrears; and we may presume many a friend to have tapped his neighbor on the shoulder, when he was indulging too freely in his potations, and to have whispered, as he pointed to the chalk-score, "Mind your P's and Q's, man! mind your P's and Q's!"

The writer from whom this information is gleaned mentions an amusing anecdote in connection with it, which had its origin in London, at the time when a "Learned Pig" was attracting the attention of the city. A theatrical wag, who attended the porcine performances, maliciously set before the four-legged actor some peas—a temptation which the animal could not resist, and which immediately occasioned him to lose the 'cue' given him by the showman. The pig-exhibitor remonstrated with the author of the mischief on the unfairness of what he had done; to which he replied, "I only wanted to ascertain whether the pig knew his 'peas' from his 'cues'!"

A Plea for Privacy.

ONE of the deplorable changes of the present day is the disappearance of the fence from aspiring towns and pretentious suburbs. The fashion was set in villages where the inhabitants were quiet people, of abundant means, and a community of interests; and has been followed, to a greater or less extent, by every aggregation of house-owners in the land. In the first-named instances the evil was mitigated by the fact that the eradication of enclosures did not bring into view unsightly weeds and untidy backdoors; but when the fashion became universal, such a reckless disregard of landscape gardening was revealed to the passer-by that he speedily went to the other extreme and wished that with the vagaries of Anglo-mania there had come to us one exceptionally good thing—the garden wall, which lives in the pages of the good old poets and in the memory of many readers and travellers.

The old garden is as much a factor in the beauty and charm of living as the home itself; and how can there be a garden without a wall or a fence, as the case may be, to determine its boundaries? The dividing line once done away with, the garden itself is invaded by impertinent eyes; and the sweet privacy is at the mercy of the curious and the critical. There is no longer a quiet spot among the flowers for a mother and her children to stroll, rest and enjoy themselves; no longer a place for meditation, where the turmoil of the world is forgotten. Lawn merges into sidewalk, and sidewalk into street.

Poetry and art and common delicacy call for the return of the enclosure, and nature abets and echoes the demand; for, of all things made by man's hands, the stone-wall or the Virginia rail-fence, or even the more prosaic defence of painted pickets, lend themselves willing-

ly to the transforming touchés of time, which cover with trailing vine or creeping lichen all structures of field or wood.

And, so closely are the ethics of life related to the material changes, with the old fence has gone much of the protective seclusion which should hedge about all home-dwellers. There is, indeed, no longer any privacy of any kind. If a man writes a book, the public must be informed how many lumps of sugar he takes in his coffee. If he makes a speech, or loses his fortune, or builds a hospital, a hundred daily journals wait greedily to spread abroad vivid descriptions of his wife's new wardrobe, or the probabilities of his rheumatism returning with the cold weather. As vagrant dogs and idlers are wont to invade the garden and the lawn from which all fences have been removed, so do the impertinent and unthinking invade the lives of those whose misfortune it is to be "noted." Home life has become too public to be sacred; children spend most of their day on the streets, or in parks—not the best places for the cultivation of modesty and innocence.

Let us have the fences again, and perhaps some of the old-fashioned delicacy will come back with them.

To Politicians.

Politicians, of the Republican party in particular, will be well advised not to employ the K. K. K. to further their ends. Sympathy with this anti-Catholic organization would be sure to work against them. Among some old letters which we have just found is one from President Roosevelt, in which he says: "I hold the A. P. A. in contemptuous abhorrence." This letter is signed in full and dated. The writer would doubtless have said precisely the same of the K. K. K. A man who always showed the courage of his convictions was Theodore Roosevelt.

Notes and Remarks.

That there are any number of right-minded, true-hearted non-Catholics (like the Bible-agent in Ireland of whom a contributor writes so interestingly this week) is something that can not for a moment be doubted. This case confirms our conviction that the journey of anyone, anywhere, at any time, who has taken a step Godward, will somehow, some time be completed,—provided, of course, that the step has never been deliberately retraced, no matter how feeble or faltering it was. This implies contrition, the desire for baptism, supplies for ignorance—all else that may be needful. And why should it not be supplied by the ministry of angels? At the *Asperges* of every High Mass, we pray: "Vouchsafe to send Thy holy angel from heaven, to guard, cherish, protect, *visit*, and defend, etc." Why should men of good will everywhere not be visited in the same manner? To pray only for those who are known to have died in the grace of God and in the visible unity of the Church is to pray with a narrow mind and with anything but a large heart.

Bossuet, the tercentenary of whose birth has just been celebrated, nationally, in the country of his origin, is one of those indubitably great figures whose full importance can hardly be appreciated outside of their own nation. Besides being a bishop of the Church, he was, in the words of his countryman, Faguet, "one of the greatest thinkers, one of the greatest men of affairs, and the greatest orator France has produced." Tributes to his genius have been paid by others than Frenchmen, by Macaulay, for example, and by Gibbon, while of his place in the literary history of his country, the London *Times Literary Supplement*, says: "No English preacher, not even Newman, holds a

place in the history of English prose approaching that of Bossuet in French. Indeed, of his funeral orations it has been said they are the only things of the kind comparable to the masterpieces of antiquity." And yet, for the world at large, Bossuet stands at a point of time and speaks to a circumscribed audience. He is not a world figure, as on so many counts he well deserves to be. He was so much a part of a régime which has passed away that something of himself seems to have vanished with it. Happily, his own time thoroughly appreciated him, nor is there any likelihood that among his own people his fame will ever suffer eclipse.

Persons who contend, as Ruskin did, that instead of allowing women to vote, most men ought to be prevented from voting, should read the article by Mrs. Elizabeth Christitch ("Women as Legislators"), to be found on page 528 of our present issue. It would dispel "many a foolish notion." Whatever the results of Woman Suffrage may be in the United States—it must be admitted that as yet they have not been especially beneficial—the results are surprisingly good in England. And the work is only beginning. English women realize that the circumstances of the time have imposed special obligations upon them, and they can be trusted not to prove recreant. Appreciation of the privilege which is now theirs will not cause them to disregard the responsibility which attends it. Woman Franchise has come to stay, and untold benefits are sure to result.

All who read President Coolidge's proclamation for Fire Prevention Week will regret that it was not issued earlier, in order to draw greater attention to what takes the lives of thousands of persons and more than half a billion dollars' worth of property every year in the United States. Incredible though it may

seem, official reports indicate that an average of one per cent of the number of fires is responsible for sixty-six per cent of the amount of the losses. The President declares that in spite of all done to better it, "the situation still remains so acute that there should be no diminution of our effort to rid the country of the menace of fire"; and he adds: "I recommend to all of our citizens that they lay particular emphasis upon the elimination of fire hazards in their homes and places of business, and I urge that State and local officials take steps to discover and remedy any defects which may exist in buildings frequented by the public."

Needless to say, most fires could be prevented by carefulness and the exercise of common sense; but, as everyone knows, carefulness is uncommon and common sense is very rare.

Probably in the hope of attracting a larger number of readers, the article on birth control by Kathleen Norris in a recent number of the *Pictorial Review* was entitled "The Fun of Being a Mother." It would be gratifying to have the assurance that the hope has been realized, for the article contains several passages quite as wise and pointed as the following:

I disagree with the advocates of birth control, because motherhood, rightly taken, is so much the most exquisite, the most satisfying, the most important part of any woman's life; because children are so infinitely dear and valuable; because the occupation of bearing them, raising and training and studying them, is the real business of the nation; because when they are pushed aside for the stupid material things we fight so hard for nowadays their baffled fathers and mothers grow hard and dull, discontented and miserable.

It is my profound conviction that more sorrow, illness, loneliness, frustration, have come, case for case, to the women of the world, through denying motherhood, already

in these very first years of birth control, than the sum total of the different trials that have come to the distracted and overburdened mothers of large and unregulated families.

No, control everything else first! Control passions if you can, control rents and food prices, amusements and luxuries, come down to life in one or two rooms, to plainer fare and fewer dissipations. But let every woman appreciate, in her very childhood, that life is the crown of life, and that it is her amazing privilege to give it.

A reader of the New York *Herald-Tribune* (Mr. Pierce Waldo), who has doubts about Darwinism, writes, to that journal, apropos of a recent address by Sir Arthur Keith, which has been widely published in this country:

Sir Arthur Keith has reached a high place in anthropology; but I think his best friends would not deny that his judgment is ardent and precipitate. He remains a robust Darwinian and natural selectionist in these days when natural selection has received blows from which it can hardly recover as the primary factor in evolution. Indeed, we are witnessing a decline in Darwin's influence, although, of course, he is secure in his fame.

In his address, to which the *Herald-Tribune* gives first page notice, he returns, as he has often done before, to the ape-origin of man as a thing adequately proved. It is *not* adequately proved; and no man who calmly recognizes the severities of logic will go so far as to say it is. I wish in particular to point this out by dwelling for a moment upon Sir Arthur's appeal to blood tests and other arguments from physiology. I leave aside, that is, the fossil testimony to man's anthropoid descent, for that is weak rather than strong. I omit, too, such details as the similarity in nursing habits in human and anthropoid mothers, for this, I fear, is nonsense.

Sir Arthur is quoted as saying that apes and men suffer from the same diseases. A most misleading statement! Neither he nor anybody else ever found, or ever will find, a simian anthropoid suffering from scarlet

fever, smallpox, measles, yellow fever, diphtheria or Asiatic cholera. He further refers to the celebrated blood tests of Nuttall and others which are asserted to have established close blood kindred between the ape and man. But if Sir Arthur does not know, then any worker in infection and immunity could tell him, that the more we know of blood, its cells and its serum, the more unsafe our easy generalizations become.

If we trusted to the test tube alone we might think that rabbits and hares were far apart zoologically, for a rabbit's blood reacts to an infection of hare's blood precisely as if they belonged to different orders. Again, gray mice and white mice are certainly near kin, yet their blood is different; for gray mice are far more resistant to a pneumococcus injection than white. Once more, the test tube alone might well make us believe that the rabbit was brother or son of the ox; for bovine tuberculosis is rapidly fatal to rabbits, though it affects most other animals not at all.

Concluding his able communication, Mr. Waldo declares that "evolution is a conjecture which our progress in knowledge makes, not more probable, but less. Unfortunately, by dogmatic zeal evolutionists make statements which are staggering in their defiance of ordered reason. A sober evolutionist is a very rare animal indeed."

An unidentified editorial confrère notes that two recent writers on the subject of suicide, one a Catholic, the other a non-Catholic, agree in the conclusion that the Church is a great bulwark against this evil. President Masaryk of Czecho-Slovakia points out the scarcity of suicides in the Middle Ages. His conclusions are that suicides are few in Catholic countries and proportionately few in countries of mixed Catholic and Protestant population; that only since the Renaissance and Reformation have suicides risen to any considerable figure; and that in Catho-

lic countries to-day the suicide rate is much lower than in non-Catholic countries. The Rev. Dr. Frenay, after a long study of divorce statistics in the United States, finds that among Americans of Catholic stock (Irish, Polish, Italian, etc.) there are low rates of suicides, while those from Protestant countries have high rates. He also notes that while more girls commit suicide than boys, the position is reversed for men and women. "Married people show the least tendency toward suicide. Widowed folk, male and female, commit suicide far more frequently than do single people, and divorced people exhibit the greatest inclination to suicide. For one suicide among married people there are five among divorcees."

A career of exceptionally important service to the cause of religion and humanity ended last week in the death, after a long and painful illness, of the Rt. Rev. Peter James Muldoon, first bishop of the Diocese of Rockford. A man among men and a leader among leaders, he was. Everything calculated to benefit the public, especially the poor and the friendless, and to promote the welfare of the Church appealed to him; and he never spared himself. He was admired no less for rare common sense and unselfishness than for zeal and devotedness. He will be missed in the councils of our bishops, and sincerely mourned by all who knew him intimately, particularly by the clergy and laity of his diocese, to whom he was an inspiration and an incentive.

Of all the Catholics with whom the Protestant author of a once very popular book—it needn't be named—came in contact during a sojourn in the Holy Land, none would seem to have made a more lasting impression upon him than the two religious into whose society he was thrown at Rhodes. Of one

he says: "Would that every adherent of his creed were an imitator of his example!" Of the other he writes, in part: "His gait was slouching and indolent. . . . He was totally destitute of the religious sentiment. . . . He hated this world without caring much for the next, and had always an ill word for everyone he met with."

How little these two representatives of their religion realized that they were being closely observed, or thought that their characters would some day be portrayed in a widely circulated book! But thus has it ever been, everywhere. Outsiders are attracted to the Church or repelled from it by the conduct of its members, the least of whom may exert a tremendous influence.

Nothing could be more surprising to the admirers of Abraham Lincoln—what American is not now among them?—than these words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, recalled by the editor of the *New York Catholic News*: "You can not refine Mr. Lincoln's taste, extend his horizon, clear his judgment, etc." This of one of the world's greatest men, one of the noblest figures in American history! It must be admitted that Lincoln was not distinguished for refinement,—if lack of it be the same as grossness and coarseness—but it may safely be asserted that for nobility of character, purity of life, honesty, sincerity, simplicity, and unselfishness, he will be fondly remembered when the name of Emerson is completely forgotten and the fame of many another more renowned American has forever perished. What is now thought of the great President, how his personal worth and public services are appreciated may be judged by the memorials of him in different shapes and forms existing all over the land. The splendid memorial in the National Capital was erected at a cost of \$3,000,000. This in honor of a

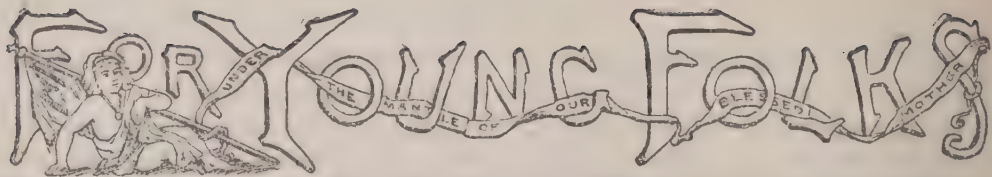
man who once worked for twenty-five cents a day splitting rails!

One who, when a young boy, was privileged through the kindness of a friendly policeman, to be near President Lincoln on a public occasion and overheard a side-remark he made to the Governor of Massachusetts, thinks oftenest of the great man's humblemindedness, the utter absence of anything like self-sufficiency in him.

It was characteristic of Lincoln to say, on witnessing, long before he became President, a slave-sale in New Orleans: "If I ever get a chance to hit this thing, I'll hit it hard." The opportunity came, and with what courage it was seized is known to every one. A man of destiny, an instrument in the hands of God was Abraham Lincoln.

Many who have wondered at his deep religiousness seem to be unaware of the fact that his first teacher was a Catholic—one Zachariah Riney. In Lincoln's boyhood days, as one of his biographers states, some of the itinerant teachers in Kentucky and Indiana "were Catholics—Irishmen from the colony in Tennessee, or French priests from Kaskaskia."

No one that we know of has thrown more light on the deplorable situation in Mexico than Mr. George Fielding Eliot. The article by him which we publish this week is a clear statement of facts that are generally unknown or that have been maliciously distorted. Instead of being, as is so often asserted, the foe of popular freedom and the champion of reaction in Mexico, the Church, as Mr. Eliot proves, has ever been a benefactor there, her record being "one of succor to the oppressed, of stern opposition to the corruption and rapacity of secular officials, of the advancement of education, of protection to natives, and of constant championship of liberal principles and the freedom of the Mexican people."



The Proper Way to Speak.

BY UNCLE AUSTIN.

COME all you merry young folks of Our Lady's Magazine,
You happy-hearted boys and girls of bright and sunny mien,
And give your best attention (which I fear is pretty weak)
To a word or two of counsel on the proper way to speak.
You'll think, perhaps, the subject is the dryest of the dry;
You don't care much for grammar (nor, between ourselves, do I);
But lately there's been published, in the papers of New York,
A vast amount of grumbling at the young folks' talk, or "tork."
So maybe it is worth your while to see, for all your sakes,
Just where in conversation you are apt to make mistakes.
"I done it" is a common one; use *did* instead of *done*;
And say "I haven't any," never say "I ain't got none."
To talk of "them there fellers" when you simply mean "those boys,"
It but a careless slip, perhaps; but still it quite destroys
Your claim to better training than the ill-bred youth's who meant
"Should not have gone," but varied it to "hadn't ort t've went."
But, not to make this lecture on the faults in speech too long,
Just let me give you one advice, neglect of which is wrong:
Be sure in learning syntax that you understand each rule;
Then follow it in speaking, whether in or out of school.

Childerswell Hall.

BY MOTHER MARY THOMAS.

I.

BETH was sitting on the broad ledge of one of the schoolroom windows looking down into the quiet street below and amusing herself, as her manner was, with making up stories about the passers-by, when she suddenly became aware of a strange, new impression.

It was just as if her angel had whispered a secret to her, making her realize, in a way she had never done before, the wonderful gift of life that God had given her—a life altogether distinct from that of others, and for which she alone must be accountable. She might live to the ripe, old age of forty, and it would still be the same Beth, who was now a little girl just in her teens, and dependent on the care and wisdom of her elders. And beyond stretched the years full perhaps of hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, which others, even the most wise and loving, would not always be able to understand or share, any more than she could always understand or share theirs; and beyond all lay eternity. What was her story to be? It was very extraordinary, and at the same time strangely comforting, to think that no one except the good God knew what even the next minute of life would bring to her.

And then the door opened, and her little sister Dorothea came in.

"What are you dreaming about, Beth? Father wants you in the library. I was going into the garden when I met him coming to look for you."

Beth slipped from her seat. It was not often that their father sent for her

at this hour of the afternoon, or indeed at any other hour lately. That he should have done so now disturbed her. The days had gone by when he used to spare time to teach her the moves in chess, or to take down from the library shelves the books that he thought would amuse or interest her.

The library wore a forlorn appearance this afternoon. The table was strewn with many papers and documents; the drawers were partly pulled out from the bureau, and the tea on the tray had been left to get cold. Beth had time to notice these details, and to see, moreover, how tired and careworn her father looked, before he glanced up from the letter he was writing.

"Yes, Beth, I wanted you," he said, laying down his pen. "You are the eldest; and it is right that you should be the first to be told. Poor bairns, it's hard for you having no mother!"

Beth had always been faithful to the memory of her mother, who ever remained for her the ideal of all that was sweet and lovely—after the Blessed Mother herself—but it was seldom she spoke or heard her name. It seemed almost too sacred for common, everyday use. She had never forgotten the shadow of great loneliness that had fallen over her life on the day when she had learned that they no longer had any mother upon earth. Now she realized for the first time all that the loneliness must have been for their father.

"You have a look of your mother sometimes," he went on, "although you will never be as beautiful as she was. But never mind that! Keep your smooth brow, and clear, innocent eyes, and a conscience pure before God; and that is all that matters. If nothing else, at least I can leave you an honorable name."

"But you are not going to leave us!" exclaimed Beth, nestling closer against him, as she sat on the arm of his chair.

"Yes, that is why I sent for you. I

must go abroad for a time—how long it may be depends on many things. In the meanwhile, the house will be shut up, and you and the children will go to stay with your second cousin Angela—your godmother—who has offered to give you some lessons into the bargain, as Miss Murray will not be coming back. Cousin Angela used to teach me when I was a small boy."

"She must be very old!"

"About fifteen years older than I am, but, of course, that must seem very old to you. She was more like an elder sister to me than a governess. You know she lives at the white cottage at Childerswell on the Derbyshire Moors, where my home was as a boy."

Beth was meanwhile struggling with conflicting feelings. The mention of the moors, of which she had often heard, but which she had never seen, opened wide horizons to her imagination, and made her heart leap with delight. On the other hand, there was the pain of parting with her father, who held so big a place in her love, and yet so small a place in her daily life. Perhaps she had been to blame in never thinking how much more she and the others might have been to him—she especially as the eldest. She was seized with a sudden sense of regret and wanted to say to him:

"Father, when you come back, will you let us see you more often? Must you always be so busy?"

But before the words would come, the telephone bell rang, and her father rose and hastily kissed her.

"That is all, little girl, for the present. I will tell Tony when he comes in from school, and you can tell Dorothea."

On her way back to the schoolroom, Beth pushed open the drawingroom door, and stood a moment on the threshold till her eyes grew accustomed to the dim, mellow light. The blinds were drawn, and the furniture was swathed

in holland. This room, seldom used now, was, as far as Beth was concerned, haunted with happy, tender memories of days when their mother would sing and play to them for an hour before bedtime; and Beth and her small brother and sister would join hands and dance. After that there would be a story of angels and saints more wonderful than any fairytale, till, rising with the three-year-old Dorothea in her arms, their mother would lead the way to the little altar in the night-nursery where the statue of the Child Jesus awaited them with welcoming arms outstretched. Then, when their prayers were said, and the children tucked up for the night, the tips of soft, cool fingers would trace the Sign of the Cross in drops of holy water on each forehead, as if to remind them how at their baptism the souls of children are made white and shining like the angels God gives to watch over them.

Beth sat down on a low holland-covered chair, and with her chin resting in her hands, looked up to where in an oval frame her mother's portrait hung over the mantelpiece. This portrait was one of the masterpieces of a celebrated French artist, and showed their mother in her still youthful loveliness, although it had been painted shortly before her death. She had been only seventeen, just out of the schoolroom, at the time of her marriage,—only three or four years older than Beth was now. As Beth recalled this fact, the half-sad and wholly sweet memories of the past suddenly gave place to a vision of the future when she herself would be out of the schoolroom and considered a grown-up young lady.

When Beth again went to her favorite corner on the window seat in the schoolroom, it was with a sense of having been away for months instead of minutes; so that it struck her as odd to find everything just as she had left

it, except that Tony had now appeared on the scene.

He was crossing the square with a satchel of books slung over his shoulder, and he looked up and waved his cap to her, and threw it up into the air and caught it again, as a token of rejoicing that this was the last day of the term. Then Beth heard the hall door open and bang, and Tony's soft whistle on the stairs suddenly cease; and she rightly guessed that their father had called the boy into the library to tell him what had already been told to her.

When, five minutes later, her brother came into the schoolroom the expression on his face assured her, even before he had spoken, that this was the case.

"Isn't it stunning!" were his first words.

Beth felt a little tightening of the heart as she replied:

"It means that father is going abroad."

"Yes, of course, I'm as sorry as you are that he's going away for a time; but we must make the best of it. He won't want us to be down in the dumps, and we don't see much of him as it is. I'm to have some lessons—chiefly Latin—at the presbytery most days, but it'll be nearly as good as having holidays the rest of the time, and on the moors too. Oh! here's Dorothea, we must tell her about it." Their little sister came in with fair, flushed face and tangled curls, for she had been busy working in her own special plot in the small, walled garden that lay at the rear of the house.

Dorothea, having a practical mind, at once set about collecting the various things she intended taking with her—her dolls, sketching block and paint-box being chiefly in evidence. She was in the midst of these preparations when Nora, the schoolroom maid, came in with the tea tray. As Nora had come from the neighborhood of Childerswell

on the recommendation of Cousin Angela, it seemed right that she should be told the news too.

"I only hope the Master will let me go with you," was Nora's comment. "But there! it must be as the good God wills."

"Now we'll talk about what we're going to do when we are grown up," announced Tony, when the crumpets, buttered toast and apple jelly had been eaten. "As you are the eldest, Beth, you can begin."

"I think I only want to take care of father, and keep house for him; and I'd like to take care of everybody, and let them know I'm sorry and love them when they are unhappy and lonely. And oh, I don't want to grow up at all!"

Tony looked at his sister as if she were some curious specimen of natural history difficult to classify.

"Well, that is a come-down from what you wanted last time! And you *are* growing up very fast. Do you mean you want to die young? You are not nearly good enough for that."

"No, I mean I want to *live* young. Oh! I really don't know how to explain. Now you can tell us what you are going to do."

"I shall find things that are lost—that's the use of being called Antony. But that's only a detail. I'm going to be a cowboy."

"A cowboy! I'd as soon think of being a milkmaid," said Dorothea. "Not that I'd mind it for a time, only it wouldn't be very exciting."

Without listening to Tony's remarks as to what it meant to be mounted on a fine steed, and ride over prairies hunting wild buffaloes, his younger sister began to give her own ideas regarding a glorious future.

"I did think of being a princess, but now I've made up my mind to be a great artist instead;" and as she spoke she hastily snatched up the drawing she had

meanwhile been making on her sketch block.

And just then Miss Murray, the governess, walked in, and there was a new tenderness on her plain, kindly face in view of the approaching separation. That evening she seemed transformed from the prim governess the children had known, and to have become a loving elder sister, who played with them as if she had been one of themselves.

(To be continued.)

Columbus' Devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

BY E. A. C.

DEVOTION to the Blessed Virgin marks every epoch of the life of Columbus. It was to the Monastery of Our Lady of Rabida that he was providentially conducted when he first thought of his plan for the discovery of America. It was in a chapel dedicated to Our Lady that he and his crew received Holy Communion before embarking for the New World. His first ship was called "Santa Maria." Every evening during that memorable voyage a hymn to Mary was sung on the three ships.

When land was discovered, the Admiral's devotion was expressed in the names he gave to the different islands, capes, gulfs, etc. The beautiful archipelago of the small Lucayas, he called Our Lady of the Sea, bestowing the title of Holy Mary of the Immaculate Conception on the largest of the islands. When he discovered Hayti, he gave the sweet name of Mary to a beautiful gulf. Later on, a promontory was called Star of the Sea, and it is still known as Cape Star. On the northwest coast another remarkable gulf was named Port Conception. A feast of Our Lady very popular in Spain (Our Lady of the O) occurring about the time of these discoveries, Columbus had it observed with all the solemnity possible.

While returning to Spain he delighted to teach the Indians that accompanied him the *Ave Maria* and other prayers to the Mother of the World's Redeemer. It was at St. Mary's, the most southern island of the Azores, that he sought safety from a dreadful storm. There, too, he made a vow to Our Lady of Loreto, and another to visit the first church to be met with on land dedicated to her.

On his famous second voyage, Columbus placed himself under the protection of the Immaculate Conception, and changed the name of his own ship to "Gracious Mary." To new discoveries he gave the names of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Our Lady of Monserrat, Holy Mary of the Rotunda, etc., etc.

Although his third voyage was undertaken in honor of the Holy Trinity, he called the first island he met *Conception*, and a second *Assumption*. When preparing for a fourth voyage of discovery, Columbus, according to custom, placed at the feet of Our Lady of the Grotto his titles, letters-patent, and all his honors.

And after death, as if he willed it, the great discoverer was still under the sheltering mantle of Mary. His funeral took place in the Church of Our Lady of Valladolid. Seven years later his remains were transferred to Seville and laid to rest in the Church of Our Lady of the Grotto. Later on they were conveyed to San Domingo, and there remained (in the Church of Notre Dame), till, at the close of the last century, they were transferred to the Cathedral of Havana. And the Blessed Virgin still has them in her keeping, for they are interred in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception.

FROM the Spartans of Laconia, who were very brief and curt in their mandates and messages, we derive the common word *laconic*.

The Knight's Tour.

One of the crookedest, most zigzag and crisscrossing journeys it is possible to take is the Knight's Tour around the chessboard. To be more exact, the journey is that particular tour in which the Knight is made to start from any one of the sixty-four squares, touch every other square once, and only once, then return to the starting-point. If you do not know the game of chess, (you probably do not), you need to be told that the regular move of the Knight is one square on one row, and then two squares on the row at right angles to it (or two squares and then one) in any direction.

To see for yourself just how complicated a trip the Knight's Tour really is, draw on slate or scribbler a miniature chessboard,—a square with eight horizontal lines intersected by eight vertical ones, so as to form sixty-four little squares. Number these small squares, beginning at the left-hand top corner, and going from left to right, so that the top row will begin with 1, the second row with 9, and so on until the last square, 64, is reached at the bottom right-hand corner. It will be all right to draw with your pencil a straight line from one square to the next in order.

Now, supposing the start to be made at square 1, draw straight lines, one after another, to these squares: 1, 11, 5, 15, 32, 47, 64, 54, 60, 50, 35, 41, 26, 9, 3, 13, 7, 24, 39, 56, 62, 45, 30, 20, 37, 22, 28, 38, 21, 36, 19, 25, 10, 4, 14, 8, 23, 40, 61, 51, 57, 42, 59, 53, 63, 48, 31, 16, 6, 12, 2, 17, 34, 49, 43, 58, 52, 46, 29, 44, 27, 33, 18, 1.

Boys or girls who have extra good memories, and who can manage to learn by heart the foregoing series, may, of course, dictate the moves in the Knight's Tour without looking at the board at all; but unless our young folks are familiar with the figure alphabet, they had better not try it.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

A new edition, with color plates, of Mr. Belloc's "Hills and the Sea," and an illustrated edition of "Ecclesiasticus," in the text of the Revised Version, are among Autumn announcements by English publishers.

—The descriptive catalogue of the manuscripts in the Hereford Cathedral library number 220, 114 of which are old possessions of the Cathedral and Cirencester Abbey. Hereford ranks as one of the most important collections in England.

—"Why Not I?" by the Rev. William A. Mitchell, S. J., is addressed to those seeking information about the religious brotherhood, especially of the Society of Jesus. The pamphlet is a well-written explanation of this vocation, its obstacles, graces and far-reaching results. Loyola University Press, Chicago.

—"Mental Prayer, According to the Teaching of St. Thomas Aquinas" is by the Rev. Denis Fahey, C. S. Sp.; D. D., D. Ph. This is a learned book, though not a large one, with foot-notes occupying sometimes as much space on the page as the text itself. The author does well in showing the important place mental prayer occupies in the maintenance and development of the supernatural life of grace in the soul. M. H. Gill and Son.

—Priests having association with non-Catholics, especially with prospective converts, will welcome "A Catechism for Inquirers," by the Rev. Joseph I. Malloy, C. S. P., which, in question-and-answer form, gives practical instruction on the teaching of the Church. The chief bugbears to non-Catholics are admirably treated, and the booklet is concise enough to prevent ennui. This Catechism has a special purpose, and should be widely known. The Paulist Press; New York City.

—The Thirteenth of the Orchard Series is "The Scale of Perfection," by Walter Hilton, modernized from the first printed edition of Wynkyn de Worde (London, 1494), by an Oblate of Solesmes, and furnished with an Intro-

duction from the French of Dom M. Noetinger. A precious little book is this treatise on the spiritual life by one of the Fourteenth Century English mystics. Sound and consoling doctrine for all who seek union with God will be found in every page. The glossary defines the meaning of the quaint words which add so much to the flavor of the book. For sale by Benziger Brothers.

—"Practice Tests in American History," by Sister Mary Celeste (Macmillan Co.), is calculated to instruct as well as to test a child in important matters of history. A topical question-and-answer method is employed, and by the use of it the child mind can readily fasten upon many salient facts of history.—Another practical educational help is "A Laboratory Notebook in Biology," by Sister M. Dufrose, O. S. D. It has an interesting appendix which furnishes biographical information regarding Catholic biologists. The Notebook is published by Benziger Brothers.—"Assignments and Directions in the Study of Religion," by Sister M. Mildred, O. S. F., (same publishers) has many interesting suggestions for those engaged in teaching religion to children.

—Dr. Betram C. A. Windle has a congenial subject in "Religions Past and Present" (The Century Co.). With characteristic modesty, this very real scholar sub-titles his book, "An Elementary Account of Comparative Religion." The volume, we are told, is based upon a public course of lectures, and is, in consequence, popular in its method of presenting its subject. This is all the better, when one realizes that the obscure and much-discussed question of "comparative religion" needs to be clearly brought out in terms understandable by the multitude. Popular science is too often false science, owing to the popularizer's effort to bring his subject down. There is nothing of that in Dr. Windle's readable pages. Always a reader feels sure of the facts, though the chapter may be as entertaining as fiction. An

unusual bibliography is furnished in which each book listed is evaluated by Dr. Windle, with reference to the subject in hand. An adequate index completes this altogether satisfactory volume.

—"A Horn from Caerleon," by J. Corson Miller (Harold Vinal, Ltd.) is a collection of short lyrics, nearly all of which have been published in magazines, several of them in *THE AVE MARIA*. It is high praise of Mr. Miller's art to say that in a few of these poems he reaches almost perfect beauty. Thus, "Morning," "A Shepherd with Sheep," and "Roses" are well nigh flawless of their kind. For the rest, there is too much "o' the moon." There are five titles, "Moon-Mist," "Moon-Witch," "Moon-Meadow," "Moon in Flower," and "Egyptian Moon"; and "moon" occurs something over seventy times in these ninety-odd poems. Reversing Hamlet's advice, we should say to this poet, with respect to his muse, 'let her walk i' the sun.'

—The high Catholic ideals which Miss Lucille Borden always upholds sometimes impose a strain on her readers' attention. The spiritual message of her books, so wholesome and fresh in itself, becomes somewhat monotonous, because of being preached a little too obtrusively and insistently for the purposes of fiction. Such was the defect even in so excellent a novel as "The Candlestick Makers." In "From Out Magdala" (Macmillan Co.), however, Lucille Borden has lifted her story into a distant romantic scene naturally adapted to a sustained spiritual truth—the necessity of penance. The result is a very readable book. Only here and there are the restrictions of the story-teller's art forgotten. But, on the whole, "From Out Magdala" is an exceptionally beautiful novel.

—"Mary O'Gorman, beautiful, charming, courageous, left an orphan at the age of eighteen, with the sole support of her younger sister and brother as her problem, worked in the Carter Woolen Mills. The owner's son. . . ." So runs the publisher's notice of a novel bearing as title the name of the charming, courageous heroine just mentioned. The story ful-

fills every apprehension which the notice readily arouses in a reader. The characters are "generously endowed with nature's gifts," they "wend their way homeward"; in some scenes they are "loath to part." A dinner is always a "very enjoyable affair"; and whenever anyone "roars" in the pages of this book, he "roars lustily." By Ruth Irene Low, published by H. L. Kilner & Co.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rt. Rev. Peter James Muldoon, bishop of Rockford; Rev. Henry Schnur, diocese of Buffalo; Rev. John Coyle, diocese of Hartford; Rev. S. J. Condron, diocese of Winona; Rev. John Sutkaitis, diocese of Pittsburgh; and Very Rev. Charles Becker, C.S.S.R.

Mother M. Joseph, Sister M. Bernadette and Sister M. Peter, of the Sisters of Mercy; Sister Hortense, Sisters of Charity; Sister M. Austin and Sister M. Petronilla, Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. J. M. Gibson, Mrs. G. Linden, Miss M. F. Cottrell, Mr. Martin Dugan, Mr. Daniel Dwyer, Mrs. Adam Deupert, Mrs. M. M. Hamerslag, Mrs. C. Defever, Miss Julia Templeton, Mr. William Tobin, Mr. Richard Gahagan, Mr. James Devlin, Mr. Henry Fortmann, Sr., Mr. Fritz Fortmann, Mr. Frederick Fortmann, Mr. Henry Fortmann, Jr., Mr. Michael O'Neill, Miss Bridget Crowley, Miss Mary Gallagher, Miss Annie Hanley, Mrs. Catherine Kane, Mrs. John Shea, Mrs. J. W. Kelly, Mrs. Patrick Smith, Mr. Albert Thierfelder, Mrs. Catherine Muhs, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Vaeth, Miss Mary McGrath, Mr. Charles Koch, Mr. Albert Binz, Mr. Charles O'Keefe, Mr. Patrick O'Keefe, Miss Bridget O'Keefe, Mr. John Hoagland, and Mr. Nicholas Wagner.

May they rest in peace!

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CONTENTS

St. Stanislaus Kostka	Luigi Gregori	Frontispiece
Misnomer.—(Poem)	C. L. O'D.	609
"The Devout Female Sex"	Francis W. Grey, O. S. B.	609
Ancient Lights.—(Continued).....	Agnes Blundell.....	612
An Apparition of a November Saint.....		616
St. Kenelm.—(Poem)	Gertrude E. Heath.....	619
Aunt Kate's Ear-Ring.....	P. J. O'Connor-Duffy.....	619
A Soul New-Born.....		624
A Martyr's Shrine.....	Francis Dickie.....	626
The Bone of Contention.....		627
The Future Belongs to the Church.....		628
The Wiser Way.....		628
A Lovable Virtue.....		629
Notes and Remarks:		
An Anglican Bishop.—Letters of Fr. B. W. Maturin.—Consolation for Neophytes. —An Important Book.—		
Dr. Thomas Dwight and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul.—Japan's First Native Bishop.—Good Words		
from Outsiders.—A Stumbling-block.—The Reasonableness of the Temporal Power.—Death of Archbishop		
Harty		630

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Tumbleweed.—(Poem)	Cora May Preble	634
Childerswell Hall.—(Continued)	Mother Mary Thomas.....	634
Saved by a Song.....		637
The Fire-Walk.....		638
Portraits of Our Lord.....		638
With Authors and Publishers.....		639
Obituary		640

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 12.—St. Martin I., P. M.	THURSDAY, 17.—St. Gregory. Thaumaturgus, B. C. St. Hugh, B. St. Hilda, V.
SUNDAY, 13.—TWENTY-THIRD AFTER PENTECOST. St. Stanislaus Kostka, C. St. Didacus, C.	FRIDAY, 18.—Dedication of the Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul.
MONDAY, 14.—St. Josaphat, B. M.	SATURDAY, 19.—St. Elizabeth of Hungary, W. St. Pontian, P. M.
TUESDAY, 15.—St. Gertrude, V. St. Malo, B.	
WEDNESDAY, 16.—St. Edmund, B. C.	

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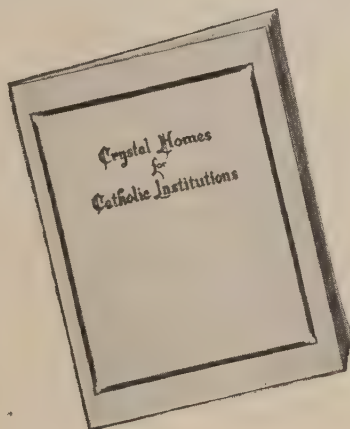
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Vol. XXVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 12, 1927.

No. 20.

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Misnomer.

(With a "Spiritual Bouquet.")

BY C. L. O'D.

FRAGRANCE and color and the form of
flowers

Pass with the hours,
As the seasons pass,
Drift to the grass,—
But these,
They do not die.
They are not roses, though the rose be sweet,
Nor violets that kiss your feet,
Nor pansies, nor heartsease.
They are my prayers, my breath
Borne to the sky
And Him who sits on high,
Whose fair assurance that the bruised reed
Is safe from Him, with Him they plead
In love and fear,
In hope and faith,
Life's length till death,
My dear.

"The Devout Female Sex."

BY FRANCIS W. GREY, O. S. B.



WITH all due diffidence and discretion we propose to discuss the question of the generally asserted greater piety of women as compared with that of men. And first, as to the exact meaning of the title of this paper. It occurs, as I need hardly say, among a number of others in the *Magnificat* antiphon of the First Vespers of our Blessed Lady. Therein

we entreat her to "succor the wretched, to cheer the faint-hearted, to console the sorrowful, to pray for the people, to intervene for the clergy (the 'lot of God's inheritance'), to intercede for the devout female sex."

That a special reference should be made to the sex of which she is the crown and glory, "the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely," is only natural and most fitting. But—does it mean that all women in general, as distinct from those already named (the clergy excepted), are, in some special sense, "devout"? Or does it mean, as the Latin word *devoto* may fairly be taken to mean, the women vowed, devoted to the religious life? The word certainly has in familiar French speech, *dévôte*, a special meaning, namely, "pious"; but—and here significantly—it is frequently, one might almost say, as frequently, applied to men as to women.

It is, I admit, as a rule, if not universally, taken to mean women in general, with the inference, implied if not expressed, but certainly indisputable, that women are more pious and devout than men. I have even seen this stated—the reference escapes me—as the "reason" why there are fewer [Catholic?] women offenders—in police-court cases, especially—than men. With the further "reason" that women are more frequently and numerous seen in church than their husbands, brothers and sons; and with the "obvious moral" to be drawn therefrom by the latter.

But is the "explanation," after all, so simple or so accurate as the above claims to be? May there not be contributory causes (so to call them) other than the alleged masculine lack of piety to account for the predominance, at week-day services especially, of women worshippers over a scanty attendance of males—chiefly elderly? In the first place, we must, in common fairness, take into account the fact that women have, as a rule, much more leisure time at their disposal than most men. For while it is true, in great measure, that "Man works from sun to sun," "goeth forth," as the Psalmist has it, "to his work and to his labor until the evening," while "woman's work is never done," yet it remains true, in the vast majority of cases, that whereas the man is under orders, and must do certain things at certain fixed times, the woman, and especially the housewife, however closely she may follow her daily routine, has always minutes, or even hours, at her disposal, wherein she may, if she will, hold loving communion, vocal or silent, with God, our Blessed Lady and the saints.

At the same time, and with reference to this particular matter of church attendance, I feel bound to state that when, during the war, it was my privilege to assist at the midday devotions and Benediction held daily, at Saint Etheldreda's, in Ely Place, the number of men present, young, middle-aged and elderly, certainly equalled, if it did not exceed, those of the "devout" female sex. Perhaps—who knows?—it needs some stronger incentive to stir men's religious emotions and piety into outward expression than is required for women. In any case, men are, as long experience proves, more reserved, and less demonstrative, in the matter of their religion, than the majority of women. Whether he really is, on that account, actually less devout and less

pious than they, God alone, "to whom all hearts are open, and from whom no secrets are hid," can judge and determine.

Lastly, let it be said, in respect of the discrepancy between masculine and feminine offenders, that the former have, obviously and of necessity, greater, more numerous and more frequent temptations than the latter, those especially whose sphere is the home. To whom it may be said, in all charity: "Who art thou who judgest another man's servant? To his own Master he standeth or falleth; yea, God is able to make him stand."

Yet, in whatever way, and so far as we consider ourselves competent—which is not very far,—we may decide the question of the relative piety and devotion of the two sexes, there stands, to the account of the "stronger" (by the grace of God) a long and noble record of devotion to Our Blessed Lord, and, in many instances, as is only right and natural, to His Blessed Mother. It may be taken, for our present purpose, to begin with the Psalmist, "I love Thee," he exclaims, "my Lord, my Strength." Again: "My soul is athirst for God, yea, even for the Living God; when shall I come to appear before the Presence of God?"

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for Thee,
And Thy refreshing grace.

"Athirst for God!" Can words of man express more fully, more completely, the desire of a devout soul for the Beloved? And it was a man, not a woman, who gave utterance to that longing which He, Who thirsted for the souls of men, alone can satisfy. Or, again: "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth whom I desire beside Thee. . . . It is good for me to hold me fast by God. . . . My soul followeth hard after Thee."

It is true that man's love for man, and, therefore (I use the word with all reverence, yet with deliberation), his love for the Man-God, differs, in some mysterious way, not capable of definition, yet very really, from man's love for woman and hers for man, however pure and free from passion that love may be, and not seldom is. Both Saint John, let us say, and Saint Mary Magdalen, to name two special friends of Our Blessed Lord, loved Him with an intensity of devotion to which we, who also desire to love Him, can never hope to attain. Yet there was, surely, from the very nature which God had given to each of them, some element, some character, in the one love that was not present in the other. And this distinction may, possibly, help towards an understanding of the relative piety of men and women.

But not the Beloved Disciple only had this "David-and-Jonathan" love—lifted to a divine plane—for the "Man, Christ Jesus." Each and every one of the Apostles and Disciples had his particular love, his special devotion, to the Master. Was it not Peter who, in return for his threefold denial, answered his Lord's threefold "Lovest thou Me?" with, "Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee"?

And so, through all the history of God's Holy Church, we come upon man after man who can only be described as a fervent lover of Our Blessed Lord, as fervent, as devout—dare we say it?—as any woman saint, his contemporary. Saint Augustine—to name a few at random,—Saint Francis, "the most Christ-like man who ever lived," to whom, in reward for his love, it was given to say, with Saint Paul: "I bear in my body the marks [the *stigmata*] of the Lord Jesus."

Lastly, for our purpose, Saint Bernard, known to countless souls—alike within and without the visible fold of

God's Holy Church—by his hymn to Our Beloved: "*Jesu! Dulcis memoria*," one version of which begins:

Jesu! the very thought is sweet,
In that dear Name all heart joys meet;
And, oh! than honey sweeter far
The glimpses of His Presence are.

Two passages from St. Bernard's writings may here be added. The first is from his sermon on the Name of Our Blessed Lord: "If thou writest," he says, "thou hast no meaning for me if I read not of Jesus there. If thou preach, or dispute, thou hast no meaning for me if I hear not of Jesus there. The mention of Jesus is honey in the mouth, music in the ear, and gladness in the heart."

The second is from his second homily on St. Luke 1, 26 ("The Virgin's Name was Mary"): "In danger, in difficulty, or in doubt, think on Mary, call on Mary. . . . If thou follow her, thou wilt never go astray. If thou pray to her, thou wilt never have need to despair. If thou keep her in mind, thou wilt never wander. If she hold thee, thou wilt never fall. If she lead thee, thou wilt never be weary. If she help thee, thou wilt reach home safe at the last."

Let one name be added, Thomas à Kempis, for most of us, the greatest master of the spiritual life, and one reference, namely, to the fifth chapter of Book III. of the "Imitation": "Of the wonderful effect of Divine Love."

If it be pointed out that all these names are those of saints and mystics, from whom such utterances may, as it were, be naturally expected, and prove nothing, or very little, in respect of the general question of the relative piety of men and women, I can only make answer that the same holds good as between, say, Saint Teresa, Saint Gertrude, Saint Catherine of Siena, and the generality of women. Let the comparison be limited, if it must; or maybe,

to saints only, I am content, since, so far as I can see, it confirms that which I set out to prove, namely, that neither sex has, in the ultimate issue, and before God, a superiority in piety and devotion over the other. It simply means that it was a part of their mission to their fellowmen and women to supply words (as the Psalmist did) for our love to Our Lord (however poor it be compared with theirs), to which we find it so difficult, so impossible, at times, to give the much-desired expression.

Such expression seems, even among those who are rightly counted as most devout—whether women or men, the latter, especially,—to be (if one may call it so) a lost art, as Mgr. Benson shows in his "Book of the Love of Jesus." My own acquaintance among Catholic laymen being for various reasons exceedingly limited, I can only speak on this point from my knowledge of certain devout and pious souls from whom the gift of full faith was withheld through no conscious fault of their own. One instance may suffice here. It was my privilege, in past years, to be brought into long and close contact with an Anglican minister, of the strictest sect of the Evangelicals, one of a large and, for the most part, a pious family, the son of a saintly mother. But I doubt whether, except, possibly, to his mother, he ever gave utterance to the intense, humble piety, love and devotion for Our dear Lord which filled his whole heart and life; and yet, such was their influence on his every thought, act and word, through long years of labor for the Lord he loved, through years of intense suffering borne with heroic patience, that those who knew him best, spoke of him truly as "a saint,"—whereof, the point is that this man's piety was, so far as it is humanly possible for me to judge, as true, as deep, as devout, as evident in his life and conduct, as that of any woman,

Catholic or Protestant, whom I have ever known. Concerning how many "mere men"—were everything known to us as it is known to God and His saints—might the same not be said! Nevertheless, "the devout female sex" has earned its distinguishing (and distinguished) title: because Our Lady was the greatest, holiest and most devout member of it whom God ever created, or could create. And because every woman who takes her for a model is, in her measure and degree, in respect of her mankind, Our Blessed Lady's viceroy, with all the honors, privileges and responsibilities, which such an office brings with it.

"Sancta Maria . . . intercede pro devoto femineo sexu."

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXI.

FOR several weeks the Nevilles had been completely cut off from the outside world. Their friends could not gain access to them, and their purse being now empty, they could no longer buy any alleviation of their lot. That those friends had not forgotten them was proved by the fact that food was still supplied to them, but food of so wretched a quality that Sir Nicholas turned from it with loathing.

No notice had been taken of their petitions to stand trial, and they had no longer the means of writing. The Squire began visibly to fail, and prison fever laid hold of his wasted frame.

After the first days spent among the lowest dregs of humanity on the common side, the recusants, father and son were haled before the Governor and questioned closely about their dealings with Rodgers. Sir Nicholas frankly declared that he had endeavored to awaken the poor creature to the knowledge

of the perils of his state; and as he had never been baptized, he had baptized him before his execution.

"That was no business of thine," declared Sir Thomas roughly. "Here are plenty of ministers fitted to deal with such matters."

"Why did they not do it then?" brusquely returned the old Lancashire man.

No suitable reply occurring to the Governor, he ordered Sir Nicholas back to gaol, and turned his attention to Richard, probing him in order to discover the houses in which Father Hunt had taken shelter when he was not at Greenhalgh.

Richard's ready tongue was quite equal to framing an answer which gave no information; and Sir Thomas, further incensed, had recourse to Topcliffe's favorite device, and commanded the young man to be hung up by the hands.

"And now," he asked again, when the torment of the victim became evident,— "and now who joined with you to harbor this traitorous Jesuit?"

"Let me down, and I will answer," quoth Richard.

But when the cords were relaxed and his weight rested once more upon his feet, all he would say was:

"I saw the good Father in the green wood close to the dwelling of Master Eustace Cleburne."

"And wot Master Cleburne that he lay there?"

"Aye, did he! And brought out his pack of hounds to hunt him forth, Mr. Leigh, the under Sheriff, assisting him."

"They are good Protestants and firm Queen's men both!" exclaimed the Governor decidedly.

"Yea, and like to profit of my father's misfortunes!" exclaimed Richard. "For Mr. Leigh hath assumed possession of my bay mare, and Master Cleburne

hath seized my father's estate, though he used to call himself friend."

"This is to no purpose—hang him up once more!" commanded Sir Thomas.

He stood watching while his men seized Richard, lifting him up until the loops of cord about his wrists could be slipped over the great hooks set ready above either doorpost. The blood ran down from his galled wrists, but when questioned anew he would only repeat his original words.

Consciousness soon deserted him, and when he presently came to himself, he lay on the floor of the Lodge, tended by Mother Anne. He was eager to speak now, to tell her of their plight, but his lips would not frame the words he wanted.

"Help—help for my father!" was all that he could stammer out before the horrible drowsiness of exhaustion fell upon him once more.

He fancied that Mother Anne whispered to him: "Courage, poor child! Deliverance is nigh."

"No money—in the 'common side' "—he muttered faintly. And then repeated with a tremendous effort: "My father—very ill."

Mother Anne stooped so low that the black hood seemed to blot out all light except the iridescent gleams which played round the fringes of its ragged edge.

"He will come to His own!" she murmured.

Then he thought that he was lying in the violet bed under the South wall at home.

All too soon the impression vanished. Mother Anne was gone and Richard was being jerked roughly to his feet by the gaoler's minions. He found himself being dragged along through the low passages, and flung back into the crowded vaults where the common prisoners were confined.

Richard immediately began to peer

about in the dim light for his father, going haltingly from group to group. Presently he perceived an old man, who seemed to be the object of mockery. Loud laughter assailed him, some rough louts were pushing him hither and thither. Nevile turned aside from his quest, filled with honest indignation, but he did not at first recognize the bent, emaciated figure.

"Stand back—for shame!" he cried. "Would you molest an old man?"

At the sound of his voice, the prisoner turned towards him. They had been but a few hours separated, and yet each beheld the other so greatly changed that they stared aghast.

"O Richard! Richard! What have they done to thee!" exclaimed the Squire; and the anguish in his tone was such that even his rude assailants were touched—they loosed his cloak and slunk away.

Richard made no answer for a moment; he gazed at that beloved face, so revered, so honored. The dull, unwholesome light of the place struck full upon it now, and the son saw with indescribable woe, the stamp of death upon it. Had he been blind hitherto, or had the Squire's malady made a sudden dreadful advance?

"O my father! will you leave me?" he blurted out at length. "Yet, God pity my weakness—rather should I pray that He take thee to thy reward."

Sir Nicholas smiled a little sadly.

"Alas, I fear I am unworthy to shed my blood for Him," he said. "But, Richard—your poor hands! Oh, I'm athirst!"

He sank down as though exhausted, and his son pressing forward to hold him up found that his arms were useless, the muscles stiff and paralyzed from the recent strain.

"One of you, in your charity, give him to drink!" Richard pleaded.

"There is no water till the keepers come again at night," said a bystander.

Sir Nicholas had closed his eyes, but he opened them to fix them commandingly upon one of his persecutors.

"Then do you go to the grate," he said, "and beg a little water for the love of God!"

The man refused with a jeer, but Sir Nicholas did not remove his gaze.

"Yes, God loves you, poor soul," he said. "Go now and ask. See, my son's lips are parched—see his wounded, swollen hands! It is for him, I ask."

Richard was kneeling, supporting his father's grey head against his breast. "And I for him," he said, with a flicker of his old bright smile.

There seemed some compelling power in the gaze of those blue eyes, for the felon turning, pushed roughly through the crowd which had gathered curiously around, and returned presently with a dripping cup.

"Richard first," said the Squire, turning aside his face.

But Richard barely sipped, and he, who had mocked so brutally a while ago, now knelt down, and held the cup gently to the old man's burning lips.

It was agony to Richard to be unable to obtain any remedies or comforts to assuage his father's sufferings.

"Nevile's death will serve Moriscoe's end well enough," observed one keeper to another in his hearing. "There was not sufficient evidence to bring him to the scaffold, and now he will be out of the way without any trouble."

"What of the youth?" inquired his comrade, eyeing Richard somewhat dispassionately.

"They'll reck nought of him," returned the other. "The heir has passed overseas, so there is good enough reason for Moriscoe and Cleburne to divide the spoils between them. Hark ye, young man!" he added to the prisoner, "be persuaded—go to church—Master Dawson is holding forth this very day; and if thou lettest thyself be seen there, 'tis

ten to one they'll free you when the old man is gone."

"Come, now is your chance," urged the other.

Nevile shook his head.

"Thou hadst best think twice," said the gaoler. "Be present at one service, and thou art a free man! If not, stay here and rot! Who will remember thee, once your father is dead? Your friends—if you still have any—will think you dead too."

His words were but too true, reflected Richard grimly. But he would not dwell upon the hideous prospect. Had not God promised that none should be tempted above his strength?

"*Sed libera nos a malo*," he muttered to himself, as he returned to his father.

Sir Nicholas had been allowed a little straw to lie upon—the straw upon which a disease-stricken malefactor had just breathed his last. He wandered a good deal, but bore his pains with a sweetness indescribably touching in one of his impatient temper.

"Richard," he said suddenly one night, "if it is ever in thy power, wilt thou pay Rolf Carr that week's wage that I denied him? It misgives me that I used him unjustly in not believing him when he protested he had not previously stolen of our corn."

"O good father, you owe him nought! That villain who betrayed us and has brought about all our sufferings!"

"You told me long ago that you had forgiven him," whispered the sick man reproachfully.

"Aye, but—"

"Nay, no buts! That is not true forgiveness. Wilt thou promise to do as I ask—to free my conscience, Richard?"

There was a little pause, and then young Nevile said solemnly:

"If it is ever in my power I will do it."

The Squire sighed with relief.

"You must keep no rancor in your

heart," he murmured presently. "All is as God ordains—we should deem ourselves privileged to suffer for His sake, even if we may not attain to the martyr's crown."

"Yea, but when I see your pain in this sink of horror, how can I feel otherwise than hardly of the man who has caused it?" pleaded Richard. "Cleburne, your own friend—and Rolf whom you took in out of kindness—"

"Yea, but you must love me in Our Lord Jesus," quoth the faint voice; "your love for me must not bring forth hatred, Richard. Think of this as God's choice for us, not as suffering of human devising."

"Yes—yes, dear father!"

"So if we truly love His holy will, 'tis easy to forgive these other poor creatures—almost easy. It was hard to forgive the hurt to thy hands, but I have conquered the feeling by thinking of Our Saviour's pierced hands."

"O Father, I care not for that! The smart was soon past, and it was a small thing to endure for our Faith," said Richard, the hot tears falling down his face in the darkness.

"Yea, 'tis all for our Faith! To keep the light burning, to hand on the torch to future generations! How can we be so weak and ungenerous as to hold back anything in such a cause? If I can offer thee, whom I love so greatly—canst thou not abandon me wholly to Our Lord's loving arms? Thou answerest not! Oh, dear son, let me hear you say once more and from thy heart, that thou forgivest all thine enemies!"

Richard knelt upright.

"I forgive Rolf Carr," he said solemnly, "and Eustace Cleburne, and all who have in any way injured thee and me, in the name of Our Lord Jesus."

(To be continued.)

THE noblest men are moulded out of their own faults.—*Anon.*

An Apparition of a November Saint.

IT is a sincere gratification to comply with the request of several persons to republish the following account of an apparition of St. Stanislaus Kostka. We are assured that the narrative will be new to a great many readers and of especial interest on account of the centenary now being observed. The Saint was born "about 28 October, 1550," and died on the Feast of the Assumption, 1568. His feast is celebrated on different days of November. The picture of him which forms our frontispiece is from a water color by the famous Italian artist, Luigi Grégori.

For the most part the account is a transcript of the testimony of the late Miss Katherine W. Weld, one of the witnesses of the apparition; the Rev. Father Drummond, S. J., who visited her at our request, supplying further information. Miss Weld's statement is in our possession. She was living when this narration was first published, and certified to its correctness.

Philip Weld was the youngest son of James Weld Esq., of Archer's Lodge, near Southampton, England. In 1842 he was sent to St. Edmund's College, near Ware, in Hertfordshire. He was a bright, amiable boy, and much beloved by his masters and fellow-students.

It chanced that April 16, 1846, was a holiday at the College. On the morning of that day Philip had received Holy Communion at the early Mass (having just finished a retreat), and in the afternoon he went boating on the River Ware, accompanied by one of the masters and some of his companions. Rowing was one of the sports which he particularly enjoyed.

After amusing themselves for some time, the master announced that it was time to return to the College; but Philip begged to have one row more. The mas-

ter consented, and young Weld and a companion rowed out to the accustomed goal. On arriving there, and turning the boat, Philip accidentally fell into the river; and, notwithstanding all efforts to rescue him, he was drowned.

The Very Rev. Dr. Cox, as well as all the others who had remained at home, was greatly shocked and grieved to hear of the dreadful accident. He was very fond of Philip, and to be obliged to communicate the sad news to his parents was a most painful duty. He could scarcely make up his mind whether to write or to send a messenger. At last he resolved to go himself to Southampton.

Dr. Cox set off on the same afternoon, passed through London, and reached his destination the next day. Thence he drove to the residence of the Weld family. Before entering the grounds he saw Mr. Weld, at a short distance from the gate, walking toward the town. Dr. Cox stopped his carriage, alighted, and was about to address him, when the latter said:

"You need not speak one word, for I know that Philip is dead. Yesterday afternoon I was walking with my daughter Katherine, and we suddenly saw him. He was standing in the path on the opposite side of the turnpike road, between two persons, one of whom was a youth dressed in a black robe. My daughter was the first to perceive them, and exclaimed: 'O papa, did you ever see anything so like Philip as that?'—'Like him!' I replied; 'why, it is he!' Strange to say, she thought nothing of the incident other than that we had beheld an extraordinary likeness to her brother. We walked toward these three figures. Philip was looking with a smiling, happy countenance at the young man in a black robe, who was shorter than himself. Suddenly they all vanished: I saw nothing but a countryman, whom I had before seen *through* the three figures.

This gave me the impression that they were spirits. I said nothing, however, to any one, as I was fearful of alarming Mrs. Weld.* I looked out anxiously for the post this morning. To my delight, no letter came (I forgot that letters from Ware came in the afternoon), and my fears were quieted. I thought no more of the extraordinary circumstance until I saw you in the carriage outside my gate. Then everything returned to my mind, and I could not doubt that you had come to tell me of the death of my dear boy."

The reader will easily understand how astonished Dr. Cox was at this recital. He asked Mr. Weld if he had ever seen the young man in the black robe. The gentleman replied that he had never before seen him, but that his countenance was so indelibly impressed on his memory that he was certain he should at once recognize him anywhere.

Dr. Cox then related to the afflicted father the circumstances of his son's death, which occurred at the very hour in which Philip appeared to his father and sister. They felt much consolation on account of the placid smile Mr. Weld had remarked on the countenance of Philip, as it seemed to indicate that he had died in the grace of God, and was consequently forever happy.

Mr. Weld went to the funeral, and on leaving the church after the ceremony he looked round to see if any of those present at all resembled the young man in the black robe whom he had seen with Philip; but he could not trace the slightest likeness in any of them.

A letter of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Weld, a brother of the deceased, dated April 16, 1895, the anniversary of the apparition,

may be quoted here. "I was present at the funeral," he writes; "and before it my father told me that he would look at all the members of the College, to see if he could recognize the one who was with Philip; for he said no matter in what part of the world he might see him he would recognize him instantly,—as he did the moment he saw the portrait. After the funeral I asked him the question, and he said: 'Oh, no! I saw no one with the slightest resemblance.'"

About four months later Mr. Weld and his family paid a visit to his brother, Mr. George Weld, at Leagram Hall, in Lancashire. One day he walked with his daughter Katherine to the neighboring village of Chipping; and, after attending a service at the church, called to see the priest, the Rev. Father Bateman. A few moments elapsed before he was at leisure to come to them, and while waiting they entertained themselves by examining the prints hanging on the walls of the room. Suddenly Mr. Weld stopped before a picture which had no title under it, as the frame covered the lower portion, and exclaimed: "That is the one whom I saw with Philip!—I am *certain* that it is the one I saw with Philip."

The priest entered the room a moment later, and was questioned by Mr. Weld concerning the print. He replied that it was a picture of St. Stanislaus Kostka, and supposed to be a very good likeness of the young Saint. Mr. Weld was much moved at hearing this; for St. Stanislaus was a member of the Society of Jesus, and Mr. Weld's father having been a great benefactor of the Order, his family were supposed to be under the particular protection of the Jesuit saints. Also Philip had been inspired by various circumstances with a particular devotion to this Saint. Moreover, St. Stanislaus is venerated as

* It seems that Mr. Weld had exceedingly frightened his wife on one occasion by relating something that happened to him while in Paris, and resolved never again to mention anything of the kind.

the special advocate of the drowned.*

Father Bateman presented the picture to Mr. Weld, who received it with the greatest joy and veneration, and kept it until his death. His wife valued it equally, and at her death it passed to the daughter who saw the apparition at the same time as her father. A photograph of the picture is in our possession.

Four circumstances, remarks Father Drummond, tend to make the objective truth of this narrative altogether probable. The first is that Miss Weld saw the three figures, but without noticing the faces or dresses of the two companions of her brother, and without believing that what her father considered to be really his son's face was anything more than a likeness. This precludes deception arising from the "wish to believe." The second is that Mr. Weld himself was delighted when no letter came to him by the morning post. This would prove that he did not voluntarily cling to a delusion. Again, Mr. Weld's not immediately recognizing the picture of St. Stanislaus Kostka shows that he could not have known much about the Saint; for this picture, though having a special charm of its own, is easily recognizable to any one who has ever seen a representation of St. Stanislaus. Mr. Weld, then, could not have been thinking of St. Stanislaus at the time, and therefore the likeness to the picture could not be the work of his imagination. Finally, Philip's second companion was not particularly observed by the father or the daughter. Supposing, for the moment, that the story was the product of "unconscious cerebration," or

any other natural process, it would have been very hard to resist the tendency to explain who that second companion was. No explanation was ever offered. Needless to add, the mere fact of Miss Weld's having seen anything at all does away with the possibility of a merely subjective phenomenon on her father's part.

The Rev. Dr. Frederick George Lee, a learned and well-known Anglican clergyman,* who was numbered among the contributors to *THE AVE MARIA*, speaks of this remarkable occurrence as one of the most striking and best-authenticated instances of a supernatural appearance which has ever been narrated, and gives a brief account of it in his interesting work entitled "The Other World." He writes: "The various independent testimonies, dovetailing together so perfectly, centre in the leading supernatural fact—the actual apparition in the daytime of a person just departed this life by sudden death, seen not by one only, but by two people simultaneously; and seen in company with the spirit of a very holy and renowned saint, the chosen patron of the youth—who had just been drowned. A more clear and conclusive example of the supernatural it would be impossible to obtain."

"O MOTHER of my Saviour!" exclaims St. Ildefonsus, "you who are blessed among all women, pure among all virgins, and Queen of all creatures, grant that I may love you as much as I am capable of loving; grant that I may publish your greatness to the fullest extent of my power; grant that I may honor you with all the zeal that grace and the strength of my nature enable me to bring to that work."

* A striking fact with respect to the Saint's miracles is the large number of dead persons restored to life by the power of his intercession; and most of these had met their death by drowning. Another noticeable circumstance is that it was chiefly children that the Saint raised to life, although examples of grown persons are not wanting. See the excellent "Life of St. Stanislaus," by Edward Healy Thompson.

* We are happy to state that he was received into the Church some time before his death.

St. Kenelm.

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH.

FAR in the ages of the long ago
 Saints walked upon the earth,
 And kings went to and fro.
 Within the covers of an ancient book
 Lie all their doings, if one cares to look.
 A golden legend of those olden days
 When men to God gave all their prayer and
 praise.

From out its pages—closed for many years,—
 One phrase goes with me, ringing in my ears:
 "His sister loved him, and most holily they
 two

Lived long together, till their days were
 through."

St. Kenelm good! For him no sweeter praise:
 "His sister loved him all their earthly days."

Aunt Kate's Ear-Ring.

BY P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY.

I.

MISS CAFFREY had decided that this was going to be the jolliest, the most entertaining, the best Halloween ever chronicled in the annals of Doolake. There were to be roasted apples, stewed apples, home-made cider, apple-cakes, apple-dumplings, and—well, no one but the good dame herself knew in how many and what varied forms apples were to be served on that night; and as for nuts and grapes, the supply of them she had obtained was simply astonishing. She had procured a quantity of lead, too, for production when certain quasi-superstitious rites would begin around the fire, in which rites wheat and flour, wedding rings, spoons and handkerchiefs were to be used. And there were to be games, such as "snap-apple" and blindman's buff," with singing and dancing. Who in all Ireland knew more about the games and

customs of Halloween than good Miss Caffrey?

Miss Caffrey was a good-natured spinster, beloved of the youth of Doolake. She was a wonderful woman, they said. They called her "an old maid," and people, for some obscure reason, have a prejudice against "old maids." But Miss Caffrey was one of the most lovable old maids imaginable. Her heart was large enough to contain the whole world, with a little space left over for emergencies. She was a silvery-haired, pleasant-featured woman of about fifty,—a woman with a kindly voice and a kindly smile and a kindly nature.

She was very busy on that Halloween. So occupied was she with cookery and kindred preparations during the day, that it was late in the evening before she discovered the loss of an ear-ring—a beautiful and costly one that had been sent to her years ago by a kind aunt. She was puzzled to think where she could have lost it, and a frown of annoyance clouded her cheery face as she lighted a candle and went to search for it.

"Where in the world can it be?" she asked herself when she had looked for some time in vain. Had she known where it really was she would have laughed in that pleasant, hearty way which people so much liked to hear.

She went into the big room where her brother Mat sat playing the violin, tuning it up for the night's dancing; for Mat and his sister and his daughter were to entertain a number of Doolake folk in their fine old farmhouse. He was playing "Brian Boru's March" just as his sister entered, and he played it with great energy. Whenever he was in an irritable or troubled frame of mind he played in a determined and forceful manner; and, as a rule, in such moods he played the present tune until it became well-nigh monotonous, for Mat

Caffrey was a cordial admirer of the historic exploits of Brian of the Tribute.

"Aunt Kate's ear-rings!" his sister exclaimed, wondering at the same time what could have driven her brother to such reckless playing. "I've lost one o' the pearl ear-rings. Did ye see it anywhere, Mat?"

"Me! An' where would I see it, woman dear?" said her brother, putting the fiddle down on his knee. "But it can't be lost, Mary. It must be lyin' about somewhere."

As he turned to her in the firelight that flickered about the room, a smile played roguishly in his soft grey eyes.

"Well, kindly go 'somewhere' an' get it for me, if it's not lost," said Miss Caffrey, smiling in turn, "an' don't sit there talkin' 'blarney.'"

"Blarney's not for the likes of me. But wait a minute, Mary, till I leave this right for to-night, an' I'll help ye search."

"No, go on with your fiddlin'; they'll soon be comin' in. I'll call Aileen."

"I doubt ye'll not. There's something else callin' Aileen, I'm thinking—something that I'll not put up with. Through the window I saw her goin' down the loanin' with Brian Tierney, an' after all I said to her about him. But I'll stand it no longer."

"Brian's a lad I like," said his sister, apparently forgetting her loss in this new interest. "Of course, he has nothing—"

"That's it; he has nothing,—an' he'll get nothing," interrupted Mat with much decision. "He's one o' your dreamers, idling about an' letting his little farm go to ruin; writing verses in birthday-books, an' not able to put anything in a bank-book."

He let the bow fall across the fiddle-strings with a sound that seemed to say "Enough;" but his sister had said she liked Brian Tierney, and she meant to say just a little more.

"Aileen says she likes him," she continued; "an' ye know that's true."

"It's too true, it is. But there's more than a liking to be considered, Mary. D'ye think her poor mother, God rest her! would have been pleased at such a match for her child?"

"Who knows?" said Mary Caffrey. "But Brian, for all his verse-making an' easy-going ways, is a hardy lad, with two strong hands an' a fair share o' brains."

"I'll not deny that; but why in the world doesn't he use them? There's no time like the present for using your brains. People know that when it's too late. It'll be that way with Brian Tierney. An' I'm vexed with Aileen for not having more sense than to encourage him."

"He has an uncle in America well off, an' not married," said Mary Caffrey. "They say he'll not forget Brian."

"Mary dear, don't bother me. Ye put me in mind o' your ear-ring. I could search an' find it while ye'd sit here waiting. But ye might be a long while waiting."

He touched the strings gently with the bow, then raised the violin to his shoulder without playing. His sister arose and crossed the room.

"I think I'd better be preparing; I think I hear steps in the lane," she said as she went into the kitchen.

"I'll be with ye in a minute," her brother said as he drew the bow slowly across the strings, the notes throbbing forth in soft harmony. He tightened one string. Twang! twang! Another was screwed up, and again he touched the strings. This time the notes blended most harmoniously, and then he began to play. His troubled mood seemed to have passed, giving place to one of calm; and he now played softly, his fine, old head thrown back and his eyes half-closed.

Voices and footsteps in the kitchen at length reminded him that he should be there also; and, laying the instrument on the end of the table which his sister had laid for tea, he went into the kitchen with a smile of welcome for those who had come.

"I thought Aileen was with ye," he said when he had given her two girl friends a hearty greeting. "It's time she was in. Well, Mary, ye didn't find the ear-ring?" (He turned to his sister.) "If it's not on the floor it's safe from the dancers' feet. Give me a candle till I see."

"We've just searched on the floor all in vain," said Kitty Reilly, basking in the warmth of a huge turf fire, her cheeks tinted to a delicate rose by her brisk walk with Norah Murphy through the frosty air of evening. "But it's so small that it could have hidden itself away in the most unexpected of places."

"Well, it's not on the floor at any rate," Mat said as he extinguished the lighted candle, "so it's safe enough till to-morrow."

He seated himself before the great open fireplace, and, telling Kitty Reilly to watch the boiling kettle for the sake of the pretty feet displayed so near to it, he prepared to listen to the news of the village. He was a fine-looking old man as he sat there, the firelight and lamplight gleaming on his snow-white hair; his pink and white face, for all that it was wrinkled and time-creased, looking strong and healthy, brightened by the light of friendship and of interest in the life about him.

"Things are very quiet," declared Kitty Reilly. "There's little or no news to speak of."

"Except that Tom Gogarty is going to be married before Advent," put in Norah Murphy, who had leaned back comfortably in the depths of an old armchair.

"Tom Gogarty!" exclaimed Mat. "Musha, to who?"

"To a girl from Monaghan," replied Norah, "an' they say she's a beauty; but the beauty of some girls depends on how they do up their hair. Joking apart, she has four hundred pounds of her own, I hear."

Norah smiled and shook the little brown curls that clustered about her forehead, all unconscious that the Tom Gogarty of whom she spoke was the very man who stood highest in Mat Caffrey's favor as a prospective husband for his daughter Aileen. He remained silent as she continued in a good-humored way:

"But men—they're all the same—they like the beauty o' gold ten times more than the gold o' beauty."

"Oh, I don't know about that!" said Kitty Reilly. "There's Brian Tierney now, an' he'd sooner have the gold that gleams on the furze an' the cornfields than all the gold in the Bank of Ireland."

"Oh, Brian!" exclaimed Norah, in a tone which implied that he was an exception. "An' that reminds me that his play is goin' to be done in the village hall at Christmas."

"D'ye say that, Norah?" asked Mary Caffrey, who had come in just in time to hear Norah's statement. "That's the first I heard o' Brian writing a play."

"Sure, it was done in a hall in Dublin last Winter, though none of us knew," returned Norah; "he kept it a secret."

"Brian is a queer fellow, but he's the best soul in the world," said Kitty Reilly. "Isn't he, Mat?"

"He's everybody's friend but his own," Mat replied, roused at length from his meditative silence.

"There's a scene in his play," said Norah, "where a violinist comes on the stage an' plays a lament for his lost

daughter. Ye'll have to take that part, Mat, if we do it here."

"Well, well, I wonder, now, supposing I did, what piece would do? It's several fine pieces I have. There's one o' Carolan's, an' it's magnificent; an' there's another, no one knows who composed it, but it nearly frightens me to play it. To think o' Brian Tierney havin' plays done—an' violin pieces in them—" He was speaking more to himself than to any one else in the kitchen, when the entrance of his daughter Aileen interrupted him.

II.

Aileen, her face aglow with health and radiant with joyous coloring, came lightly across the stone-flagged floor to greet her friends. Her eyes—soft and grey like her father's—shone with an unwonted brilliancy, and her gentle voice held a low, musical quiver of pleasure.

"Norah and Kitty, you're welcome! It's too bad I wasn't here to meet ye," she said pleasantly as she gave each a warm handshake.

"Oh, we're not so long in, an', anyway, we didn't find the time going," said Kitty. "Won't ye sit down, Aileen? We've been here listening to your father playing, an' then we started talking to him about the goings-on of Doolake."

"An' we had a game of hunt-the-ear-ring," said Norah from her armchair. "Your aunt's lost one of her pearl earrings."

"What! One of Aunt Kate's pearls!" Aileen exclaimed. "Oh, I wouldn't wish that for anything. And you having them so long, Auntie. I'm sure it—it must mean something. What do ye say, father?"

"I suppose it'll mean searching for it," replied her father, turning from a grave contemplation of the red turf sods. "But tell me, Aileen, where have you been all the evening? If you had

been here, girlye, ye might have been the one to find it."

"Maybe she'll be the one in the long run," Mary Caffrey said. "We'll have to search to-morrow, Aileen."

"I always put my faith in Saint Anthony," said Aileen, as she seated herself on a chair beside her father, to whom she turned with a little laugh as she continued: "He never fails me, even when I lose my temper. But as I was going to say, Father Devine is coming to-night; so Brian Tierney was telling me. Who did I meet but my brave Brian as I was crossing the stile from the stubble to the lane; and the two of us went down the 'loaning' to make sure that Pat Mathews would come with the fiddle. Pat and yourself, father, play so well together. I suppose that's because he is a pupil of yours. I love to hear you at those reels; it sets my brain dancing as well as my feet. Oh, I love it!"

So Aileen talked on, scarcely pausing, her soft voice rippling over the words, and her eyes sparkling, partly with the pleasure of the moment, partly at the remembrance of her walk with Brian Tierney, and the astonishing news he had had to tell her.

"Pat Mathews was the aptest lad I ever taught a note to," said Aileen's father, stroking her hair, and watching how the light played on its pale gold as it coiled in soft, loose braids over her low forehead. She reminded him very strongly of her dead mother, she was so lively and pleasant; and she had the same love for music. "An' of course Pat will come to-night," he continued; "sure he gave me his promise a week ago. An' what about Brian Tierney—isn't he coming, too?"

"Of course, he is, father. Like Pat Mathews, he gave his promise a week ago, only it was to me. He had to go up to see Father Devine; but for that he'd have been in with me."

"Aye, Father Devine is a great friend of his, but still . . ."

A knock at the door, followed immediately by the entrance of half-a-dozen visitors, beaming and blinking in the light that filled the kitchen, put an end to Mat Caffrey's remark. Aileen, Kitty and Nora jumped to their feet and turned towards the door, feeling inclined to pity those who had been out in the chilly atmosphere of the last day of Autumn.

"How are you, Miss Gallagher? Tired to death with teaching?" Aileen, her voice rich with cheery welcome, shook hands with the first she met—the teacher of the village school—and then turned to the next. "Kathleen Casey: My! how cold your hands are! A thousand welcomes! It's ages since you've been here. And Shemus himself—Shemus Clarke! I'll need my hand again!"

So, with a good-humored protest against the vice-like grip of Shemus Clarke, the dark-eyed young smith, she turned to bid welcome to another. The kitchen was soon in that state of pleasant confusion which usually follows the arrival of a crowd, some gathering about the fire, others trooping into the parlor. The arrival of Father Devine, accompanied by Brian Tierney, and Pat Mathews carrying his fiddle case, was all that was necessary to complete the merriest of parties.

Father Devine was a typical *Soggarth aroon*, tall and broad-shouldered, bearing his burden of years with evident ease. His healthy-looking face was finely moulded, and his breezy manner and sonorous voice made him the centre to which conversation was attracted at the tea-table. And when tea had been finished, he was the first to suggest a game of "snap-apple," in which he took part with all the delight of a schoolboy.

In the scullery a crowd gathered around a huge tub of clean water, into

which apples were thrown; these had to be taken out by means of the mouth and teeth, hands not being allowed to touch them. This was not at all an easy matter, and it was amusing to see some of the players diving their heads beneath the water in a frantic effort to retrieve at least one elusive apple. The game had no great attraction for the girls, who were inclined to think that their hair would suffer considerably; and one half-hearted attempt at "ducking" was sufficient to "dampen" the enthusiasm of the most daring of them. They preferred to melt lead and to roast wheat on the hearth-stone, thereby ascertaining in some occult way a perfect host of particulars concerning certain young men in whom one or another of them was interested.

Meanwhile Mat Caffrey and Pat Mathews were tuning their violins in the parlor. By-and-by, Father Devine stepped softly into the room.

"Are you ready for a reel, Mat?" he asked.

"Yes, Father," Mat replied. "The Connaught Reel, I suppose?"

"That's the best one, Mat."

The fiddlers played thrillingly, and onlookers, listening to the strains of "The Connaught Reel," beat out the time where they sat and longed to be in the midst of the dancers, who were making the air ring as they went back and forth, circling and turning and crossing, ever moving, ever beating out the good old steps of the reel.

Two of the dancers attracted general attention—Brian Tierney, tall, supple and careless-looking, and Aileen Caffrey, not quite so tall as her partner, with a clear, excited face that looked all the prettier for its excitement. As Father Devine watched Aileen, and noted the white chrysanthemum that shook loosely in the lace of her frock, his first thought was that she and the

blossom were symbolically expressive of the same wonder—a perfect sweetness and purity.

"Bravo, Aileen!" "More power t'ye, Brian!" The words of homely applause rang out at the end of the dance, words that meant enthusiasm for the music and for the dancers, but especially for Aileen and Brian Tierney, of whose sweet-hearting they all knew.

Mat played for another dance, and for yet another, after which he rendered some of his best selections in his own inimitable way. During the singing which followed Mat Caffrey went out quietly; he was somewhat troubled, and felt that he needed a little time to breathe and to think.

The moon hung low in a clear, cold sky as he crossed the corner of the orchard. Golden leaves lay heavy beneath his feet; a faint sigh rustled through the tree-branches; in the garden a West wind moaned over the remnants of Summer's glory and Autumn's crown. There was something in the cold silence of the night that in a strange, sad way made him think of death. He wandered towards the old, moonlit garden, and his thoughts travelled back to another night exciting as this; back through the years that had brought sorrow and grey hairs and wrinkles to him; and he saw a youth dancing with the girl he loved. And the girl was Aileen's mother—Aileen, too, God rest her soul!—and the youth was himself, Mat Caffrey. As his wife had loved him, perhaps his daughter now loved Brian Tierney; if Brian loved Aileen as he had loved his wife, was not that enough?

By the time Mat returned to the house he had quite made up his mind that Aileen should please herself.

(Conclusion next week.)

If any one speaks ill of you, says an old writer, let your life be so blameless that none will believe him.

A Soul New-Born.

THE hospital was in one of the thoroughfares of a Northern city, in close proximity to the wharves, where the masts of tall ships and the funnels of steamers arose against the sky line, so that the outlook from the windows was over the broad river. It was to this institution that most of the accident cases were brought, especially if they occurred amongst the workers on the wharves, or the sailors. A special ward was set apart for the latter.

There was a little flurry of excitement amongst the patients and even the nurses one day when a Turkish sailor was brought in; for most of the other mariners were at least nominal Catholics. The newly arrived apparently knew little English; so that he lay, dark-bearded, olive-skinned, and sombre-eyed, scarcely ever speaking, remote and isolated from the rest, with something of the mystery of the East in his aspect,—of that glamour that hangs about things Oriental. He seemed to listen when his fellow-patients were telling their adventures in places far remote from that metropolis of the Western world. A glimmer of light would come into his eyes when they mentioned quite casually the names of the Cape of Good Hope, Tangiers or Tripoli, Pekin or Rio Janeiro, Melbourne or Constantinople. But he made no effort to join in the conversation—only let his eyes wander from one speaker to another.

The sailor in the bed on either side of him told how the Turk spoke or prayed aloud, in his own language, to Allah, or muttered strange words. The Sister in the ward gave the man, if anything, a little more attention than the rest, through pity for the dark-browed alien, so lonely and forlorn, who had come to a foreign land to die. For dying he certainly was. Human skill had exhausted its resources.

The other patients noted that when the Sister was in the ward, the dark eyes always followed her, with an expression of reverence and of wonder; and her garb—a simple gown of gray, with black cape and veil and silver cross—seemed to excite an almost awe-stricken attention. The nun always gave him an intention in her prayers and Holy Communions, especially as the end drew near. It distressed her to feel that he was passing out from her ward into eternity without any other preparation than those muttered invocations which his neighbor reported, though she realized they were an effort toward the best that he knew.

One dull Autumn afternoon, as the early darkness was beginning to fall over the ward, and the sunset over the river was deepening from dull amber into purple, the Sister sat at her desk near one of the windows, busied with some reports she was making out for the doctor. The gleam from the Western window still enabled her to see every object in the room very distinctly; and her eyes wandered occasionally from one bed to another, lest any of the patients might require her attention. Such tender, willing service as she gave them, which only the love of God could inspire! Her eyes, in their scrutiny of the room, suddenly met those of the Turk, which had something pleading and pitiful in their expression. She thought, too—or was it the dim shadows of the twilight?—that a change had passed over the man's face. In answer to a slight gesture of entreaty which he made her, she rose hastily and went to him.

"What is it, my poor man?" she inquired. "Are you feeling worse?"

"That matters not now," he answered in halting words.

His voice sank, and the Sister waited. She saw that he had something more to say. Finally he continued in a broken and disjointed fashion:

"You and the other Sisters are angels, not women. I want to belong to a religion that has made you so; I want to belong to that religion,"—and he pointed to the cross upon her breast.

"Oh," said the Sister, "I am so glad! I will get the chaplain at once."

The chaplain came, and the screen was drawn around the two. It did not take so long, after all, even in the man's slow and difficult English, to relate the story of a life; and the priest afterward declared that he was astonished and edified at the man's good will and excellent sentiments, as well as at the knowledge he had acquired of the Catholic religion. He spoke more than once of the cross which the Sister wore, and expressed his admiration of the holiness and charity that had been a revelation to him.

That was a deeply impressive scene, an hour or two later, in the sailors' ward of Our Lady's Hospital. All the patients who were able, knelt. The others watched, mute and awe-struck. Tears rolled down many a bronzed and bearded face. The superior, the ward Sister, and some of the other nuns were present while the chaplain administered the Sacrament of Baptism to the dying Turk. Too weak to move, he was propped up by pillows. His face wore a joyous look; his eyes, no longer sombre, were gleaming with a strange, new hope. In his hands was placed a crucifix, at which he glanced lovingly. When the absolution had been given, and Extreme Unction administered, the kneeling Sisters, with lighted tapers, assisted at the last solemn function. The alien, so late a heathen, received Holy Communion, for the first time, as the Viaticum. After a few moments, the neophyte, new-born to the kingdom of God, was dead. His body was laid to rest in the Catholic cemetery on the mountain side, within an enclosure, marked by a headstone inscribed "Our Sailors."

A Martyr's Shrine.

BY FRANCIS DICKIE.

NO more oddly situated place of prayer exists in all Europe than the plain little church of St. Dévote in the Ravine des Gaumates. It is a wild place, unchanged by a thousand years of civilization, an unbelievable spot to come upon within five minutes' walk of the greatest pleasure centre on the Continent.

It lies between the towns of Monte Carlo and Monaco; yet so peculiar is its situation that hundreds of visitors to the Casino and the principality pass by without ever noticing it. Sheer cliffs tower up a hundred and fifty feet. Houses line the top, some of them crowding over the edge so far that the onlooker below expects every minute to see them go hurtling into the abyss. The mouth of the ravine, about two hundred feet wide, faces upon the main highway between the two towns, but is somewhat hidden by an enormous bridge. The gorge, narrowing rapidly, runs back a distance of three hundred yards, to end abruptly in the sheer rock, down which trickles a tiny stream.

At night only the falling of the water down the cliff breaks the stillness. In the olden days when sea rovers were so numerous on this coast, the chasm was used to store their booty. Here many conspiracies were plotted, and scoundrels fought duels over the dividing of their spoil. On the side of the ravine stands a huge open shed containing a cement trough some forty feet long by twelve feet broad. Beyond it the narrow floor of the ravine to the very end is cluttered with short poles holding rope and wire lines.

Here the poor women of the town do their washing, while just around the corner in the great rooms of the Casino, which raises cream-colored walls

and ornamental towers like a frosted cake, people from all parts of the world squander vast sums of money in foolish betting. A few steps in front of the open air laundry stands a still more vivid contrast to the nearby world of recklessness and luxury: the church of St. Dévote, a quaint and restful spot for worship. It snuggles back between the gaping jaws of the ravine, almost filling the entrance, but made to appear even smaller than it is by the steep cliffs towering so close. The huge bridge serves also to shut off the view of the church; through the openings between the pillars it peeks out timidly, as though saddened by these worldly surroundings where greed holds sway, but at the same time sturdily standing its ground and inviting to peace and repose.

Standing on the dividing line between the two towns this humble edifice, notable only for its position, was erected half a century ago to honor a Christian maiden named Dévote, who seventeen hundred years previously died at the hands of Roman soldiers. The legend is interesting, particularly because it was upon this portion of the Mediterranean that Christianity made its first advance into a pagan territory.

During the reign of the Emperor Diocletian, a Roman senator named Euticius, dwelling on the Island of Corsica, embraced the Christian religion. In the same little town where he had his villa lived the maiden who, through her good work and devotion to the new cause, was given the name of Dévote. For some time the few Christians dwelling in the place were not disturbed. Then Roman soldiers appeared. The noble senator hid Dévote and her family in his cellar; unfortunately his action was discovered. Even his station did not save him; the soldiers forced him to drink poison. Dévote and her family, being only humble folk, were put to death by the

sword. *Dévôte's* body was found late that night by two Christians who had escaped discovery and were about to flee on a ship which had a Christian captain. They took the body aboard, and immediately the ship set sail. In the night so great a storm arose that the captain feared for his ship. As he clung to the helm, exhausted and despairing, the dead maiden arose from the deck.

"You will all be saved," she said. "When you see a dove fly from my breast, guide your ship in the direction taken by the bird."

The captain did so, and the dove led him to the harbor of Monaco. There at the mouth of the ravine amid a growth of rosemary the martyr was buried. After the legend had been repeated for nearly seventeen hundred years, the reverent people of Monaco decided to erect a church in honor of *St. D v te*. Once a year, in Summer, a procession winds down the hill to do honor to her memory in this, the most quaintly situated Catholic church to be found anywhere in Europe.

The Bone of Contention.

UNDER a kitchen window lay *Barbos* and *Polkan* basking in the sunshine. It would have been more fitting in them to have been guarding the house at the gate in front of the courtyard. But they had eaten till they were satiated; and besides, well-fed dogs do not bark at any one in the daytime. So they indulged in a discussion about all sorts of things—about their doggish service, about 'good and bad weather, and finally about canine friendship.

"What," said *Polkan*, "can be pleasanter than to live heart to heart with a friend,—in everything to offer mutual service; not to sleep or eat without one's friend, and to defend his body with all one's force; finally, for friends to look into one another's eyes, and each to

think that only a fortunate hour in which he could please or amuse or oblige his friend, and to place all his own happiness in his friend's good fortune? Suppose, for instance, you and I were to contract such a friendship as I have just described? I venture to say we should not be able to tell how quickly time was flying."

"That is true. So be it," answered *Barbos*. "Long has it been grievous to me, my dear *Polkan*, that we, who are dogs of the same yard, can not spend a single day without quarrelling. And why is it? Thanks to our master, we are neither closely pent nor scantily fed. Besides it really is scandalous. From the earliest times the dog has been the type of fidelity, yet you scarcely ever see any more friendship among dogs than among human beings."

"Let us make manifest an instance of it to our own times and thus immortalize ourselves," said *Polkan*.

"Your paw!"

"There it is!"

Straightway the new friends began to fondle each other in the most affectionate manner. They knew not in their raptures, to what on earth they should liken themselves.

"My *Orestes*!"

"My *Pylades*!"

"Away with all quarrels, all envy, all malice!"

Unluckily, at this moment the cook tossed a bone out of the kitchen. Our new friends flung themselves upon it furiously. Alas! what had become of their harmonious alliance? *Orestes* and *Pylades* seized each other by the throat, so that their hair went flying, and even bucketfuls of water, poured upon them by the cook, could scarcely separate the combatants.

"The world is full of such friendships," observes *Krilof*, the author of this fable. "One would not be far wrong

if one said of friends, as they are now-days, that they are almost all alike in respect to their friendship. To listen to them, you would imagine they were of one heart and one mind. But try them—just throw them a bone: they will behave—the great majority of them—exactly like the dogs.

The Future Belongs to the Church.

IN reference to the prevalent secularism, or "atheism in practice," as he calls it, a Catholic apologist writes:

"Any power that aims at the revival of Christian Faith under modern conditions must be independent, world-wide, supernatural, and, in its general effect, miraculous. From a merely human level it can not raise mankind out of the slough into which atheism has betrayed it. No department of State will be equal to such a task; for the State is this fallen society, and itself needs redemption. Private effort is laudable at all times; any association which has retained even a fragment of true Christianity will, thus far, be telling in the good cause. But there is only one Church in contact with European and American society which fulfils the conditions required. Independent, supernatural, miraculous,—these high epithets have belonged from of old to the Catholic Church and are hers to this day. She does not preach an abstract or merely historical Saviour; she has never simply relied on a written record; and while she treats with kingdoms and republics as a power of this world, she deals directly with the individual as an ambassador from the next. In one point of view she is accessible to touch and sight; in another, she is ideal, spiritual, transcendental. And she fills every period of Christian history with her achievements, her sufferings, and her victorious resistance to hostile powers.

"Four centuries—a long chapter in

the world's history—prove that Rome, however charged with corruption, keeps the heart of religion beating. The Gospel that she received she still preaches. Her faithful are orthodox Christians; while the rebels, as she foretold them, who separated from her in that name, have shorn it of divinity, and—strange paradox!—are indignant with her because she insists that the Bible is truly God's word and Jesus of Nazareth His Son. Her faith has not changed, and its permanence is the measure of their defection. If Luther or Calvin could have foreseen this state of things when he broke away, would it not have left him dumb with amazement? And, observe, the more it is urged that Roman officials are or have been a scandal to their high calling, that genius is not to be found in Catholic apologists, or insight and ability among bishops and clergy, so much the more conclusive is our argument in favor of a secret divine influence which would not suffer its purpose to be undone by such weak and needy instruments."

The Wiser Way.

(Blessed Thomas More, "The Four Last Things.")

There is none old man so old but that, as Tully saith, he trusteth to live one year yet. And as for young folk, they look not how many be dead in their own days younger than themselves, but who is the oldest man in the town, and upon his years they make their reckoning. Where the wiser way were to reckon that a young man may die very soon, and an old man can not live very long; but within a little while, for sure, die the one may, die the other must. And with this reckoning shall they look upon Death much nearer hand, and better perceive him in his own likeness, and take the more fruit of the remembrance and make themselves the more ready thereto.

A Lovable Virtue.

ONE of the standard dictionaries says of the word *meek*: "It applies only to personal character and behavior; it is wholly good in the Bible, and now indicates a defect of character only occasionally by hyperbole." This last statement is not perhaps so accurate as is desirable in a book of definitions. Not merely occasionally but very often nowadays do we hear or see *meekness* employed as a synonym of weakness or cowardice,—a quality agreeable enough in children or timid women, but quite out of place, and on the whole, rather ridiculous in the character of a self-respecting adult of either sex. Yet Christ tells us, "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your souls"; and the Fourth Beatitude runs: "Blessed are the meek; for they shall possess the land."

Now, the mildness, gentleness, softness of temper that springs from constitutional timidity, or from a prudent fear of consequences that may follow the manifestation of peevishness and irascibility, is clearly not the Christian virtue that Our Lord enjoins us to learn, and that He declares to be blessed. Genuine meekness is one of the seven capital moral virtues, and is specifically opposed to the deadly sin of anger. It is an acquired gentleness that moderates and regulates our anger and represses its inordinate movements.

In certain conjunctures, it is merely a natural and necessary effect of the innate irascible propensity that our blood should boil and our soul be filled with indignation; to feel nothing at such times would be stupidity, rather than virtue. Then, there is such a thing as righteous anger, which is frequently necessary to give effectiveness, vigor and firmness to the exercise of justice and to the performance of the duty of correction. Not to condemn the disor-

ders which one sees, or to resent them only feebly, is not meekness but reprehensible placidity. The father who refrains from taking to task an unruly son through indifference to his actions, or from dislike of giving himself trouble, is evidently not one of those of whom the Beatitude tells us "they shall possess the land."

Meekness, then, does not render us stupid, insensible or weak; but it restrains our anger and habitually keeps it within the bounds of right reason. If there is question of rebuking, correcting, or punishing, this virtue aids us to perform the duty with discretion, in due measure, without any violent outbursts of temper, and solely to correct, not to exasperate and embitter. Is there question of the thousand and one little annoyances that each day brings in its train? Meekness helps us to support the weaknesses and defects of others without being either angry or afflicted at all the little things that may be said or done against us. In the case of more serious wrongs or outrages, meekness stifles within us all desire of revenge; and, not content with forgiving him who has injured us, it seizes occasions to do him a service or a favor. And such action is dictated not by policy, by interest, or by human respect, but by fraternal charity and love of God.

— That meekness is a virtue more or less difficult of acquisition by all, and especially so by people of a naturally choleric disposition, is, alas! but too true. Only the diligent, habitual and persistent practice of self-control can lead us to its ultimate possession. Yet were it even a hundredfold more difficult of attainment, it would still be well worth our strenuous and persevering efforts, because it is a virtue as profitable to its possessor as it is lovable in itself. "The meek," says the Psalmist, "shall inherit the land, and shall delight in abundance of peace."

Notes and Remarks.

There is an Anglican bishop who at this moment is achieving notoriety by denying the Real Presence. *A priori*, he asserts, with hardly scientific detachment, that no difference will be discovered between the bread which has been consecrated and that which has not. If a fool is to be answered according to his folly, a churchman as insolent as this churchman is, can hardly object if he is answered according to his insolence. If it were our contention that the Real Presence were capable of scientific proof, we should encourage the bishop to apply the scientific tests on his own altar. We feel certain as to what the results would be. Similarly, still supposing that experimental proof were obtainable, we should refuse to submit to such a test for the Blessed Sacrament, just because of what the test would show. Because the Blessed Sacrament is the Body and Blood of Our Lord, we could not submit It to scientific experiment. Furthermore, we maintain that the certitude of faith is at least as reasonable as any which might be arrived at by scientific demonstration.

Meantime, this scientific clergyman will do well to try to understand what is really meant by Transubstantiation, as also what is meant by substance in the field of physical science, and he might further put to himself the ancient question: "What think you of Christ, whose Son is He?"

Reviews like the following of the recently published "Letters of the Late Father B. W. Maturin to Lady Euan-Smith," appearing in the *London Times Literary Supplement*, are what have so closely attached us to that very superior periodical. We can not help wishing that it had a place in reading

rooms everywhere. Occasional disagreement with its opinions need not prevent one from admiring its spirit.

These letters were written by the well-known preacher and spiritual guide, who perished on the *Lusitania*, and of whom a biography appeared some years ago. The story of Fr. Maturin's conversion from the Anglo-Catholic cause, which he had served in the Cowley Fathers' community, to the Roman Church was there told in full, and the correspondence here printed shows the line he took in dealing with the perplexities of a friend in the same case as he had been. Although its interest is necessarily limited in range, it brings out the affectionateness and simplicity—the touch of the child even—in this warm-hearted evangelist, and also serves to show how scrupulous Fr. Maturin was to be fair to controversial adversaries and to defend the Church he had joined without insulting or belittling the Church he had left. From this point of view his letters might serve as a model to those engaged in wider fields of religious debate.

By way of illustrating how, out of "every folly and error and heresy and crime, there is some influence which, by provoking either action or reaction, in certain minds, is able to set them on the high road toward the truth," a convert priest cites the following passage from "A Modern Pilgrim's Progress,"—a passage which may afford consolation to many neophytes:

"People who lent me bitter books against Catholicism little thought how much they were helping me to become a Catholic; for the blind, unreasoning hatred with which the Church is attacked was one of the things which impressed on me the fact that she was no human institution. Men would not thus have hated the work of their own hands.

"Moreover, by emphasizing the frailty of the human elements of which the body of the Church was composed, they

emphasized the supernatural origin of the Spirit by which she was indwelt. Had none but the good obtained admission to her fold and none but the perfect been her rulers, then might she have seemed to owe her undying life and marvellous fruits to merely human means; but by showing that her rulers had been weak and sinful men, of like passions with ourselves, they revealed 'the Power behind the Pope,' which preserved her life from decay, her doctrine from error, and her moral teaching from the shadow of imperfection. They took away the only explanation of her wondrous life which natural causes could afford."

Reviewing a new edition of Dr. Thomas Dwight's important book, "Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist," another Catholic scientist of no less distinction, Prof. Bertram C. A. Windle, indicates how very pertinent to our day is Dr. Dwight's contribution to the discussion of the origin of man's body. Prof. Windle is writing in the *Commonweal*, from which we quote:

There is no more valuable part of Dwight's book than that which deals with this very topic in relation to the origin of man's body. The important part of that body in this connection is the skeleton, and no man living in his day knew more about the variations of that skeleton than Dwight; thus his opinion is of the first importance. Dwight thought, as I think and as some other anatomists have thought, that the origin of the human body from a simian form by small variations is the wildest chimera ever conceived. Every departure from the simian to the human form was *ex hypothesi* a step down, not up, in the animal world, rendering its possessor far less able to cope with his environment. His arms are growing shorter; his teeth smaller; his poor, defenceless back is getting hairless, leaving his liver, lungs and other organs unprotected; in a word, he is becoming the sort of

animal that would have been rapidly wiped out by natural selection. If the case is carefully considered, as Dwight considers it, it seems impossible to come to any other conclusion, so it shapes itself in my mind.

It is more than likely that for a long time to come, the origin of man's body will be a burning question. We expect that Dr. Dwight's "Thoughts of a Catholic Anatomist," far from becoming out of date, will grow in importance as the years pass. It should be in all Catholic libraries and in the hands of Catholic college students everywhere.

Mention of Dr. Thomas Dwight reminds us of a call which, while connected with the Harvard Medical School, he sent out to Catholic professional men and college graduates. He was a zealous member of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and longed to see men of culture join in its noble apostolate. Needless to say, it was in no spirit of snobbishness that he wrote:

"It is best to admit frankly that the great majority of our members are not up to the requirements of this work. Let me try to make myself perfectly plain on this point. Neither riches nor education are necessary to make admirable members. Some of the best I have ever known earned their bread by manual labor. The personal friendship of some of these has been and is very dear to me. Were all such as they, the Society would be very different from what it is and much better. But even then there would be the admission to make that there are works both within and without the Society for which they have not the education. This is no more a reflection on them than it would be to say that they are not clad in purple and fine linen. They have what is far better—true and humble hearts; but it does not follow that there is not need of men fitted for higher work. The Catholic

body is much stronger than it was in the early days of the Society amongst us. Apart from accessions through conversions, the sons of former members have grown up with much better education than their fathers. There are large numbers of young Catholics rising to distinction in the professions and in business. Those in our ranks are relatively few. . . ."

There spoke the man of strong faith and of sterling piety as well as of education. God grant many such to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul and to the Church in America!

All Japan—government and people, Christians and pagans—is rejoicing over the consecration of its first native bishop, the Rt. Rev. Januarius Hayasaka, who has been appointed to the See of Nagasaki, glorious for many martyrs. The boon had been eagerly and confidently expected on account of the recent elevation of Chinese priests to the episcopacy. The consecration of the new bishop took place on the feast of Christ the King in St. Peter's, and was performed by the Holy Father himself in the presence of an immense concourse of people, ecclesiastics from far and near and tourists from all parts of the world. Unbelievers were hardly less cordial than the faithful in congratulating Bishop Hayasaka, and he was the recipient of numerous handsome gifts, including one of \$5,000 from a Japanese millionaire, who, though a pagan, was enthusiastic over the event, which will be memorable in the history of the Church in Japan.

Less than half a century ago it would have been surprising to find a Protestant minister or a prominent layman speaking and writing favorably of the Church and Catholics. Now hardly a week passes that good words for both are not re-

ported—declarations like these from numerous non-Catholic sources:

"The Mass is beautiful; it is soul-inspiring. . . . One of the chief sources of Catholic strength is that Catholic worship makes God real."

"It is the Mass that makes the difference, so hard to define—so subtle is it, yet so perceptible—between a Catholic and a Protestant country."

"The Catholic Church is a beacon light of religion and civilization."

"I deplore the contention that a Roman Catholic is unfit to be President of the United States. . . . I think that a Protestant who opposes a Roman Catholic simply on religious grounds is a poor sort of Christian."

Any number of such sayings as the foregoing might be quoted. The light is spreading. Ignorance and prejudice are being dispelled.

One of the chief obstacles—perhaps the greatest obstacle—to the conversion of those outside of the Church is disbelief in eternal punishment,—a result of the general neglect of Bible-reading and the acceptance by so many sectarians of the conclusions of what is known as Higher Criticism. And few points of Christian Doctrine demand more frequent enunciation at the present time for those who are in the Church than this article of the Athanasian Creed: "And they that have done good shall go into life everlasting; and they that have done evil into everlasting fire." In a volume of sermons by the Rev. Fr. John Moran, S. J., we find these memorable and very timely words:

Living in a very soft age, men easily persuade themselves that, as they put it, "if God is Love, there can not be a hell." Yet the language of Scripture is unmistakable. It is clear that the punishment of mortal sin will last forever. "The worm dieth not and the fire will not be extinguished." The same duration is

ascribed to heaven and to hell, and there is no difficulty in accepting the words literally with regard to heaven.

When we remember that "God will not be wanting to one who does what he can"; that mortal sin, which alone merits eternal punishment, is not committed by accident, but requires full deliberation and consent; and the marvellous provision God has made for the effacement of sin, we must admit that hell is of man's making, not of God's. Undoubtedly there are difficulties about the justice of eternal punishment; but these come from our very limited vision, which can not adequately perceive the gravity of mortal sin.

On the other hand, eternal punishment is a great mercy, furnishing us as it does with an overwhelming motive for avoiding sin, because some could never be deterred if there were any prospect of release held out. Whether we see the justice of such a punishment or not, matters little: we know that the chastisement of the angels who rebelled with Lucifer, and the sentence passed on our First Parents, in both cases for a single sin, came from a Judge who is all-holy, all-just, all-merciful, and could not possibly err on the side of severity. We see, too, every day about us instances of God's unbounded mercy, repeating the familiar story of the wounded rider in the old ballad, who

Toixt the stirrup and the ground
Mercy sought and mercy found.

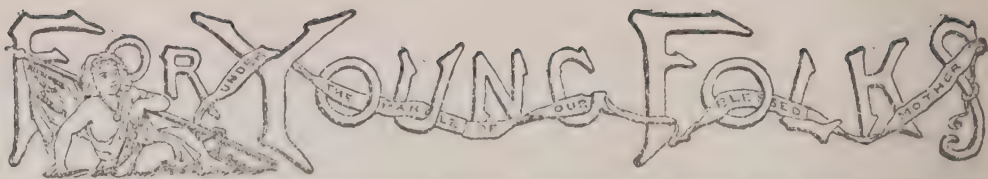
If people would not throw dust in their own eyes, if they would admit eternal punishment as a reality, there would be much less of this indifference so prevalent in our day; and men would realize that it is worth while to embrace the religion in which it is so hard to live but so easy to die. Should we have the misfortune to offend God grievously, we have the means of reconciliation at hand. We should accustom ourselves in life to make acts of contrition,—acts as perfect as we are capable of; such as, in case of need, alone can save our souls.

This is hitting the nail on the head; and the preacher might have added that

the weakening of faith in eternal punishment among Catholics themselves accounts for the worldliness of so many whose bad example is a constant stumbling-block to outsiders. "If I really believed what you profess to believe," was the stinging rebuke of a famous French infidel to some nominal Catholics of his acquaintance, "I would go round the world denouncing the folly of living as you live."

At least one secular newspaper in this country discerns the reasonableness of the Vatican's claim to complete independence of any secular government—the *State Journal* of Lansing, Michigan, which says: "Here in the United States, we have the expression of a theory in quite a degree similar. We have set apart the District of Columbia in order that we may say that the Federal Capital is in none of the States. The Vatican wishes to stand, at least theoretically, free of Italy. To those not of the Roman Church this may seem like over-refinement of contention or theoretical hair-splitting, as the saying goes, but others will see real substance of meaning in the contention."

Another American prelate who rendered great service to the cause of religion and education, and whose beneficial work in the Philippine Islands was recognized by our Government, was Archbishop Jeremiah J. Harty, who, after a lingering illness, passed to his reward on the 29th ult. He was the first American archbishop in the Islands. After laboring there for thirteen years, he was transferred to the diocese of Omaha. A prelate of saintlike zeal as well as charity and piety, he gave a strong impetus to missionary endeavor, especially by his constant promotion of the Society of St. Columban for Chinese missions. *R. I. P.*



Tumbleweed.

BY CORA MAY PREBLE.

THERE'S a queer little plant that grows in the field

That is called by the name tumbleweed.
But I'll tell you a secret—it really is not
A plant. It's an elf—yes, indeed!

And what do you think this funny elf did
When I was out playing to-day?
Why, he just curled himself in a big, dusty
ball,

And let the wind blow him away.

Over and over he rolled down the street,
While I watched him and shouted with glee,
For he turned somersaults just as fast as he
could,

And easy as easy as could be.

What fun it would be to roll off down the
street

Like that funny round tumbleweed elf—
If it wasn't so terribly dusty out there,
I think I should try it myself.

Childerswell Hall.

BY MOTHER MARY THOMAS.

V.

SEVERAL weeks went by before the children saw anything more of the owner of the Hall, and then it was when they were least thinking of him. They were standing on a high point of the moors, where the winds seemed to meet, intently watching a circle of smoking embers over which Tony, armed with a long stick, was stooping. Among the charred remains were some ends of magenta ribbon, a blackened powder-puff, and what had once been a toy theatre. When Beth was several years younger she had composed a play to be acted by

the tiny cardboard marionettes, but life was to be taken more seriously now, and the manuscript of the play was already reduced to ashes. Meanwhile the two last representatives of a pack of Happy Family cards—namely, Miss Bones, the butcher's daughter, and Master Bun, the baker's son—were being raked into the embers by Tony. Dorothea looked on a little regretfully; her chief interest was centered on a small flaxen scalp, which she thought she recognized as that of her favorite doll, Douceline.

The three suddenly became aware that the same old-looking young man, whom they had seen coming out of the Hall the day after their arrival at Childerswell, was gazing at them. He held a book in one hand and his hat in the other, and the wind was blowing through his rather long hair.

"What are you supposed to be doing?" he asked.

"It's a bonfire of vanities," replied Tony, politely lifting his cap.

"Not a bad idea—of renouncing the devil and all his works and pomps in grim earnest." And to the children's surprise the strange young man flung his book upon the smoking pile.

"It won't burn like that," said Tony. "May I tear it up for you?" about to suit the action to the words.

"Certainly not; I'll do it myself." And he again picked up the book and deliberately tore out the pages, one by one. "And now it is time to introduce ourselves. You, as I make no doubt, are Miss Angela Norton's visitors, and you may perhaps already know my name, although I am not known to you personally."

"You are Sir Francis Valentine. We saw you coming out of the Hall one day

when we were passing," said Beth, feeling that it belonged to her as the oldest to speak for the others. She raised her frank, shy eyes to his face, although her cheeks flamed crimson as she remembered Nora's Sign of the Cross on that occasion, and again hoped that he had not noticed it.

"What did they tell you about me?" he continued in a tone that convinced Beth not only that he had seen Nora's action, but that he was moreover recalling the fact at this very moment. "Was it that I am in league with the Evil One, or that I have been crossed in love? I believe both opinions hold good."

"Not quite either," replied Beth, further hoping that the young man was not going to press the question, for this seemed likely to be one of those occasions when how to be exactly truthful and at the same time charitable and polite may prove difficult.

"Well, the second theory would not have been far wrong, although not in the sense popularly supposed by those who hold it. It was the Lady Poverty who left me when I broke my leg."

"Broke your leg! That was something like St. Ignatius," responded Beth, her quick sympathy overcoming her shyness.

"Yes, but the resulting circumstances were not the same as in his case. Books were brought to me to while away the hours of convalescence, and they—were not the lives of the saints. That is a specimen of them," thrusting the singed cover of the book he had flung into the bonfire further into the red embers with the tip of his cane. "And still less am I like my namesake, St. Francis. Why, even Brother Wolf will have nothing to say to me. See how he shows his teeth!"

"Brother Wolf! What a nice name for him," put in Dorothea.

"You are not afraid of me, then? The village children always run away when they see me coming."

"That is very silly. We shouldn't be afraid of any one, if we loved everybody as we ought," returned Dorothea.

"I hope you will forgive my stopping to talk to you," said Sir Francis, as he began to move away.

The children stood looking after him and at one another in silence for a few moments, trying to sort out their impressions. It was then that another figure hastening in their direction with great, swinging strides, came in view over the ridge of the moor. It was that of a farmer, generally known as Neighbor Christopher.

"And he is very well named," Cousin Angela had told them, "for he is a very good neighbor to every one, and is always helping people over difficult places as St. Christopher did when he carried pilgrims over the ferry. . . ."

Like the good saint, Neighbor Christopher was so far above the ordinary height that the children felt themselves mere pigmies in his presence.

"I was just going to ride over to the town to put some money in the bank when I sighted your bonfire, and thought it was maybe a party of tramps up to mischief. Now my errand's too late for to-day as the bank closes early this afternoon."

He spoke simply, as one stating a fact which called for no response. Neither did there seem anything for the children to say except that they were sorry for having upset his plans.

And before he too, in his turn, went on his way, his deep-set blue eyes, under broad level brows, rested for a moment on Tony with something of the same sadness in them as there had been in Mrs. Gimpson's expression. Had he too had a son who had grown up to disappoint him, and of whom Tony had reminded him?

Beth asked her godmother about this when she told her of the two men they had met that morning.

"No, his little motherless son did not grow up at all. The boy died when he was about as old as Tony is now."

"Sir Francis does not seem at all girlish in his manners or looks except that he wears his hair rather long," remarked Dorothea, following her own line of thought.

"Why did you expect Sir Francis to be girlish?"

"You said he was a Miss something or somebody."

Cousin Angela appeared puzzled for a moment, and when she understood, she was too polite to smile.

"I said he was a misanthrope; but now I am beginning to think it was a mistake. A misanthrope is one who hates people, you know."

A few days later, the children again happened to meet Neighbor Christopher, looking the very picture of a good-natured giant ready to befriend all in need. He was carrying a sapling shaped like a crook, and a lamb was tenderly slung over his shoulder.

"I found out this morning that the new bank where I was about to put my money, on the day of your bonfire, has just stopped payment—which means I should have lost it all," he said after a brief exchange of greetings. "It was money set apart for a special purpose. So I am greatly obliged to you. If there is any way in which I can repay you, I am at your service."

He paused for a few moments, and then as the children had nothing to suggest—though of course they thanked him, and said how glad they were on his behalf,—strode off.

"It looks as if our sacrifice was accepted," Tony thoughtfully observed.

"Sacrifices generally are—when they really cost," agreed Beth.

"Except when one sacrifices other people's treasures," added Dorothea. Upon returning home from the scene of the bonfire, she had found the cher-

ished Douceline minus her flaxen hair.

Next day, which happened to be Sunday, the children recognized their three new acquaintances at Mass in the little village church. It was with something of a sense of relief that Beth saw Sir Francis there, for, from the way he had spoken, she had half feared that he did not go to church. Neighbor Christopher looked pious, his big, well-knit frame bent low over his book. Little Elfrida, daintily clad from head to toe, came in alone, so Beth decided that Mrs. Gimpson was too ill to accompany her.

As soon as Mass was over, Cousin Angela called to see how the invalid was. Elfrida, having run to open the door and place a chair for the visitor, came out again and stood waiting near the green gate at the end of the pathway.

"Is your nurse very ill?" Beth asked.

"Her eyes are so weak and tired she can hardly see or hold up her head, but Father Laurence says she will see quite clearly soon, he thinks." Here Elfrida's voice sank to a mysterious whisper. "He said something very strange—that perhaps she will even see God soon."

Cousin Angela's own eyes were red when she came out of the cottage. She stayed to speak a few words with the kindly neighbor who looked in occasionally to render what services she could. The neighbor woman said to Cousin Angela as the children moved along home: "But as for sending Elfrida to the good Sisters who have offered to have her, Mrs. Gimpson won't so much as hear a word of it, at least not yet awhile; and there's never a day passes but she's on the outlook for some letter that's never like to come."

(To be continued.)

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Saved by a Song.

DURING the age of chivalry there was found at every court in Southern Europe, no matter how small, a wandering minstrel who sang or recited verses of his own composition. One of the most celebrated of these troubadours, as they were called, was Blondel, a devoted friend and favorite of Richard Cœur de Lion. The love of music made a close bond of sympathy between king and poet, and together they wrote and set to music several songs.

According to an old chronicler, when Richard joined the Third Crusade, Blondel accompanied him to the Holy Land. On their return from Palestine, in the Autumn of 1192, Richard was seized and imprisoned by Leopold, Duke of Austria, who the following Spring delivered him up to Henry VI., the German Emperor. By the order of this monarch, who was noted for his cruelty, Richard was secretly conveyed to the Castle of Trifels, on the banks of the Rhine. Here, in one of the strongest and most closely-guarded cells, was thrown the Lion-Hearted King. But even in prison Richard's courage did not fail him. Although he knew there was little hope of escaping his enemy, and that a cruel death probably awaited him, he sought to distract his mind from gloomy thoughts by singing his favorite songs, especially those which he and Blondel had so often sung together.

The troubadour's grief at his beloved master's capture and subsequent disappearance knew no bounds. He made a vow that he would not rest until he had discovered Richard's hiding-place, and that he would risk life itself to set him free. Blondel, accompanied by a few faithful English knights, traversed the whole of Germany seeking the king. They inquired at every town and castle without discovering the faintest trace of him.

One evening, as they were descending into the wild valley of Anweiler, they perceived on the summit of a high mountain the towers of Castle Trifels outlined against the sky. Blondel was seized with a presentiment that here he might find his king, and he resolved not to leave that vicinity until he had made the most careful search.

The next morning the troubadour and his companions climbed the thickly wooded slope, which brought them at length to the rocky eminence crowned by the frowning fortress of Trifels. The knights hid themselves in the forest near by, while Blondel went to explore the fortifications. As he strolled along with this end in view he met a young shepherdess, with whom he entered into conversation. She told him that she lived in the neighborhood of Trifels, and, in answer to his questions, gave him some information in regard to the castle. As they were about to separate, Blondel begged the young girl to wait a moment, as he wished in some measure to repay her for the details she had given him. So, taking his guitar, he sang an old and touching melody, King Richard's favorite air. Charmed with his music, the shepherdess exclaimed:

"Oh, you sing the same song that a poor prisoner sings,—the one who is shut up in the North tower! I have often heard him sing it as I pastured my flock near the prison walls."

These parting words from the young girl were a ray of light to Blondel. Happy at the thought of being near the end of his laborious search, he directed his steps stealthily toward the castle at nightfall. Getting as close to the North tower as he could without being discovered, he played and sang King Richard's favorite air. Scarcely had the notes of the first stanza died away when Blondel heard a voice, coming from one of the windows of the tower, take up and continue the melody. Then the same well-

known voice asked, in muffled tones:

"Blondel, is it you?"

"Yes, it is I, my lord and king," replied the troubadour. "Thank Heaven I have found you at last! Faithful followers are near to liberate you."

The next day, when Blondel obtained entrance to the castle, he saw the danger attending his enterprise. The fortress, which was well guarded by a large garrison, could not be taken either by force or surprise. Only by a ruse could his desire be accomplished. Blondel's gayety and lively songs soon won the favor of the guardian of the castle and of his stepdaughter Mathilde. She promised to aid him in his perilous undertaking. She knew the secret passage leading to Richard's cell, and also where her stepfather kept the keys.

One dark and stormy night, after Blondel and his companions had made all their preparations for rescue and flight, Mathilde seized the keys while the stern guardian of the fortress slept. Leading Blondel to the king's cell, they unlocked the door, gave him a sword and shield, and then all three crept noiselessly to the courtyard of the castle. There Richard and Blondel threw themselves upon the soldiers at the portal and forced them to open the doors. Before the garrison, awakened by the noise, could come to the defence, the knights, waiting without, rushed into the courtyard, and, after a desperate fight, succeeded in liberating the king.

Once outside the castle walls, they all, including Mathilde, mounted the horses which were in readiness, and rode off with the greatest speed. After traveling many days and after numerous adventures, they arrived in England. Mathilde became the wife of Blondel, who received a generous reward for his perseverance and fidelity. The knights who had aided him in his perilous quest were also liberally recompensed by the Lion-Hearted King.

The Fire-Walk.

Among the natives of several of the Polynesian Islands, and especially those of Tahiti, there is a sort of religious ceremony which visitors to the island used to describe as something marvelous. It is called the "fire-walk," and is performed in order to insure good crops. The chief leader of these pagans, and his assistants, walk barefoot across a bed of stones which have been heated upon a mass of burning wood. European and American spectators could not understand why the walkers escaped having their feet burned.

Some years ago, however, a member of the Smithsonian Institution saw the ceremony in Tahiti, and investigated the matter. He discovered that the volcanic rock employed is a very poor conductor of heat; so that, while the stones may be intensely hot underneath, their upper sides will be only moderately warm. And so the "fire-walk" is no longer wonderful—to those who know about it.

Portraits of Our Lord.

In 1702 a fine brass medal bearing a portrait of Our Lord was discovered in Anglesea, Wales. It is fully authenticated by a Hebrew inscription upon the reverse side, which declares the portrait to be that of "the Prophet Jesus." The workmanship is of the First Century, and the features bear an extraordinary likeness to those of the famous emerald once possessed by the Emperor Tiberius.

This last-named portrait is, with the exception of the so-called "napkin portrait" of St. Veronica, as well known as any in existence. It was preserved in the treasury of Constantinople, but fell into the hands of the Turks; and about 1483 was given by the Sultan to Pope Innocent VIII. as a ransom for the Turkish monarch's brother.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"The Man of God" is the title of a new prayer book for men which has excellent features. It is the work of two experienced Dominican Fathers, and is published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—The *Los Angeles Times* reports that a Chinese author, who lately arrived in San Francisco, was asked his private opinion of present-day fiction, and replied: "It must be admitted that the old-fashioned dime novel, which is now selling for \$2.50, is printed on far better paper."

—Two stories, "Nolichucky Jack," by John Faris, and "The Fortunate Calamity," by Isabelle M. Alden, will be enjoyed by young people with a taste for frontier adventures, kindly aunts and innocent love affairs. The first book makes entertaining reading for boys, the second for girls. J. B. Lippincott Co.

—Series V. of "Thy Kingdom Come," by J. E. Moffatt, S. J. (Benzigers), supplies food for thought about Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. These Eucharistic echoes are designed to help souls earnestly striving for a more intimate approach to the Divine Model. "Thy Kingdom Come" is a handy book for the hour of adoration or visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

—The thesis defended in "The Mass and the Redemption," by the Rev. M. C. D'Arcy, S. J., is that the Sacrifice of the Mass holds an essential place in the plan of Redemption. "Any form of Christianity which leaves out the Mass is not an authentic version, but a mutilated copy." The author acknowledges that his work is, to some degree, an "English synopsis" of the *Mysterium Fidei* of the Rev. M. de la Taille, S. J. It is a singularly penetrating, yet charmingly simple, study of the great mystery of our Redemption in its relation to the Mass, to the life of the Church and to the daily life of the individual. Chapter V. is devoted to a discussion of the divergent theories concerning the essence of the

Holy Sacrifice. Those who love the Blessed Eucharist will be indebted to Fr. D'Arcy for the treat prepared for them in the pages of this book. Benziger Brothers.

—Sir Edmund Gosse, in a preface to "A Goan Fiddler," by Joseph Furtado, informs us that the author, a native of Goa, abandoned his tribal dialect for Portuguese, in which language he then received his education, and in later life took up the study of English in which he now writes. There is little besides the poet's history to give interest to his poetry. It is provincial verse. Some three or four poems indicate that the writer is of the Catholic Faith. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

—Two recent issues in the admirable series, "Des Fleurs et des Fruits," published under the direction of the Abbé Felix Klein, for young readers in France, are: "Sept Comédies du Moyen Age," with illustrations by J. J. Roussau; and "Saint François d'Assise et les Fioretti," after Ozanam, with Père Lacordaire's classical tribute to Ozanam as an introduction and delightful illustrations by Maurice Lavergne. To each volume the distinguished editor contributes a luminous preface. "Editions Spes," Paris.

—The human mind is especially liable to error when, without the safeguards of revealed religion, it undertakes to solve problems of a religious nature. "Prejudice," it has been well said, "sees what it pleases, but cannot see what is plain." Thus Theosophists fail to see plurality and distinction, which are plain, because they are more pleased to see a world of transcendental organic unity, which is infinitely obscure. We have never been able to take any pantheistic or idealistic Monists seriously, if for no other reason than that they seemingly refuse to accept the plain facts of experience. But M. Théodore Mainage has yielded this point and made a very thorough and painstaking study of Theosophy's principles, presenting as thorough and complete a

refutation of them as could be desired. His work is well translated by Misses Suzanne Duché and Yvonne Cooper, and published by the B. Herder Book Co.

—Messrs. Burns and Oates "Treasury of the Faith Series," to be completed in thirty-six volumes, six of which have already appeared, consists of concise statements and explanations of Catholic doctrine by eminent writers, arranged and edited by the Rev. Dr. George D. Smith. "The primary object of the series being neither apologetic nor controversial, but expository, the subject-matter of the volumes has been arranged accordingly." We gladly publish the complete list:

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Obituary.

Rev. Norbert Blanchet, of the diocese of Fall River; Rev. Bernard Franzen, Archdiocese of Cincinnati; and Rev. Charles Jerger, C. P.

Brother Jean-Baptist, C. S. C.

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May they rest in peace!

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CONTENTS

"I'll Make a Song for Mary."—(Poem).....	<i>J. Corson Miller</i>	641
Journeying to God	<i>The Rev. Joseph P. Conroy, S. J.</i>	641
Ancient Lights.—(Continued)	<i>Agnes Blundell</i>	644
Sanctuary.—(Poem)	<i>Clarence E. Flynn</i>	648
Some Saints of the Month.....	<i>Marian Nesbitt</i>	648
Home at Last.....	<i>Noel Macdonald Wilby</i>	651
Aunt Kate's Ear-Ring.—(Conclusion).....	<i>P. J. O'Connor-Duffy</i>	655
A Forgotten Reformer.....	<i>N. T.</i>	658
The Death of Voltaire.....		660
Flowers vs. Prayers.....		661
Pious Puerilities		661
Notes and Remarks:		
Canterbury Has Spoken.—Gov. Fuller of Massachusetts on Irreligious Education.—A Precious Book.—		
More Sane If Not More Sober.—American Headlines.—Consoling and Encouraging.—An Excellent Point.		
—Words of High Importance.—English Martyrs.....		662

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

When in My Bed.....	<i>Marie Schulte Kallenbach</i>	666
Childerswell Hall.—(Continued)	<i>Mother Mary Thomas</i>	666
St. Gall and His Bear.....		669
The King and the Duellers.....		670
With Authors and Publishers.....		671
Obituary		672

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

<i>Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.</i> —PROVERBS, viii, 34.	
SATURDAY, 19.—St. Elizabeth of Hungary, W. St. Pontian, P. M.	WEDNESDAY, 23.—St. Clement I., P. M. St. Felicitas, M.
SUNDAY, 20.—TWENTY-FOURTH AFTER PENTECOST. St. Felix of Valois, C. St. Edmund, K. M.	THURSDAY, 24.—St. John of the Cross, C. St. Chrysogonus, M.
MONDAY, 21.—PRESENTATION OF THE B. V. M.	FRIDAY, 25.—St. Catherine, V. M.
TUESDAY, 22.—St. Cecilia, V. M.	SATURDAY, 26.—St. John Berchmans, C. St. Silvester, Ab.

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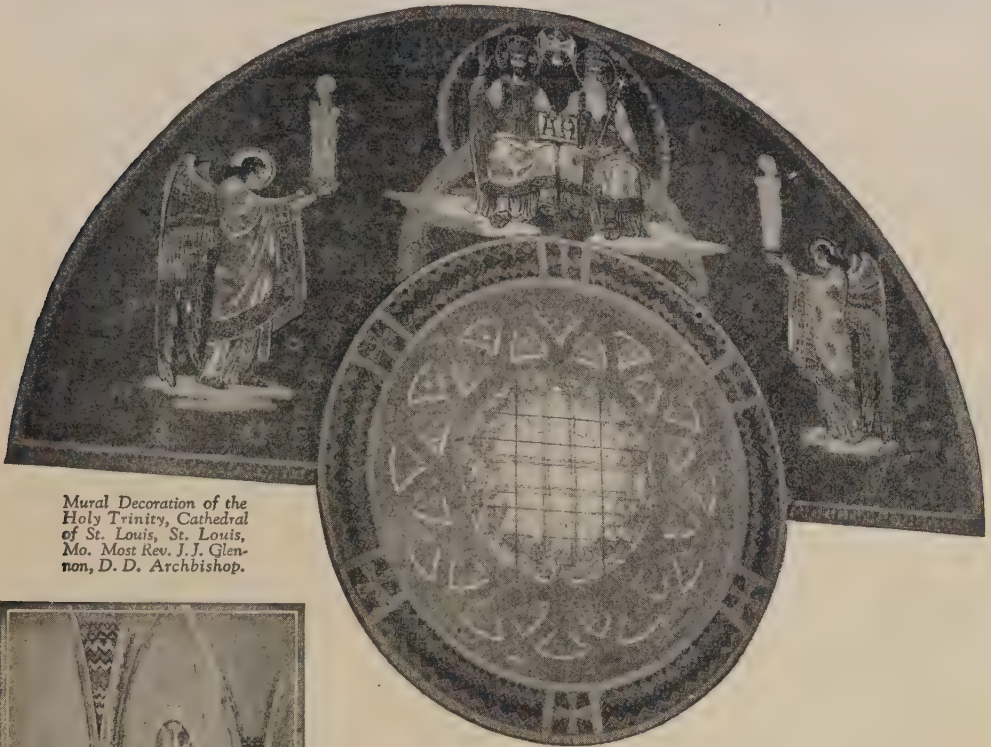
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* Care should be taken to furnish full and correct addresses. When *changing an address*, it is necessary to send the *old* as well as the *new address*. In order to prevent the loss of magazines, it will be well to notify us ten days before the contemplated change.

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Vol. XXVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 19, 1927.

No. 21.

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"I'll Make a Song for Mary."

BY J. CORSON MILLER.

I'LL make a song for Mary,
Of silk and silver spun;
Silk for the guileless glow in her eyes,
When she looked in the eyes of her Son.
Silver, to mirror her gladness,
While she held Him snugly warm,
Ere the days grew dark with sorrow,
And the nights grew sick with storm.

I'll make a song for Mary
Of rose and violet flowers;
Rose, for the red, red drops that fell
In those last three ruddy hours.
Violets for remembrance
In her face when she smiled or wept,
And the wistful light that hallowed her
hair,
As weary from work, she slept.

I'll make a song for Mary
Of lilies, samite and gold;
Lilies for the blossom of purity,
Whose beauty can never grow old.
Samite and gold for the womanhood
Of her, our Mother and friend—
The Mother of God and the Mother of us,
Here, and in life without end.

QUARRY the granite rock with razors,
or moor the vessel with a thread of silk;
then may you hope, with such keen and
delicate instruments as human knowl-
edge and human reason, to contend
against those giants, the passion and the
pride of man.—*Cardinal Newman.*

Journeying to God.

BY THE REV. JOSEPH P. CONROY, S. J.

ONE of the subjects we find it difficult to read about, or to listen to, is that of prayer,—not because we think the matter unimportant, but because it makes us seem so unimportant. It puts us on the defensive, makes us feel guilty, sets before us a duty that we think helpless of fulfilling, an ideal that we can never reach.

"Oh," we say to ourselves, "don't talk about praying! I know well that it should be done, but I can't do it. Whatever is the case with others, my experience tells me that I never get anywhere with it. My mind runs off the track as soon as I start to pray. If I try to say the Rosary, my fingers hold the beads, and maybe my tongue utters the words, but my mind slips off into space in spite of myself. Even at Mass, with the priest before me, and my prayerbook in my hands, my thoughts go rambling off like lost children. In short, I'm simply discouraged about prayer; it may go well with others, but never with me."

And yet we remember the words of Our Lord, "Amen, I say to you, pray always and do not faint;" that is, do not give up. This is the solemn, peremptory command, granting no exceptions, from the same lips that said also: "My yoke is sweet and My burden light." How, we

ask in distress, can prayer, which is so difficult, be ever a yoke that is sweet or a burden that is light?

Clearly there does seem to be a difficulty here. Our Lord tells us to pray all the time; and we find it a physical impossibility. Does He not ask the impossible of us?

The answer to this lies in our own narrow idea of prayer. We think of it as something done exclusively under certain conditions, with a set form, in a state of rigidly fixed attention, accompanied by an emotional consciousness. We think of our morning and evening prayers, of our Rosary and our Mass and Holy Communion; and we judge of our entire success or failure in prayer entirely by the way we manage in these. If we happen to suffer distractions, we conclude that all our prayer is altogether futile, and our courage oozes away until the very mention of the word "prayer" depresses us.

But prayer is a much broader thing than we suppose. Have we ever thought that it is possible to pray under any conditions, without any set form, without even direct attention to, or consciousness of it? To put it briefly, can I be praying and not know it? The answer is, Yes, I can. "How can this be?" the timid soul will ask. "I never heard of such a thing."

Prayer we have been told ever since our Catechism days, is the lifting up of the mind and the heart to God. By the word "heart," it is important to remember, is not meant here the emotions or the sentiments, but the will. Can I, then, have my mind and my will raised to God, fixed upon Him, without knowing it? I can. Then I can be praying without knowing it.

We shall try to make this clear. Suppose, for example, I receive a telegram calling me to the sick bed of a member of my family. At once I determine to go. I pack my bag, arrange for the ad-

ministration of my business or my household affairs in my absence, call a cab and go to the station. There I purchase my ticket, obtain necessary information about the journey and take the train. It may be a journey of days and nights. I must sleep while travelling and take my meals. During the day I read or enjoy the scenery, or converse with fellow travellers. I pass through towns where I have friends whom I should like to see, near places I should wish to visit. But I resist the inclination; I come to the city, I detrain and go direct to the sick person's home.

Now, during all this time and during the thousand things I did while on this trip, was I constantly thinking of my sick relative? Did I keep saying to myself every time the wheels turned, "I am going to see John; I am going to see John"? Not at all. It may be that only occasionally I thought of him. But at any time on that journey, nevertheless, if I were asked where I was going, I should immediately have given the proper answer; and if any one were to try to divert me from my route, or to invite me to stop and visit at any point short of my terminus, I should at once have refused. I might be depriving myself of a very enjoyable, a very profitable opportunity; but I denied myself anything but the end I set out for. I wasn't thinking exclusively of John on the way, it is true; but in spite of that, every minute brought me nearer to him. In other words, I was going to visit John without realizing it. My mind and my will were fixed on that single purpose, though I was not continually conscious of it.

So it can be with my prayer. I can be journeying to God and not realize it. My mind and my heart can be fixed on God, though I am not aware of it. I can be offering to God constant prayer and not advert it, precisely as I kept on

travelling to my brother and didn't think of it.

If we make a parallel case in the concrete, this will become much more evident. Suppose that on rising in the morning, I say this short prayer: "O my God, I offer to thee all the thoughts, words and actions of this day," and during the whole day I say not another prayer directly to Him. This is little enough to say, it will be admitted, and any one can do this. Yes, I grant that we have whittled our prayer down to so fine a point that at first thought it seems stingy. And I do not suggest that this be our steady practice; it is just for the sake of example that I choose this short ejaculation.

But in addition to merely uttering this prayer, suppose I really mean it. Ah, there's the difference! That "meaning it" is what will give the right turn to things. Now as the day goes on, suppose a rebellious thought comes before my mind, or a jealous, an angry, an impure thought. I shall realize the temptation is there, directly before me; I shall feel its attraction pulling at me. But without turning directly to God, by some instinctive insight I sense that the thought is wrong; by some impulse that I feel is not altogether mine, I dismiss it. Just as, while on the train, I refused to get off at some attractive spot because it was not the right thing to do.

In the same way with words, with actions that tempt me to leave the main line. I disregard them, give them no starting chance. Thus, throughout the day, I hold to my original offering made to God at its beginning, without at any time renewing it directly. Nevertheless, the power of that offering so permeates me, so guides me past all danger spots, that I firmly withhold every evil thought, word or action, through a hidden feeling that none of these is right.

Now, suppose I finish the whole day

in this manner. There will be lapses, little faults, failings, perhaps venial sins. These, of course, we can not call prayers. But outside of that, never once in the day did I seriously offend God. Can I say that during all that time I was praying? Yes, I can. I offered to God all my thoughts, words, actions of the day, and never, by any serious, deliberate decision, took the offer back. I kept my soul all day in the state of grace; and the soul in that state is always loving God. My mind and my will were continually lifted up to Him, even though I was not conscious of it. I loved God all the day, as I love my parents, my home, without realizing it; and loving God is prayer.

So it is clear that it is possible to pray always, without the terrible strain that we imagined was implied in such a course. It rather astonishes us when we think of it thus, like the man who talked prose for fifty years, and was amazed when he was told what he had been doing. I think that in heaven many souls will be surprised to see how much praying they really did without knowing it. Perhaps it is as well they did not know; it might have made them conceited. One short ejaculation, well directed and thoroughly earnest, can flood a whole day with prayer. After that nobody can say prayer is difficult. This isn't a new idea of prayer. It is as old as the Church. The early Christians said: "Whether we eat or drink, whether we sleep or wake, whether we move about or rest, talk or are silent, we do everything in the name and for the glory of God." And they knew well that was praying.

Christ's words, "Pray always and do not faint," seem not at all severe when looked at thus; in fact, it is only common sense. We belong to Him entirely, and He has the right to our complete service of thought, word and action: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with

thy whole heart and thy whole soul, with all thy mind and all thy strength." We are engaged every minute of our time for the one single Master, journeying with no intermission to the one end. The current of our life sets steadily in one direction; and in spite of rocks and shallows and falls and windings, we keep it constantly moving toward the great sea,—the infinite love of God.

Of course, there are times when we should try to be directly conscious of our praying. At our morning and evening devotions, at Mass, when we receive the Sacraments, whenever, in general, we portion off a period for communion with God, we should strive to attend to it with all the care of a ceremony at court. But even here our minds will wander somewhat. Do not be downcast at that. The average mind has not the ability to cling to a line of thought as evenly as a trolley on a wire. It is well to remember that in this world we are like children learning how to walk; and we must be patient with ourselves, as is the mother who must keep her little son from running into the street every minute. Perseveringly she goes after him and steers him back to the centre of the path, until after a while the boy learns to keep from drifting off his course. So with ourselves. If we send our will out after our wandering mind and gently, with no fuss or flutter, set it back each time upon the way, we shall soon find that our prayer is going much better. And the very effort of doing this is a prayer in itself.

For those who have discovered that their minds do not easily manage long prayers, the little jets of prayer we call ejaculations will be found most useful, especially in times of trial, bewilderment, fatigue, depression, that come into our lives like the tunnels on a railway journey. At such times we often find that any sustained effort is too

heavy for us, while, on the contrary, a light bundle of prayer helps us along and balances us. These ejaculations need not be sought for in a prayerbook; we can make them up ourselves. And they will keep the engine pulling, until we are clear of the choking smoke of the tunnel and out again into God's sunshine.

When all is said, it is this steady pulling ahead, whether we do it consciously or not, this forward attitude of the mind toward God, that makes our lives finally lives of prayer,—courageous lives, persistent, undefeatable, and at the same time confident and untroubled, never fainting by the way, but leaning trustfully on Christ, rejoicing in the support of Him who has taught us to "pray always."

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXII.

DANGERFIELD HOUSE was brilliantly illuminated. Hundreds of wax candles set in sconces made the great rooms as light as day, huge torches in wrought-iron holders were ranged all along the new façade, and scores of linkboys ran hither and thither between the coaches and the steps. There was constant movement before the wide portal lined on either side by footmen in the new Dangerfield livery; heavy coaches rolled up to set down ladies in ruff and farthingale, and gallants, who almost outdid them in bravery of apparel.

In one corner of the great gilded saloon a group of young men were standing. They were richly dressed in the very extreme of the fashion, jewelled poniards at their hips, padded trunk hose laced with gold and silver, nether stocks fitting their legs like gloves, and the new-fangled high French hats with

bunches of plumes at the side. There was a constant movement at the outskirts of the group, but the little knot of three in the center stirred little. They stood close together, and the newcomers, pushing their way in, saluted them, talked for a few moments to the man in the center, and moved away again.

This man though gaily and luxuriously dressed was insignificant of stature, much older than the others, with a worn face and deep-set eyes. His cheeks were rouged, as were those of the other men; and though he gesticulated as he spoke, his movements seemed to be prompted by his companions rather than made of his own will. If he appeared to discourse too earnestly, one or the other would pull him by the sleeve, and he would straightway smile, shake his perfume box with artificial grace, or feign to interest himself with some detail of his interlocutor's costume.

A newcomer presently entered the saloon, and after saluting sundry of the dowagers, passing a compliment or two to the younger ladies, and exchanging a jest with the gentleman who waited upon them, approached the group of young men. As soon as he had passed into their ranks, his casual manner fell from him, and he pushed rapidly to the center and took one of the three men by the arm.

"Henry, we must get our friend away immediately. Young Cleburne is here, and 'tis thought he might recognize him; Geoffrey, too, had best depart at once."

Henry Vaux did not turn or make any change of countenance when thus addressed.

"Is it even so?" he asked, laughing affectedly. "Well, we will go watch the dancing awhile, and if please you, Master Walter."

"I vow he did not!" promptly exclaimed Geoffrey Pemberton who stood

on the farther side. "I'll wager my great ruby against your pearl he did not! Master Walter Clifford here shall be the judge!"

"Of what? What did he not do?" exclaimed the elder man in bewilderment.

"Faith I know not!—anything that can be put to the test in the garden. What canst thou not do?" he added, touching a bystander on the shoulder. "Quick—is it leap farther than my Lord Arundel here, or get past his guard with the foils?"

"Aye, you are right, Geoffrey, the garden is the place," returned Vaux in a whisper. "Why do not both these young cocks frequent the great Master Saviolo's school of fence? If he has taught one the thrust, be sure the other has learned the parry."

"'Tis easy proved!" exclaimed another. "Let us call on my Lord Lymington to act as arbiter."

"Aye," murmured another; "and Tom Cleburne too! And while they are well occupied, our friends may steal away. Good Sir," he added urgently to the older man, "smile—make play!"

The person addressed immediately struck an attitude: his fatuous smile was quite at variance with the urgency of his voice.

"There are some in that group of ladies who might well recognize me; and if they show it through surprise, it might bring them into peril."

"We need to wash our eyes in canary, I think, that they may be clear to watch every turn of the foil," interposed Geoffrey promptly. "Have no fear, good sir," he added in a laughing undertone. "We'll carry our goblets out to the pleasure, and you can spill yours on the greensward."

Arundel led the way towards the door, conducting a laughing argument with the youths that followed him.

"That madcap Geoffrey will betray us one of these days," murmured Henry

Vaux, who still closely escorted "Master Walter." "We all follow his lead blindly, and those of duller wit, like myself, find ourselves wildly wagering we know not what."

"Bid him make away forthwith," returned the other; "he is, I fear, a marked man. I will stay awhile, and then go as I came, alone."

"You had best be forward in the wagering, good sir," murmured another youth, pressing close as they descended the crowded stairs. "Here's my purse."

As the little bag was passed from hand to hand, Master Walter asked agitatedly:

"What sum must I wager—a crown?"

"A crown! Nay, marry! A hundred crowns at least!"

"A hundred crowns! That's a year's sustenance to be flung away in a minute!" exclaimed the other in dismay.

"Aye, but thirty men's lives and your own to boot, if you pass not off as a gallant, good sir. You must be a spend-thrift for to-night like the rest of us." He added urgently in a yet lower key: "Topcliffe is here. Pledge me in a glass of wine ere you speak further."

Poor Master Walter made shift to bow, uttered a vapid compliment and twiddled the stem of the tall Venice glass in his fingers, though a stain on the arras might have proved that he profited little of its contents.

"Why did Geoffrey bid us meet here?" he inquired, when his bodyguard had once again closed round him.

"'Twas a cunning thought, though a bold one. All Catholic houses are being watched for you, but the catchpolls search for a man in poor attire. Yet my mind misgives me to see Topcliffe here. You were best out of London to-night."

"Nay, I'll not leave till I can see my friends," the other man was beginning when a cry arose.

"To the garden! to the garden! Pray, my Lord, command the links hither!"

"Who has the swords?"

"Nay, nay,—no rapier play! The ladies watch us from the balcony. Call for foils!"

Among these very ladies were Alice and Julian Cleburne, for though the elder sister would fain have shrunk back, the younger urged her forward; and her father, wishing her to show solicitude for Lord Lymington, who was in the centre of the excitement below, seconded Julian's efforts.

"Alice, Alice," whispered Julian, "that tall man in the rose-slashed suit—look at him well. No, no, not to that side—close behind Lord Lymington—lean over." She herself hung perilously over the parapet. "There, now he steps forward."

"What is the point at issue?" asked a voice well-known to them both.

Alice started, but Julian pressed her arm warningly.

"Not that I care," continued the speaker, "so it but make a wager."

"Who is that?" queried one of the ladies, glancing down with a simper.

"A stranger to me," returned another.

"Brother Tom is holding the stakes!" exclaimed Julian presently.

But Alice's eyes were fixed on the figure in rose-color. He turned as she watched, apparently at the prompting of the friend at his elbow, and desired one of the lacqueys to bring him his cloak. The garment was of flaming rose-color like his suit, and shone in gaudy brightness even among that brilliant throng. But a moment later Alice caught her breath. Two figures had moved round to the farther side of the rival swordsmen, as though to assist the youths who were intent on pacing out the ground. They paused a moment beyond the radius of torchlight; then both furled and unfurled their cloaks as though to settle them more gracefully about their shoulders. One moment the vivid hues of their garments glowed

through the Summer dusk; the next they were quenched in the dusky folds of cloaks reversed, so that the dark linings hid the shades beneath. The girls, as by one accord, glanced down at the animated cluster of young men; when they looked back the two figures at the edge of the greensward had suddenly merged into the shadow of the trees.

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A belated reveller, as it seemed, went reeling down the highway. He fell once, and as he lay on the ground, looked back under his arm with uncommon acuteness for one overcome by wine. No one followed, and after a moment, he rose, staggered past the next flickering oil-lamp, and turning down a side-street ran lightly and noiselessly onward, with no sign of unsteadiness. At a certain doorway he paused, making a muffled knocking in a particular manner—first three knocks, then two, then one, with pauses in between.

Shuffling footsteps were heard on the inner side, and the door opened an inch or two.

"Who is it?" whispered a voice.

"'Tis I—Vaux. Let me in!"

He pushed against the door which yielded before him, and by the flickering rushlight confronted Geoffrey Pemberton, who had rushed to the door barefooted with but a cloak flung over his night attire.

"Is Mr. Hunt at rest?" asked the newcomer, as Pemberton proceeded to secure the door.

The other shook his head.

"Nay, he is still at prayers; he watches many hours every night."

"You should both take some sleep," said Vaux urgently. "You must be away to-morrow as soon as the city gates are open. Topcliffe hath sworn to run down Mr. Hunt. We have a traitor in the camp—some false Catholic who hath pretended to be reconciled in order to

entrap him. He were best away until we can trace the spy."

Geoffrey nodded and yawned.

"I came here to lie with him to-night in the hope of inducing him to fly to the country to-morrow. But he will not leave London until he hath made shift to visit the Neviles in Newgate. So we plan a bold move. I am to bring him in to-morrow in guise of a reckless town gallant!"

"Alas, poor holy man! But, Geoffrey, thou wilt run thy head into a noose or worse. The prison is full of spies, and of poor wretches who care not whom they destroy, so they win a little favor for themselves. Mr. Hunt will not easily pass himself off among them."

Geoffrey took up the light and motioned his friend to follow him into the small chamber where he had been sleeping near the door.

"Sit there awhile, and I will dress. This is indeed not a night to spend in slumber, the danger is most pressing; and," he added with a faint smile, "we know that he who loves danger must needs perish therein."

"Have a care, good Geoffrey!"

"Aye, but we must first be careful about the harvest of the Lord. Even Mother Anne hath not been permitted to see the Neviles of late. They are lodged now in the common side, and it is said the old man is ill. The attempt must be made to-morrow—or rather to-day, so I will rise and pray."

"It is folly to thrust thyself into the very jaws of death," declared his friend.

"Nay, Mr. Hunt thinks that we shall escape unscathed. He hath an inner urging—he even means to say Mass in the prison precincts if opportunity be found."

"What! You will bring in vestments?"

"Not so, all is already hidden in the roof of the chamber where Mr. Longhorne lies. The gaoler will let me in, and

I shall bring my fine friend, who hath a curiosity to see the sights. Then, should we come forth alive, I will accompany the priest to Henley Park, where he will find others of the Society."

"But is that far enough removed from London?"

"Oh, aye! 'tis half way between here and Oxford—a solitary place surrounded by a deer park and rabbit warrens, and Mr. Browne, our host there, is true as steel. Farewell! If we meet no more, pray for my constancy. And, Henry, see that my dear friend find others of the Society."

"I'll come with you," exclaimed Vaux. But Geoffrey shook his head.

"Nay, friend. The laborers are all too few as it is; we must husband our resources. We must have but one thought, Henry,—souls, souls, souls!"

Vaux made no rejoinder, but embraced his friend, and presently crept out into the night.

(To be continued.)

Sanctuary.

BY CLARENCE E. FLYNN.

GOD has a place, and it is never far,
Where reach vast arches over golden gates,
Where quiet aisles and vaulted ceilings are,
And where a spacious altar always waits;
A place where weary souls may freely come,
Hearts torn by earth's sharp thorns a refuge find,

Sad, lonely spirits feel again at home,
And all find rest and balm for heart and mind.

It is a house of walls not made with hands.
None sees it save the broken child of care.
In every place of woe and need it stands,

Wherever sorrow dares to breathe a prayer.
The weakest, poorest, farthest spirit, tried
By grim pursuers of defeat and pain,
May claim its shelter. Then when tears are dried

It waits in silence till they fall again.

Some Saints of the Month.

BY MARIAN NESBITT.

ON the Feast of All Saints we seem to hear faint and far off, like the distant murmur of wind in the pine trees, the echoes of celestial music—a wondrous harmony blending with the voices of that great multitude which no man can number, who, standing around the throne of their God, praise Him and glorify Him forever. And our hearts, borne heavenwards on the swift wings of melody, thrill with a gladness not of earth; and our eyes, dimmed by the mists of sorrow or of sin, catch for one rapturous moment a fleeting glimpse of that fair land beyond the hills of time, "where the songs of all the sinless sweep across the crystal sea."

It is with the lives of a few individual saints that we will at present concern ourselves. And I think it can not fail to strike us that on the 2d of November, when we commemorate "the dead who have died in the Lord," it is very fitting that the same day is dedicated to a most saintly Irish bishop, St. Malachy, whose zeal and piety caused him to be raised to the See of Connor; and very soon afterwards to the still higher dignity of Archbishop of his native city, Armagh.

"During his childhood," one of his biographers tells us, "he was wont to separate himself from his companions to converse in prayer with God." Ordained priest at the age of twenty-five, he began that career of strenuous devotion to the preservation of ecclesiastical discipline and that personal mortification and eager thirst for the salvation of souls, which won for him St. Bernard's remarkable eulogy: "Of all the miracles which St. Malachy worked, he himself was the greatest," so complete was his victory over self, "so active his charity

for Christ's Mystical Body, whether militant on earth, or suffering in Purgatory." Indeed, compassion for the Holy Souls appears to have been one of his chief characteristics. And when, after having made a pilgrimage to Rome to consult with Christ's Vicar, and being taken ill in St. Bernard's monastery at Clairvaux, where he died, November 2, 1148, it seemed most appropriate that the divine call should have come to him on the very day consecrated to the memory of those for whom he had shown such tender love and pity during his life.

"Whosoever would go forward in the service of God, must begin his life each day anew, must keep himself as much as possible in the presence of God, and in all his actions must have but one end—the Divine honor." These are the words of one whose life they portray for us with extraordinary accuracy. They were spoken by none other than St. Charles Borromeo, that true shepherd of souls, whom God raised up to renew the face of the Church. This remarkable man began his labors about fifty years after the Protestant heresy broke like a wave over Catholic Christendom. At the early age of twenty-two, he was created cardinal; and by his prudence and wisdom helped his uncle, Pope Pius IV., to administer the affairs of the Holy See.

"His first care," we are told, "was the direction of the Council of Trent. He urged forward its sessions, guided the deliberations, and by his firmness carried it to its conclusion." Made Archbishop of Milan, he enforced the observance of its decrees, and by his unrelenting exertions rendered his See a model of discipline. What need to tell of the schools for the poor, the seminaries for clerics founded by him, or of the Congregation of Oblates which bears his name, and which he instituted in order that his priests might be more thoroughly trained to perfection. These

good works are too well known to require repetition.

But it may well be that, in admiration at the tasks performed, we lose sight of the fact that it was by the daily renewal of his resolution to fulfil, no matter at what cost, every duty, whether small or great, demanded by the service of God, that St. Charles became what he was, not only a most unswerving upholder of rule and order, but also a most tender father to his flock. It is recorded that "he would sit by the roadside to teach a poor man the *Pater* and *Ave*;" and, cardinal-archbishop though he was, would enter hovels the noisome atmosphere of which drove even his most devoted attendants from the door. To his last hour, he visited the sick and dying, selling his own bed in order to provide them with necessaries. Thus he lived the lesson his words had so unceasingly taught.

On November 8, we commemorate one who was in every respect as famous for his holiness of life as for his learning; one who, with all his acuteness of intellect and extraordinary eloquence, was really very poor in spirit—the perfect example of what a true Friar Minor should be. Scrupulously obedient, mortified, humble, the celebrated Duns Scotus is not only the glory of the Franciscan Order in England, but to him the whole Church owes a lasting debt of gratitude on account of his brilliant defence of the great Dogma of the Immaculate Conception—a defence which won for him his title of the Subtle Doctor.

Like all the saints, Scotus led a most austere and penitential life. He always went barefoot, begging his bread from door to door, and wearing a habit that was coarse and heavy, and often patched. In 1293, when only nineteen, he took his Doctor's degree, and was given a professor's chair in the University of Oxford, where the success of

his teaching was so great that within a few years as many as thirty thousand students came to attend his lectures. His fame, in fact, spread throughout Europe, but it did not for an instant lessen his self-contempt and lowly-mindedness—traits which were never more apparent than amid the applause of his disciples, many of whom were men of distinction in the wide fields of mental attainment; men who had actually given up their own pupils in order to study under the young professor, to whom Oxford awarded the glorious title of "Doctor of Mary — *Doctor Marianus*" — a fitting designation for the champion of the Queen of Angels, and specially suited to one so pure of heart as Scotus.

His preaching was not less successful than his teaching; and "not a single Sunday or feast day passed that he did not preach the Word of God to the faithful." Original as was his mind, and profound as was his learning, his language was so clear, so simple and so impassioned, that it was understood even by the most ignorant. He was the founder of the University of Cologne, where, at the early age of thirty-four, he ended his life of sanctity and labor, in the year 1308, and was buried in the Franciscan Church there.

"A tender love of our neighbor," says St. Francis of Sales, "is one of the greatest and most excellent gifts that the Divine Goodness bestows upon men." This "tender love" of which he speaks, never shone more brightly than in St. Elizabeth of Hungary, the details of whose life are so familiar to us all; but it may not be equally well known that she was the first in Germany to join the Third Order of St. Francis. Surrounded by all the distractions of a Court, she preserved a wonderful recollectedness, fulfilling in the most perfect manner her duties of royal princess, loving wife, and devoted mother, yet at the same time, practis-

ing the heroic virtues of the cloister. She was noted for her personal austerities, her utter detachment from the things of this world, and above all for her outstanding charity to the sick and suffering poor, numbers of whom she relieved daily, besides building hospitals for them and personally serving them.

St. Leonard of Port Maurice is a November saint about whom a large volume might be written. He spent forty long years in the exercise of one of the most laborious and successful apostolates ever accomplished by a servant of God. Indeed, his work as a Franciscan missionary seems to us, in this Twentieth Century, almost beyond belief, so indefatigable was he, and so marvellous the results of his labors.

Born at Port Maurice, in 1676, he was, from early boyhood educated in Rome, whither he had been summoned by an uncle, who, hearing that his nephew showed promise of intellectual gifts considerably above the average, decided to have him in the Eternal City. There Leonard became a Brother of the Little Oratory, drawn to it by the benign spirit of St. Philip; and who shall say that this same spirit did not influence the choice which was destined to make Leonard a saint?

"After great deliberation," he entered the Order of Friars Minor. Upon the very threshold of the cloister, however, trials met him in the form of illness, languor and inaction—a severe cross, truly, for the shoulders of the fervent young friar, so eager to be up and doing, instead of leading the apparently useless life of an invalid. But through prayers to Our Lady he was completely restored to health; and he vowed to her in thanksgiving to devote himself to the conversion of sinners. His first action on leaving his room was to make the Way of the Cross, and thenceforward he went up and down through Italy preaching penance.

"I wish not for rest on earth," he would declare, "but in Paradise." These words were the epitome of his whole life, so much of which was passed in spreading devotion to the Way of the Cross—a pious practice immensely rich in indulgences, and one of which he was the chief promoter. He died in the year 1751, probably with his own beautiful ejaculatory prayer, "My Jesus, mercy!" on the lips that had so often whispered it to others.

Home at Last.

BY NOEL MACDONALD WILBY.

I.

A MIDSUMMER day last year in a seaside town. Down the steep little street shadows lay athwart the pebbly road; cats dozed in doorways. On one side the round-fronted, early Victorian houses, with their trim gardens, drowsed in deep shade; opposite, the sun blazed on color-washed walls and gay windows, while a languorous stillness hung in the hot air.

I toiled slowly up the hill, glancing anxiously at the apartments' cards displayed in most of the trim windows. House-hunting is fatiguing, room-hunting equally so, but the two combined are exhausting.

At the top of the street I hesitated a moment before a rather retired-looking house, approached by a steep flight of steps. I climbed them, and a little, delicate-looking, grey-haired woman answered the door. She looked ill and worn, and there was unmistakable tragedy in her eyes. But she spoke cheerfully enough, and the room she showed me was very neat, though poorly furnished. It had a large window through which one looked straight down the slanting street to the Catholic church, lying in purplish shadow. The spire, supported by four sturdy little angels,

soared up into the vast, cloudless sky, silhouetted against the lifted line of the sea, now shimmering blue and gold in the Westering sunlight.

A brief discussion of terms ensued; her charge was reasonable, for she said that she was anxious to make her guests comfortable. There was something convincing about this, despite my disillusioning experiences of the afternoon. She seemed really kind—and so the matter was settled. Could anything be more commonplace? Yet her guardian angel, foreseeing the incredible outcome, must have smiled, understanding why the sky should be so blue, and the sea like silk in the sun.

Always our little landlady proved unfailingly kind and attentive. She was far too delicate to work, and there was an invisible and worse than useless husband who was in retirement in the dungeon-like basement.

One day she spoke of her troubles to my mother,—people generally do, somehow. It seemed that the tragedy was of many years' duration, all surmises as to the husband fell short of the truth. Not long before, she had lost her only daughter, the joy of her life. She was very lonely, and always ailing, frail and partially crippled; yet her indomitable pluck expected no sympathy, and no one ever had less self-pity. With her house full throughout the Summer months, she worked single-handed, to eke out a livelihood for herself and her husband.

"After all, I took 'im for better or for worse," she said in that bright, brisk voice that contrasted so poignantly with her frail appearance. "It turned out to be for worse, but if I left 'im, what would become of 'is soul?"

By the end of that memorable week we secured a temporary roof for ourselves; and when we left, the kind little soul actually grieved. She even told us that we were always to look upon her

house as a refuge,—all because we had shown her a little consideration and kindness.

II.

Two months later a nightmare combination of circumstances led us back to her hospitable roof for the Winter. Her genuine pleasure at our return was obviously independent of the fact that the rent of our room would make a vital difference to her during the lean months. During the trying, cold weeks that followed, we came to know more of her history, and her heroic character. What a lesson she was to us Catholics, tossing in a tempest of troubles of our own, yet sustained with the strength of the Faith—whereas she was utterly alone.

"I shouldn't be 'ere now if it wasn't for prayer," she said one day, in the simple, direct way she spoke of deep things. "My mother used to say, 'Go to God in your troubles and, 'E'll 'elp you. And I always 'ave done that. There's been times—'specially when my dear child was taken—when I felt I must put an end to it all. But I felt—'No, my life's not my own to take; God gave it to me. And after all, what are my sufferin's compared with Christ's?'"

We listened in reverent silence, marvelling.

Her spirit was amazing; she had no use for patronizing pity. "When I 'ad that bad fall," she told us, "Mrs. Smith, opposite, used to say I looked that bad I'd not be long for this world. 'Mrs. X——,' she says to me the other day, 'My 'eart used to ache for you!'"

One day we received the astonishing information that she was "afraid she was" a Christian Scientist. She clung to it because she loved the Bible readings, and the teaching that God was a loving Father, not the vigilant Judge of her Low-Church youth. Beyond this, however, she did not go; there were many things in "Science" which she "didn't 'old with." As a matter of fact,

this fine soul was one of those unconscious Catholics one sometimes meets with. She had wished to become a Catholic in her youth, she informed us, but her people had prevented it. Curiously enough, she had also wished to become a nun.

III.

Winter had set in when a large notice board appeared outside the church. A course of sermons on Catholic doctrine was to be given by a celebrated missionary. Inside the church a pile of mission leaflets awaited distribution.

I seized a bundle of them and spent a thrilling week "peppering" the town therewith. I shot them into letter-boxes (beginning with the Anglican rector's) and fled guiltily. I left them in shop doorways, and between the pages of magazines in the public library, on seats in the public gardens, in 'buses, and on the railings of public paths. And the last one—by what is called 'idle chance'—I slipped into our own letter-box.

If it be a true saying that our sins find us out, the same certainly applies to our efforts to do good by stealth. Next morning Mrs. X—— came in with a slightly awed aspect, and deferentially presented me with the leaflet, announcing that she had found it in the letter-box. I besought her—somewhat feverishly, I fear,—to keep it. There was to be a mission at the church yonder, and I was weary of the sight of these leaflets. Any one who wished could go to these sermons.

Mrs. X—— was interested, and accepted the offending document reverentially. We applied ourselves to storming heaven and "offering up" the varied torments it pleased Providence to send us that Winter. One evening Mrs. X—— announced timidly that she would like to come to church with me and hear one of the sermons. We went. I found her a corner seat half way up the aisle where she could get what Scots call 'the

best view o' the pulpit," and presently the priest came in and recited the Litany of the Holy Name.

Then the missionary took his place. A famous preacher, he was, a gentle, kindly old man of great personal charm and very pretty wit; a convert of long standing, who had found the Faith in that very church long years before. His sermon was concise, and enlivened with a few really clever stories, which somehow drove home his point as nothing else could have done. It was followed by Benediction. Surely the Real Presence, the first blessing Mrs. X—— had ever received from It, must prove the break of dawn in this rare soul.

Mrs. X—— liked it all amazingly. She thought the missionary "a dear old gentleman" (which aptly described him), and she felt she should like him to be with her when she died. Benediction itself was "just like being in heaven." She came again, two or three times, and graciously found "nothing that she couldn't 'old with." On the third evening I introduced her to the benevolent missionary, as he stood at the church door, angling for possible shy fish for St. Peter's Net.

"My dear child, why don't you become a Catholic, and then you'd get the real thing?" he asked, with a simple directness that left me speechless and somewhat panic-stricken.

But she liked him, and astonished me by accepting his kindly invitation to visit him and have a talk some day. She attended several more sermons, despite one crisis that almost froze my blood. One evening the subject dealt with was Christian Science. The missionary gently warned her not to remain that evening, lest it should hurt her feelings; but she wished to hear him.

Half way through the sermon I was sitting stonily by Mrs. X——'s side, scarcely daring to breathe. The preacher, having dealt faithfully with Christian

Science, proceeded to round off his remarks with a story.

There was an audible ripple throughout the church. I sat holding my breath. When we came out I talked eagerly on any and every topic except the sermon. Then Mrs. X—— spoke of it herself and her remark completed my nervous prostration.

"Well, I can't say as I find anything to 'urt my feelin's in what 'e said about 'Science,'" said this amazing person. "I think the old gentleman was very kind—an' 'e's got a lot better opinion of them than wot I 'ave."

IV.

Two months passed and nothing happened; we continued to pray, but we never once mentioned the subject of religion to Mrs. X——. She had not been to see the missionary meantime, for fear she "might not be able to answer his arguments."

Eventually the church notice-board came to the rescue again. This time it was an announcement of a course of sermons on Christian marriage, by a renowned Dominican. The subject lent itself to a half-humorous invitation, which, to my amazement, Mrs. X—— accepted.

These sermons interested her immensely; the beauty of the Catholic ideal fascinated her, despite her own tragic experience. But it was noticeable that what attracted her most of all was the Church itself—Benediction—the Real Presence, in fact. She "felt so happy down there," she said; her beloved daughter seemed so near, and she was sure she was happy too. The doctrine of prayer for the dead consoled her greatly.

When the series ended, she would still sometimes accompany me to Benediction—and sometimes not. Then one day she startled me by announcing that she was "too old to change."

This was the first hint that anything

of the kind was in her mind. We redoubled our prayers, but said little or nothing to her. Can we ever forget the suffering caused by apprehension, disappointment and tense anxiety as this rare soul, fluttered, moth like, to and fro before the Light?

So the Feast of the Immaculate Conception drew near. Surely Our Lady would claim her now. Determined to dare all to attain this, I sought out the priest, and laid the case before him. She had not actually asked for instruction yet; but here, I explained, was a fruit ripe for plucking—if some one would reach for it. If she came to Benediction with me that night, would he make her acquaintance? He listened kindly, smiled, and promised. When evening came, she toiled up the stairs to inform me that she would not be coming that evening as she had made her Christmas pudding, and must watch it.

On the day of the feast Mrs. X—— promised to come to Benediction, to see the procession of the Children of Mary from several parishes. It was a beautiful evening, with a misted mother-of-pearl sunset, then a sickle moon and evening star, all haze-veiled.

Hundreds of Our Lady's children, in white and blue, sang her Office together; a wonderful sermon on her virtues followed. Then came the long procession, and with it the rising and falling rhythm of the haunting Lourdes' hymn. Surely Our Lady was with us in very truth,—she was almost visible. The atmosphere of vital faith and fervor transported one to Lourdes. That evening we finished our third successive novena to Our Lady of Lourdes. Surely she *must* answer such a petition to-night.

Mrs. X—— simply sat there drinking in happiness and peace. "And did you like the procession?" we asked. "Oh, *yes*—I liked it even better than 'Rose-Marie,'" she said.

When I had recovered from this comparison, I made use of her admiration of the sermon to ask if she would like to hear the preacher again. Her answer was an eager consent.

Having secured a preliminary word with the priest, I accompanied Mrs. X—— to church on the following evening. Afterwards I waited at the church door, explaining that I wanted to speak to the priest. Mercifully, she was quite willing to wait. It seemed to my distracted brain that every member of the congregation had business with him.

A moment later I had effected the longed-for introduction, and faded into the background. What a relief it was to hand the trembling line to that experienced angler!

He led her by easy stages to the heart of things, and ended with a gracious invitation to the weekly converts' classes at the presbytery. These, it was explained, committed her to nothing; they were merely for interested inquirers. It was arranged that I should accompany her. Week by week we looked forward to this treat, as we got to know it better and better.

My little fish was undoubtedly landed by now, whether she realized it or not. Week after week she sat there, absorbed and motionless, drinking in the Truth for which she had, unconsciously, been thirsting all her life. I often asked her if she had any difficulties, but she never had. Hers was the simple, unquestioning faith of a little child.

The end seemed a foregone conclusion, when suddenly she fell ill. I noticed one chilly evening that she trembled uncontrollably, and looked very pale. It was a return of her old malady, heart trouble. Late that night she came into our room, looking ghastly.

"I'm going to be ill," she said, slowly and carefully, holding on to the door, "and I'm going to be very bad. There's nothing to be done; only I want to ask

you to pray for me. I want to feel that I have your prayers."

Next day she lay inert, more or less consciously praying the whole time. I went down and saw the priest, and asked him for a Rosary to comfort her. He produced a blue and silver one, fresh from Lourdes. Her gratitude for that Rosary, and for the little attentions we paid her, was pathetic. It was "so wonderful to feel that any one cared" about her, and it comforted her so to know that the priest was praying for her, and would come up at once if she needed him.

Gradually, however, she grew better, as that indomitable will of hers reasserted itself. She simply refused to be ill any longer; she insisted on coming down to the next class, despite my horrified apprehension. "I'll be all right once I get there," she said. "Only, you see, I might go off suddint." But she revived like a flower in the sun, and grew steadily better.

Christmas approached—the happiest of her whole life. Shall we ever forget the joy of that starry night, when we took her to the Midnight Mass? Her first sight of the crib produced something very like a trance of pure bliss. She stood gazing at it, unable to tear herself away.

After Christmas the classes gradually drew to their conclusion. Of course, she was quite certain that she wanted to become a Catholic; in fact, it was the one thing she asked of life. The priest came to call upon her, and examined her gently before she realized it. His silent sympathy drew out the sad tale of her tragic life, and eased her poor heart. A few more personal instructions, and it only remained to fix the happy day. And this was settled for her dead daughter's anniversary, that the saddest day of the year might henceforth be the happiest.

What a tragically dignified little fig-

ure she looked, all in black, with my black lace mantilla draped over her pretty silver hair! She could not kneel, so she leant on my arm, and quietly made her Profession of Faith, clearly and calmly. But when she reached the clause, "the Resurrection of the Dead," the associations of her daughter's anniversary were too much for her, and she broke down.

And here, perhaps, I should end this true tale; for you will guess the rest—how she made her First Communion next day, leaning on my shoulder, and all else. Like all the people in God's fairy tales, she has lived happily ever after, despite the sorrows of this hard world; and her tragic little face is quite gay now. One secret hope she cherishes still: that some day she may go to Lourdes, and there, perhaps, be cured, so that at last she may be able to kneel before the Blessed Sacrament.

Aunt Kate's Ear-Ring.

BY P. J. O'CONNOR-DUFFY.

III.

IT happened that Father Devine was in the little parlor with Aileen and Brian Tierney when Mat Caffrey entered the room. The voices and laughter of the story-telling folk in the kitchen swelled and died away again as he closed the door.

In the parlor they had been talking of Tom Gogarty's forthcoming marriage with "the girl from Monaghan," which was well known to be the result of cold, hard, "match-making."

"They are one of the blemishes on the reputation of rural Ireland," Father Devine was saying just as Mat entered, "those loveless marriages, the result of matches made by hard-hearted, unsympathetic parents or guardians, who are usually serving no one's interest but their own. It is buying and selling, so

to speak, on so much per cent commission."

Father Devine paused, and then went on in that deep, convincing voice of his, seemingly unaware that Mat Caffrey was now in the room.

"They are too thoughtless to think of the hearts and spirits broken, the lives blighted, the new homes made desolate and sad—"

Halting for a moment, he was interrupted by Mat.

"More power t'ye, Father Devine!" he cried in a sudden burst of admiration. "Pon me word, your Reverence, ye never did better in the pulpit."

"Oh, Mat! is that you? Well, am I not right? Is not sordid money-making invariably at the root of the evil, Mat?"

"It may be," was the answer, "but, to tell you the truth, Father, it's little I ever had to do with that evil, an' it's little I ever will."

"Tis my turn now to say more power to *you*, Mat," declared Father Devine heartily.

"Don't say it *yet*, your Reverence," said Mat, taking a seat on the sofa, on the opposite side of which Father Devine sat, and tapping the tips of his outstretched fingers against each other as he looked at the priest.

Leaning across the table towards Aileen, who sat at the other side of it, Brian Tierney turned leisurely over the pages of her scrap-book, smiling slightly as he listened to Mat Caffrey. The smile was one that people remembered. Though not exactly handsome, Brian was unusually good-looking, in a strong, youthful way; and, while his manners were easy and jovial to the verge of carelessness, one saw that there was seriousness and intelligence beneath that apparently careless exterior.

Aileen, who had been studying him with a thoughtful admiration for some moments, smiled in sympathy as she

listened to the impulsive utterance of her father.

"Some time ago," the latter proceeded a trifle nervously, "Brian Tierney came to me an' told me that he wanted Aileen, because he loved her, an' I just as plainly told him that he wouldn't get her, because he had nothing. I doubt I said harsh things to ye, Brian,"—he spoke kindly as he turned towards him—"but the past can bury the past. There's more than music in love's young dream, an' ye are a thousand times welcome to marry Aileen. I remember once—but no, I have said enough. Only, if it's little I know of loveless marriages, I think I know something of the other kind."

"And, please God," remarked Father Devine, "you will know more."

He glanced towards Brian and Aileen as he spoke, and his meaning was unmistakable.

"Aileen, do you remember the day I first wrote that?" Brian Tierney suddenly asked Aileen. His long, restless hands had ceased turning the pages of the album, and a white finger pointed to something written in it. Aileen contemplated the writing for a moment, and then raised her smiling eyes until they looked into Brian's.

"How well I do remember it!" she exclaimed softly. "It was in school you wrote it first, and Master Kelly saw it in your book and showed it to Mrs. Cox in the girls' school. And it was laughed at unmercifully. Dante to his Beatrice, they called it."

"Of course, it was silly," Brian said laughingly, "but isn't it rather funny how the first half of the last verse has come so true?"

For an instant Aileen did not seem to comprehend; then her low, joyous laugh sounded in the room.

"Why, yes to be sure," she cried; "but for the moment, I declare, I had forgotten."

Brian's look expressed incredulity as plainly as possible; but before he could speak Father Devine turned quickly from Mat Caffrey, with whom he had been conversing in a low voice.

"Mat, we are missing some amusement here," the priest said with a smile. "Perhaps they will admit us inside the magic circle."

"Inside my scrap-book, you mean, Father," Aileen said gaily.

"A most incriminating document," said Brian in a droll way, handing the scrap-book to the priest. "Ancient history, if you like; but you will understand, Father."

And in a deep-toned voice Father Devine read:

AILEEN BAWN.

I was wand'ring in the meadows, thinking thoughts for Summer days;
And above me and about me, in a wild and wondrous maze,

Were the swaying woods and sunshine, fragrant flowers and gleaming leaves,
And the thousand other wonders that delight on Summer eves,

When from out a dell before me there appeared a form so fair
That I doubted if some goddess had not found a harbor there;

But when I advanced to meet her there I found mine Aileen Bawn,
Who is graceful as a Venus, with such eyes as has a fawn.

But those eyes were dull that evening, as with tears of sorrow sore,
And her silvery voice in greeting had a tone ne'er known before.

Of eviction she was speaking when I hushed her with a smile,
And began to read a letter, Aileen listening all the while.

Now, 'twas just a lawyer's letter from across the Western sea,
With tidings of a legacy that had lately come to me.

But of two lives' perfect gladness that epistle was the dawn,
For it saved an old, old homestead—and wed me to Aileen Bawn.

"*Maith, go leor!*" exclaimed Father Devine with enthusiasm when he had

concluded, but Mat Caffrey thought he detected a twinkle full of meaning in his grey eye.

"It's a good one, but why are ye all laughing an' excited?" inquired Mat in some perplexity. "It's sad enough that piece is—mostly."

"But how," Brian asked with a smile, "could we be otherwise than laughing and excited after what you've just said to me? Besides, 'twas just a lawyer's letter that I got from my uncle's solicitor this morning. My uncle Denis died in America some time ago, and I inherit his fortune, undeserving as I am."

"It's not serious ye are!" Mat said, half-incredulously, as he gazed at each of the three with eyes somewhat reproachful, for he had a feeling that all three had been in the secret.

"I'm very serious," said Brian. "Apart from my uncle's death, those lawyers will prove a perfect nuisance; and this is a case of distance going on strike and failing to lend enchantment."

"Still," said Father Devine, "they were probably useful in conducting your uncle's affairs, in drawing his will, for instance."

"But I doubt ye'll be changing your ways now, Brian Tierney, changing your mind, too, perhaps," put in Mat, who still felt somewhat discomfited at this turn of affairs.

Aileen laughed softly, roguishly.

"Some people are too proud to change their minds," said she.

"And some people too vain to admit that they have none to change," Brian added. "But if I have a mind, it suits me so nicely that I will not change it for all the powers of earth."

Mary Caffrey entered the room just then.

"Father Devine, dear, come an' have a bit of supper," she said in her motherly way.

"What are ye all doing here, anyway?" she went on. And to Aileen: "Run down

to the room, child, an' see that everything is all right."

"I could fly," Aileen whispered back, "for everything is right, Auntie."

"Except the ear-ring!"

The words were not spoken; they only formed themselves in Mary Caffrey's mind as Aileen left the room. For some reason Miss Caffrey thought Aileen's whisper was the gladdest and sweetest she had ever heard from her lips.

Smiles and friendship make an excellent sauce for any dish, but for all that, Mary Caffrey's own special sauce was a delicious addition to the steaming apple-dumplings and other home-made confections served on that Halloween table. Joke after joke was whirling on the stream of conversation round the festal board when Father Devine uttered an exclamation of surprise. All looked towards him, and saw him holding out his spoon. Suddenly Brian Tierney burst out laughing.

"Bless my soul! In the dumpling!" he exclaimed hilariously.

"And no one thought of looking there!" exclaimed Aileen.

Mary Caffrey reached over, and from the morsel of dumpling on Father Devine's spoon extracted her Aunt Kate's pearl ear-ring.

(The End.)

DOCTRINE is well enough for the wise; but a miracle, so to speak, we can hold in our hands and love. Where there is great love there are always miracles. One might almost say that an apparition is human vision corrected by divine love. The miracles of the Church seem to rest not so much upon faces or voices or healing power coming suddenly near to us from afar off, but upon our perceptions being made finer, so that for a moment our eyes can see and our ears can hear what there is about us always.

—Willa Cather.

A Forgotten Reformer.

BY N. T.

A MAN upon whom some of his contemporaries bestowed the title of "Apostle," while he was at the height of his fame, is particularly worth recalling at present when edicts of the Church are being enforced against laxity and follies. Yet, according to our latest philosophers, history can not repeat itself—what is past can not have relationship with the present. Just some five hundred years ago, however, a certain Father Conecte preached a crusade against the abuses of dress and general looseness of morals, but in the end, stepping beyond the bounds of his calling, met his doom in 1434.

Father Conecte, by birth a Breton, and a member of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, belonged to the monastery of that Order at Rennes. He was unusually learned, eloquent and austere. His sermons were remarkable for their grace and force and fervor. He preached against all fashionable follies, and many that heard him also cried out against them.

Father Conecte saw that similar evils engrossed the folk of other cities, and, departing from Rennes, he set about to amend them. He was, says one of his contemporaries, the most persuasive preacher of his times, and he exerted all his powers in his crusade against unbecoming dress. He proceeded through the cities of Flanders, then one of the richest countries in Europe, preaching admirably and living so saintly, that everywhere he effected the most extraordinary influence.

Multitudes flocked to hear him. The churches could not hold them, so platforms were erected from which the priest addressed the overflow congregations. These platforms were hung with the richest tapestries, and priests

assisted at the solemnities; Mass was celebrated before he delivered his discourse, and nothing was omitted which could add dignity to the outdoor services. There were ordinarily, says a contemporary writer, fifteen or sixteen thousand folk at his sermons. On one side were the men, and to keep them separate the more effectually he bade a stout rope, "cable," be stretched between them.

Father Conecte was no trifler, and the times demanded men like him. As at the present day, the abuses in dress were very marked, and then as now they were accompanied by, and were partly the result of, a general lowering and slackness in morals. Priests of saintly lives everywhere began to denounce the prevailing evil. Of them, Father Conecte was the most outstanding, though, for a time an English Benedictine, Father Richard, divided attention with him.

The Breton Reformer was thoroughly in earnest, and his honesty of intention, reinforced by his magnetic eloquence, bestirred the people mightily. Those who listened to his words, being aroused acutely to abhorrence of what had led them into sin, fetched their gauds and gay garments, and burned them. Great fires were kindled in front of the Reformer's outdoor pulpit; and into them the vain and luxurious threw their finery, gamesters their cards and their dice, while many left friends and fortune to follow the crusader.

When the "Apostle," as the commons called him, made his entry into the towns he rode upon a little mule, and personages of the highest rank eagerly sought to hold its bridle until he dismounted. The burghers of the town and the nobles came forth to meet him, the populace following with exclamations of pride and joy. Gifts for himself, Father Conecte would not receive, though he accepted shelter and food—"the barest of fares."

His integrity and his morals were

never impeached, although he took what seems to be a dubious course at times; but then the Mediæval conscience defies diagnosis. As for instance: his eloquence falling stillborn in certain towns, he promised the boys "certain days of pardon" on condition that they followed and harassed the women who continued to wear certain "gear" which Father Thomas did not like. This the boys did with delight, flinging stones at the obdurate, and otherwise maltreating them, so that tumults ensued. The usual result followed, as when the physical is mistaken for the spiritual. Says Monstrelet: "In a very short time after the preacher had left their district, they began again as before . . . raising their hennins (headgear of gauze) and like flimsies, immoderately large and high—some like steeples, and some with immense wings projecting on each side as high, yea, and higher, than they had ever been."

Had Father Conecte not become inflated with success, he would have figured larger in Church history. Unfortunately, he took upon himself not only alteration in the ceremonies and in some of the minor tenets of the Church, but also the averment that the excommunications of the Holy Father were of no value in the sight of God. For this he was solemnly degraded, and died at Rome in 1434.

The same problems which priests are now confronting, Father Conecte confronted five hundred years ago. His example should not be lost on them. *Nequid nimis* is a good motto for every one, for all time, and for all circumstances.

ADVERSITY is such that it is really advantageous to the just man, for it causes him a profitable loss; just as a shower of precious stones might break the leaves of a vine but would replace them by the most beautiful treasures.

—Bartoli.

The Death of Voltaire.

IN the beginning of the year 1778 Voltaire left his quiet retreat at Ferney for Paris. He had been absent from the busy capital twenty-eight years, but he was not forgotten by his admirers there, and met with a most brilliant reception on his return. His carriage was drawn by the people; at the theatre he was crowned with laurels and roses; the Academicians bestowed unaccustomed honors upon him, and his disciples went wild with enthusiasm,—in fact, the homage paid him was almost idolatrous. But Voltaire was then an old man of eighty-four. Excitement and over-exertion brought on a hemorrhage, of which he died a few months later.

According to the most authentic accounts, Voltaire expired in rage and despair, exclaiming, "I am abandoned by God and men!" He cried out to those false friends who besieged his antechamber: "Leave me! you are the cause of my misfortune—leave me!" By turns he invoked and blasphemed God. Now in a pleading voice, again with accents of remorse, but oftener in a paroxysm of fury, he cried out: "Jesus Christ! Jesus Christ!"* In despair the dying infidel exclaimed: "I feel a hand dragging me to the tribunal of God!"

It was believed that Voltaire would not die without retracting his errors and condemning his writings, as he had done often before; but those who in his return to God saw their own condemnation would not permit him to do so, and left him to die in despair,—a death which Tronchin regarded as a most salutary lesson for those who had been corrupted by the archinfidel's writings.

Here is a portrait of Voltaire drawn by Joseph de Maistre: "Did you never observe that the divine anathema was written upon his countenance? Go look upon his statue at the Palace of the

Hermitage. Mark that abject and shameless brow, and those two extinct volcanoes, where seem still smouldering the fires of sensuality and of hate; observe that cruel and malicious mouth, the pinched lips parted as if about to utter a sarcasm or a blasphemy.

"When I think of this man, what, with his great talents, he might have been—I am filled with a sort of holy rage. Other men by their excesses have astonished Virtue: Voltaire astonished Vice. Paris crowned him: he would have been banished from Sodom."

In one of his admirable "Letters to Young Men," Father Lacordaire writes: "What is there to read in Voltaire after his dramatic works? His '*Contes*,' his '*Dictionnaire Philosophique*,' his '*Essai sur les Mœurs des Nations*,' and that multitude of nameless pamphlets launched at every turn against the Gospel and the Church? Twenty pages enable us to judge of their literary worth and of their moral and philosophical poverty. I was between seventeen and eighteen when I read that series of mental debaucheries, and I have never since been tempted to open a single volume: not because I was afraid of their doing me harm, but from a deep conviction of their worthlessness. Unless it be for purposes of reference with a useful end, we must confine ourselves to the masterpieces of great names; we have not time enough for the rest; we have, consequently, still less for those writings which are, as it were, the sewers of the human intellect, and which, notwithstanding their flowers, contain nothing but frightful corruption."

Voltaire's philosophy consisted in the denial of all religion and morality; his watchword was, "Destroy the infamous!" by which he meant the Catholic Religion. At the end of the twenty years which he had blasphemously allowed to God, God said, "Destroy the infamous!" And Voltaire died.

* See "Voltaire and his Works," by Maynard.

Flowers vs. Prayers.

A commendable way of showing affection, gratitude and compassion for the dead has long been observed in the diocese of Paderborn, and doubtless also in other parts of Germany. Instead of loading coffins with flowers, the relatives and friends of the deceased place in a receptacle, on the altar steps or near the corpse, an offering of money, one-half of which is given to the poor on behalf of the departed, the other half being for Masses. We hear that this custom is followed in some parts of the United States on All Souls' Day. The offerings, whether of money or promises of Masses, Holy Communions and prayers, are enclosed in envelopes and deposited in a basket on the altar steps.

There may be objections to this custom which do not occur to us; and it should not, of course, be introduced without episcopal approval. However, as we have many times observed, Masses, Holy Communions and prayers would be a fitting and blessed substitute for fading flowers. Our dead are too much honored on the day of burial and too much neglected ever afterward. Fulsome eulogies and floral exhibitions for men whose only claim to distinction consisted in wealth and social prominence, and whose daily walk and conversation were not especially redolent of sanctity, excite scorn and create scandal. Of course everyone recognizes the appropriateness of flowers at the funeral of children, but in the case of most men they savor of mockery.

THE one great conclusion is, that the saving our soul is a serious business; and that we can only succeed, just as barristers, physicians, and others succeed—viz., by hard work. As in those professions, the dilettante, though he affect to "run with the rest," is not likely to win.—*Percy Fitzgerald.*

Pious Puerilities.

FRANCE has suffered more than most countries from the sentimental and the exaggerated in devotions; it is therefore fitting that one of the strongest denunciations of this abuse should come from a French prelate. The Bishop of Le Puy once took occasion to warn his flock against a pamphlet containing an account of "pretended revelations likely to falsify the piety of the faithful and to bring religion into ridicule"; and his Lordship adds:

"On this subject we wish once more to warn people against the increasing number of publications which, under the pretence of new devotions, frequently have no other aim than that of exploiting the simplicity of their too credulous readers. Many of these productions are simply the organs of financial agencies, for whom objects of piety are merely a bait to disguise cunning appeals for money. Church-building funds, charitable appeals, and what not, are invented to rake in subscriptions; and the constant development of this dishonest trade proves only too well how many victims it makes. Other publications are directed by persons wholly devoid of theological knowledge or enlightened piety. Trivialities are frequent, miraculous events abound; and the readers, stuffed with nonsense, lose their taste for real solid spirituality. This pseudo-pious literature is a peril to souls and a weapon in the hands of the enemies of the Church."

Simultaneous with this came an unequivocal warning from the Cardinal Archbishop of Malines:

"Directors of pious magazines which, under the heading of 'Recommendations,' publish requests for prayers for favors desired; or who, under the heading of 'Thanksgivings,' report the special favors obtained, must for the future merely record the same in a gen-

eral way. They must restrict themselves to giving only the initials of the persons concerned, with the name of the town in which they live, without entering into any particulars concerning the favors received, offerings made, etc."

It would be comfortable to think that the abuses complained of were confined to France and Belgium; but the truth is that bishops and priests are often heard to complain of like things in this country. It is unquestionable that nothing is more calculated to undermine solid piety and to foster superstition than the impostures and puerilities which have, alas! become so common among us. Even devotions which have a foundation in dogmatic truth are sometimes propagated in a sense in which they are not approved, and with adjuncts that are plainly deceptive or superstitious,—to the scandal of the weak, the shame of the intelligent, and the derision of unbelievers. There is, perhaps, no way in which the Church is so much misrepresented as by the foolish beliefs and ridiculous practices of reputedly pious persons, and of writers who imagine they are serving the cause of religion by their absurd productions. The law of the Church on this point is strict; episcopal approbation is required for the propagation of devotions. Even translations of duly authorized prayers must always be submitted to a bishop before printing.

A priest of exemplary piety and long experience in the sacred ministry often declares that "people nowadays have too many devotions to be devout," which is another way of saying that novelty and variety have taken the place of regularity and fervor. It is no exaggeration to assert that the unwarranted multiplication of new devotions and the unwise propagation and practice of them constitute a great evil, the denunciation of which can not be too frequent or too forceful.

Notes and Remarks.

Anglicans who believe in Transubstantiation—a large number of them do, holding that it is a central doctrine of Catholic and Orthodox Christendom—can no longer assert such a thing; for Canterbury has at last spoken. From Lambeth Palace comes the long-deliberated pronouncement: "We all affirm that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is untrue." The folly of pointing to teaching which is Catholic, as if it were teaching of the Establishment when it is officially repudiated by the three Houses in the Church Assembly becomes as plain as daylight.

Would that the little book by Fr. Francis Woodlock, S. J., "The Reformation and the Blessed Eucharist," or a recent sermon by Cardinal Bourne on travesties of Catholic history and doctrine might now come under the notice of all members of the Elizabethan Church, victims of that heritage of falsehood which dates from the Sixteenth Century! In the sermon referred to his Eminence declared:

"From the beginning men believed what Our Lord said when He said that He would give His body for them to eat and His blood for them to drink, and that unless they were to eat of the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood they would not attain salvation. . . . Some were horrified. They went away. Did Our Lord call them back and say they had misunderstood His words? No. He reaffirmed what He had said, that He meant to give His own body for their food, His own blood for their drink. And when it came to Him to fulfil His promise He changed the bread and wine into His body and blood which He communicated. . . . There are always people who ask questions, and so man got to work and set up theories that would have destroyed the reality of the Real Presence under the appear-

ance of bread and wine; and finally a word was chosen in a strictly metaphysical sense, not a word used in the common parlance of the century. The only word that expressed adequately what they believed was Transubstantiation. Then a divinely guided Church declared that that was the word which gave adequate explanation of the mystery, and was the explanation to be accepted because it was in conformity with and not in contradiction to Revelation."

Gov. Fuller of Massachusetts is a Baptist, so that he may be presumed to have a leaning toward the works and ways of Protestantism. But he recognizes that, in some directions at least, Catholics have a record to be proud of. He was one of the speakers at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., recently, and in the course of his remarks took occasion to pay a fine tribute to the citizenship of the Right Rev. Joseph Dinand, S. J., whose consecration as a bishop had taken place a few days before. Going further, he spoke of the dangers of irreligious education and declared:

"The work that Father Dinand and the men of his Society are doing to train young men for good citizenship is of vital importance in the welfare of our country. Thoughtful men are realizing more and more the danger of education along unsound lines—disregarding certain principles and without due consideration for certain fundamental matters—which has been prevalent in very many of the colleges of the country. The utterances of some of the professors are typical of the irreligious mind that functions in some seats of learning.

"Shall we fight courageously against enemies from abroad, and surrender supinely to deadly foes at home? America has drifted far from the spirit of her Christian forbears, when she allows her once Christian schools to be nurseries of

atheism and corrupters of the faith of her youth. For the salvation of their children, for the preservation of morality, for the welfare of their nation, American parents should arouse themselves and cast out of schools, colleges, and universities, atheists and irreligious instructors. . . . To my mind an outstanding crusade against such propaganda should be made."

Catholics in this country maintain their schools and colleges with difficulty. In some cases they have to endure not only comparative poverty, but they must also reckon with a certain attitude of suspicion and hostility on the part of the general non-Catholic public. It is all the more of a gratification therefore when the Protestant governor of a State noted for its educational institutions gives utterance to such commendation as that of Gov. Fuller.

As a further recommendation of "Meditation Manual," a new edition of which has just appeared in London, let us quote a few more of its arresting, helpful thoughts. Something especially excellent is to be found on almost every page of this precious book.

"It is God's will that you should not lack suffering. In fact, you ask Him this when you say *Thy will be done*; for the will of God is that you should become holy. *This is the will of God, your sanctification*. Now no one will ever become holy by any other way than by the path of suffering. *All that have pleased God, passed through many temptations, remaining faithful*.

"Whenever you may seem to see something, which to your little understanding appears ill regulated in the government or order of the world, recall to mind the Apostle's warning, *Judge not before the time, until the Lord come*. Only on that day will the wise ordering of Providence be perfectly apparent in all that may now seem disorder. Just as

a piece of tapestry, which, if seen on the reverse side, seems to be a confusion of ill-ordered stitches and texture, proves, when seen on its right side, to be a perfect piece of work."

"Let God work His divine will in you. The more fruit you thus produce, the greater will be your reward. Would not that plot of soil be foolish, which should complain of the laborer ill-treating it with his plough or hoe?"

It is very gratifying to hear of an increasing demand for "Meditation Manual." We hope it will replace many of the meditation books now in use and discourage the further production of inferior ones.

So seldom do we have occasion to praise Protestant ministers of any denomination, that it is a distinct gratification to commend the attitude of Episcopal clergymen on the question of Prohibition. A poll made public by the Church Temperance Society shows that out of 2500 answers received from these reverend gentlemen, 1138 declare that the present law does not offer the best solution of the problem of temperance. The vote in favor of modification of the Volstead Law was 1032 to 593.

It has not been long since mere discussion of the subject of Prohibition was generally regarded as an incentive to lawlessness, equivalent to an attempt to "upset the Constitution;" and any agitation for amendment or modification of the Prohibition law a monstrous sin. Our people, one class of them at least, have meantime become more sane if not more sober.

An English Catholic weekly—and a very good one it is, the *London Universe*—has had objection brought against its use of headlines, "because they are American," the cavillers assert. Obviously, in the minds of these objectors, that

settles the argument for them: nothing good can come out of America. But American journalism does not lack a defender in the columns of the journal thus criticised. He is "Fra Juniper," who every week conducts an entertaining department of "Jottings." Like a true medievalist, Fra Juniper "distinguishes." There are some American headlines that could hardly be defended, but others that will do very well. Among the former he cites the following: "Bishop Flashes Skill with Trowel, Opines He May Join Union." The Bishop, it seems, had officiated at a corner-stone laying. Another head line ran: "Father Blank Will Spend Sunday in Heaven with St. Ignatius, his Patron." Fra Juniper's comment on this is, we think, sufficient: "What had happened was that Father Blank had died."

In a timely pastoral letter of the Bishop of Detroit, to which our attention has been called, we find this reference to President Coolidge's Thanksgiving Day Proclamation:

"While so many other governments in the world studiously ignore God in their public acts and pronouncements, it is consoling and encouraging to have the President of the United States annually proclaim the nation's faith in God as 'Ruler of Nations,' and 'the Great Giver of all Good Gifts,' and acknowledge the dependence of all on His disposing Providence. With grateful hearts, therefore, we should make Thanksgiving Day a day of real thanks to Almighty God by participating in that greatest possible act of thanksgiving, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass."

The words of the Proclamation which Bishop Gallagher had in mind were these:

"Now that these twelve months are drawing to a close, it is fitting that, as a nation, and as individuals, in accord-

ance with time-honored sacred custom, we should consider the manifold blessings granted to us. While in gratitude we rejoice, we should humbly pray that we may be worthy of a continuation of divine favor.

"Wherefore, I, Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, do hereby set apart and designate Thursday, the 24th day of November next, as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, and recommend and urge that on that day our people lay aside their usual tasks, and by the family fireside and in their accustomed places of public worship, give thanks to Him who holds all in the hollow of His hand."

Religious bigotry received recently a severe castigation at the hands of Mr. Atlee Pomerene, former Senator from Ohio. Commenting at some length on his "frank and manly" utterances, the *Commonweal* makes this excellent point:

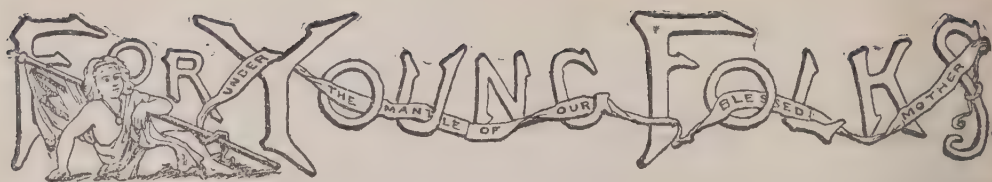
The fact that American citizens, sometimes with an American-born pedigree of several generations behind them, can be referred to, even by such a staunch champion of their integrity as Mr. Pomerene, as "Irish Catholics," is a revealing instance of the fashion in which American Catholics of Irish descent still find themselves handicapped in public life. We do not find American citizens who trace their ancestry from English families referred to as "English Protestants." Yet if citizenship is a real thing, there is no more reason to refer to citizens of Irish descent as "Irish Catholics," when they happen to be Catholics, than there is to refer to Protestant citizens of Irish descent as "Irish Protestants."

Of course, it might be observed that the "Irish Catholics" themselves are in part responsible for this state of affairs. As long as the name was made a reproach to them they wore it proudly, though their devotion to America was proved on every battlefield from the Revolution to our own day, and proved,

too, in every walk of life in times of peace, which have their own way of trying men's souls. To be an "Irish Catholic" in America has a glorious meaning. Being an "Irish Protestant," whether here or in Ireland, has implications that in heraldry, at least, would be termed inglorious.

It is fondly to be hoped that our missionaries in all foreign fields will take to heart the recommendation contained in a letter addressed to a Maryknoll missionary by Mgr. Celso Costantini, Apostolic Delegate to China. The same admonition was given by the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith as early as 1659, but seems to have been lost sight of in not a few countries. Highly important words are these: "Seek not for any reason whatever to persuade peoples to abandon their native customs, provided the same are not manifestly opposed to religion and morality. In truth, what could be more absurd than to try to transplant France, Spain, Italy, or any other part of Europe? You should import not these customs, but the Faith, which does not reject or condemn the usages and customs of any people, so long as they are not dishonorable. On the contrary, they should be preserved and treated with respect."

Among the 252 English martyrs whose beatification is expected next year, or in 1929, the anniversary of Catholic Emancipation, there were nobles and plebeians, servants and masters, priests and peers. Three women are included in the number of layfolk. The example of these Christian heroes and heroines is needed now in England, where religion seems to be at the beginning of such a crisis as it underwent in the days of Blessed John Fisher and Blessed Thomas More.



When in My Bed.

BY MARIE SCHULTE KALLENBACH.

AT dark when I am in my bed,
And look out at the sky,
I see the little vigil lights
The angels hang up high.
I lie there, and I wish I were
Inside the heavenly halls,
To see the angels kneeling down,
When benediction falls.
The angels then withdraw the lamps,
At dawn of morning bright;
I try to wait for them, but, oh!
My eyes just close up tight;
And when they open once again,
It's always broad day light.

Childerswell Hall.

BY MOTHER MARY THOMAS.

VI.

DAYS of entire holiday had come to an end. Beth and Dorothea had their fixed hours for lessons and practising, while Tony went daily to the presbytery to be taught by Father Laurence.

One morning, Beth, standing at the open window of the blue-and-white bedroom, happened to catch sight of a small white object flitting about near the great distant grey Crag. But by the time that Dorothea had run to the window, the small object, whatever it was, had disappeared.

"Perhaps it was a fairy," said Dorothea in good-natured mockery, for it was Beth who had beckoned her to come and look. "And while the fairies are casting their spells around you, perhaps you won't mind if I get in my half

hour's piano practice before you begin yours.—Whatever does Fidèle want!"

When Beth went down to the porch, the dog ceased his howling, and showed impatient signs for her to follow him.

"May I take him for a run?" she asked her godmother. Permission having been given, Beth at once set off, only stopping to put on her hat and a pair of leather gloves because Fidèle always pulled so hard on the leash.

They took the turf-grown path up the hillside, and Fidèle was so energetic that Beth was glad to throw herself on the ground to regain breath, on reaching the wind-swept height near Martyr's Crag. To her surprise who should be standing there but Tony! It was past the hour when he was due at the presbytery, but it did not occur to his sister to suspect him of playing truant. Nor had she long to wait for his explanation.

"Father Laurence couldn't see me this morning. Some one has died in the village, and he was wanted. As there seemed to be no hurry about getting home, I came the nicest way. Whatever does Fidèle want!" he added, repeating Dorothea's exclamation of a short time before.

The dog was now standing at the entrance of the cave, fixing pleading eyes on the children, and doing his utmost to make them understand that it was in that direction he would have them turn their attention.

"Some one may be hiding there—a thief perhaps, or somebody who needs rescuing," suggested Tony. "We'd better go in and explore. You're not frightened, are you?"

"Yes, I am," answered Beth; "I mean I should be to go in alone."

"Well, come along, we'll go together."

The boy caught hold of his sister's hand, and, drawing her after him, they stumbled on in the darkness over the rough, uneven ground. More than once they struck against the rocks at the sides of the cavern. As for Fidèle, he had been ordered to remain outside.

Hark! what was that?

Close to the place where they had stood still to listen, came a low sound of sobbing; and now a pale glint of light, stealing in through the narrow outlet by which the hunted priest had made his escape, showed the brother and sister the form of little Elfrida crouching miserably under the shadow of the overhanging rocks. She was weeping bitterly, and her arms enfolded the collection of treasures that Beth had seen spread out at Mrs. Gimpson's—the Alphabet of Saints, Rosary book, miniature clock and colored post cards; and, most precious of all, the small ivory statue of the Blessed Virgin.

"Why, Elf, what's the matter? What are you doing here all alone?"

"She's gone!" gasped the child between her sobs.

Beth stooped and put sheltering arms around her.

"Where? Who?"

"Mammy,—my nurse, you know. God has taken her, they say, though she only looked as if she was asleep when I went to kiss her 'good morning.' And they pulled me away and wouldn't let me go in again to look for her. And I heard them say it would be best for me to be sent right away to an orphan asylum. Oh, I know the Sisters would be kind, but it's Daddy I think about! What if he should come back and couldn't find me!"

"But you can't stay here all day and all night; you'd be ever so frightened all by yourself! Come out into the light, and let's think what we can do," suggested Tony, as he and Beth drew

the child to the opening of the cave.

Elfrida still shrank back.

"Some one may see me. How did you guess I was here? Oh, I suppose it was your dog!" as Fidèle showed friendly signs of greeting. "But perhaps I'll only stay here till it is too late to send me away to-night; and then I'll slip into our neighbor's cottage, and ask her to give me some supper. And to-morrow, if they talk of sending me away, I'll run off and hide again. If only Mammy'd come back!" And Elfrida's sobs broke out afresh.

"Dear Elf, please don't cry like that! Perhaps we'll be allowed to adopt you," said Beth, by way of comfort.

"Yes, you shall come home with us this evening," agreed Tony. "We won't say anything about you being here till then. And we'll put a notice in big letters on the green gate at your old home to say: ELFRIDA AT THE WHITE COTTAGE, in case your father comes to look for you."

Elfrida smiled through her tears at this bright idea.

"I used to think that perhaps he'd come in a coach with four beautiful horses, and drive Mammy and me away with him, and that when the children ran out to see what was happening, we would scatter goodies and silver pieces among them; and they would all cheer us as we drove away, not because they were glad I was going, but to see me so happy."

"And now *we* are going to try to make you happy," said Beth. "But what to do first? Godmother will be wondering what has become of me, and we can't leave you alone."

Tony quickly solved this difficulty.

"I'll run home and ask if we may have a whole holiday and a picnic. At any rate, we must get Elf something to eat. I'll say you are waiting for me here, Beth. But first I'll get you both something to sit on."

He threw some armfuls of bracken on the rough, dank floor just within the cave, and Beth made a nest of it for Elfrida, who was doubly content when Fidèle stretched himself across the opening where the wolf hound had laid down his life so long ago.

It was easy to see that the child was tired after all she had gone through that morning; even before Tony was out of sight she was fast asleep.

When Tony reached the White Cottage, Cousin Angela had already gone to the village, for news had been brought to her of the little home left desolate by the loss of Elfrida's foster-mother. As for the picnic, there seemed no reason why they should not have one. Martha packed the baskets, a large one for Tony to carry and a small one for Dorothea.

On the return trip Tony showed an unusual silence, but that was scarcely to be wondered at considering that he was hurrying up hill. As soon as they arrived at Martyr's Crag, Dorothea understood everything.

It was a very subdued picnic party, though the three did all they could to cheer and comfort Elfrida. No one was in a mood to play or even to ramble about; so when their meal was finished they sat down in the shelter of the Crag, and planned how they would go shares in everything, if Elfrida was allowed to stay as their adopted sister. Then Elfrida brought out her treasures, and showed some letters which Mammy Gimpson used to read to her, and the collection of picture post cards sent by Captain Waldron.

"But, Elf, haven't you any aunts or uncles or cousins, or any one like that?" asked Dorothea at last.

"I once had an aunt who was a princess. She sent me this pretty 'Our Lady' long ago."

"A princess!" exclaimed Dorothea. "When I was quite little, that was what I thought of being when I was grown-

up, but I decided to be an artist instead."

"Can't you be both? I think Daddy said my aunt was a princess and an artist too."

This was such a new view of the question that Dorothea paused to consider it.

"Where does your aunt live?" asked Tony.

"In Russia, or—or Italy. I don't quite remember; or else—"

"In fairyland," interrupted Tony; and Elfrida being justly offended at this mark of unbelief refused to say any more on the subject, except to whisper to the sympathetic Beth:

"Perhaps God has taken my princess-aunt to Heaven like He's taken Mammy. Oh, here's some one coming to look for us! Let me hide somewhere."

"It's only Neighbor Christopher," said Tony. "You're not afraid of him, are you?"

"Especially if we explain to him that you're coming home with us," added Beth.

Thus encouraged, it was with a sigh of content that Elfrida allowed herself to be lifted up on Neighbor Christopher's shoulders and carried to the White Cottage.

Cousin Angela was waiting for them at the gate.

"My poor little one!" she exclaimed; and Elfrida forgot all her fears as she was gathered into those kind arms. The farmer, seeing this happy ending of the affair, hastened off to tell Father Laurence that the lost lamb of his flock was found and safely folded.

After a warm bath, Elfrida was put to bed in a cot placed for her in Cousin Angela's room—Beth's proposal to give up her own bed not having been accepted; and lest she should feel lonely at first, Dorothea stayed by her while she sat up to eat her supper.

Beth, meanwhile, went out into the

garden to think over the events of the day, and it was there that her god-mother followed her. Taking Beth's hand in hers, she drew her to a rustic bench under some lilac trees, and made her sit down beside her.

"There is something I want to tell you, dear, that I am not telling the others. It concerns little Elfrida, and it is right that you should know, especially as Mrs. Gimpson has already told you something of her scapegrace son. Father Laurence was with the poor mother last evening, the last she was to spend on earth, though no one guessed the end was so near. He brought her news of her son who had met with a serious accident while saving a small girl from being run over. When David Gimpson was carried to the hospital, he had only a few hours to live, and he begged that Father Laurence might be asked to come to him. He died thoroughly repentant and as peacefully as a child."

"Mammy Gimpson always said she wished her son would die as a little child. How pleased she will be to meet him like that!" said Beth. "But why did he keep away from his mother all that long time?"

"He was ashamed to come home. Besides, he was waiting till he could make up to her for all that his mischief had cost her. How kind we must be to poor little Elfrida!"

And from these last words, Beth felt there was no longer any doubt but that Cousin Angela would let Elfrida stop at the White Cottage.

(To be continued.)

"ABOVE all," wrote Father Marquette, "I placed our voyage under the protection of the Holy Virgin Immaculate, promising that if she granted us the favor of discovering the great river, I would give it the name of Conception." And so he called the Mississippi "Rivière de la Conception."

St. Gall and His Bear.

ST. GALL was born in Ireland, though he is better known in Switzerland, where he spent most of his life, than in his native country. In fact, he is regarded as the Apostle of Switzerland. He was a pupil and afterwards a disciple of the great St. Columban, one of the most famous of the Irish saints. They lived in the Sixth Century. St. Gall had accompanied him on many a journey through the southern part of Europe; and finally, when his master was travelling through the Swiss mountains on his way to Italy, Gall, who longed to be a hermit, decided to seek out a hermitage where he could spend his days in solitude. With this purpose in view he addressed himself to an old deacon named Hiltibod, who told him about a particularly wild spot that would suit well for a hermitage, were it not that it was an abode of wild animals.

"Does not the Apostle say," answered Gall, "that with those who love God everything turns to good, and that He who delivered Daniel from the lion's den can preserve us from ferocious beasts?"

Impressed by such firmness of will and such faith, the old deacon consented to guide the saint to the place he had in mind, and the journey was fixed for the next day. After spending the greater part of the night in prayer, the travelers started at daybreak. About noon the good deacon, who was getting very tired, asked the saint if it wasn't time to rest and take some refreshment. "You may take all that is necessary to keep up your strength," said Gall; "but as for me, I'm resolved neither to eat nor drink until God shows me the place destined to become my home." Hiltibod didn't insist any further, and they continued their journey.

About nightfall, as the two were approaching the bank of a little river

called Steinach, Gall, getting entangled among some thorns, suddenly fell prostrate upon the ground. His companion wished to help him up; but the saint prevented him, saying: "This is the place for my repose. I have chosen it for my dwelling-place." Arising, he cut a branch of a cherry-tree, and, making a cross of it, planted it just where he had fallen. Kneeling before the cross, he spent some time in prayer; after which the two built a fire, prepared their meal, ate it, and, after returning thanks, stretched themselves on the ground to sleep.

Just then, says the legend, a big bear that had come down from the mountain approached and began to devour the remnants of their supper. Hiltibod was greatly frightened; but Gall said to the animal: "'Tis not fair to eat without having worked. So I command you, in the name of the all-powerful God, to fetch some wood for our fire."

The bear at once started off, and Hiltibod was delighted at the thought that it had been scared away by Gall's voice. He hoped they had seen the last of the beast. Judge of his surprise, then, when a few minutes later back came the bear with a large dried branch, which he broke into several pieces and placed on the fire as the saint had ordered him to do. Then Gall took a loaf of bread out of his knapsack and gave it to the animal, saying: "Take this as a reward for your good work; and now go away from this valley. I permit you to live on these mountains near by. You may possess them in common with me, provided you don't hurt any human being." The bear obeyed, and betook himself to the nearest mountain.

St. Gall, having dismissed Hiltibod on the following day, established himself in his hermitage, where he dwelt many years. He had the most friendly relations with all the wild animals of the neighborhood, and in particular

with his first acquaintance among them. He allowed the bear to pay him frequent visits. And it was a very good thing he did; because later on, when the saint was entirely destitute of food, the bear, just like the raven that brought bread to St. Paul the Hermit, carried food daily to his kind, old master.

The King and the Duellers.

Many quaint anecdotes are related concerning the senseless practice of fighting duels. Frederic the Great was determined to break up the custom as far as his army was concerned. Two of his officers once quarrelled, and asked permission to settle their difficulty by an appeal to arms.

"Certainly," said Frederic, "and I shall be there to see the encounter."

The officers, flattered with the idea that their King was to honor the occasion, went on with their preparations. When the fateful morning arrived, they repaired to the spot selected for the duel, and found not only the King there before them, but in plain sight, a gallows that had been erected.

"What does this mean, sire?" inquired the challenger.

"Oh, just go on with your fighting," answered the King. "I am going to hang the survivor."

It is needless to add that this cooled the fury of the duellers, who finally shook hands and went home. This incident ended duelling in the army of Frederic the Great.

ANYTHING that is worth beginning is worth finishing. But laziness often causes us to put off, or to cease our efforts. We might learn a good lesson in perseverance from the spider. If she has her thread broken twenty times, she will mend it again and continue her work.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Biographies of Napoleon, Robert Louis Stevenson and Savonarola, by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, on the lines of his *Life of Cobbett*, are announced.

—It is reported that Sir Edward Elgar, the celebrated English Catholic composer, is engaged upon a volume of reminiscences, to be published early in the New Year.

—"The Official Record of the Twenty-eighth International Eucharistic Congress," compiled by the Rev. C. F. Donovan, is now ready. It is a large octavo of between 550 and 600 pages, with numerous illustrations, some in color. Price not stated.

—"A Handbook of Children's Literature," prepared by Emelyn E. Gardner and Eloise Ramsey (Scott, Foresman & Co.), aims to show how literature may be taught to children, also what should be taught. Apparently the compilers of the bibliographies in this volume have never heard of any Catholic writer.

—Twenty-two recently discovered letters and some fragments are included in a supplement to the four volumes of "*The Letters of Saint Teresa*," translated by the Benedictines of Stanbrook. In future this appendix is to be bound with Volume IV. of the Letters until a new edition is forthcoming. Published by Thomas Baker, London; for sale also by Stanbrook Abbey.

—Nowadays everybody must know so much in order to be thought to know anything at all that wide ranges of knowledge have to be condensed into brief space to enable most people to be even passably well informed. For such as find this the case with the field of the social sciences, we recommend the "*Primer of the Principles of Social Science*," by the Very Rev. Michael Canon Cronin. Though published for use in the secondary schools of Ireland, it will be helpful for study clubs and the general reader. M. H. Gill and Son.

—Enid Dinnis needs no introduction to readers of these pages. In her latest volume

of short stories, "*Travellers' Tales*," they will recognize that familiarity with the other world which constitutes her chief charm. All life has for her two dimensions, or two planes, the material and the spiritual, the temporal and the eternal. They are distinct, though their interests are intermingled. It is a gentle and persuasive art this author has of making her readers think of heaven. We venture to believe that "*Travellers' Tales*" might well replace certain books of obviously "spiritual" reading. B. Herder Book Co.

—"The Pilgrim's Guide to Franciscan Italy," by Mr. Peter F. Anson, a new publication of Sands & Co., London, makes a pleasant contrast to the usual book of travel impressions, being crammed with information not to be found elsewhere. From Assisi, which is appropriately dealt with at length, the author takes his pilgrims to La Verna and to the Valley of Rieti, and so on to all the lesser sanctuaries and hermitages of Franciscan Italy. In each case he gives a concise account of the history of the spot and plentiful quotations from the Fioretti, Celano, and other sources, describing the events said to have taken place in it.

—Founded in Italy, the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart early attracted to their ranks devout souls from many nations. It is related that at their Italian Industrial School and Kindergarten in Philadelphia, thirteen of the nineteen Sisters composing the staff were of Irish extraction, the other six being of Italian origin. It is told of Archbishop Ryan that upon one of his visits to the institute, he inquired of the Sister Portress, "What part of Italy do you come from, Sister?" "From Tipperary, your Grace," was the prompt reply. "Good!" he said, "that's where I came from." This and many tales like it give a charming flavor to the history of the community in the United States, just issued in a substantial, well-illustrated volume, with the title, "*Franciscan Missionary Sisters*

of the Sacred Heart, 1865-1926" (P. J. Kennedy & Sons). An exceptionally beautiful and gracious foreword is contributed by the Cardinal Archbishop of New York.

—Dr. Reginald M. Woolley, compiler of the recently published "Catalogue of the Manuscripts of Lincoln Cathedral Chapter Library (Oxford University Press)," states that there was already a good-sized library in existence at Lincoln when Hamo was made chancellor (*circa* 1150); and there is a list, made about the year 1200, of upwards of one hundred books, including those, some forty-five in number, which were already in the library when he entered on his office. Some of these are still in existence. A scribbled list of books, which Dr. Woolley dates *circa* 1220, is interesting for the information it gives that four manuscripts (three still in existence) were the gift of "W. d'Aualune," that is, William of Avalon, Canon of Lincoln, and almost certainly a kinsman of St. Hugh. There follows a Fifteenth-Century catalogue of over one hundred books, which in comparison with Hamo's list shows that a great number had disappeared. On the other hand, certain books belonging to religious houses found their way to Lincoln after the Suppression.

—Capitals occur only as they do in prose, in the manner of printing the poems which make up "Requiem," by Humbert Wolfe (George H. Doran Co.). There are other evidences that the poet has been influenced by the "new" poetry, the chief effect, we regret to say, being a confusion of values which it is evident, the poet shares with his readers. We rather expect, however, that the next swing of the pendulum will be toward tradition, as witnessed in this collection by so fine a thing as "The Soldier, I," whose "newness" is really only factitious.

Down some cold field in a world unspoken

The young men are walking together, slim and tall,
and though they laugh to one another, silence is not broken:

there is no sound however clear they call.

They are speaking together of what they loved in vain here,

but the air is too thin to carry the thing they say.

They were young and golden, but they came on pain here,
and their youth is age now, their gold is grey.

Yet their hearts are not changed, and they cry to one another,

"What have they done with the lives we laid aside?
Are they young with our youth, gold with our gold, my brother?"

Do they smile in the face of death, because we died?"

Down some cold field in a world uncharted

the young seek each other with questioning eyes.

They question each other, the young, the golden-hearted,
of the world that they were robbed of in their quiet Paradise.

In the presence of lines like these, we keenly regret the vain cerebation that went into the making of "The Anarchist" as well as other cryptic offerings here.

—

Obituary.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Joseph Freri; Rt. Rev. Msgr. Bernard O'Reilly, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. John Moore, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Frederick McNicholl, archdiocese of New York; Rev. Francis Linton, archdiocese of St. Louis; and Rev. J. J. Salentine, archdiocese of Milwaukee.

Sister M. of the Sacred Heart, of the Religious Hospitallers of St. Joseph; Sister Florence, Sisters of St. Dominic; Sisters M. Clare, M. Baptist, M. Loyola, M. Cecilia, M. Baptista, M. Thais, and M. Stanislaus, Sisters of Mercy.

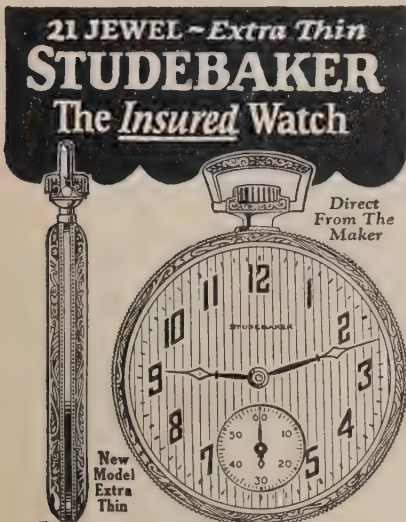
Mr. William Stokes, Mrs. Margaret Wright, Mr. C. J. Malone, Mr. W. F. Malone, Mrs. Margaret King, Mrs. Edward Kirchner, Mrs. Lorn Bannon, Mr. E. J. Craden, Mr. Charles Nash, Mr. Joseph Simon, Mrs. Mary Bolger, Mr. John Bagley, Mrs. G. C. O'Brien, Mr. Arthur Skelly, Mr. Aloysius Flori, and Mr. F. C. Gulath.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

—

Our Contribution Box.

To help the Sisters who care for lepers in the Fiji Islands: T. W. K., \$25; T. F. Gray, \$2.50; "widow's mite," \$1; "Canton," \$100. For the Sisters of Charity in China: "in honor of St. Jude and the 'Little Flower,'" \$5. "For charity": B. O., \$10.



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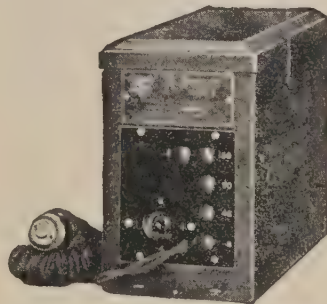
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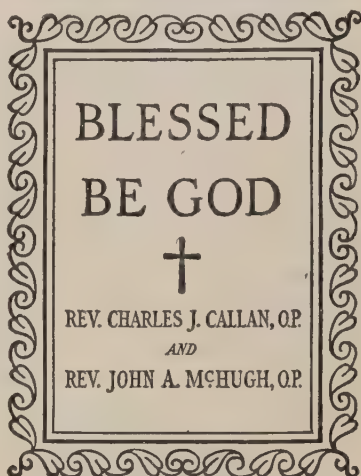


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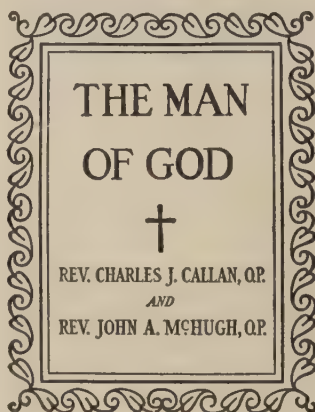
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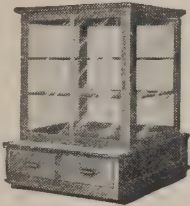
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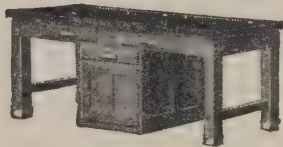
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CONTENTS

"Mary, You Have Tender Arms."—(Poem).....	<i>Julia Johnson Davis</i>	705
Guarding the Gift of God.....	<i>The Rev. Charles Miltner, C. S. C.</i>	705
Ancient Lights.—(Continued)	<i>Agnes Blundell</i>	708
Quest.—(Poem)	<i>Elma Smith</i>	710
The Jewel of the Comaras.....	<i>Gabriel Francis Powers</i>	711
Dominic's Wife	<i>Florence Gilmore</i>	716
Gwenolé	<i>M. Barry O'Delany</i>	719
A December Patron.....	<i>Dom Hugh Bévenot, O. S. B.</i>	723
An Extraordinary Instance.....		726
About Advent		726
Notes and Remarks:		

Advent a Penitential Season.—The President of Michigan University Taken to Task.—A Splendid Opportunity.—The Preparation for Christmas.—Remembrances of Newman and Manning.—An Excellent Explanation.—In the Brave Days of Old.—Abbé Edgeworth.—Death of a Chinese Bishop.....727

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

The Creed in Rhyme	<i>R. O'K.</i>	731
Childerswell Hall.—(Continued)	<i>Mother Mary Thomas</i>	731
Confidence in the Blessed Virgin Rewarded.....		734
A Good-Natured King.....		734
Changed Meanings.....		734
With Authors and Publishers.....		735
Obituary		736

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 3.—St. Francis Xavier, C.	THURSDAY, 8.—IMMACULATE CONCEPTION OF THE B. V. M.
SUNDAY, 4.—SECOND OF ADVENT. St. Peter Chrysologus, B. C. St. Barbara, V. M.	FRIDAY, 9.—St. Peter Fourier, C. St. Leocadia, V. M.
MONDAY, 5.—St. Sabbas, Ab.	SATURDAY, 10.—Translation of the Holy House of Loreto. St. Melchiades, P. M.
TUESDAY, 6.—St. Nicholas, B. C.	
WEDNESDAY, 7.—St. Ambrose, B. C. D. Vigil.	

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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1. 48.

Vol. XXVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 3, 1927.

No. 23.

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"Mary, You Have Tender Arms."

BY JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS.

MARY, you have tender arms,
Arms that open wide,
Enfold the little child for me
Who had to leave my side.

Be to him what his mother was,
Speak softly in his ear;
He is so new to Heaven he
May feel a little fear.

Oh, Mary, for my broken heart
Turn darkness into light,
And guard for me the little child
Who comes to you to-night!

Guarding the Gift of God.

BY THE REV. CHARLES MILTNER, C. S. C.

WHAT is worth having is worth defending. The care which a man takes to safeguard his possessions is a certain index to the value he attaches to them. Things worth while are always protected. Carelessly to endanger a precious thing is to set little value upon it. If we appreciate health we are careful to preserve it. Likewise, if we set any value upon our Faith, we must be constantly on our guard lest we be robbed of it.

It is not possible to prove to a man who has no faith that it is precious. It takes faith to appreciate faith; and it

is not necessary to prove to any one who has the gift of faith that it is worth more than anything else. "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world if he suffer the loss of his own soul?" Now the value of faith is precisely equivalent to the value of a soul. Because "without faith it is not possible to please God," not possible to serve Him, and therefore not possible to save one's soul. Faith is the root of the tree whose fruit is eternal life. The loss of faith is loss of God. "He that doth not believe," says the Gospel, "is already judged"; and again, "he that believeth not shall be condemned." The loss of faith is an unparalleled disaster. We may insure our property, may even insure our lives; but there is no means of restoring faith forever lost.

Now the greatest danger to which a man can be exposed in this matter is to think that there is no danger. If it is true that to be forewarned is to be forearmed, it is equally true that not to see the need of arms is to rush blindly on to disaster. There seems to be an impression entertained by some that there is no danger of losing their faith just because they happen to live in a Catholic atmosphere, or because at rare intervals they approach the Sacraments. That impression is false. Of course, it is true that there is not so much danger of losing our faith in these circumstances, for unless we stubbornly resist the influences of our

environment, as it is possible to do, or unless we receive the Sacraments in a routine way, and refuse to profit by the countless opportunities and actual graces which such an environment brings, we are strengthened and encouraged, almost dragged along in the way of religion.

But the fact is, and it is a fact which unfortunately history has repeatedly confirmed, that even in circumstances such as those, Catholics have lost their faith. The devil does not change his tactics or his tools so long as they bring results. His aim is to blind or deceive us. "Let him who thinks himself to stand take heed lest he fall." This is the warning of Saint Paul, and every man who has ever lost the faith, who has fallen into infidelity, has at some time or other, in some way or other, ignored that warning.

To think ourselves to stand means to assume that our faith is so strong that nothing can undermine it; it means to presume that though others may need to observe the wise warnings of the Church against dangers to it, we do not need to observe them. And so where others are cautious, we are reckless; what others avoid with prudence, we examine or embrace with presumption. Like the fools of whom the poet speaks, we rush in where angels fear to tread. Unmindful of the warning of Wisdom, we fall little by little because we despise little things.

Now Faith is something rational. It has its roots in the mind and the will; both contribute to it. It is not merely the prompt and ready, the constant and humble assent of the mind to supernatural truth, but the assent to such truth under the command of the will. We believe, not because we understand perfectly what is proposed to us, but because we understand that it is good and reasonable to believe even what we

can not fully comprehend. Reason prepares the way, builds the bridge to Faith; and therefore reason also may destroy that bridge, and cut us off from Faith. And therefore, also, whatever imperils right reason imperils the faith to which it leads.

Now the first enemy of reason, of sound and accurate thinking, is indifference, which not only paralyzes all healthy thought, but also makes that paralysis permanent by deadening the will to think. In religious matters it is the intellectual epidemic of our times. It comes over us gradually, almost imperceptibly. It begins in ignorance, it develops in supineness, it thrives in that conceit which warps the judgment about the true values of things. It shows itself unmistakably in the persistent disposition to put off and postpone till some other time the correction of bad habits, the avoidance of occasions of sin, the devotions and practices which keep before the mind the meaning and the purpose of life, the presence and the need of God, the proximity and the malice of sin, the trivial character of earthly things in the light of eternity. To grow indifferent to prayer, to self-examination, to spiritual reading, to the Sacraments, is like growing indifferent about taking our meals. You can starve the soul as well as the body.

But lack of food is no more fatal to life than poisonous food. Now the poison of the mind is error, and error is propagated by false teaching, and false teaching is, for the most part, imparted by bad reading. The printed word is like a surgeon's scalpel; it may cut off cancerous growths and save life, or it may pierce a vital organ and destroy life. The life of the mind is truth, truth which is begun by reason and completed by faith. Error, false reasoning, infidel literature corrupt the

mind and rob it of both right reason and of faith.

It is the common opinion of those who have given thought to the matter that of all the causes of infidelity in the world, bad reading is incomparably the greatest. To read with a mind open to conviction a heretical book, a skeptical article, literature that casts doubt or ridicule upon the teachings of the Church of Christ, is itself a confession of doubt as to the infallibility of that Church, and the soundness of her teachings. It is, implicitly at least, to declare that you are not certain that the Revelation of Christ is wholly acceptable, or that the Church's presentation of it is wholly exact. It is implicitly a renunciation of your faith and an admission that human opinion may transcend Divine Revelation.

To read such literature through curiosity is like visiting a man with a contagious disease through curiosity. You expose yourself to danger; you take an unnecessary, foolish risk. You admit into your mind a swarm of trouble-making doubts which may grow into suspicions, and later be admitted as probabilities, and eventually into convictions that there may be two sides to this question of religion, as there are to any other question; that after all it is a matter of argument and not of authority, of probability and not of infallibility. Curiosity here can mean nothing short of catastrophe.

We belong to the Church. We are all subject to her laws. She has the duty to lead us to eternal life,—the end for which she exists. In matters pertaining to faith and morals, she is infallible; her voice is the voice of Christ Himself. She has a law forbidding us under the penalty of grave sin to read books—and books in the wording of the law means any sort of publication—that denies or denounces, that ridicules or re-

jects, her doctrine on faith and morals. That law is founded on the reasonable assumption that such reading is universally a danger to the Faith. To ignore that law, under any pretext whatever, is to be unfaithful to the Church and to Christ who speaks through her; it is to imperil the most precious possession that we have,—that faith without which we are already condemned, and without which, as the Apostle declares, we shall have nothing to look forward to "but a certain dreadful expectation of judgment."

Let us, then, stand fast in the faith, protect it as we would the most delicate of instruments, cherish it as the last wish of a dying mother, nourish it by daily prayer, by serious study of religion, by spiritual reading, by the food of the Holy Eucharist. Faith is a gift of God,—a gift which He will one day demand at our hands. And if we have thrown it away, trampled it under foot, or, by negligence or indifference, permitted it to be destroyed, if we shall have denied Him before men He will deny us before his Father who is in Heaven. We shall be turned out as strangers from the home which He has prepared for our everlasting possession and enjoyment.


THE Twelve Apostles are by some writers thought to have been typified in the books of the Old Testament by:

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2. The twelve fountains of Elim, prefiguring their preaching.
3. The twelve stones on the high-priest's breastplate, prefiguring their example.
4. The twelve loaves of proposition, prefiguring the spiritual nourishment given by the Apostles.
5. The twelve stones taken by Josue from the Jordan, prefiguring their constancy.
6. The twelve oxen upholding the brazen sea, prefiguring their strength of union.

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXIV.

 FEW days later Richard was haled forth once again to be examined. He was taken to the handsome lodgings of Archbishop Whitgift, where the Lord Mayor and sundry others were gathered together. They were drinking wine very merrily when the prisoner was brought in.

"Why, how's this?" cried Whitgift angrily. "Did I not say we would examine no more to-day except that young North countryman Nevile?"

"Please you, this is he," said one of the pursuivants in attendance.

Whitgift caught his breath, staring at the prisoner, and Richard, smiling, asked:

"Do you not know me, my lord?"

The prelate turned back towards his friends with a dismayed countenance.

"This man is strangely altered," he remarked.

"Well, well, let us get forward with the business," said the Mayor testily. "I see this fellow was indited for harboring a priest—even for intriguing to become a priest himself."

"Nay," declared Richard, "that was never brought against me, though I have been examined more than once."

"Peace! Do you dare to speak before you are questioned?" thundered Mr. Dawkins, who was as usual shadowing his patron.

The archbishop shuffled the papers with his fingers.

"There is some matter of an intercepted letter. It would appear this youth had treasonable correspondence with persons overseas."

Richard remained silent until he was sharply bidden to speak.

"It is false," he observed briefly. "I never had any project of becoming a religious, nor have I been a party to any treasonable correspondence, either abroad or at home."

"This case must go to the jury," urged the Mayor, unfolding a paper and scanning it. "Here 'tis plainly writ: 'At our meeting in London I had not yet formed the design which I at present entertain.' What sayest thou to that, fellow?"

"Why, unless there is more matter in the context, the design might relate to a new doublet," quoth Nevile.

"But there is more matter, indeed," protested the other. "Plain hanging matter, say I. 'Though infinitely unworthy I propose to endeavor to enter the society thou knowest of'—What can that mean but to join the Jesuits?"

"That letter was not written by me. Why do you charge me with it?" asked Richard. "It has never been mentioned yet, as you can bear out, my lord." He fixed his eyes on the archbishop. "You had all my cause before you on a previous occasion."

Whitgift raised his brows and nodded affirmatively towards the Mayor who muttered in return:

"'Tis fresh matter brought against him by the sequestrators. Let us put the question plainly. I say that in January last, before thy apprehension, thou wast desirous of treacherously communicating with the Queen's enemies overseas and joining that traitorous body, the Jesuit Society! What reck we what the fellow pleads? Is it not writ here plain enough? And was not this letter delivered to us by one of this rascal's own servants?"

"Do you rate your responsibility so light that you fling away a man's life on the grounds of a letter imputed to him and bearing neither his script nor signature?" asked Richard, sedulously

addressing the Primate. "If so, it is scarce worth my while to plead. Yet truth compels me to state that in January last, so far from seeking the celibate state, I went to prefer my suit to a lady, whose father is now prime mover against me."

"Name the gentleman," commanded Mr. Dawkins.

"Mr. Eustace Cleburne, to whom my father's lands have been assigned."

"Mr. Cleburne is not present, I think," said the clerk, glancing round.

"No, he is not present," answered a clear woman's voice. "But I, his daughter, am here to represent him."

Richard started and gazed round in amazement. The door, which had been ajar, stood open, and two ladies had entered the room, attended by their servants. They seemed to him like lambs, innocently wandering into a pack of wolves.

The men seated about the table rose in astonishment, but Mistress Cleburne calmly advanced and curtsied low first to the archbishop, then to the Lord Mayor. She and her companion were both masked and veiled, as befitted modest ladies, but they were richly dressed and wore many jewels.

The laces above Alice's bosom fluttered, and she stood looking on the ground. Finding, however, that they merely stared upon her without speaking, she gathered up her courage.

"About this matter of the letter, I know nothing," she observed somewhat tremulously. "But I corroborate the fact that the young man did make suit for my hand, with my father's approval."

"Fair mistress, your tenderness of heart methinks outruns your discretion," said Martin Calthrop, the Mayor, with a laugh.

"It would ill become me to conceal the truth," returned the girl with spirit.

"It can scarce be possible that Cleburne advanced the courtship of an obstinate and well-known recusant," declared Moriscoe.

"Yet it is easily proved that the young gentleman was a guest at our household at that very time," pursued Alice. "Mr. Leigh and many gentlemen of the county can depose to having seen him with us."

"And what is your purpose, Mistress, in coming hither with this evidence?" inquired Dawkins. "Your father can scarce have sent you."

"The truth here serves my father best," answered Alice proudly.

"And would you have us believe the man was accepted as your suitor, and a few weeks later charged with felony by your father?"

"Nay, Sir, nay, my lord. I refused the young gentleman's addresses," faltered Alice.

Her companion passed behind her and brushed against her. The mask suddenly unloosed, fell down, exposing Alice's lovely blushing face and fearful eyes.

"I would have you believe that letter was not written by Master Nevile at all," she proceeded firmly. "Here are specimens of his handwriting. Indeed, my lord, you will note there is nought Jesuitical in these compositions."

"Poetry!" exclaimed Calthrop, leaning over the primate with a laugh.

Richard recalled those translations of Petrarch's songs which he had written out for the sisters. How long ago it all seemed—another life!

"This is but folly," declared Whitgift, rising to his feet. "Sir Thomas Wall, this is only a crack-brained, poetical fellow. You had best release him. There is not wherewithal to call a jury here, and methinks," he added in a lower key, "such a trial might be awkward for our friends. This pretty

madam is more merry than filial; we will see her safe back into her parents' keeping, and do you discharge the prisoner. It were well he were forbid to be within five miles of London from daybreak to-morrow."

"Stay, sir—surely there is meat for thought here," urged the pursuivant; but the prelate brushed him aside.

"Nay, our motion was against the father, who has paid forfeit with life. This fellow is stripped to the bone—all his father's goods are sequestered. He hath fever on him—"

At these words the company began surreptitiously to pull out their perfume boxes, swinging them on little chains and releasing the essence which was supposed to be an antidote to infection.

"See to it, Sir Thomas," ordered Whitgift. "If the man is retaken within the city precincts"—his glance wavered for a moment towards the pursuivant,—"it is certainly no concern of ours."

He turned with a smile towards the spot where the ladies had been standing, but they had vanished—perhaps in response to an urgent gesture of the prisoner's. They had not dared to exchange a glance; and the mere thought of their temerity made Richard's heart beat quickly and his blood run cold. Yet they had dared thus greatly for his sake.

He listened in amazement to the Lord Mayor's perfunctory discourse.

"By the great mercy of the law thou art dismissed," quoth he. "But have a care lest another time worse things happen to thee. Strike off his irons and let him go free. Remember if thou art found within the city precincts or within five miles thereof by dawn to-morrow, thy life must pay the forfeit."

"I thank you, Sir," said Richard, "if this be mercy."

He noted the pursuivant's sinister glance, with an inner tremor. To be freed under such circumstances required almost more courage than that required for captivity. To what friend dared he turn for aid?

"Thou shouldst fee me for ease of irons," said the blacksmith, who struck off the chain on their return to the prison.

Richard automatically slipped his hand into his pouch which contained but a slender empty purse. Not so much as a groat was there with which to buy a piece of bread.

"Why," he said smiling, "I am more like to ask an alms of thee."

He turned the wallet inside out to prove his words, and then in response to the man's menacing looks, detached it from his belt and gave it to him, retaining, however, the little purse, locked in his palm. As he stepped out of the door, he held the purse as though it were some precious talisman.

(To be continued.)

Quest.

BY ELMA SMYTH.

*G*RAN down the road of happiness; but it was silent, for joy had gone.

I tapped at the panes of Mercy, and Love was not there.

Only Hope stood with me in the black rain that hid even the kindly faces of the stars.

Oh, all three days we wandered,—three days of anguish, down long dusty roads and hot, narrow streets.

Then, being weary we went into the House of the Lord God.

Out of the cool shadows a Voice came;

It grew and wrapped us in the Wisdom of God.

I did not know the thing He spoke to me,
But I have kept it always in my heart.

The Jewel of the Comaras.

BY GABRIEL FRANCIS POWERS.

GUIDO was home on furlough,—an immense event, as anybody in Samhene could tell you. That morning the coach—the one solitary coach in town—had fetched him from the station, and many a figure appeared in the doorways as the rattling red and yellow thing drove by. Some insisted they had caught a glimpse of the long, bright cavalry sabre; many had seen for a moment, at the window, the brown face looking out so happily.

Guido was the youngest of Baron Comara's sons; but, though his two older brothers were important enough personages in themselves, the affection of the community, for some reason unknown, centred in Guido. Of course he was a soldier, which partly explains this romantic interest; for another thing, he was handsome; and, finally, Guido had a genial smile, a ready hand-shake, a delightful way of saying pleasant trifles; wherefore had he honor and glory in the land.

The Comaras were not so wealthy as they had once been; but where name and lineage count, they ranked among the highest. They had retired to the estate of Samhene when the Bourbons of Naples fell. They still owned a house here, a bit of land there, and other sundry residues of what had once been vast possessions; but as to their rent-roll, it was excessively abridged. When Guido resolved upon a military career, first he had to overcome much opposition, because he, who was a Baron of the Kingdom of Naples by hereditary right seven times renewed, could lower himself to serve United Italy; and secondly, when at length his father relented there was the further difficulty of keeping him for years at the Colle-

gio Militare. But Guido was perfectly willing to enlist as a private. The only thing he objected to was his brothers' elegant habit of inoccupation, and the elegiac attitude of the family toward the defunct Neapolitan dynasty.

Guido was born too late for certain hereditary prejudices. The last time the throne of Naples was mentioned in the oration against arms, he muttered wrathfully: "Doesn't exist!" And the verdict was so peculiarly, if painfully, logical he was allowed to go to Modena. Eventually he gravitated to that terribly exclusive regiment, the "Cavalleria Nizza." He was beloved by his brother officers; and, by the time he got his first leave and came home, tall, sinewy, very brown, and wearing with dandified pride the handsome black jacket and French-gray riding-breeches of the Nizza Light Horse, the last recalcitrant in the household was compelled to admit he had chosen well. That was now many years ago.

On the morning of this latter arrival he flung himself out of the coach, stooping to save his head; kissed everybody all round, and then: "For pity's sake somebody give me something to eat! There was no diner on the train, and I'm nearly famished." This pleased his mother, and there was a scramble for the kitchen,—a rafted place with brown beams, and a little crucifix, and a bit of olive bough on the wall. No servants were kept, save a peasant woman to carry water; but the mother insisted that her son Guido should be served in the dining-room, where aged massive silver was prepared in his honor, with embroidered damask napery, which was two generations old already and would not consent to wear out. These contrasts in the house of Comara are so common as to pass unnoticed. So also guests sleep under damask quilts, and the *baronessine* make

the beds. But this is aside from the present story.

Guido uncovered his head as he entered the hall,—perhaps because of the coat-of-arms under its coronet hanging on the archway opposite, perhaps only because deep-bred in the sons of this house is a reverence for the place where their kindred dwell. The race itself is one that, for good reasons, worships symbols. Guido they considered a radical and a democrat. It was good, however, to have him home. The whole of the first day was spent, mainly, in feasting their eyes upon him and listening to his voice. Furthermore, apart from the blessedness of merely looking at him, he had a great deal to say that was interesting. The regimental news, the field manœuvres, the Summer's review, and a miscellany concerning town life,—for the Nizza were stationed in a city whose social atmosphere suited even their fastidious taste.

It seemed to Guido's mother once or twice that the boy looked tired, but he laid it to his journey. After he was safely in bed, she came into his room, as she was wont to do, setting in order this little trifle and that. With his head upon the pillow, she could see more clearly how all the delicate shadows of eye, temple, and cheek-bone were deepened; and how, in repose, the countenance was graver. Wofully she remembered his tales of the gambling in certain regiments (not his own, he took care to say); and, after his sisters left the room, there were other stories of gallantries of conduct, required, it would seem, of the officers in a garrison town.

Guido himself had no idea how he had disquieted the soul of his mother. Now she came, sitting upon the bed, and asking him why there seemed to be a cloud upon his brow. He did not know, unless there were rain coming. Had he been good? He threw back his

head to laugh, long and light-heartedly; then brought his brown eyes, deep with love, to hers and said:

"Angelic!"

"When was he last at confession?"

"A fortnight since."

"Really, Guido? You are not making fun of me?"

And he raised himself on his elbow to say, rather warmly:

"Do you suppose I have forgotten what I promised you? Heaven knows I have been laughed at enough for an old woman and a cenobite!"

Then she said to him certain things that it must have been rather sweet for him to hear.

On the morrow mother and son were left alone together all day. The Baron was busy as usual among his peasant tenants; the brothers had gone to inspect a shooting box; the girls were invited to a picnic, to which they attempted in vain to drag the cavalryman. He had to see friends in the town; he would not be at home forever; please leave him in peace. So they lunched alone, mother and son; and afterward he followed her round "like a little dog," she said; but it made her happy. And she watched him pick up now this thing, now that, examine them as if he had never seen them before, and laugh at scraps of reminiscence attached to them.

"You haven't proposed to visit the Madonna yet," he said at length.

And she, quite composedly:

"I waited for you to ask."

His white teeth gleamed a moment, as if he thought her very clever.

"May I see it now?"

His mother led the way to the chapel, and again he smiled at her quietly imperious.

"Light the candles!"

Very quickly he lit the tapers, and she opened a shutter-shrine in the wall, at the right of the altar, and knelt

down. Her son bowed on one knee behind her.

"Ave Maria, doloribus plena; Crucifixus tecum; lacrymabilis tu in mulieribus, et lacrymabilis fructus ventris tui, Jesus."

The sonorous voice of the cavalryman, very low, responded:

"Sancta Maria, Mater Crucifixi, lacrymas impertire nobis crucifixoribus Filii tui, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ. Amen."

"Virgo Dolorosissima,"

"Ora pro nobis!"

There was silence a little while, then the mother stood and took the statue in her hands. Close behind, the slow breathing of her son sounded deeper in her ear; his arm circled her shoulders. This was the jewel of the Comaras, for which they would have given their last ell of land and their money to the last cent,—the "Madonna Addolorata," an heirloom in the family for nigh three hundred years; a tinted wood-carving some sixteen inches high, of Spanish workmanship, so connoisseurs said; crowned head bowed in anguish, hanging hands clasped, the feet bare under the draperies, seven swords in the breast; and, the marvel of it all, the face, wondrously wrought to image life, pale and wan in the agony of weeping; the throat seeming to rise with the convulsion of a sob about to break. This flexibility of expressed emotion betokened high artistic origin: the reality of it, the livingness of it, could not but move the coldest spectator.

How the Madonna came to the Comaras was wrapped in mystery. A legend exists of a saintly pilgrim on his way to Loreto, of his begging hospitality at the Palazzo Comara in Ascoli, invoking a special benediction on the family, and announcing future trials to the chatelaine, a holy woman, who served him with her own hands and washed his feet. In the morning he

was gone, unheard, unseen; and the "Addolorata," a gift far too precious for a night's lodging, remained.

To Guido, standing silent, came a memory of childhood,—the most vivid thing in his mind at that moment. This same mother of his flinging herself down with a half-conscious baby in her arms and calling aloud to the Virgin of Sorrows: "Mother, save him!—Mother, save him!" The little body shuddered a moment and lay still. And the lad Guido had expected the mother to break into screams, for he knew what had touched and immobilized his infant brother. But she did not: she crept nearer the shrine, leaning her arm and her forehead against it. She seemed to feel there was a reason why she should make no outcry before that other Mother with the swords in her breast.

It was this perhaps made Guido draw his mother closer. Very gently, as she put the precious object back, he asked her if she really believed the story of the Madonna.

"It is tradition in your house, Guido."

"I know. I am not saying it might not be true: one has to admit the miraculous somewhere."

"The trials came to the Comaras. I doubt if they ever rally. And they used to be a great race. Soldiers and saints make a strong backing, Guido."

"You are aside from the point at issue. But never mind. Let's go out on the hill, mother."

It was the home-hill rising up sheer behind the house; and the lower swellings, covered thick with green and studded with wild flowers, were a favorite resort. One in particular Guido loved. A kindly knoll enabled one to lie in the shade, while all around the sun drew deep aromas from the waving grasses, and the threshing wind made paths for itself across the billowy surface.

"Guido," the mother questioned, after

they were snugly ensconced, "why did you ask me just now whether I believed that?"

"Simply to find out if you did,—hey, move a little, dear one, and let me stretch out!"

"You don't doubt it, do you?"

"How can I doubt anything, with my head in your lap? Thanks to this beastly life of mine, one has a mother only once every year or two!"

"Guido dear, I don't believe you are happy."

"An immense delusion, mother! Why shouldn't I be?"

"I don't know, child. But I can feel it in you. Something has hurt you, or else you have done something wrong."

"Please remember that I am a full-fledged lieutenant in the finest cavalry regiment in the world, and don't hurt my dignity."

"Are you in love, perhaps?"

"Fie, madam! So direct a question!"

Then it dawned upon her slowly, painfully, that he was indeed full-fledged, as he said; that the world—the brilliant, polished, mask-wearing world—had set its mark upon him, and that it was not quite her old Guido who came home. If he had a sorrow, he meant to keep it to himself. Her breeding forbade her pressing further, even with her own son; but she turned away her face that he might not see the bitterness his first reticence caused her. She had not reckoned that he could look upward and, under the lids, discover the dumb tears forming.

"Mother!" he cried, starting up from his idle posture,—“mother, you are not crying? Why, I'd tell you in a minute, if I thought you wanted me to! I was afraid it would pain you, so I have been trying hard to keep my mouth shut. I thought if I came home and stayed with you a while, perhaps I could get a little manhood into me again, and go back quietly to my work without shift-

ing my troubles on to you. But it must grieve you, if it must. You shall never think I do not trust you. In reality, there is not very much to tell.

"You remember the English girl I told you about last year? That is the whole matter in a nutshell. I was in love with her,—you must have guessed it. She was beautiful, of course; it's not much use my telling you that, because nobody believes lovers. But she was really beautiful, she was magnificent; and good,—you don't often meet people quite so good as she was. But most of all she was fascinating,—a sort of charm one can't explain. When you left her, you began to wonder whether during those few hours your breathing had gone on just the same.

"I know now what kind of a woman it is that men play heaven and hell for. But she was deeply religious in her own way,—only a Protestant, of course. I was fully determined to marry her, if she would have me. Church legislation about mixed marriages had grown extremely dim in my mind; and I felt sure, anyway, that later on I could talk to her, and that ten to one she would be a Catholic straight off, because she was so earnest and intelligent.

"About Christmas we became engaged, with the religious question still very cloudy. That night I tried to write to you about it; but your face seemed to come up before me, grave and troubled, and you were asking me questions: Where would I be married and by whom? I could not write to you, and you appeared to me as the first dash to my joy. But I don't blame you, mother. Perhaps some day I shall yet thank God. In the morning I asked Bertha about it. In the Church of England, naturally, she said: she would not feel married at all save by her own minister. I went home pretty glum; but next day, quite graciously, she regretted she had been so abrupt, and expressed

her willingness to go through the ceremony in my Church.

"The only matter that really troubled me was an uncertain one in the future,—the possible question of children. The idea of a Protestant Comara was so sickening, I determined to settle that point at once. Bertha was ready for me. Sons would, of course, follow their father's belief, but girls the mother's. We tussled over it a week, then one fine day I gave in. (Why don't you take your hand away, mother?) I was selling my conscience, and I knew it. In cold blood, it's an incredible thing to say. I could only pray Heaven to send us none but sons. Then came the festival of Our Lady of Sorrows in April, and your letter to remind me. You always did try to get me to the sacraments under every pretext, but I could not refuse the 'Addolorata.' Bertha and I were going to the theatre that evening, and, as I was on duty all day, I had to send her Cavallotti, and slip off to confession: I wouldn't have had time in the morning.

"To begin with, this made her angry,—as though I enjoyed doing it! And, secondly, that Capuchin friar said to me many and various things on the subject of mixed marriages and on the risking of immortal souls. You can thank him for my final resolution: I didn't come to it myself. I was hot with him. I couldn't get to sleep, I couldn't even lie down. All night I paced my room, and all sorts of queer things came to my mind,—mostly things that happened when I was a boy: Toto, when he died and you brought him to the shrine and cried out for help for him,—do you remember? Then my First Communion Day,—such a heavenly day! And then Maria and Dolores, so innocent in their white veils, when their turn came. I had promised—I, myself—that no little daughter of mine should ever have a First Communion

day! And what harassed me most of all was the thought of our own Madonna. Foolish—wasn't it?—when the tradition about it is mere talk, and, as likely as not, unfounded.

"I went deliberately to Bertha in the morning and told her that, upon reflection, I could allow no child of mine to be reared a Protestant. She replied that this was of a part with my unpardonable behavior the evening before in sending her a substitute for escort. I tried to explain. I had always thought her adorable when she was angry, but she said a few things that it was a little too hard to bear. I was going back on my given word. She was right: I was. And in her eyes the condition was fair and just. But, though you may trifle with your conscience sometimes, in the end it will rise up and overpower you. I frankly owned I had been wrong at first, but did not mean to let a temporary weakness stamp out my honor and self-respect. Then she knew, she had heard, that I came of a brood of fanatical, superstitious, Medieval tyrants; blood must tell in the end, and she was glad I had shown my true colors ere it was too late. She put her engagement ring in my hand, forced me to take it. All the 'fanatic's' blood in me oozed away from the heart as she did, but a last glimmer of reason allowed me to let her do it.

"There it is. Take it, mother! I have been carrying it round in my inside pocket like a fool because it touched her. Don't let anybody wear it; but you can hang it up in the shrine, if you want to, for an ex-voto. God will remember the cost."

THE more guilty we are, the greater must be our confidence in the intercession of Christ's Mother. Take courage, therefore, timid soul; let Mary know all thy misery, and hasten with joy to the throne of her mercy.—*B. Henry Suso.*

Dominic's Wife.

BY FLORENCE GILMORE.

DOMINIC VENTRESCA did not go often to see his mother. More than once he had promised to go every Sunday afternoon; but rain and snow, heat and cold, or the offer of an automobile tour, so frequently made it easy to stay away, that for a month or six weeks at a time she sometimes watched for him in vain. But to Mrs. Ventresca's surprise, on a particularly stormy Sunday in Autumn, Dominic came before she had finished her twelve o'clock dinner. One glance into his face told her that all was not well with him; but knowing that he would speak only in his own time and in his own way, she drew two chairs close to the stove, and began to talk about the weather and the sermon which Father Massenelli had preached that morning. Five minutes later Mr. and Mrs. Dematallo, who lived in the house next door, came in quite unceremoniously and with the evident intention of beguiling a long afternoon by spending it with Mrs. Ventresca.

Dominic had known them all his life, and ordinarily he was glad of an opportunity to talk business with Mr. Dematallo and to laugh with Mrs. Dematallo; but to-day he did not even make a pretence of enjoying their company. He scowled at Mr. Dematallo's platitudes, and was plainly annoyed by his wife's gossip and by her attempted witticisms. He did not speak at all, except in answer to direct questions; and as soon as it became evident that they had no intention of shortening their visit, he abruptly ended his.

"Good-bye, mother; I must go home now. Some other day I'll see you soon," he said, rising, and absent-mindedly kissing her on the forehead.

"You're not sick, or—or anything,

are you, Dominic?" Mrs. Ventresca inquired anxiously.

"Me, sick?" And for the first time that afternoon Dominic laughed. "I don't know how," he boasted.

"And Margherita, and little Tony?" Mrs. Ventresca persisted. "Is anything wrong with them?"

"Of course not," Dominic answered reassuringly, but crossly. Then, after a word of farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Dematallo, he repeated, "good-bye, mother; maybe I'll see you before long."

The very next evening Dominic walked into his mother's kitchen shortly after seven o'clock.

"There was something I wanted to talk about yesterday afternoon," he explained, as he warmed his hands over the stove.

Mrs. Ventresca nodded, pushing forward a chair for him and seating herself on the old and battered one that faced it. "I could see yesterday you are in trouble, son," she said. "When you come to see me on so bad a day like yesterday was, and did not talk very much, it made me very worried right away. But what could anybody do with people like Mario and Anna Dematallo? Even after you went away they stayed long time. Two times I fell asleep: I could not help it, so tired I was; and still they stayed."

Dominic made no reply to this, and his mother said nothing more, but waited patiently for him to begin. And, at length, after a long, restless silence, Dominic said, without any preface or explanation:

"In Italy I would just have to stand it, like Uncle Bepi does, and get soon to be thin and scared-looking, and never open my mouth at home like him, but here in America, why hundreds and hundreds of men, they—"

"No, no, Dominic! No way for Catholics to talk like that!" his mother interrupted sharply.

And again Dominic was silent.

"She spends so much money," Dominic began complainingly, after a time. "I don't know how to make money as fast as she knows how to spend it: a new dress one week, and soon a new hat, or go to a picture show. Maybe I would not care so much about that, now business is pretty good; but she never says a nice word to me any more: always cross about something. Many times you hear for yourself how she scolds. And what I feel worst about, she never says a sweet word to little Tony. He's scared all time he is at home. It breaks my heart to hear how she scolds him, when I see how white it makes him look. I tell him after school to come to my shop: no good place for him, but Margherita will slap him, maybe, if he hangs around the house, and I can't let him stay in the street all time. Bad boy soon that way. Every week it's just a little worse and worse at our house. Almost sometimes I can't feel bad we lost the other little ones."

Dominic stopped at last, glancing expectantly at his mother; but the silence had grown long before she said:

"But I remember so well as if it was all only yesterday, Dominic, before you married Margherita, seven, eight years ago, how you could not wait even one month till her sister would come from Italy to see the wedding; and how you talk, till everybody laugh, about how pretty she was, and how sweet, and so—"

"Margherita was pretty girl, and just as pretty now," Dominic boasted; "But *sweet*—" And he laughed harshly.

Mrs. Ventresca clasped her hard, wrinkled old hands tightly in her lap, and looking at Dominic across the stove, she said quietly:

"Maybe Margherita do act different than she used to. Maybe she is cranky most days now. But sometimes, when I go to your house, Dominic, and I see

her act mean and cross and hear her talk so loud, I wonder—Dominic, I wonder so many, many times if *you*—Even before you and Margherita got married, and for first three, four months after that, never did I hear a man say so many sweet things in one day as you say to her in ten minutes. Maybe—maybe—Margherita, she's like a little girl in some ways. Always she will be like that so long as she lives; always she will stand lots of loving right—right out loud."

Dominic moved his chair a little so that he did not directly face his mother, but he said nothing; and after a time Mrs. Ventresca went on, earnestly and rather disjointly:

"I know you think I am only a queer old woman who does not know the way things are these days—and how America is all different from Italy. But the people they stay the same, always the same, one generation after another; and the countries, they only look different, and some are not so cold as this time is nearly every day. And I remember—you must remember, too, Dominic,—how your father was to the day he died. Nicer, kinder man never lived than your father, Dominic. Not so very smart, maybe, or so good as some to make much money, but so kind. And always we were happy together. Never one fight did we have that I can remember. But always, even after I got almost so thin and ugly and full of wrinkles as I am now, he tell me ten times a day how pretty I look, how nice ways I have. Sometimes when I saw a looking-glass I was almost afraid he joked with me; but—why, Dominic, I looked sweet to him all time, and—and he tell me so. Never did he get tired to tell me so."

Dominic glared at her. "You mean be sweet to Margherita? I dare anybody to try to do that just one time," he answered grimly.

Mrs. Ventresca sighed. "It was a fine way, your father had," she persisted; and after a little pause she added, lovingly, not in reproach, "and you, yourself, Dominic, you do get mad quick about nothing—sometimes?"

"I thought maybe you could help me in my trouble. I knew nobody else in the world could, but I hoped *you*—" Dominic said accusingly; and after a few moments he went away, forgetting to kiss her good-bye.

On Thursday evening Dominic came again.

Mrs. Ventresca had eaten her lonely supper; she had washed and put away the dishes, and was sitting as close as possible to the stove, with her knitting in her hands, when a quick step sounded on the walk, the kitchen door was flung open, and Dominic burst into the room, saying jovially:

"Coldest night I ever felt in my life; but the moon shines so bright and the air is so crisp it makes a man feel good."

Mrs. Ventresca looked up at him and smiled. "The coldest day we have had all this year," she agreed; adding with a twinkle in her dim old eyes, "but mostly you tell me days like this make a big hole in the coal pile."

"What do I care about the coal pile!" Dominic asked magnificently, with a hearty laugh; and almost instantly, he continued: "You take that chair that's almost on top of the stove, mother, and I'll sit on this stool while I tell you all the news I have."

"Not such very bad news, I think," his mother said, trying her best to look a little anxious and succeeding only in smiling broadly.

"Not so very bad," Dominic answered enigmatically.

After that there was a pause before he began, more gravely than he had spoken before:

"You see, mother—but wait; I'll be-

gin at the beginning, just when I left here Monday night. All the way home I was mad about the way you talked. I thought before I came here you would tell me what fine man I am, and too bad I have so many troubles and so cross a wife. All the way home I was mad; and then, when I got to our house I thought I'd go in as quiet as a mouse, and maybe Margherita would be in bed already, and would not hear me, and no need to say anything to anybody again that night.

"I opened the front door so soft there wasn't a sound, and after I got inside the hall I could see Margherita sitting over the grate fire, trying to keep warm—and all alone; and two, three times, while I stood there and watched her, she put her handkerchief to her eyes; and it—it made me think, it made me see things different.

"Of course, when I went into the room she began right away to scold because I never know when to come home. I didn't say a word. I just hardly heard her, I was so busy thinking; and anyhow I knew a long time ago no use to argue. All the next day I was still thinking hard nearly every minute I worked, and when I went home, why I hardly talked even to Tony, and I ate so little supper that I was hungry again before I go to bed; but maybe that was a little because the macaroni was scorched pretty bad. And then, late that night, when I could not sleep so sound as usual, I saw what I would do. And next afternoon, as soon as Tony came to the shop after school, I stopped working and locked the door for the night, and I took him down town with me. And about five o'clock, a whole hour before time for supper, we were home again. And I had two big packages, and Tony, he had a little one.

"Margherita was sitting near the fire when we came in, and my! she did

look surprised. She said, real sharp, 'What's all those bundles you've got? Tony, where have you been?' Tony looked scared, but I answered her quickly. 'Tony and me, we thought we'd have another Christmas to-day, because Christmases are so much fun.' And I told Tony to give his mother the box of candy he had; and after he laid it on her lap, I put on top the two big boxes I had. And not paying any attention at all to all the things Margherita was saying, I opened one box, and in it was a silk dress for her, blue silk with ribbon on it, and a buckle on the belt; and Margherita — Margherita, she looked at it, and then she began to cry. So, mother, I took some cold meat that was on the kitchen table and two big bananas, and I gave them to Tony. 'You take these upstairs, and eat them, and then you go to bed; bed is good place for little boys,' I told him. Then—" Dominic stopped short, with no apparent intention of ever continuing his story.

His mother looked inquiringly at him, but two or three minutes passed before he said another word.

"After while," he added, at length, "after while, I said to Margherita, to make her stop crying, 'you'll look pretty as a picture in that silk dress; and the packages, all three of them, they're just full of love Tony and I squeezed into them.'

"I thought that way I would make her feel better, but she only cried harder and harder, till I didn't know what to do. And then, somehow, pretty soon I was hugging her tight; and I told her how I'd been thinking for two, three days maybe she misses Rosie and Joe very much when she's alone in the house all day; and—and I kept calling her 'Nina' like I used to. And mother—so strange the women are!—for a long time she did not say one word, and when she did what she said was: 'O

Dominic, don't call me that unless you mean it like you used to!' And I told her true, though I never thought about telling her about it before,—how I love her so much more than that now we've been married so long.

"And, mother, you'll just have to come down to our house to-morrow, or the next day, to see what good times we have there. Everybody laughs all day; everybody is happy all the time. Margherita she is sweeter than sugar if she gets plenty of kisses: never did I know that before."

Gwennole.

BY M. BARRY O'DELANY.

'I AM Patrick, and because you have so ardently desired to see me, I have descended from heaven to visit you. There is no need for you to go to Ireland. Remain in Armorica where the people are not all converted, for the darkness of paganism still covers a portion of the peninsula. Take some of your brother monks with you and found a monastery, so that from it men may issue to scatter the good seed of Faith on every side.'

Such were the memorable words spoken hundreds of years ago by the great Apostle of Ireland to St. Gwennole, then a monk in the monastery of St. Budoc, the first institution of the kind ever founded in Brittany, as Armorica came to be called about the Fifth Century. The usual reason given for this change of name is that the inhabitants of Great Britain fled in large numbers to Armorica to escape the fury of the barbarians that swept down from the North, ravaging all before them. These immigrants brought the name of Britain with them to their new home, which they forthwith called Brittany, or Little Britain. On the other hand, it was the ancestors of these

same immigrants who were said to have peopled Great Britain. They appear to have been of Celtic blood at all events, the very name Britannia being derived from "brith," the Celtic term for the dye with which the ancient Britains stained their bodies blue.

Cæsar called the natives of Brittany by the sonorous name of "Armorici," meaning "dwellers by the sea"; and it was after the Romans had withdrawn from the country that the tide of immigration set in, bearing to Armorica men not only from Great Britain but also from Ireland, "The Island of Saints and Scholars." It is probably to this latter circumstance that St. Gwenno!é's devotion to St. Patrick is to be traced, for even if he was not of Irish blood himself, and it is quite possible that he was, he was reared in an atmosphere breathing of the faith of Patrick, and redolent with love of him.

Among the first to fly before the fierce invaders was Fragan, a man of wealth and position, his wife, Guen, and his two sons, Weithnoc and Jacut. The part of Armorica where Fragan established himself is known as Piou-Fragan to this day. Of the civilization of the Roman occupation nothing but ruins remained at the period of Fragan's landing, and the country was only sparsely populated. But in a short time fair fields spread where tangled jungles of waste land had been. One year after Fragan's arrival his wife gave birth to a boy, the future hero of St. Patrick's miraculous visit.

The baby was of such dazzling whiteness that the moment his father set eyes upon him he exclaimed: "*Guen-el-é!*—he is all white." There was something almost prophetic in the words, for white the boy remained through life,—pure of soul and clean of heart. Gwenno!é, the name he is best known by, is merely a corruption of Guen-el-é. He was noted for piety from

his tenderest years, and gave early evidence of a particular devotion to St. Patrick. As he grew older, he thirsted for solitude, but the mention of such a thing displeased his father. He had other plans for his son, and would fain have seen him ambitious of worldly honors. His mother, having received interior warning that Gwenno!é had a religious vocation, was greatly distressed. The boy himself was, however, in no wise discouraged, and prayed that his father might be led to understand that it was God's will that he should retire from the world.

It happened soon after that while Gwenno!é was tending his father's flocks a terrific thunderstorm burst over the district, filling the heart of Fragan with terror lest his son should be struck by the lightning. In his dismay and apprehension he lifted his hands in fervent prayer, promising if the storm abated and his son returned uninjured that he would no longer oppose his desire to embrace the religious life. Scarcely had the words left his lips when the storm ceased.

The question now was where to place the boy with a view to the completion of his education, preparatory to his becoming a monk. Fragan's thoughts turned naturally to the Isle of Lavré, which was really a rock in the Archipelago of Bréhat, where St. Budoc, a British monk, had recently erected the first Christian monastery of Armorica. In connection with the monastery this learned monk had opened a school where students of the arts and sciences received the best instruction, and, if they so desired, could, when old enough, enter the novitiate. To St. Budoc's monastery Fragan, therefore, conducted his young son. As they rowed to the little island they were overtaken by a tempest which shook Fragan's resolution, for he feared that it might be a sign that Almighty God

did not approve of Gwenno!é's intention of renouncing the world. But Gwenno!é never winced. "Believers need not fear the power of the God who made all things," he said; "let us then give thanks to Him." Then he made the Sign of the Cross over the troubled sea and in a moment it grew smooth as glass. The mist lifted and the island, with its monastery-crowned summit, shone before them.

The fame of St. Budoc attracted many visitors to his island monastery, and when Fragan and his son reached the shore they found several boats anchored in a sheltered nook. Here they moored their own boat, and then began the steep ascent to where a granite church could be seen, surrounded by the majority of the monastic cells. Somewhat farther off, in a district called "The Desert," were other cells, shaped like hives, and with low doors reached by narrow stairs. These were the cells into which the monks retired at certain seasons in order to practise specially severe penances and give themselves entirely to prayer. The cell reserved for the abbot stood on elevated ground; and as the father led his son towards it, he marked the many signs of labor that they passed on the way. Here stood a flaming forge, there a carpenter's shop; here students bent over their tasks or worked in the fields.

At length they came near the abbot's cell. St. Budoc was kneeling on the earthen floor, absorbed in prayer. His fine head was tonsured after the Celtic fashion, that is to say, shaved to the middle of the head, a ring of hair circling the skull from ear to ear. He wore a white tunic with a cowl of reddish skin, the hairy side of which was turned out, whilst a luxuriant beard floated over his breast. So complete was his pious preoccupation that it was some moments before he became aware of the proximity of visitors. No sooner

did he perceive them, however, than he rose hurriedly and advanced with a smile of welcome. Fragan lost no time in making known the motive of his visit. No sooner did the lad understand that he was accepted as a pupil and future novice than he sank upon his knees and prostrated himself at the holy abbot's feet.

"Rise up, pious child," the good saint gently remonstrated. "It is the Lord who has conducted you to me. May the life that you will lead here draw you to perfection!" He added that he should receive both sacred and secular instruction at the monastery, but that whatever progress he made should be attributed to the goodness of God, and never be the cause of vanity. He added that prayer and study would be joined to manual labor, and that the life he was destined to embrace would be one of constant struggle and effort to attain perfection. "I read in your eyes, Gwenno!é, a wisdom and understanding beyond your years," the holy man concluded, as he invoked Heaven's blessing upon the youth.

The hour of parting came at length, and as Fragan rowed away St. Budoc and Gwenno!é watched him from the sanctified hilltop till the light faded and the boat was lost in the gathering gloom.

Many miracles are recorded of St. Gwenno!é, even before he had pronounced his religious vows. Among them is the raising of a dead man to life. Some of these alleged miracles recall certain incidents related in connection with St. Francis of Assisi, as, for instance, the legend of Gwenno!é's little bell, at the sound of which three fish came out of the water and hastened to his feet,—an incident that is perpetuated by artists who include a bell and three fish among the attributes of this saint.

But it was not till he had completed

his novitiate that Gwenno^lé had his vision of St. Patrick. It was the dream of his life to visit Ireland, to walk where Patrick had walked, and pray where he had prayed. At length he thought he saw the means of doing so, for a ship had touched at the Isle of Lavré which would resume its voyage on the following day, its goal being Ireland. Having received St. Budoc's permission to embark, he retired that night filled with joyful anticipations. He awoke suddenly to find his cell filled with a dazzling light, and sat up on his straw couch bewildered but not frightened: fear is for sinners, not for saints. Then he became conscious of the majestic figure of an old man, who wore a golden mitre and carried a pastoral staff. With a smile of ineffable sweetness the heavenly visitant said in low, musical accents: "Gwenno^lé, holy friend of God, awake!"

"I am awake. Who are you, my lord?"

"I am Patrick, the Apostle of Ireland, whose client you are. From heaven I have descended to see you who have so ardently longed to see Ireland and me. But it is not necessary for you to go to Ireland, or leave this land where God has placed you. Your work lies here. Go forth, then, take with you some companions, and found elsewhere in Armorica a monastery whence missionaries will issue to preach the Faith of Christ."

"I shall do as you tell me, most holy Patrick," Gwenno^lé answered, when his emotion would allow him to speak. "I will only what you wish."

When the Abbot Budoc heard of the vision he gave thanks to God, but sadness filled his heart, for it had long been his secret wish that Gwenno^lé should be his successor.

"I am old and feeble," St. Budoc said, "and should have liked to leave the guidance of this monastery to you. But since it is the will of the

great St. Patrick that you should leave me, far be it from me to act contrary to his wishes."

Gwenno^lé and a chosen band of monks set out at once to find a suitable site for the erection of a monastery. They fixed upon Landévennec, which soon was as renowned for its piety and learning as the parent house. To the monastery of Landévennec came pilgrims from far and near, and among them Gradlon, King of Kemper-Odetz. He arrived in state at the head of a band of warriors, announcing himself in these words as he saluted Abbot Gwenno^lé: "I am Gradlon, King of Kemper-Odetz, and am both rich and powerful. My coffers are filled with gold and silver and I have a valiant army. Tell me what you would like, for I can give you what you desire."

Gwenno^lé could not repress a smile as he raised the King, whose posture betokened humility, but whose words suggested pride.

"O King," he said, "why do you speak of gifts and riches to me? If earthly vanities had any attraction for me, do you think I should have buried myself in this lonely place, renounced my father's lands and wealth, in order that I might pass my days and nights in prayer and fasting? All day long I toil, and sleep at night upon a bed of ashes in a cell exposed to wind and rain. It is not with either gold or sword that Heaven can be won. Which of us two is then the richer in the eyes of God? How much will all your riches weigh upon the Judgment Day in the balance of eternal justice?"

Struck dumb by an uneasy conscience, King Gradlon retired in confusion. But he returned later to hear the saintly abbot speak of the things of Heaven. He became a changed man, devoting his vast riches to the propagation of the Gospel, and dying at length in the odor of sanctity.

The influence and the prayers of the holy abbot also wrought blessed changes in his own family whose members are now venerated as saints. His disciples spread over Brittany, and, as St. Patrick had foreseen they would, founded other monasteries.

When Abbot Gwenno \acute l \acute e had reached the age of sixty-one, he received a celestial warning of his approaching end. He was kneeling on the floor of his cell one night, in 531, when, just as he had finished reciting the Psalter, an angel appeared and said: "Gwenno \acute l \acute e, the day about to dawn will be the last of your life on earth. The hour for the harvest has struck. Prepare, then, good and faithful servant, for your place among the elect!"

The abbot then assembled the Chapter, related what had passed, appointing, with the approbation of his monks, Wenna \acute l as his successor, and bidding them all to rejoice rather than weep for his passage from earth to heaven. In spite of his weakness he celebrated Mass. At the moment of the Elevation he saw the nave fill with angels who veiled their faces and prostrated themselves in adoration. In the same instant he was conscious of a sudden chill, as if Death had laid an icy hand upon him. Summoning all his remaining strength he managed to give Holy Communion to the weeping monks, and immediately after sank insensible upon the altar steps. When they raised him up, his soul had fled.

His remains were placed in a tomb near the high altar of the monastery church, where for four hundred years they were left undisturbed. The invasion of Brittany by the Normans in the Tenth Century led to the removal of the relics to Ponthieu for safety, the Comte de Ponthieu building the Church of St. Saulve for their reception, and erecting a monastery for the fugitive monks. During the French Revolution

the precious relics of Gwenno \acute l \acute e and other saints were scattered to the four winds.

Only a few crumbling walls remain to-day of the once famous monastery of Land \acute evennec, founded by St. Gwenno \acute l \acute e in obedience to the wishes of St. Patrick. "But," as Pierre Allier says, "the work of Gwenno \acute l \acute e and his disciples has not perished. Through the chaos and barbarism of the Fifth Century, the saintly figure of the Abbot of Land \acute evennec shines resplendent from the midst of a halo as poetic as it is mysterious. If roving hordes, drifting from over the seas, took root on the soil of Armorica and founded a nation there; if the uncultivated Gaulish peninsula saw its gigantic forests disappear beneath the hatchets of the evangelists who caused paganism to yield to their own enthusiastic faith, it is to the labors of Gwenno \acute l \acute e and his successors that we are indebted."

A December Patron.

BY DOM HUGH B \acute VENOT, O. S. B.

IN an age of stress and intense activity such as the present, the Church has need not only of holy and devout men but also of ap \acute stolic souls, men with intense mental energy, to grapple with the new problems that arise. If we are in touch with such a personality, we may thank Providence. Example is better than precept. But however we may be situated in this respect, one is always well advised to examine occasionally how some great saint bore himself in times of crises in the past.

Such a one is indubitably St. Ambrose, Bishop of Milan. It is the more fitting that we should turn our attention and our prayers toward him just now, as the Church keeps his feast on December 7, the anniversary, not of his death, but of his elevation to the episco-

pate. That was indeed a memorable event; and the Church has perpetuated it advisedly. It marked the turn of the tide from Arianism to Catholicism in upper Italy and in most of the West. Then as now, Catholics had two foes to contend with: heretics and infidels; and though on the whole the Catholic attitude towards these is rather one of pity than of hostility, yet it behooves pastors and heads of families carefully to protect those under them from contamination.

Without much thought, much prayer, and much energy, this can not be ensured to any satisfactory degree. St. Ambrose was convinced of that, and did nothing by halves. He had been educated in Rome, whither his father had sent him from Treves. He was born there about 340 A. D. He made brilliant studies in literature, law and rhetoric, and thoroughly mastered Greek. In 370 he was appointed consular prefect of the Provinces of Liguria and Emilia, with headquarters at Milan. His family was a soundly Christian one; it had given martyrs to the Church, while his own mother was a woman of great piety and intelligence. His sister Marcellina had taken the veil in 353 from the hands of Pope Liberius. Ambrose himself, however, had remained a catechumen, as was often the custom in those days. He was acquitting himself of his duties as prefect conscientiously and to general satisfaction, when, in 274 Auxentius, (an Arian), the bishop of Milan, died.

Who would take his place, who would fill the important episcopal see, second only to Rome—an Arian or a Catholic? Feeling ran high; and it is no wonder that a tumult arose over the election. Then Ambrose appeared on the scene, endeavoring to preserve public order. He spoke so eloquently and so judiciously that the people felt that there could be found no fitter candidate than

the religious-minded and accomplished prefect. So there was a general acclaim: "Let Ambrose be bishop!" In spite of his protests he needs must yield. He was baptized by a Catholic priest at his own request, and received the Minor Orders in due succession. Then on December the 7th he was consecrated. He fully realized what sacrifices this higher call would demand, and how he would have to labor to acquit himself well. Once a prelate, he devoted himself heart and soul to the cause of the Church, and the life he led during the twenty-three years of his episcopate proved to be one of self-renunciation and most conscientious fulfilment of duty. The Milanese had not chosen amiss.

Let us take an instance of his uncompromising attitude towards paganism. Much in the government of the State still had a semi-pagan character; and Ambrose—who was on intimate terms with the Emperor Gratian—was able to use his influence to excellent purpose. In 382 the Roman senators were amazed to discover that the altar and statue of Victory, which graced the Senate hall, had been removed. Emblematic as the altar was of the prowess of their race, even Christian senators had tolerated it. But St. Ambrose had clearer notions of right, and had urged the removal of the altar and statue. The senators now dispatched delegates to Milan with a formal protest, which even the Christian members did not at first oppose. The palace gates of Milan, however, remained closed against the petitioners. Further measures against pagan usages followed, and the Church's prospects rose steadily, till in the following year, Gratian was murdered in Gaul by the usurper, Maximus.

St. Ambrose crossed the Alps to make a truce with Maximus, and that gave the aggrieved Romans their opportunity. They appealed to the youthful emperor Valentinian II. and to his

mother Justina to have the altar of the goddess of Victory restored. The new petition was drawn up by the Prefect of Rome, Symmachus. It was the supreme defence of expiring paganism. However, the Consistory at Milan deferred the discussion of the petition, and St. Ambrose, on his return, found the matter still pending. He wrote at once to the Emperor, expressing his surprise that he had not been consulted on this *religious* question, and composed a refutation of the petition point by point. It was not the "holy rites" of ancient Rome that had repelled Hannibal from the city walls, but martial valor. In very modern style Symmachus had pleaded: "What matters the particular system in which one seeks after truth? To so great a mystery, there can not be but one only road!" To which St. Ambrose gave the clear answer of Faith: "What to you is a mystery, we have learned to know by the voice of God." Christianity spells progress—"there is no shame in passing to better things." The Bishop pronounced his discourse in the Emperor's presence in Council, and exhorted him not to mar Gratian's work. The eloquence of St. Ambrose moved all the councillors, and Valentinian decided against restoring the altar.

There is much to relate about the bishop's relations with Theodosius the Great, but we prefer to close with a consideration of St. Ambrose's remarkable work for the salvation of souls.

As a preacher our saint was rightly renowned, whether he was formally addressing the faithful in his cathedral, or whether he was giving conferences to his clerics. He had perfectly clear ideas of the value of cultivating and developing natural virtues, then treating of them in their supernatural elevation to the Christian level of grace. Grace and the grateful turning of the redeemed soul to God were themes ever

dear to him. He had written treatises against the Arians defending the Divinity of Jesus Christ, and we can imagine his eloquence when discoursing on the subject. Among his audience was one of the greatest thinkers that the world has ever known, the future St. Augustine, still wrestling with himself, uncertain whether to serve God or the world; and St. Ambrose helped him forward to conquest and peace, baptizing him himself in 387.

St. Ambrose was also a great friend of the poor. He pointed out to his clergy that "there are many ways of showing liberality, not only by daily feeding the poor, but by caring for those who are ashamed to show themselves in poverty in public, and bringing them assistance. Then there is the highest degree of liberality, to ransom captives, to save men from death, and especially to reclaim women from a life of shame, to restore children to parents, etc." In the East, St. John Chrysostom had most eloquently pleaded the cause of the poor with the rich; St. Ambrose and St. Augustine did likewise in the West. Yet they were always careful to urge the poor to bear their trials patiently: "Do you rich give freely, but do you, who are poor, take heed and refrain from stealing!"

Thus did St. Ambrose go about doing good, like Our Saviour. He also sought to bring the people to take greater interest in the Divine service, to join in alternate psalm singing and to understand better the liturgy. He composed hymns himself, working out melodies with a delicate touch, and christianizing the principles of the old Greek chant. In this respect he was a forerunner of St. Gregory the Great. We may well pray to him to bless and further liturgical movements.

SAINTS become such only by a daily conversion.—*Madame Swetchine.*

An Extraordinary Instance.

IN the year 1793, as three young French soldiers, on the way to rejoin their regiment in Spain, were passing through a village of the Pyrenees, they observed a statue of the Blessed Virgin at the portal of the parish church. These young men were imbued with the infidel and impious sentiments of the time, and the sight of the sacred image roused their hatred of religion. One of them named Thomas proposed that they should take turns in firing at the statue. Accordingly, he took aim, striking it in the forehead, between the eyes; then Francis fired, and his ball lodged in the breast. The third, named James, shut his eyes and discharged his weapon aimlessly. The ball struck the statue just above one of the knees.

In the next battle in which they were engaged, a chance shot struck Thomas, and he fell, with his face to the earth. Francis and James, who were near by, raised him up, then looked at each other in dumb horror; for they recalled his shot at the statue. He was dead, with a bullet in his forehead, just between the eyes. The next day Francis was mortally wounded in the breast. His comrades were obliged to leave him dying on the field.

On returning home, the army passed through the same Pyrenees village. As the soldiers marched along a musket was unaccountably discharged, and the ball struck James in the leg, just above the knee. The wound seemed a slight one, but it remained unhealed and painful for twenty years.

This remarkable incident was related by M. Louis Veuillot, who gave as his authority a certain Dr. Fabas, living in the Pyrenees, to whom the soldier had applied for relief in his sufferings, and who declared the case to be the most extraordinary that had ever come under his notice.

About Advent.

PRIOR to the coming of Christ and the establishment of the New Dispensation, the Jews were accustomed to observe a number of feasts besides the Sabbath for the purpose of commemorating various important events in their history. The festival of the Tabernacles, for instance, recalled the favors they had received during their journey through the desert.

In much the same way, the Christian liturgical year is an annual commemoration and representation of the life of Christ, and of the time before and after His birth. This liturgical, or ecclesiastical, year is divided into five periods, "times," or, to use a term now almost obsolete, "tides." There are the time of Advent; the time of Christmas and Epiphany; the time of Septuagesima and Lent; Eastertide, or the Paschal time; and the period of the Sundays after Pentecost, called also the "Time of Trinity."

The word Advent, the season just beginning, was originally employed in its primary, etymological sense, and denoted, the "coming" of Our Lord,—that is, the day of His birth, Christmas. In the first centuries of Christianity, accordingly, what we now call the Sundays of Advent were styled the Sundays *before* Advent. For about a thousand years, however, the Church has given the name Advent, not to the Feast of Our Lord's Nativity, but to the weeks preceding it,—a period during which in special offices she prepares the faithful for the worthy celebration of the Saviour's Birthday.

The season comprises the four Sundays immediately preceding Christmas; and its length is consequently three full weeks, and a part at least of a fourth week. The first Sunday of Advent is the Sunday nearest to the Feast of St. Andrew (November 30); that is, it falls

on some date from November 27 to December 3, inclusively. Formerly, the time of Advent began uniformly on the twelfth of November, the morrow of St. Martin's Feast, and it lasted for forty days,—circumstances which account for the alternative name once given to it, "St. Martin's Lent." An additional circumstance further justifying this appellation was the fasting that signalized this opening season of the ecclesiastical year.

Of more practical import than a discussion of the origin, varying length, and changing usages of the Advent of old, is the consideration that, in present ecclesiastical discipline, the season is one of prayer and penance. The Catholic whose spirit is in accord with that of Mother Church will naturally, during the coming weeks, give additional time and increased fervor to his daily prayers; will endeavor to snatch from the business or pleasure of the day occasional moments of genuine interior recollection; and will, in a number of little things at least, curb his desires for comfort and luxury.

The grander and more important the festival that is to be solemnized, the more thoroughgoing and serious should be the preparation therefor. Advent is the ordained preparation for the great and joyous festival of the Man-God's birth; hence the only spirit suited to the season is the one that will the most effectively make our souls ready for the spiritual advent within them of Christ the Redeemer. As Easter joy comes in fullest measure to those of the faithful who have spent the forty days of Lenten prelude in the most assiduous practice of prayer and fasting and varied acts of self-denial, so the brimming cup of Christmastide gladness will be quaffed by those only who generously perform during these preparatory weeks fruitful deeds of prayer and penance.

Notes and Remarks.

Advent, as well as Lent, though in a lesser degree, is a penitential season,—a season in which the Church would have her children display exceptional sorrow for sin, abstain from ordinary festivities, and practise mortification. As to this last point, some excellent advice is given in a letter of Cardinal Vaughan. Of the distinct advantages of self-imposed suffering, that saintly prelate wrote to a friend:

"I think that, with the graces God has given you in such mercy and abundance, you need mortification. I think, living in the set with which you must be mixed up, you need them again. It is impossible to live in such an atmosphere and not be affected by it, not be lowered, not be tempted by the flesh and by the world. God has given you so many lights and graces (and wills to do so much more for you if you are faithful to Him) that your soul can be preserved in the midst of such a world only as Daniel in the lion's den, as it were,—by miracle. For all this, mortification of the senses as well as of the will is a real training and armory of defence for you. . . ."

Dr. Clarence Cook Little, president of Michigan University, may consider Fr. John McClorey, S. J., a little lacking in conventionality, or something, but he must admit that the Father "can say things." In a public address Dr. Little declared: "I feel that no man, whether he be a Catholic, Methodist, Episcopalian or Baptist, has any right to sit in the White House if he is not imbued with the spirit of Christianity rather than the mere letter or form of his creed." To which Fr. McClorey had this, and more to say:

Once again our naughty juvenile, with his impotent bean-shooter, tries to put a dent in the Rock of Ages. He loves "spirit," which

is the Latin for "wind"; and dislikes "form," which, by the way, is a part of "information." If one of his class were to say: "Professor, give me the spirit of Biology, but keep the formulæ for yourself," would he approve? Or if another said: "I love the spirit of America, but not its constitutional form and laws," would he be satisfied?

Without the Catholic Church, with its iron-clad creeds and dogmatic formulæ, Dr. Little would know nothing of Christ of whom he speaks so blithely. Dogmatic definitions are as necessary for the movement of the spirit, as railroad tracks for the motion of a train. . . .

In form, Dr. Little's speech was so fair that it drew the applause of good men, but in spirit it was directed against a prospective Catholic candidate. The Methodists, Baptists and Episcopalians were brought in merely to cover up. . . . The spirit of Christ, he says, is charitably active. But only a person with the spirit of Christ should sit in the White House; therefore, emphatically, no Catholic should ever occupy that place.

Dr. Little is worse than vulgar Ku Kluxers. They are recognizable in their naked bigotry, but his animosity, unfortunately, receives a touch of dignity from the presidential robes of a great university.

Being a serious minded educator, Dr. Little must like to have things to think about; Fr. McClorey has given him several, which we are hoping will command his strict attention.

A splendid opportunity to combat bigotry and intolerance is afforded by the radio in the opinion of the editor of *Extension Magazine*. He writes:

. . . . Bigotry is based on ignorance. The ignorance of even an educated Protestant in communities where the Catholic population is large is astonishing. In those parts of the country where Catholics are few, this ignorance becomes appalling. There is no calumny, however absurd, which does not win instant acceptance.

As a result of this ignorance, the barrier

to a better religious understanding between our fellow citizens had become almost insuperable. The difficulty was that they couldn't be reached. The pulpit and the Catholic press weekly poured forth the truth to an audience already convinced. What prejudiced anti-Catholic would ever enter a Papish church or pick up a Papish weekly? Then came the radio, the most democratic of all means of communications. It brought its message impartially into the home of Jew and Gentile and to the ears of Catholic and heretic. It was a means of publicity such as the world had never seen before. Religion seized it from the beginning and used it prodigally. As if by tacit agreement, Sunday was set aside for the broadcasting of religious services and religious messages. Everything from the midnight Mass on Christmas to Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year, palpitated the ether.

But the Protestant sects made the radio their own far more effectively than the Catholics. The proportion at the present time is more than ten to one. Besides, while there is excellent Catholic broadcasting in such centers as New York, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Chicago and St. Louis, it is just there that religious bigotry is least and the need proportionately small. The South and Southwest, where the Knights of the Nightie found such a fertile field for their program of intolerance, show little if any activity in this work. A committee was formed in Detroit [at the recent convention of the National Council of Catholic Men] to take up the matter under the auspices of the splendidly organized Catholic publicity agency, the National Catholic Welfare Council.

Although strict fasts are no longer imposed upon the faithful during the season of Advent, more frequent prayer and more generous almsdeeds, involving self-denial, are in accordance with the spirit of the Church, and should be considered incumbent upon all who desire to be well prepared for the celebration of the great festival of Christ-

mas. The poor we have always with us, and at this time their needs are larger and more urgent.

Then there are numerous special objects of charity,—to mention only two; the sorely-trying Sisters in China, who find it very difficult to provide for all the unfortunates that have been flocking to them for relief since the war began; and the Sisters in the Fiji Islands, who are trying to shelter the numerous lepers of Oceanica. The roof of the house occupied by these angels of mercy is so dilapidated that they have to keep umbrellas by their beds in case of a rainstorm during the night!

And to think of the immense sums of money spent for pleasure and superfluities, hoarded for expenditures that may never be needed ("there are no pockets in shrouds")—wasted in a thousand ways!

"I was hungry, and you gave Me not to eat. . . . I was a stranger, and you took Me not in; naked, and you covered Me not; sick and in prison, and you did not visit Me. . . . Amen I say to you, as long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me."

One reason why more money is not raised for charitable purposes is that a great many truly kind-hearted people give nothing at all because they can not give all that they would, forgetting the good old Scotch proverb, "Mony littles mak a muckle."

The city of Castrogiovanni, "the centre of Sicily," though its origin dates back to prehistoric times, is now less interesting to many persons for its antiquity, than for its connection with Newman. It was there, while journeying in Italy in 1833, that he was stricken with a severe fever, which left his nerves in a sadly shattered condition. During his convalescence, he used to put his head under the bedclothes so as

to avoid the clangor of the church bells, —to the horror of his old servant, who declared that the demon in the heretic was tormented by the sound of the blessed bells. It would be interesting to know whether that good old man lived long enough to hear of the conversion of his master (whom he must have loved in spite of his heresy), and to learn of his being a cardinal.

The circumstance is trifling in one way, yet our interest in the career of Manning is intensified for the moment by the remembrance that he once preached a violent "No Popery" sermon,—a performance which Newman resented so much that next day he was "not at home" to the other future cardinal. Did the thought of that tirade ever occur to Manning during his audiences with Pio Nono, by whom he was so greatly beloved, and by whom Newman, on the contrary, was distrusted for his alleged lack of love for the Papacy?

Invited by the editor of the *Commonweal* to give some account of how she happened to write "Death Comes for the Archbishop," Willa Cather fills two pages of a recent number of that excellent periodical with an extremely interesting and charming story of experiences and "contacts" in the Southwest, which is the scene of her narrative. How much intelligent purpose lay back of her accomplishment, the following passages will show:

I had all my life wanted to do something in the style of legend, which is absolutely the reverse of dramatic treatment. Since I first saw the Puvis de Chavannes frescoes of the life of Saint Geneviève in my student days, I have wished that I could try something a little like that in prose; something without accent, with none of the artificial elements of composition. In the Golden Legend the martyrdoms of the saints are no more dwelt upon than are the trivial incidents of their lives;

it is as though all human experiences, measured against one supreme spiritual experience, were of about the same importance. The essence of such writing is not to hold the note, not to use an incident for all there is in it—but to touch and pass on. I felt that such writing would be a delightful kind of discipline in these days when the "situation" is made to count for so much in writing, when the general tendency is to force things up. In this kind of writing the mood is the thing—all the little figures and stories are mere improvisations that come out of it.

What I got from Father Machebeuf's letters was the mood, the spirit in which they accepted the accidents and hardships of a desert country, the joyful energy that kept them going. To attempt to convey this hardihood of spirit one must use language a little stiff, a little formal, one must not be afraid of the old trite phraseology of the frontier. Some of those time-worn phrases I used as the note from the piano by which the violinist tunes his instrument. Not that there was much difficulty in keeping the pitch. I did not sit down to write the book until the feeling of it had so teased me that I could not get on with other things. The writing of it took only a few months, because the book had all been lived many times, and the happy mood in which I began never paled. It was like going back and playing the early composers after a surfeit of modern music.

We doubt if there are many artists who could give so good an account of the literary faith that is in them as Willa Cather has done in this especially important article.

One hears of many extraordinary services to the cause of religion in modern times, but in "the brave days of old" even more wondrous things were done of which very little is now remembered. No establishment of the Order of the Holy Trinity that we know of was ever made in the New World, though St. Felix of Valois, the founder, with St. John of Matha, of the "Trin-

itarians," established as many as six hundred monasteries. How beautiful the prayer for his feast is!

"O God, who didst vouchsafe from on high to call Thy blessed confessor, Felix, from the desert to the function of ransoming captives, grant, we beseech Thee, through his intercession, that, delivered from the slavery of our sins, we may be brought to our heavenly country. Through Jesus Christ, etc."

If the prayers of Mother Church were more familiar, how few others would be used!

According to the editors of a new edition of a work dealing with the Edgeworth family, "The Black Book of Edgeworthstown," the famous saying attributed to the Abbé Edgeworth, who attended Louis XVI. in his last hours and accompanied him to the scaffold, "*Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel!*" is apochryphal. We learn that after a series of remarkable adventures this good priest, of "black Protestant stock," ended his life as chaplain to Louis XVIII. in exile, and died from typhus caught from French prisoners taken by the Russians whom he insisted upon attending. The Duchesse d'Angoulême, the King's niece, nursed him in his last illness, and Louis himself wrote the epitaph of this saintly friend of the Bourbons.

Because of the disturbed condition of the country, news from China has been delayed. It is only now that word arrives of the death in October, of Mgr. Tchao, one of the six native Chinese bishops consecrated by the Holy Father last year. The lamented prelate died suddenly of apoplexy, at the age of forty-seven. We bespeak many prayers for the repose of his soul, trusting that the future of the Church in China will be all the more secure by reason of his intercession in heaven. *R. I. P.*



The Creed in Rhyme.

BY R. O'K.

I.

ALL things were made by One alone,—
All that we see or can be known;
And that was God.

II.

Jesus, His Son, a man became,
To take away our sin and shame;
This earth He trod.

III.

Upon a cross for us He died,
By Pontius Pilate crucified
In shame and pain.

IV.

Good Friday was that day of woes,
But with the Sunday's sun He rose
To life again.

V.

From Olivet He rose on high,
Blessed His followers from the sky
With hands outspread.

VI.

From thence He'll come one day again
To judge the actions of all men,
Alive or dead.

VII.

We in the Holy Ghost believe,—
The God of Truth that can't deceive
Or be deceived.

VIII.

And all the truths His Church doth teach,
As if those truths Himself did preach,
Must be believed.

IX.

We all of God's true family,
In heaven, earth and purgatory,
Pray each for all;

X.

And God doth show His clemency,
Forgiving all our sins when we
For mercy call.

XI.

Our bodies from the dust shall rise,
To meet the Saviour in the skies
With ecstasy.

XII.

And glorious body, then, and soul
Shall reign with Christ throughout the
whole
Eternity.

Childerswell Hall.

BY MOTHER MARY THOMAS.

VIII.

BETH put down the exercise book in which she was composing verses. She was sitting on a green knoll, with her back against a low wall which separated the moorland from the pastures where the sheep were cropping the short, sweet grass. Behind her, Dorothea and Elfrida were picking bilberries among the red-stained leaves.

The September sunshine brightened the scene. A lark poised in the blue air, the call of a peewit, the little white moths like the fairy ghosts of the mountain flax, the pungent scent of bracken, the music of a streamlet, rippling over its underground, stony bed, all were crying out to Beth: "Weave us, weave us, in your song."

Then Tony suddenly spoke to her.

"Beth, let's go home by the farm; there's something important I want to say to Neighbor Christopher."

Beth got up and prepared to follow, calling to the two younger girls to do the same, for it was an understood thing that they should keep together. They had gone some way down the grassy slope leading to the Dale Farm, when Tony suddenly stopped. With head

thrown back and hands thrust deep in his pockets, he stood looking straight ahead of him.

Neighbor Christopher was breaking in a young mare. He was renowned far and wide for the knowledge and skill that his love of animals gave him, and many were the stories told of his power over them. Christopher had now seen the children and came to meet them, first dismounting and giving the reins into the hands of one of his men. In his usual quiet manner, the farmer at once came to the point.

"Some time ago, I told you how you had placed me in your debt. Maybe you have been thinking of some way I can repay it?"

Tony was somewhat taken aback, but most pleasantly so.

"If you will be so kind as to let me come and work on your farm, and ride or drive your horses or count the sheep, or help in any way you think best, I'll do my best to be useful. That was what I was coming to ask you. You see I've got to find a way to help to support my sisters."

The sisters in question were too much surprised by Tony's proposal to pay much attention to the tone in which it was worded. Besides they were curious to hear the result of the matter.

"Your aunt—"

"Cousin," corrected Tony.

"Would have to be asked to give her consent. If she does so, why then I've nothing to say against it. Quite the contrary; and you can begin to-morrow if you like."

Tony thanked him, and ran home to gain the required permission.

At first Cousin Angela hesitated.

"What would your father say? And your Latin and other lessons have to be considered. They must not be neglected for work to which you are not suited."

"It would be honest toil," pleaded Tony; and at last Cousin Angela prom-

ised to ask Father Laurence's opinion.

Father Laurence was consulted, and he agreed that, if a reasonable time was spent on lessons, a few hours every day might be given to Tony's task. "Indeed, I think it extremely praiseworthy of the lad, with his grand notions of adventure, to offer himself to work on a farm, he said."

Beth, who was present, heard the priest saying to Cousin Angela: "Tony has the good sense to know that there must often be real hard work involved. But it can do him no harm, and perhaps much good."

And Cousin Angela smiled as one who was listening to the expression of her own thoughts.

Tony entered with energy and enthusiasm upon his new work; and it was a proud moment for him when his admiring family chanced to meet him riding on the top of a loaded wagon. On another happy day he brought home his money in a little purse especially knitted for him by Neighbor Christopher's sister. Tony found her to be very nice. His courteous ways, the frank smile with which he always greeted her, and the care he took to leave no footmarks on her spotless floor, had won her heart.

As for Beth, she too, had taken up her duties of learning how to be a housekeeper. Occasionally Dorothea and Elfrida were allowed to take part in the cooking lessons.

Among other things, Cousin Angela's Martha taught Beth how to knead and bake bread, and Beth found herself wondering what the bread baked by the angels for St. Zita must have been like, if that baked by an imperfect little mortal like herself could fill the house with so sweet and wholesome a fragrance.

One morning Beth had succeeded, under Martha's direction, in making some ginger-snaps. She carried a plate

of the dainties, hot and crisp from the oven, into the room where her godmother sat at her writing table. Beth asked if she might take some of them to Jill down in the village.

"Perhaps she would like to have something she could share with the other children, so as to become more friendly with them," suggested Beth.

Her godmother consented, and as soon as the early dinner was over, Beth, accompanied by Fidèle (whom the village children pronounced Fiddle), set out along the limestone road.

As usual, Jill was sitting in the doorway of her mother's cottage. Her face showed more surprise than pleasure when her visitor drew aside the white cloth that covered the basket and displayed the crisp brown cookies.

"These are for you," said Beth. "Please have them. They are homemade, in fact, I made them myself."

Jill responded with a grunt, but she clutched at the basket with her thin, little hands. Then she said:

"*You* don't know what it is to sit here day in and day out with nothing to do but watch the others running about and playing; *you* don't know what the aches and pains be like! 'Tis all very fine for folks to say 'be patient.'"

"I wasn't going to say that. I'm not always patient myself, even when I've very little to bear; and perhaps I can guess what it must be like for you," answered Beth meekly. And it was with a sense of failure and sorrow that she turned homewards. For the first time in her life, she felt ashamed of being strong and well, while others were suffering pain.

"Was Jill pleased with your gingerbread?" asked Cousin Angela, on Beth's return to the White Cottage.

"She didn't say so, but she took them all the same."

"Perhaps she was more pleased than

she liked to show. Sometimes suffering makes people shy and sensitive. And now I have just been writing to your father. Perhaps you would like to enclose a letter, too, so as to reach him before he leaves America."

There was so much Beth wished to say to her father that it was difficult to know where to begin, so she decided to write it out roughly at first. She settled herself in a corner of the room where she found Dorothea perched up on a high stool in front of an easel.

Elfrida was sitting for her portrait. The evening before, when the lamplight was casting shadows on the wall, Dorothea had hung a large sheet of drawing paper just where Elfrida's shadow fell and traced the outline. That was the basis of the portrait, and both little girls were intent on the work.

"Dear Beth," exclaimed Elfrida at length, "do please shut the window. If Dorothea moves she will spoil everything, and I mustn't move either."

Beth was tired after her busy morning in the kitchen, and her trip to the village, though neither then nor afterwards did she think of making this an excuse for herself. She locked up impatiently. It must be true, as some said, that Mammy Gimpson had spoilt Elfrida, waiting on her hand and foot as she had done; and now it seemed that everyone else was expected to do the same.

"*Dear Beth!*" again implored Elfrida, as another gust of wind threatened to upset the easel.

Tearing up the paper on which she had been writing and casting all her good resolutions to the wind, Beth jumped up from her seat.

"Why couldn't you shut it yourselves!" she exclaimed, making a dash for the window. She tripped against the unsteady easel, with consequences that may easily be imagined.

Confidence in the Blessed Virgin Rewarded.

The good ship "Oise," after long and perilous voyages, was at last dashed against a sunken reef off the coast of Madagascar. Although many brave men were on the shore at the time, they were powerless to render her or her crew any service; and the storm that was raging seemed likely to continue many hours. About half-past three P. M., a young man in the uniform of a sea-captain entered the church of the Jesuit Fathers and, weeping bitterly, prayed aloud to the "Star of the Sea." The Rev. Father Chevallier, who happened to be present, approached the supplicant to offer him consolation.

"Alas! Father," said the officer, in reply to the priest's kind words, "there is no hope. A dear brother of mine is on board, and I was to meet him, and to have the joy of hearing news from home."

"Be comforted," answered Father Chevallier; "let us recite the Rosary together; the Blessed Virgin is never invoked in vain."

Laying aside the breviary he was reading when the officer entered, the priest then began to say the Rosary aloud, his companion making the usual responses. When the prayers were concluded, the officer asked to go to confession.

The grace of the Sacrament comforted his heart, and, full of confidence in Our Lady, he hurried back to the scene of the wreck. He had not gone far when he observed that the fury of the storm had abated, and that a cable had been extended from the ship to the shore. Soon the brave men were safely transferring passengers and crew to land; and while busily engaged in helping them, the young officer suddenly found himself in the arms of his

dear brother, whom he feared Death had claimed as a victim. He afterwards learned that his brother and another officer, in the height of the danger, had made a vow to visit the shrine of St. Anne d'Auray, and have a Mass of thanksgiving celebrated, if they were delivered from shipwreck.

The pious officers did not delay to prove their gratitude. All three fulfilled their vow, and approached the Sacraments as soon as they set foot on the soil of France.

A Good-Natured King.

On one occasion Philip II. of Spain had spent many hours of the night in writing a long letter to the Pope, and when it was finished, he gave it to his secretary to be folded and sealed. The secretary, being half asleep, poured, as he thought, sand over the sheet in order to dry the ink—as was customary before the invention of blotting-paper—but was thoroughly awakened and horrified as well on discovering that he had covered the paper, not with sand, but with ink. The King without even an impatient exclamation, remarked, "Here is another sheet of paper," and began the letter over again.

Changed Meanings.

The word "acre" used to be applied to a field of any size; the Germans still use it in this sense. That is why a burying ground is called "God's acre."

There are many words which have changed their meaning so much as to stand for an entirely different object or idea. "Imp" once meant not an agent of the Evil One, but just a little child; and in an old book we read of the "beautiful imps that sang Hosannas in the temple." The word "knave" meant originally no more than a boy, then a servant, finally a rogue.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—Among the first volumes of "What I Believe," a series of books dealing with the fundamental issues of religion, which are now being earnestly examined by a great many persons, is "The Belief of Catholics," by Fr. Ronald Knox.

—"Manners Makyth Man," an anthology of English manners and customs as presented in the works of famous authors from Chaucer to the Victorian Age, with a series of illustrations of the different periods, is among new books published in London.

—The claims of Henryk Sienkiewicz to rank among the great authors of the world, Dante, Shakespeare, Goethe, and the rest, are ably set forth in a new book by Monica M. Gardiner, "The Patriot Novelist of Poland." E. P. Dutton and Co.

—A new book for which we are hoping there will be a wide demand—a steady one in the Province of Chicago—is "Letters of a Bishop to His Flock," by Cardinal Mundelein. These letters will bear many readings, and be found exceptionally useful for teachers as well as pastors.

—Surely nobody will ever refer to the "Concordance to the Complete Works of Geoffrey Chaucer and to the Romaunt of the Rose," by Messrs. Tatlock and Kennedy, just published by the Carnegie Institution, as a work of light literature. It is in bulky form and weighs over seven pounds.

—Two further issues of the series, "Des Fleurs et des Fruits," whose general editor is the accomplished Abbé Klein, are "Le Roman Renart," adapted from H. J. Verron, with illustrations by J. J. Roussau; and "Du Guesclin," by Maurice Turpaud, with pictures by Pierre Nourry. The illustrations are fearfully and wonderfully done in colors to delight the young readers for whom these charming volumes are intended. Published by "Editions Spes," Paris.

—"The Fairfield Experiment" is the story of one episode in an effort towards a better

understanding of Catholics by Protestants. Last Summer, under the leadership of a member of *The Inquiry* staff, tests were made and Protestant-Catholic differences studied at Fairfield, Connecticut. The results of the group meetings may be found in the present brochure, a helpful one, we think, for teachers of apologetics. Published by *The Inquiry*, 129 East 52d Street, New York City.

—A leading critic, who is also a poet, writing in a certain literary magazine, delivers himself of this singular line:

"A warped will and a hectic mind."

It is strange to find what is at best, but the colloquial use of "hectic" moving in good society, so to speak. Few of those on whose lips the word is most often found seem to know that it means, to quote the latest quarto dictionary: "1, constitutional; slow, but of long continuance; pertaining to gradual wasting away, as of animal tissue; 2, consumptive; hence, 3, pertaining to the fever that accompanies tuberculosis: *Colloq*: exciting, feverish, distracting."

—In "Oat Cakes and Sulphur" (Patrician Publishers, Quebec and Boston) the Rev. J. L. McGuire, C. SS. R., has made some very definite and uncompromising observations on matters of contemporary importance. Particularly of that great bugaboo, the contest between Faith and Science, he has many sharp things to say. But some critics will think that the book is somewhat forced in its style,—that there are too many staccato sentences, too many journalistic words and phrases which are calculated to strain the reader's interest. But "Oat Cakes and Sulphur" is not without individuality, and in many passages it is wholesomely arresting.

—The conflict between science and faith, outside the Church, has inspired a brochure of verses, entitled, "Light Lang Syne via Northern Lights, a Reverie on Science and Faith," by the Rev. J. August Rath, B. A., of Middle Village, N. Y. How dreadful that con-

flict may be in its consequences never quite came home to us until we read these original and remarkable compositions. Such a question, for example, as the following, is enough to make anyone pause and think:

And still we love the age of speeds.
My age in fascination leads,
'Tis greater than lang syne for deeds,
Why search among the pagan weeds?

The author is his own publisher, and the price of his brochure is 50 cents—which is little enough for so unique a production.

—Reviewing at length a new book on abnormal psychology ("The Neurotic Personality," by Dr. R. G. Gordon), the *London Times Literary Supplement* remarks: "The life of a conventional-minded clergyman, possessed of private means, is likely to call for smaller adaptive force than is needed in the life of a Prime Minister in troublous times. Plenty of men who had no difficulty in maintaining a reasonable approximation to mental harmony and efficiency in civilian life found the strain of war too great for their capacity." The writer expresses the hope that the problem of the treatment of neurosis will ultimately be regarded as more a "preventive" one for educationists than a "curative" one for practising doctors.

—A friend of Aubrey de Vere, who was so much admired by Tennyson, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold, Walter Savage Landor and other distinguished contemporaries, writes:

No one ever heard him say a bitter thing. He preserved through life the simplicity of a child in great things and small. . . . The Irish home of his father, and of his two brothers in succession, Sir Vere de Vere and Sir Stephen de Vere, which was also his own home, had about it an air of monastic seclusion. But Aubrey de Vere was quite independent of environment; he always carried his own clear atmosphere with him, and might be invoked as

Anchorite, who didst dwell
With all the world for cell.

No Mediaeval recluse was less of the world than he, though in it, and in it with alert affections and keen interests. "Poet and saint," sings Cowley of Crashaw; and that "hard and rarest union that can be" had its illustration in the life of Aubrey de Vere, to whom might be addressed in spirit the words which Cowley said to Crashaw in heaven:—

Thou need'st not make new songs, but say the old.

—Occidentals more or less instinctively shrink from close contact with the "heathen

Chinee," and as an unfortunate consequence seldom come to know of the better traits of the little yellow men of the East. In "Blue-gowns," by Alice Dease, Western readers may dissipate much of their ignorant abhorrence of the Chinese people. Under this appealing title ("Blue-gowns" refers to a very common kind of Chinese dress) has been gathered a number of very interesting true tales of our Chinese missions, in which many amiable characteristics of the Chinaman are illustrated. In their form the stories are not always the happiest—the author seems unable ever to quite throw off a certain cramped and laborious formality in her style,—but in its content "Blue-gowns" is an admirable book. Published by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii. 3.

Rt. Rev. Patrick R. Heffron, bishop of Winona; Rev. Julian Burzynski, of the diocese of Rockford; Rev. Patrick Lynch, archdiocese of San Francisco; Rt. Rev. Msgr. James Nash, archdiocese of Philadelphia; Rev. Garrett B. Welch, diocese of Altoona; and Rt. Rev. Msgr. John C. Thompson, diocese of Harrisburg.

Sister M. Geraldine, of the Sisters of St. Dominic.

Mr. Martin Nicholson, Mr. John Shelly, Mrs. J. P. Hughes, Mr. Michael Keating, Mr. John Capra, Mr. J. J. Hastings, Mr. Frank Germain, Mrs. Mary Kenny, Mr. Oscar Nettelhorst, Mr. Frank Moore, Mr. Frank Norton, Miss Alice Westendorf, Mrs. Mary White, Mr. and Mrs. Edward R. Cavanaugh, Mr. John Mason, Mrs. Mary Cronin, Mrs. Catherine Rush, Mrs. Nora Meade, Mrs. Matthew Kennedy, Mr. Frank Olszewski, Mr. Charles Thomas, Mr. Charles Palmisano, Miss Eva Giles, Mrs. M. Miller, Miss Isabelle Hagan, Mrs. T. J. Feist, Mrs. C. Chambers, Mr. John McIntosh, and Mr. L. B. Wamhoff.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

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CONTENTS

The Fleeing Judas.—(Poem).....	<i>Patrick J. Carroll, C. S. C.</i>	737
Twin Devotions		737
Ancient Lights.—(Continued)	<i>Agnes Blundell</i>	741
Love that Lingered.....	<i>May Stanislas Corcoran</i>	744
The Lesser Bards.—(Poem).....	<i>Charles J. Quirk, S. J.</i>	743
Out of the Flames.....	<i>Marie Schulte Kallenbach</i>	749
Wisdom of the Desert.....		753
Santa Claus.—A Protest.....	<i>M. M. M.</i>	755
The Privilege of Prayer.....		756
Notes and Remarks:		
Leakage and "Seepage."—Miracles and Portents.—One of a Class of Non-Catholics; Memorable Words. From the "Czar of the Movies."—Reliable News from Mexico; Heroic Deaths.—Cardinal John Bonzano.—A Vast Missionary Field.....		757

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

To a Bluebird.—(Poem).....	<i>Virginia McSherry</i>	761
Childerswell Hall.—(Continued)	<i>Mother Mary Thomas</i>	761
A Boy Missionary		765
A Grateful Dog.....		766
The Rosebush of Hildesheim.....		766
How Xeuxes Turned a Compliment.....		766
With Authors and Publishers.....		767
Obituary		768

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 10.—St. Melchiades, P. M.	WEDNESDAY, 14.—St. Spiridion, B. C. St. Agnellus, Ab. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
SUNDAY, 11.—THIRD OF ADVENT. St. Damasus I., P. C.	THURSDAY, 15.—St. Valerian, B. St. Florence.
MONDAY, 12.—St. Finian, B. C. Our Lady of Guadalupe.	FRIDAY, 16.—St. Eusebius, B. M. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>
TUESDAY, 13.—St. Lucy, V. M.	SATURDAY, 17.—St. Lazarus, B. M. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>


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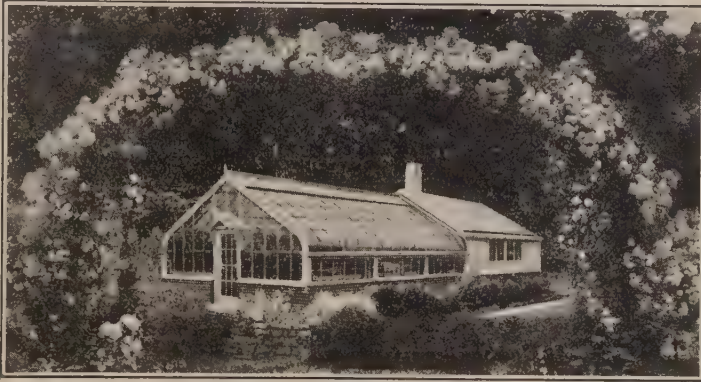
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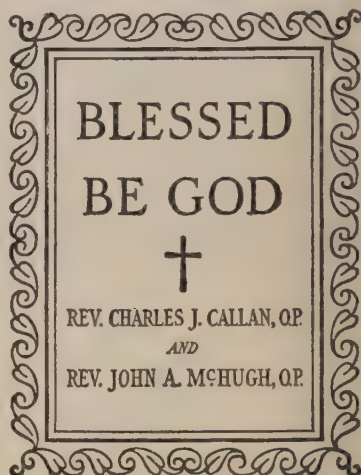
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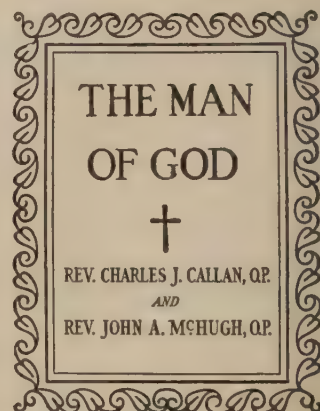
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NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 10, 1927.

No. 24.

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The Fleeing Judas.

BY PATRICK J. CARROLL, C. S. C.

WALLET with blood price in your frenzied grip,

Haggard you flee the grave, pursuing eyes,
Finding no peace below the spacious skies.
You see the dear white face that touched the lip

Betraying; the pressure of the finger-tip,
When He would win you, yet on your shoulder lies.

Moments of mercy out of memory rise:
The desert loaves, the tempest and the ship.

Ah, that halter loop you chose was not so wide

As His vast Heart had you but rushed therein!

Why, from the gibbet tree that sunless day
He would have saved you, had you only sighed!

You flung the bribe down, you abhorred the sin—

Knocked at the door of love, then ran away.

Twin Devotions.

THERE are two devotions in the Church which have taken so strong a hold on the minds and hearts of the faithful that they may be considered almost as a distinguishing feature of our age: devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and devotion to the immaculate heart of Mary. This is not the result of chance, nor a whim of

some pious souls. The Church is ever under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and proposes to her children no devotion that is not solid and an incentive to real piety.

In many respects our days are degenerate. Sentimentality, excited to a high pitch by shallow romances, has enervated the hearts of many. God, who orders all things wisely, wishes to win back the hearts of men, which were captivated by a false love, through the love of His own divine Heart. The immaculate heart of Mary must attract and lead us to the love of the Heart of Jesus. What St. Bernardine of Siena, that eloquent panegyrist of the holy Mother of God, says of the seven words of Mary preserved to us by the Holy Scriptures, applies to all her conduct. "What treasure is better than divine love, with which the heart of the Virgin was inflamed? From this heart as from a glowing furnace of divine love Mary uttered good words; that is to say, words of the most glowing love. As from a vessel that is filled with the best wine only good wine can be drawn, or as from a red hot furnace only a glowing brand can be taken, so from the heart of the Mother of Jesus could proceed no word but of the highest love, of love altogether divine." From the heart of Mary, therefore, we must learn to love the Heart of Jesus.

"God is by nature almighty, Mary is so by her intercession," says St. Alphonsus. For through the Incarnation

of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, through her high and exceptional dignity of the Divine Maternity, the Holy Virgin has been admitted to the closest relationship with each of the Three Divine Persons of the ever-Blessed Trinity: "the chosen Daughter of the Eternal Father, the privileged Mother of the Eternal Son, and the beloved Spouse of the Holy Ghost." Without doubt, Mary still continues to be a simple creature; but we must admit that her maternity raises her far above all other creatures, and unites her in the closest and most intimate manner to the Triune God.

She is the chosen Daughter of the Heavenly Father. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His ways, before He made anything from the beginning." (Prov., viii, 22.) From the beginning we were not only strangers to God, but even enemies, and it was only by baptism that we were admitted to the grace of becoming His children. Not so with Mary. She was never an enemy of the Heavenly Father, but was conceived and born the daughter of God, the child of divine love. Never in her whole life did she offend Him by the slightest imperfection,—a privilege enjoyed by her alone amongst all creatures; for even the angels are not pure in His sight. She was even incapable of sin, not by want of liberty, but in consequence of an incomprehensible fullness of grace, which was bestowed on her alone. With what satisfaction, therefore, does the Heavenly Father look down upon the heart of His daughter! What boundless influence does she possess with the King of Heaven! Esther, the amiable type of the Queen of Heaven, won the heart of King Assuerus by the charms of her virtue; she became his spouse, and from that time her requests were commands, her sighs and tears were as the thunderbolt that destroyed the mighty

Aman. The ruin sworn against the Jewish people by this haughty courtier was averted, and fell back on the head of its contriver. Thus can Mary avert the destruction with which a just God threatens sinful man.

And when was there greater need to have recourse to her than in our days, when the arm of God weighs heavily on mankind? One must be blind not to see the chastisements of Divine Justice. How many misfortunes afflict people in various places! Surely we need a mother with a heart for her poor children, who by her all-powerful intercession may avert the judgments impending over us for our sins.

Mary is the Mother of the Son of God by the most perfect and holy title. What a high dignity, supereminent above all others! What a grand idea of her power does it not give us! A God the child of a human mother! But a son must fulfil the wishes of his mother, if he can. This is required by the Fourth Commandment. Now, God can do all things, and therefore He must grant all the wishes of His Mother. This follows as a strict consequence, because it was His will to observe in their greatest perfection all the Commandments which He Himself had given. Apart from this, what glorious titles has not this Mother over her Divine Son? She shows Him those hands that worked for Him, the arms that carried Him, the tears that she shed for Him. She reminds Him that her consent was made necessary to the Incarnation, the Redemption, the greatest of all the works of the Blessed Trinity. From her He took flesh and blood. All these titles are so many obligations on the part of her Son to grant her petitions.

During her lifetime she proved the power of her intercession, and showed what a motherly heart she possesses. At the wedding of Cana the wine failed, and the married couple were exposed to

embarrassment. Mary perceived this, and sympathizingly she turned to the Heart of Him who, she knew, would grant her slightest request. And she was not disappointed in her expectations. Though His hour had not yet come, He performed His first miracle at her intercession. And now that she is in heaven is her heart less tender? Now that she knows the dangers that threaten us, is she less inclined to help? And if on that occasion, when the case was far from being one of necessity, Our Lord used His divine power to prevent any interruption of the festivities, how much more readily will He exert His omnipotence at her intercession when she asks for spiritual blessings for us?

She is the Spouse of the Holy Ghost in a special and mysterious manner. This is shown by the Third Article of the Apostles' Creed: "Who was conceived of the Holy Ghost"; and by the Archangel Gabriel, when to the question of the most pure Virgin, "How shall this be done, because I know not man?" he answered: "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee." (Luke, i, 35.) Her heart, therefore, was given entirely to the Holy Ghost. It was the most pure temple, the most sublime sanctuary of which the Holy Spirit of God had ever taken possession. And since He is the distributor of grace, and grace is poured into our hearts by Him—moreover, since all things are in common between spouses, it follows that Mary was thereby made the channel of grace. Hardly had the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity operated in her the mystery of the Incarnation of the Eternal Word when, by an impulse of the same Holy Spirit, she crossed the hills to visit her cousin St. Elizabeth, and to sanctify the Precursor St. John even before his birth. Thus through her mediation does

the Holy Ghost wish to distribute His graces.

If, therefore, we wish for grace, we must invoke her who is full of grace, who is called the Mother of Divine Grace. In our times great streams of grace are in a special manner necessary to call great saints into existence, and to arrest the corruption of the world and thereby the continuance of the divine judgments. The Psalmist prays to God that he may be saved from the destruction of the world. "Because there is now no saint: truths are decayed from among the children of men." At the present day falsehood and error prevail; deception of all kinds is openly and unblushingly practised; words themselves have not their true meaning; lying has stamped the political and the social life, and the confusion of Babel reigns around. May we not say that "truths are decayed from among the children of men"?

The influence possessed by a person at court depends not only on relationship or nobility of birth, but also and especially on his own individual merits; but this influence is greatest when all three—relationship, nobility of birth, and merit—are found united in the same person. This is the case in an exceptional manner in regard to Mary. For not only is she bound to the Most Blessed Trinity by the ties of relationship, but her heart is most holy.

In order that the only-begotten Son of God, He who is holiness itself, might have a dwelling worthy of Him, it was necessary that the heart of His Mother be free from all sin and confirmed in grace. Because of her high destiny to be the Mother of God, it was necessary that her heart be endowed with such holiness as would make her eminent above all saints and angels, so that to her the words might be applied: "The foundations thereof are in the holy mountains." Where the holiness of

the other servants of God ends, hers begins. The grace bestowed on her in the beginning was more abundant than that of the highest angels.

It is an article of faith solemnly declared by the Church that the Blessed Virgin Mary, through a special prerogative due to the merits of Christ, was preserved from every stain of original sin. Her heart is therefore unspotted, and hence we salute it as the Most Holy and Immaculate Heart of Mary. It was in truth becoming that she who was to crush the serpent's head should never, even for a moment, have been under the dominion of the evil spirit; it was becoming that the Daughter of the Heavenly Father, the Mother of the Eternal Son, and the Spouse of the Holy Ghost, should have a heart entirely pure and uncontaminated by sin.

The Church of Christ, guided by the Spirit of God, is not only infallible in declaring the dogmas of faith, but likewise in fixing on the time when this declaration is most opportune. Thus it was most opportunely that Pius IX., of glorious memory, added a most beautiful jewel to the diadem of the Queen of Heaven, directing all Christians to a heart which is the most perfect model of purity and innocence. This heart we should imitate, to it we should recommend ourselves: and then we shall surely preserve our souls in innocence and purity.

"I am the mother of fair love." (Ecclus., xxiv, 24.) These words of the son of Sirach, which were originally written of the divine Wisdom, are justly applied by the Church to the Blessed Virgin. For what heart amongst purely human hearts has ever glowed more with holy love of God than the most pure and immaculate heart of Mary? The holier a person is, the greater is his love of God. But as Mary is the Queen of all saints, as she received a superabundance of grace at her concep-

tion, and always faithfully co-operated with it, and as grace and the love of God always accompany each other, what a mighty fire of charity must have burned in her heart when the Archangel Gabriel saluted her as full of grace! And from that time forward how rapidly her charity must have continued to grow, whilst she dwelt for thirty years with Him who has declared that He came to cast fire on the earth, and that His earnest desire was that it be enkindled!

Though Mary practised all virtues in the highest perfection, yet her spotless purity and her love of God strike us as more prominent, and call especially for our imitation. Our Lord sorrowfully complained to His faithful servant, St. Margaret Mary Alacoque, of the little love of men for His divine Heart; He has, as it were, by this revelation made a last loving effort to win mankind to Himself. We live in a time when the words of Our Divine Lord seem to have a special significance, since the charity of many has grown cold. We need a heart to shine before us in the virtue of divine love,—a pure, strong heart, that can obtain for us this love: and we have such a heart in the ever-Blessed Virgin Mary.

We feel more pity for those children that have lost their mother than for those whose father is dead; because when the mother is gone, the heart of the family is gone. In the great family of God, the Church, the heart of the mother must not be wanting. Our Lord had already given Himself entirely to His holy spouse, the Church—first in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, and then on the Cross; He had prayed to His Heavenly Father for the pardon of His enemies, and had promised heaven to the repentant thief. But all this does not satisfy His infinite love. He turned His eyes to His Mother, and bestowed her upon mankind: *Ecce Mater tua!*—

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXV.

"Behold thy Mother!" These words, uttered at the moment when the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity was accomplishing the work of Redemption, and when He restored man much more wonderfully than He had created him, are not a simple recommendation, but words of creative power, proceeding from His omnipotence and love. At that moment He infused into the heart of His Mother love for us men.

The more we love God, the more also shall we love our neighbor; and St. John makes the love of our neighbor the test of our love of God. How much have not the saints done for the love of souls—Saints Francis Xavier, Francis de Sales, Francis Regis, and so many other apostolic men! But there is no creature that loved God as much as Mary, and therefore her love for mankind is also proportionately great. "Who can measure the length and breadth and height and depth of thy mercy?" exclaims St. Bernard, addressing Christ's Mother. "In length it lasts to the day of judgment; in breadth it reaches over the whole earth; in height it has built the city of God; in depth it reaches down to those that are seated in darkness and in the shadow of death—in the darkness of error and infidelity, and in the shadow of sin."

It is not by chance—for a Christian knows no such word—that the devotion to the Heart of Jesus has put out new blossoms, and that in the same proportion the devotion to the immaculate heart of Mary is growing. These two devotions go together, as do the two Hearts; or, rather, devotion to the heart of Mary is the way that leads us to the Heart of Jesus.

FRIENDSHIPS are the purer and the more ardent the nearer they come to the presence of God, the Sun not only of righteousness but of love.

—W. S. Landor.

IT was late afternoon. Richard had no timepiece, but he noted that the shadows of the houses met across the narrow streets, and that the mellow sunshine only gilded the topmost boughs of the trees. He listened for Bow Bells to proclaim the hour, while he hurried along, at first only intent on quitting the neighborhood of the prison. But suddenly he paused, and glanced back. He had just rounded the corner of the street and the last house opposite to him was bathed obliquely in the sun. A dark shadow detached itself from the adjacent block of shadow, sprang into relief for a moment against the red-brick wall, and immediately shrank back into obscurity.

"I am being followed," thought Richard, and with the thought came a sudden stinging realization of freedom. He could breathe; his eyes could drink the light; he could see green trees. He could stretch his limbs, still crippled from the recently borne shackles. Oh, the sweet air, more invigorating, more delicious than any wine-cup! He was free, and with the sense of freedom a dreadful fear was born. He was free now, but he had become a quarry to be hunted down again; and the horrors of captivity, endured for the last few days by a body whose sensations were blunted by mental suffering, rose before his mind more exquisitely dreadful from the contrast.

He walked on with a beating heart. To whom could he turn for help? He dared not approach the dwelling of any of his friends, nor yet those obscure houses, buried in narrow lanes and byways, where Catholics knew they could always find a priest. There was nothing to be gained from his own ap-

prehension; no doubt the catchpoll who pursued him hoped to be guided to bigger game. He dared not seek out Geoffrey even to learn the site of his father's grave—nay, and he dared not delay even to form a plan, for he must pass the city-wall before sunset. He was hungry too—so hungry that he feared to think of food, lest it should set his head swimming. Where was he to go? In what direction must he set his face?

Almost involuntarily he glanced upward at a gilded vane, and crossed the street abruptly. North!—he would go North. Back to that flat country by the sea where the tide rolled in to the cultivated fields, and the land-locked sea marshes made a home for quantities of wild fowl. Lancashire was still home, if Greenhalgh had been alienated. He would still find a welcome in stout Lancashire hearts, even if rough North-country tongues were slow to speak it.

Yet after a few moments' eager walking, Richard again hesitated. In order to elude the talons of the vulture that still hovered behind him, he must be five miles from the city limits at dawn. The most direct route to the Northwest was through Uxbridge and Oxford, but the whole long length of the town lay between him and the gate. It would be better to turn his back on the river and go forth by the hamlet of Pancras, leaving the wild rising ground of Hampstead Heath on his right, and striking towards the pretty little village of Paddington. Kilburn Abbey, but a little way beyond, would mark the safety limit; from thence he needs must strike West through footpaths and by-lanes until he could reach the high road. It would be difficult, alone and on foot to cross the Thames save by the bridge, hence Uxbridge must be his aim.

How was he to live, he wondered as he limped on? By begging, perhaps.

The thought was distasteful, and yet when he presently passed an open doorway where a woman was distributing food to her children, he could not forbear holding out his hand.

"Will you give me a piece of bread?"

The woman started and pushed her children behind her, gazing with little short of horror from the scarred wrist to the haggard face.

"Be off, or I'll call the watch!" she screamed stridently.

Richard flushed hotly and turned away, but before he had turned the corner of the road, he felt a timid tug at his garment. A little child stood gazing up at him, her eyes large with fright, while she tremulously extended a slice of bread and honey, marked at one side in a series of semi-circles by her little pearly teeth.

"Is it for me?" he asked, smiling.

The little maiden smiled back shyly and nodded, and Richard gladly accepted the alms thus innocently proffered.

Market gardens began to appear set between the houses, the causeway became broken, full of holes and finally ceased altogether. Richard was obliged to proceed slowly, as the constant passing of heavy drays going into London laden with produce, had worn the roadway into deep ruts, rendering it in places well-nigh impassable.

Yet haste was essential: Richard dared not look back, but he was continually aware of that ill-favored figure, following. If he could but have turned upon his pursuer, courage would not have been wanting; but this enemy was set upon his trace by the governing powers, and the victim had no resource but in flight. A proved recusant such as he, was without the pale of the law, and might be hunted down with impunity across the length and breadth of the land. The sky was al-

ready beginning to flame, and Richard increased his pace to a stumbling run, his breath coming thickly, a cold sweat breaking out on his aching limbs.

Empty wains jolted by him now and then, but he dared not ask the drivers for assistance—what could they deem him but some starving cut-throat from the town?

He must be nearly beyond the city precincts and might lose his pursuer in the dark. On the other hand, it might be impossible to cover the necessary five miles during the night, on roads where a false step might land a man in mire up to the knees. The way was unfenced and the houses had dwindled down to miserable huts with long spaces between them. The fragment of bread but whetted his appetite; presently a violent cramp attacked the side which had so long been weighed down by irons, and he was forced to sink at the side of way.

Now the stream of travellers issuing from the city was met and checked by those coming in a contrary direction. As on the road to Jerusalem, they glanced at the fallen man and passed by: my lord in his coach with outriders and gaily caparisoned horses, the church dignitary on his handsome palfrey, the Court gallant returning from the chase, with his falcon on his wrist, its hood gleaming with jewels. The nobles ruthlessly forced the countrymen to give place, pushing the heavy wains deep into the mire, and spread themselves so arrogantly across the highway and its borders that Richard was obliged to crawl into the shelter of a little wood in order to avoid the trampling hoofs.

The deadly chill of exhaustion was upon him, but the air within the interlaced hazel-rods seemed to have retained a little of the sun's warmth. There was a pleasant smell of wood

smoke, and Richard presently perceived a flickering fire a few paces from him. He stopped abruptly, sinking down on the carpet of last year's fallen leaves. Just then a stick cracked under him and the bent figure of an old crone emerged from the thicket. Flinging down a bundle of wood, she came rapidly towards him.

"What dost thou here?" she asked sternly. "I am poorer than thou art, and thou canst steal nought from me. Yet if thou art hungry thou mayst share my food. I will put the skillet on to heat."

Richard strove to raise himself but could not. His lips parted, but no words came.

The old woman stooped down, endeavoring with evident trepidation to examine her unwelcome guest. She uttered an exclamation.

"Holy Mother, can it indeed be he! Rouse thyself, man, and speak!"

"Mother Anne!" murmured Richard. He wondered if this were vision or truth. The soft vault of the sky seemed to touch the tips of the long hazel wands whose leaves were already tipped with Autumn gold. And here was Mother Anne beside him ministering to his utter need. Now she pillowed his head on her arm, and held a leathern cup of warm broth to his lips; now she was chafing his cramped limbs, and urging him to creep nearer to the fire. The hot liquid brought back the power of movement, and Richard drew near the flames, on which the good woman flung her whole faggot.

The sense of her comradeship and compassion brought to Richard a feeling akin to joy, and the warmth and food gave comfort his body craved. Then a rabbit scudded across the fire-lit grass, and recollection leaped back upon the man.

"O Mother Anne, I am followed," he

whispered. "I must go hence at once lest I bring you into danger."

"Sit still," she said, pressing him down with her trembling, wrinkled hand. "Stay here while I look forth."

She went away noiselessly, while Richard eagerly devoured the broken bread which she had given him from her wallet. He began to be anxious as her absence was protracted, but strain his ears as he might he could hear no sound to feed his alarm. A sudden drowsiness overcame him, and when voices presently roused him, he was surprised to find Mother Anne at his side, accompanied by a portly gentleman, richly dressed.

"Yes," she was saying, "this miscreant, if such he must be called, is only twenty-three. Last Christmas he was dwelling in his father's house, the heir to an estate, the honored, beloved son of a good father—see him now!"

Richard struggled to rise, but his head was swimming—he sank back on one elbow.

"Young man, what folly has brought you to this pass?" inquired the stranger sternly.

Before Richard, amazed and bewildered as he was, could stammer a reply, Mother Anne answered for him, a note of exultation in her voice:

"The folly of the Cross!"

(To be continued.)

THERE are those who are so thoughtless, so blind, so grovelling as to think that we can make Mary our friend and advocate, though we go to her without contrition at heart, without even the wish for true repentance and resolution to amend. As if Mary could hate sin less, and love sinners more, than Our Lord does! No: she feels a sympathy for those only who wish to *leave* their sins; else how should she be without sin herself?—*Cardinal Newman.*

Love that Lingered.

BY MAY STANISLAS CORCORAN.

I.

Molokai is an island of cliffs
on which is a settlement;
Who goes comes not back again.

"ALOHA! Aloha!" Love to thee! love to thee! in the sweet, heart-breaking Hawaiian voices, rang through the fast-approaching dusk from the distant shore to the fragrant, dew-distilled flowers on the veranda of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu, where a young American physician and a native girl of royal blood stood watching the descending twilight. At the call, the girl, a moment before all laughter, sprang to the railing, reaching outward to the splendor of the afterglow at sea.

"Aloha! Aloha!" she murmured in tones of pity, her whole body trembling with emotion. Clarence Lloyd caught her hand to draw her back, but she brushed him away and sank sobbing to the floor. Silently then he waited, while palm trees swayed in the fast-rising breeze, and afar on the waves glimmered a little barque. Darkness came across the water.

Lights twinkled upon the veranda, and Kona arose smiling through her tears as sunlight through the rain, displaying that marvellous sweetness and unerring consideration for others so characteristic of her people.

"They go to Molokai," she whispered; "and their loved ones say 'Aloha,' but they will also follow to the vale of death. Long ago a foreigner spread this leprosy through our people, and now we are but a small percentage of the inhabitants. The government does what it can,—which is very little. But I have heard there is happiness since Father Damien came from Belgium and built a tiny church and told them of God and the radiance beyond

the cemetery. Molokai, at least the part around Kalawao, is all cemetery."

"Until this hour Hawaii has been all paradise to me. I knew there was a leper settlement—but where? What is it to you?" he asked.

"All to me, all to me," she moaned. "They are my people. Molokai is an island of cliffs, long and narrow. On its northern side is a settlement imprisoned by mountain and sea. Who goes there comes not back."

"But you—have any gone from you?"

"By the beach I have said my 'Aloha' to him I love the best, my brother,—my little brother, only nine."

"The one you love the best?"

The girl raised her dark, luminous eyes, and in them he saw mirrored his soul, the very existence of which had been to him as if unknown. Long he gazed and her eyes moved not, neither lowered nor seemed abashed. She was of royal blood; he realized this. Her lips parted; she stood erect before him, a vision of proud joy.

"You love me?" she said with a note of laughter, and he answered honestly. "And you are a strong man, a physician; you will save Hawaii!"

On the plaza, the Royal Band played a national air; bursts of childish laughter on adult lips floated in from people gathered to enjoy the tropic night that needs no sleep. Even on the veranda merry groups formed, as though sadness was not in the land. The little boat had crossed the bar and only rippling waves strayed through moonlight rainbows on the strand. Farther into the shadow Clarence Lloyd drew the girl. She spoke gladly, with the confidence of love.

"You will go to Molokai and study the disease. You may even save little John. He was scarcely sick at all, but they took him; and, like a prince, he smiled as he went. Two months have

passed and no word has come to me. No word will ever come except through you. The government physicians are about to make a tour of inspection, starting at midnight. I have no faith in them."

She said no more. To Clarence Lloyd it was the moment "when a man comes to himself." The realization of power was stronger even than love. A waltz played on ukalales sounded in the ballroom, and the newly awakened pair were swept by the always informal merry-makers into the graceful maze of the rhythmic measure, then out again among the ferns.

"Aloha!" she whispered.

"Aloha!" he breathed. Then both were gone,—she to prayers in the room above, he to the inter-island steamer, where, being well-known, he easily obtained a passport.

II.

By dawn the boat landed at the island, and a few hours later the party ascended the windward cliff to the kamane trees and sparkling rivulets on the heights of Molokai.

As yet grief had not marred the exultation of the night. The exhilaration of that cloud-capped peak intensified the sense of power, to which love was but a lightly-played accompaniment. At last, three hundred feet in air, they neared the edge of the cliff which has been described as a cataract of verdure breaking into a foam of flowers. A perilous cataract it is, with its zigzag trail through delicious groves, reaching far, far down to the almost treeless plain of Kalawao, with its whitewashed houses and tiny gardens just at the foot of the rock.

A warm welcome awaited the government *kauka* (doctor), but as Clarence Lloyd met a group of boys who swung their hats and shouted to him, dancing in childish glee at sight of a stranger, he looked in their faces and

ambition died. A boundless pity, a love so great that breath was pain and sacrifice a joy, replaced the day's elation. Blindly he staggered into the little church by the roadside, and with lips that had never uttered a prayer, said "God!"

The notes of a cabinet organ that stood by an open window through which swept a branch of a pandanus tree, drowned the word, as a boy seated at the instrument softly played the "*Adeste Fideles*."

In Christian lands Clarence Lloyd had often heard this Christmas carol; in these weird surroundings he realized it had a new significance. The chapel bell rang the *Angelus* and the boy arose.

"John!" Lloyd exclaimed.

The little fellow turned, his face lighted with a smile like Kona's, then drew back as a swift melancholy dispelled the smile. Father Damien ascended the altar, lepers hurried in, leaving a wide space around the stranger. The prayers of the *Angelus* were said, and little John played the Benediction hymns.

"Ah, my friend, I am very happy to greet you," Father Damien said cheerfully. "You must be weary from that terrible climb; a bowl of soup will refresh you. Come, John, let us show our guest the hospitality of our home."

Proudly John came, but seemed not to see the hand extended to him, although he said softly: "I am very glad to welcome you. It is not far to the house, which is good, if you are tired. Molokai is not like London, you know." Then, as though fearful of boasting, he added: "But small hamlets hold more love, perhaps, than big cities."

This was Clarence Lloyd's time to feel slightly disconcerted. John might have been nine or nineteen; he was every inch a gentleman, and apparently in perfect health save for the slightly quickened breath. The doctor noted

also, as they entered the house, that John remained on the steps and made no offer to assist Father Damien in preparing the meal. However, when dinner was ready, he entered and took his place opposite Father Damien, whose quick wit and eagerness for news from Honolulu showed a vital interest in the world. Suddenly the priest was called away, and as he went he said:

"John will entertain you."

For the first time the boy manifested the eagerness that must have been consuming him during the hour of acquaintance.

"You have seen Kona?" he asked in a tone he could scarcely control.

"I left her at midnight on the hotel porch," Clarence Lloyd replied. "She sent me to you—to save Hawaii and John"—she said."

Tears trembled on the boy's lashes, but did not fall.

"You can help—perhaps save, Hawaii—but I must die."

"John!" the doctor exclaimed. "The disease has scarcely touched you. It may be retarded, and you may yet go back to Kona."

"No," he answered steadily. "Kona and I went to school in London, you know, and only returned to Honolulu a year ago. I got leprosy from my servant. Yesterday," with a slight show of pride, "I helped Father Damien make his casket. I am almost as good a carpenter as he is, and I am planning many nice things for the boys who come after me."

"John! (reproachfully) do not talk so; you may get well."

"I am glad you say 'may.'" He laughed the resonant Hawaiian laugh. "Well, I won't, so let us not talk about it. Didn't Kona send me any message?"

"Yes. She said to ask your wish, and whatever it might be she will see to its fulfilment."

John clapped his hands with delight.

"This is what I want. Tell her this is August; Christmas comes in December, so between now and then she can get all the things we need. You see those fellows out there," pointing to the little village, "they are as old as I—lots of them—and have never seen a Christmas tree. Father Damien has been here nearly nine years, and hasn't had a cent to spend on one. He says Christmas is very beautiful with the music and garlands, and the crib of ferns, and all that. But I want the boys to have a tree,—a big one, out there in the middle of the town—with something worth while for every person,—and there are more than eight hundred here. So, you see it will cost a lot. Will you tell Kona?"

"Indeed I will, and help her, too," forgetting the meagreness of his own bank account and the possible non-existence of Kona's. "You shall have a whole ship load of presents, and I will try to get back in time to trim the tree for you."

"Oh, that will be all right, for there is always some one who has hands if not feet, and feet if not hands, and so we co-operate. I like the fellows here; they never whimper. And so you are going to help Hawaii? How?"

"By finding a cure for leprosy."

"They say that is impossible," Father Damien (who had just entered) remarked.

"Nothing is impossible to Science," Lloyd affirmed. "It has only not been discovered. I have been telling John that maybe he will go back well and strong to Honolulu."

"How about that, John?" the priest asked gaily. "Are you going to give up carpentering, and leave me for the luxurious life of Honolulu, after all the time I have spent training you?"

"Not for Honolulu, Father," John laughed. Then a little wistfully: "I should like to see Kona. Don't you

think St. John was right when he said he saw them as in life but glorified? Don't you think I shall know her and she will look the same up there?"

"Prettier," Father Damien answered in a voice that left no doubt. "And now, little men, look at that clock. We have a house to build to-morrow."

A whispered prayer before a crucifix, and John went to bed. The men retired to the porch, and while they smoked, discussed the disease in all its phases, until Father Damien broached the subject long in his mind.

"You can not keep John," he said. "He was made for Heaven; and while there is no outward appearance, I doubt if he will see the Christmas tree. In Honolulu there should be a hospital where such as he could be treated by the greatest scientists before the taint has gained ascendancy. This may be your mission, for while the Sisters of Saint Francis are already nursing at Kakaako, and I hope to have them here, so little precaution has been taken that they undoubtedly succumb to the disease. For nearly nine years I have worked among these people and have handled the same tools, but until John came I never had one in my house or as assistant in the church. I could not send him away. And life here is by no means so melancholy as it is pictured. The Hawaiians have the happiest dispositions in the world and rarely complain; therefore, I do not deserve the name of 'martyr' so often given to me. I love them! Listen! They are serenading you. To-morrow we have a *fiesta*!"

As he spoke torches lighted the village, and a brass band burst forth with the lulling music that has since become dear to Californians. Kalawao was almost as festive as Honolulu; and Clarence Lloyd felt real regret that by Government orders he must leave on the morrow. So much had happened that

even his love for Kona had ceased to be a passion; and, like John, he saw her more as "glorified" than real, and trembled a little at the thought of meeting her and disclosing John's request.

The curfew tolled at last, lights went out, and the booming of the sea filled every hollow of the vale. Clarence Lloyd slept, wearied in mind and body and troubled in soul—a new trouble to him. He loved life, be it gay or sad, and here were Father Damien and John actually merry in the sight of death. Their bodies would soon vanish, but he could no longer doubt that their spirits would live.

III.

On the hotel veranda two evenings later Dr. Lloyd told Kona the story of each hour since he left her,—of John's words about her. Looking straight into his eyes she realized the truth, and smiled at the celestial meeting John had planned. He told her of his hopes, and she clapped her hands softly. Then, with a little hesitation, he spoke of the Christmas tree and its cost. Her face lighted. She arose, went to her room, and returned with a string of perfect pearls.

"These are the last of our fortune, John's and mine," she said. "Although England wishes it, our House will never reign in Hawaii, but these will more than buy a Christmas tree for Kalawao and a gift for each one. I have long been wishing to dispose of them, but knew not whom to trust—until I met you."

For the first time her head lowered before his gaze, and he fancied, but could not see, that she blushed. "Will you take it to San Francisco and dispose of it, making such purchases as you think best there—and come back?"

"Kona, Kona," he whispered. "You want me to go?"

"I trust you," she answered.

IV.

Once again the liner "Mariposa" floated through the Golden Gate, and bore Lloyd back to mystic tropic nights. In Honolulu a girl awaited his coming, which would make the world all gold to her. In Molokai a boy for the last time whispered: "God bless Dr. Lloyd!" Father Damien gave way to tears—the human tears that Christ had not scorned to shed—while he murmured: "Good-by, John!"

"Aloha!" Kona called as Dr. Lloyd mounted the steps.

"Aloha!" he answered as he clasped her hand. "At last I know your loveliness, and soul speaks to soul."

Long into the night they watched the stars in sweet content, the December stars in Honolulu, and made plans for the presents on the wonder tree in Kalawao, presents that were sent from many little nooks and hamlets in California, where Clarence Lloyd's friends had told the story of joy and sacrifice to the little children, whose parents had responded generously to contribute to the Island tree.

Who gives himself with his alms feeds three—Himself, his hungry neighbor and Me.

Sweet were the flowers in the starlight, rhythmical the music of the waves, perfect the joy of the lovers, for over them hovered the spirit of little John. His "love to thee," lingered in the vale through all the Christmas holidays.

The Lesser Bards.

BY CHARLES J. QUIRK, S. J.

THANK God! for simple birds that sing,
And for the simple songs they bring.
Though they can never hope to scale
Those heights where hymns the nightingale,
Still their sweet songs seem counterpart
Of those unsung within our heart.

Out of the Flames.

BY MARIE SCHULTE KALLENBACH.

"I WONDER if you could help me," faltered a voice.

Marion Hawley looked up from the table where she was sitting in the Pedagogical Library, to see a tiny, white-haired old lady with worried countenance framed in wispy white hair, looking eagerly at her across the table.

"What a dear old helpless antique," thought Marion, as she arose courteously and bowed, placing her book on the table.

"Would it be asking too much of you—to—to translate this for me?" And the old lady indicated a footnote in the original Greek in a book of philosophy she held in her hand.

"Hm! imagine a cook-book would be more in her line," thought Marion, as she took the book and glanced at the note indicated. She found no difficulty in the Greek, and jotted down the translation as the old lady looked at her enviously.

"How easily you do it," she murmured wistfully. "I often wished,—but now it's too late." And she sighed.

"Too late to learn Greek?" inquired Marion. "I think not. I've heard that Von Buelow, the eminent German pianist, began to master the piano at sixty, and I am sure you are—"

"Just about sixty," she smiled wanly; "but advantages when I was young were limited, and I've only lately taken up philosophy to soothe my very active mind." She sighed again. "But I'm imposing on your time."

"Not at all," Marion genially assured her; "I've almost finished my notes for the day."

"I wish I could say the same; but it seems that whenever I have clear sail-

ing, one of these difficult Greek passages forms a high wall which I can not surmount."

"That's too bad, especially since one can not purchase that particular translation which you desire."

"I wonder—but no, you are too busy." Then rather diffidently: "Would you mind?—I would pay you very well for it."

Marion stared at her, inclined to refuse, but the old lady's manner was so attractive, that she hesitated.

"I would mark the passages for you, there aren't so many—perhaps a half dozen pages." The wan face looked wistfully into Marion's.

"O well, if that is all, I can surely do it without much waste of time." Taking a fresh page from her tablet, Marion jotted busily for the next hour, and made a fairly accurate translation in her clear, legible hand.

"Now we have them all," she said gaily, as she handed the pages over to the watcher. "Oh, no! I couldn't, really," as the old lady extended a ten-dollar note. "I've been only too happy to be of use; and if you think I could be of help any other time, I'll be very glad to do so. I'm here every Thursday after school hours for an hour or so."

"But surely you will allow me—"

"Absolutely nothing!" Marion closed her fountain pen with an emphatic snap which added emphasis to her refusal.

"You have been most kind, and I'll drop you a line if I have more to decipher. Will you kindly give me your card. I can not tell you of what great service you have been to a very lonely old woman. I can assure you, I have not always received so much attention, and I do not forget easily." The dim eyes filled with tears, as she turned partly away to hide her emotion. "Some day, perhaps, I'll be able to return it."

Marion shook hands with her gently

after handing her the card. She never again met her in the library.

"And a perfectly splendid legacy it is. I've investigated, and found it a very generous one."

"But who in the world is Margaret Carruthers? Where do I enter into her life? I never heard of her before."

"No? Indeed, that is strange," murmured the lawyer, with the usual caution of his profession. "Evidently she knew you, for there is no slip up anywhere. She has in the will—to Marion Hawley in return for certain disinterested services and an agreeable act in translating Greek footnotes."

"Why, that is too absurd!—so much money for so little! There—it can't be possible!"

Marion gazed incredulously at Mr. Sanford, who had written her to call at his office and learn something to her advantage.

"But nevertheless, it is all too true. I am Mrs. Carruthers' lawyer, and I drew up this codicil to her latest will. I heartily congratulate you; and now would you mind just telling me what you did to merit receiving this legacy?"

And Marion told of her first and only meeting and the subsequent service to her unknown benefactor in the reading rooms of the Pedagogical Library; and when she had finished, she asked:

"But surely there must be other heirs—relations, perhaps?"

"No, absolutely none. She was quite alone. There had been some domestic differences between the son and Mr. Carruthers before the father died. The son was last heard from in Argentina, where he first made good, and then died in a drunken *mélée*. It almost broke the lonely mother's heart."

"So Mrs. Carruthers was quite alone?"

"Quite. That is why she added this codicil in your favor. You see she had first intended to leave everything to the

Library Commission, but later changed it in your favor."

"What a shame to think she had to pass away all alone with none to comfort her declining years! She seemed a very pathetic figure to me, but I knew nothing about her. To think that even her son died in disgrace! Why, I'm almost afraid to take the money, it might bring me bad luck too."

"You are altogether too fanciful, Miss Hawley. If she was unlucky you certainly have not been so, since you have now fifty thousand dollars to do with as you please. Quite a change from school teaching, isn't it?"

"Yes, and I dare say I'll be able to use it. My life has been very cramped. But I can not help thinking how much the son might have enjoyed this had he lived."

"Yes," replied Mr. Sanford, and then he added: "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

But to Marion Hawley, the hard-working, plodding teacher, the prospect of an assured income throughout her life, freedom from the harassing treadmill of the classroom, and no fear of a poverty-stricken old age, was heavenly. Now she would be able to travel as she had longed to do for years.

And so, after a few necessary legal details, Marion found herself in tropical Rio. She enjoyed its newness and strangeness, and yet felt strangely at home in its very evident religious atmosphere. It was very much like Spain. For days she had lingered, loathing to leave; and yet there was Buenos Ayres calling.

She approached the window of the steamship agency filled with sweet exhilaration. She could well afford to be patient, and await her turn at the window. What was a quarter of an hour more or less? Time simply did not exist for her. It no longer meant money to her; and so she stepped aside, and

allowed the man with half-suppressed pleading words to take her place. She overheard the clerk saying:

"I'm sorry! it's too bad; but we have no means of advancing you the ticket. Carruthers did you say? But if we gave passage to every applicant whose wealthy relatives at home might reimburse us," and the clerk stressed the "might," "we'd be in a hole more often than not."

"But I could pay you over and over again," urged the man passionately, leaning against the window frame weakly, but hopelessly, as though he had lost heart.

"But you have no proof to show us."

The clerk lifted his eyes toward Marion, indicating that she was next in line. The man withdrew.

"What did he say the name was?" inquired Marion with foreboding gripping the heart that was so jubilant a moment before.

"George Carruthers—not so common a name, is it? But, bless me, we have all sorts of beggars wanting to go back to the States!"

"No, that isn't a common name," assented Marion feebly, torn with her suspicions. "But what was his excuse?"

"Oh, about the usual thing: left home in disgrace; been down in the Platte Country where he made a pile, and was robbed of it in a drunken brawl. Now he's a physical wreck, and wants to go back to the old folks."

Marion mechanically said "Buenos Ayres," took her tickets and change and passed onward.

No need to ponder on the identity of that poor wreck of a man. Her intuition had told her the legacy would be unlucky. Now here was the real owner risen from the dead, as it were, to claim it.

It was a terrible shock. How was she ever to go back to the old ways of watching every penny! It hurt her, too,

to think how strongly the money held her. What a trick for fate to play on her, now that she had had a taste of all that money could buy! She was startled from her unhappy reverie by a hollow cough at her elbow. Turning, she found herself face to face with Carruthers.

"Are you so ill?" she asked, her feminine nature stirred by his distressing cough. But even before he answered, she noted how terribly weak and worn the vagrant appeared. Not much of a life, she thought, to stand between me and affluence. Then as suddenly came the temptation,—why not take a little time to think it over?

"Are you very anxious to get back to the States," she parried.

"You bet I am," but his tones were hopeless.

"Are you determined to go at once? Wouldn't a little later do as well?"

"I've got to go soon. I've neither friends nor money here."

"But supposing I could employ you?" Marion's mind was working quickly, temporizing the issue. "Suppose I could use you as my chauffeur? I shall want to stay some weeks in Buenos Ayres, and no doubt you are familiar with the city. You might act as a guide for a time, and then we could both go back to New York. I shall pay you generously, and it is light work!"

Marion was planning for a little time in which to work out a way not to part with the money—or, if she had to part with it, she wanted time to face the inevitable. Of course, it was merely postponing the evil day. But what of that! Perhaps the man would not get better.

Suddenly she faced what appeared to her to be the right and the wrong of the case. It was so easy simply to stand aside, and watch the man go to his death unaware that the legacy was his. She had merely not to interfere.

She could give him the comfort of her employ; and then, perhaps, the end. What a temptation! She played with it, and her will became paralyzed.

The right persisted in her conscience—but it was impossible to act. She could not give up this fortune. Surely the devil had mocked her. A half year ago and she would have laughed at such a situation displacing her plain sense of right and wrong; but now she wavered. Then out of a clear sky came an inspiration: she would leave the matter to God. He must decide. She could not be this man's murderer.

Telling her companion to call after dinner at her hotel for directions and orders, she turned and entered the church of the *Mater Dei* at the corner of the avenue.

Here before the shrine that had so held her the day before, she would pray for guidance. Now before her she clearly saw a solution. She would light a pair of tapers together and together they would burn. God would decide the one to die out first and that would settle it. She bound herself solemnly to abide by the outcome. If the right taper went out first, she would confess to Carruthers that he was the rightful claimant of the legacy, but if the left, then Carruthers must take his chance. Patiently she knelt and watched for the end.

Long and waveringly the light played upon the face of the serene Madonna, until there remained but an inch of the wax. Her nerves were stretched almost to the breaking point. Other worshippers came and went, marvelling at the tense attitude, the devotion of this visitor whose eyes never seemed to lift from the tapers she had lit. Every moment saw the lights sputtering and guttering lower, but already the right seemed to be lower than the left.

Presently the bell tolled the *Angelus*. Mechanically she repeated the prayer.

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord. Be it done to me according to thy word." How long could they last now? Almost forgetting to breathe, she saw the sacristan coming in with a fresh supply of tapers, intent on placing them in the empty sockets.

Should she interfere? "No, no," she indicated, "leave them alone." But it was too late, for already the sexton had blown out the fated right flame. It was gone. She turned toward the left: it, too, had disappeared.

And then she became overwhelmed with shame. All the honesty of her soul awoke within her. Was she an infant to leave to the mercy of chance such a matter as this? No! She would settle it herself, and take her punishment. She would return to the hotel and tell this poor wretch the truth. He was the rightful owner of the money which she was spending. She must not, dared not, delay.

Slowly she walked to the hotel. Her conscience continued to sear her during the short walk. How utterly despicable she saw herself in the light of her self-betrayal!

She found Carruthers waiting for her.

"Carruthers," she spoke so low, he seemed not to hear,—*"Carruthers,"* she repeated louder, the man was very inattentive,—why would he not look at her? "I've something to tell you," she raised her voice higher.

"Tell me. All right,—fire away! I'm listening. But look here. Let me tell you something first. You're a lady. I know one when I see one. I'm ready to be your chauffeur and earn my way to the States; but I want to be straight with you,—I've been crooked long enough. Don't call me Carruthers,—my name's Becker. It's not very important after all. But I won't fool you,—not after you've been so good to me. 'Tisn't everyone would pick a dying man up and set

him on his feet. I want to go straight from now on before I've got to go for good, and that's pretty soon, I guess. I got to clear off my slate!"

Marion listened as though she had been turned to stone, while her newly engaged chauffeur rambled on.

"You see it was this way. When I met Carrythers he was down and out. He got his at the hands of a drunken sailor. He was drunk too, at the time, but he knew his father was dead and had learned his mother was too, so he gave me his credentials to pose as himself and go back to get his share of the family estate. You see, I couldn't put it over, for the letters were stolen from me, and so when you came along and acted the Good Samaritan, my conscience hurt me; and I made up my mind to cut the rough stuff, and make a fresh start."

Marion, with her head whirling, placed her hand in his, and winced as he wrung it fiercely, but she managed to control her emotions. She, too, knew what it was to have been tempted; she too had been weak and dallied with her conscience. But after all, she hugged very closely the consciousness that she had been prepared to give up and to own the truth—before it was made known to her.

The bewildered sexton never could understand why the young lady came in the next day, and left so generous a check to keep the shrine candles ever burning,—the check to be renewed yearly.

Do not forget that in Cervantes' great prose epic, the idealist, Don Quixote, rides ahead, and is followed by the realist, Sancho Panza, on his donkey. Always in life the idealist rides ahead, and the man who, like Sancho Panza, is always asking, "What is there in this for me?" rides behind.

—*Dr. James J. Walsh.*

Wisdom of the Desert.

ALL who have sympathy with things that are high and holy will be interested in and benefited by the following stories and sayings of the early Egyptian hermits, which are selected from a collection made by Mr. James Hannay ("The Wisdom of the Desert," Methuen & Co., publishers). He calls his little book an attempt to appreciate the spirit of the first Christian monks, but it is more than that—a defence of their teaching, which is understood by few, ridiculed by many. "It is impossible," says this discerning non-Catholic writer, "in the face of the Lord's words, in the Sermon on the Mount, to accuse the hermits' conduct even of exaggeration. All that we find wonderful is the extreme simplicity with which they understood the sayings of Christ and adopted them as a practical rule of life. For most men there is need of certain explanations, of an effort of the intellect, of casuistry, before the Lord's commands can be reconciled with the maxims which direct the ordinary life. It is necessary to write some gloss beside the saying—'If any man take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.' Otherwise we cannot but be conscious of a divergence between the conduct which life seems to render necessary and that which is recommended by the Lord. For the hermits and their admirers no such necessity existed. They took the commands of Christ and obeyed them as if such obedience involved no absurdity. Strange as it must seem to many men, their literal obedience resulted not in an impossible deadlock and the dissolution of social relationships, but in an incomparably great type of character, and frequently in the reclamation of sinners whom methods less apparently absurd would probably have confirmed in their viciousness."

The abbot Moses said, "Unless a man is convinced in his own heart that he is a sinner, God does not listen to his prayers." Then one of the brethren said to him, "What does it mean, this conviction in a man's heart that he is a sinner?" The old man answered: "He who is conscious of his own sins has no eyes for the sins of his neighbor."

Once the abbot Macarius took a journey to Mount Nitria, and, as his custom was, sent his disciple to walk some way in front of him. The young man, as he went, met one whom he recognized as the priest of a heathen temple, bearing upon his shoulders a heavy log. At once he cried out against him, saying, "Where are you going, you devil?" The priest, goaded to anger by his words, beat him and left him fainting. Then he went again upon his way. Soon he met the abbot Macarius, who said to him, "Peace be with you, toiler, peace be with you." The priest replied, "What good do you see in me that you greet me thus?" Macarius said, "I wish you peace because I see you toiling, and because you know not where you go." Then said the priest, "Your words have touched my heart. You are indeed a true servant of God. As for that other wretched monk who met me and insulted me, I replied to his words with blows." Then, taking hold of the feet of the saint, he said, "I shall not leave you till you teach me to be a monk." They walked together to the place where the disciple lay. Together they bore him, for he could not walk, until they brought him to the church. There the brethren were struck with astonishment to see the heathen priest in company with St. Macarius. Nevertheless, they received him and taught him to be a monk, and many of the heathen round about were converted along with him. Often afterwards Macarius used to say: "See how haughty words turn even good men into bad, and how

true it is that loving, humble words change bad men into good."

Once there were some brethren who, for the love they bore their guests, ate with them, though it was a season of fasting. There was another brother who scorned them as they sat at meat. When the abbot John beheld him he wept, saying, "What kind of spirit has this man that he laughs at the brethren, scorning them? It is he who breaks his fast, not they. It is he who is eating; he devours charity."

One of the fathers, being in a trance, saw four kinds of men standing before God. First he saw those who, though they suffer in the body and are sick, yet give thanks to God. Next were those who give themselves to hospitality and are devoted to the relief of others' needs. Next were those who dwell in solitude and see not the faces of men. The fourth kind were they who strive to be obedient, and submit themselves unto the will of the fathers. He beheld and lo! this last was superior to the other three. They were wearing golden crowns, and had received an excellent glory above the glory of the rest. Then the old man spoke to him who showed the vision to him, saying, "Why has this fourth kind of men a greater glory than the others?" He was answered thus, "They all find some satisfaction in doing the things they wish to do, albeit the things they wish are all of them good. He, however, who obeys renounces the fulfilment of his own will. He gives himself up to the will of the father who orders him. Therefore to his share there falls an especial glory."

THIRTY years of Our Lord's life are hidden in these words, "He was subject to them."—*Bossuet*.

True humility,
The highest virtue, mother of them all.
—*Tennyson*.

Santa Claus.—A Protest.

BY M. M. M.

THERE was no room for Him in the Inn; and so has it been down through the centuries. The world is forever crowding the divine King out of His kingdom; its votaries would steal Him away even from the minds and hearts of His very friends; and who are His friends, if not the children?

His sacred name is erased from textbooks; His cause is misrepresented, and His truth denied. Many of our colleges are training schools of atheism. All this we know to our sorrow, but must we allow the children also to be led away from instead of to His Feet?

It is not uncommon to hear among good Catholics, expressions of indignation because some little girl or boy has been informed that there is no Santa Claus. Of course it is quite true: there *is no* Santa Claus; and the fact that he is a caricature of a dear old saint does not make the accepted personality of Santa Claus any more genuine. It is a false principle to tell lies to children at any time; and their happiness does not in the least depend on tales of sleigh bells and chimney visits.

This protest against Santa Claus, however, is not made because of the unreality of the Santa Claus traditions, but because "Santa" is actually usurping the place of the Child Jesus. There *is* a Child Jesus; and "Santa" is standing between the children and the Crib of Bethlehem, hiding by his grotesque attractiveness the all-lovable and all-satisfying vision of the Divine Infant.

Our Catholic mothers, our religious teachers, our good pastors, use the name and fame of Santa Claus as an inducement and a spur to good behavior. Santa Claus is talked about and written to for weeks before Christmas; at this season, he becomes the children's

hero, and the pleasures of Christmas are associated with his magic name. Is it not a fact that many little ones even in Catholic homes know almost nothing about Our Lord's birthday?

Yes, the children do hear the story of Bethlehem, but it is not made for them the central thought of Christmas—the reason why it is a season of rejoicing, of merry-making, of peace and good will, of self-sacrifice. All their pleasures are associated with Santa Claus; our Infant Lord is the reason for church-going. The community Christmas trees, the school Christmas trees, have for their object to give pleasure to the children in the form of gifts and good cheer, with "Santa" as tutelary spirit. The Infant Lord is kept in the schoolroom.

In Catholic schools and elsewhere, much time is spent upon the production of exquisite Christmas plays of the Nativity; but these are studied, and seen by children whose minds are already filled with the fiction of "Santa" as the cause of their pleasures. We may add that many American children cling to a feigned belief in Santa Claus, thinking shrewdly that their ample supply of gifts depends largely upon their loyalty to the old tradition. This develops something akin to hypocrisy, and is not good training in character building.

The response to this protest may be that these traditions are only allegorical, that Santa Claus represents the spirit of Christmas, that our view is too matter-of-fact. If so, surely, on the other hand, the allegorical tales have been overdone, for they have, to a large extent, robbed the Child Jesus of His own.

Why not tell our little ones the wonderful truth—that on Christmas Day, Our Divine Lord came to us as an Infant, tiny and weak and speechless, that He might give us the unspeakably great gift of Himself; tell them that He is here, teaching the lesson of love with

which He would fill the world. Why not let them know that the spirit of Christmas is the spirit of generosity, because on the first Christmas, Our Lord gave us Himself, and with Himself, brought us all good gifts? This is why we wish to give to our relatives and friends and to the poor at Christmas.

All teachers know how strongly children are attracted to other little children; and it does not require much reflection to realize how easily the Gospel story of the Divine Infant can be made the ruling thought of the weeks preceding Christmas. Then the lovely legends of the Christ-Child would make for the little ones a great wonder book to satisfy both mind and heart.

Ask a few good Catholic men and women to look back upon their childhood, and say frankly which thought predominated in their minds at Christmas, what picture filled their imagination; and learn how few can say, it was the thought and representation of the Crib and the Christ-Child.

Surely, if the impressions made during the early days of childhood are the most lasting and produce the most direct results in after life, it is heartily to be desired that the first strong lines of the drama of divine love be indelibly traced on the minds of the little ones. Let them feel that the Babe of Bethlehem loves them; that He has come to bring the best of good gifts and that He has come to reconquer this world torn from Him by sin; impress them that He desires their loyalty and their love. Exhort them to pledge to Him their fresh, innocent devotion.

The saintly Pontiff, whose very name brings before the imagination a picture of innocent children receiving Our Lord into their hearts, has given us as a watchword: "To restore all things in Christ." Let us begin by restoring their full heritage to the little ones—their Infant King.

The Privilege of Prayer.

THERE are few persons, probably, that are wont to regard prayer otherwise than as a duty. A duty it is, of course, and one of the chief duties man owes to his Creator. But prayer is also a privilege—a wonderful and blessed privilege—which we are apt to undervalue because it is so universally vouchsafed. A learned and holy Irish priest, now in a better world, frequently emphasized this thought, and in a fragment of one of his discourses, which lies before us, we find it expressed with a clearness and force that were characteristic of him. Prayer, he says, is one of the great elemental forces of the spiritual order, and perhaps because it is so, it seems to follow the law of the great physical forces of the universe, in that it attracts very little notice, or, at all events, very little express notice, from those who are most familiar with it.

No one has better or more frequent opportunities of seeing the sunrise and the sunset than the poor toiler in the fields, and yet they are to him little more than the marks of the beginning and the ending of his daily work. Still these phenomena are so stupendous and so beautiful that if they were to happen only once they would leave of their unearthly beauty a memory that would never perish.

It needs special culture to give a man a taste and an eye for the picturesque in nature. Not one person, perhaps, in a thousand has them, even in highly civilized countries; and it may be that fifty out of every hundred who talk their language talk it as an unknown tongue—merely because it has become a fashion.

Now, it is so with prayer. Few, even of those who use to the full the privilege of praying, ever care to enter into the possession of their privilege with

that fulness of knowledge and that keenness of perception which only spiritual culture can give.

If once only in a long human lifetime man might approach his God in prayer; if only after long and careful preparation, in which would meet together a full knowledge of the mysteries of faith, and a full experience of the sweet and bitter of human life; if only when years had shaped us, and long-living made us wise, and time had transmuted the buds and blossoms that go before the fruit upon the tree of mortal life; if only with hands that trembled while lifted up to Heaven, and with the calmer thoughts that lie under hair that has grown white, moulding our words and wishes into worthiness, we were permitted to utter a prayer to God that would, for that one time, have it in it to wield His omnipotence, what should we think of prayer then?

It should be our endeavor not to allow our appreciation of a privilege to become lessened on account of our freedom at all times to use it to the full. The duty of prayer ought to be performed with the highest reverence and in the most perfect spirit of obedience. As a privilege, we should make use of it with deepest gratitude, and with some perception of its ineffability and its blessedness.

The prayers we should prefer to use are those of the Church,—prayers like these for Advent:

"Stir up our hearts, O Lord, to prepare the ways of Thine only begotten Son, that through His advent we may be worthy to serve Thee with purified minds. Who liveth and reigneth, etc."

"Grant, we beseech Thee, O Almighty God, that the coming festival of our Redeemer's birth may bestow on us the helps which are needful for our earthly life, and may secure for us the rewards of everlasting happiness. Through Jesus Christ, etc."

Notes and Remarks.

The term "leakage" is familiar to us as representing the loss to the Church of members who fall away. This term has recently been used by a High Church Anglican writer to describe the loss to their denomination of members who became Catholics! Imitation could hardly carry its implied flattery further than this. Surely, of all the copying of the Church which "Anglo-Catholics" have done, this bit of plagiarism is by far the most fantastic.

All this, with delightful point, is brought out by Fr. Ronald Knox in a late issue of *America*. "When I leaked into the Church of God," he writes, "in the year 1917, I was naturally anxious to discover whether I was (what I then felt) an isolated drop, or whether I was perhaps part of some insignificant cascade. And when the statistics came out at the end of the year, it proved that I was one of ten thousand, whereas up till then 8000 was the highest record of conversions known. If I had cherished any thrill of originality, I was clearly wrong; I was, after all, only part of a movement. But the process of increase did not halt there; during the last six or seven years, the rate has varied between eleven and fourteen thousand; probably about twelve thousand is the true cipher, when the balance has steadied itself. Now, is it not a rather curious thing that the ten years since the war, during which Anglo-Catholicism is so conscious of having 'gone ahead,' should also be marked by a fifty per cent increase in the annual rate of conversions to Rome?"

The fact that this "seepage" from Anglicanism annually runs to some twelve thousand souls is itself significant, yet it tells nothing about the type of Anglicans who "come over." One of the latest of these to "leak" into the Church, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, has

written the following quatrain about Fr. Knox. We should like to see what sort of poem G. K. C. would write about himself, disguised as a "leak."

NAMESAKE.

Mary of Holyrood may smile indeed,
Knowing what grim historic shade it shocks,
To see wit, laughter and the Popish creed,
Cluster and sparkle in the name of Knox.

Reviewing a scholarly work on miracles, in the London *Tablet*, a writer, making the point that miracles are not necessarily rare, asks, as a rhetorical question, "Is not Transubstantiation 'a daily miracle'?" The question can hardly be regarded as rhetorical, in the sense that it answers itself or requires no answer. Quite the contrary. The question demands a negative answer. The Real Presence is a portent, a wonder, rather than a miracle. As Tanqueray puts it, in a work familiar to a multitude of students of theology: "We say *portents* or wonders, not *miracles*, because to have a miracle you must have a *sensible* fact which is beyond the powers of nature; the marvels which are found in the Eucharist are beyond the *laws* of nature, they are not perceptible to the senses."

This distinction is obvious, upon reflection. Christ multiplies the loaves and fishes: that is a miracle. The words of consecration are spoken, and though a much greater change takes place than the multiplication of the loaves, yet, so far as outward evidence goes, no change whatever takes place. Transubstantiation is accepted on faith alone: *Etsi sensus deficit*.

It is hard to tell precisely to what class of outsiders men like the late Mr. Goldwin Smith belong. In a letter to us, the venerable scholar wrote: "To God of course all things are possible. I have never denied, or thought of denying, His power of suspending natural

law." Mr. Smith called himself a "sceptic," and yet he wrote further: "Demonstrate to me that a miracle has been performed, and I will pledge myself to accept the demonstration. You will not think it unreasonable to ask for conclusive evidence."

Some Catholics are as sceptical as Mr. Smith was regarding the translation of the Holy House of Loreto, and other marvels to which he referred. Is it possible that intelligent, educated men can suppose for a moment that in order to be a member of the Church one must give credence to the tradition that the House of Loreto was brought by angels from Nazareth? Such things do not belong to Revelation and are no part of the Church's fundamental teaching. Would that all Catholics realized, and that all inquirers could be persuaded, that the creed of the Church is in reality a short one!

In connection with the foregoing, let us quote some words of a memorable address read by the Rev. Dr. Hartmann Grisar, S. J., at the Scientific Congress in Munich a few years ago. He was then professor of Church History in the University of Innsbruck:

For thirty years my studies have made me occupy myself with the large number of errors which have gradually during many centuries slipped into the history and the outer life of the Church, and of which some remain to this day. Around the lives and the miracles of the saints, around their relics and sanctuaries, a number of unauthenticated traditions, accounts of miracles, and fables, have clustered; some of which are beautiful and poetic, while others are simply ugly and tasteless. Worse still, want of knowledge and judgment, and often even all sorts of bad passions, have worked together to produce false relics and false shrines, and to present them for the worship of simple people. It is against this abuse of holy things that we must fight for the sake of truth, the honor

of the Church, and the interests of the Catholic Faith. Not only do such things provoke the scorn of our enemies: they may even injure the faith of less well-informed children of the Church. I myself have often met educated laymen to whom these foolish traditions have caused violent temptations against faith,—a proof, of course, that they do not clearly realize the point; for these things are not objects of Revelation. The chief fault of the ultra-conservative spirit in these matters is that it does not consider the historical beginning and development of the numerous errors which appeared and were spread, mostly quite in good faith, in the past.

Concluding his highly important address, Father Grisar said:

Our aim is clear. We want to help to build up the Catholic life. We have no new building to set up; but just as in our great Romanesque and Gothic churches the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries have left their evil marks, so do we see in the great spiritual Church here and there a disfigurement which we must pull down. Let us put our hands to the task. The light of God's truth must shine pure and unmixed throughout His Church.

Mr. Will Hays, the "Czar of the Movies," as he is called, gave a good reason for not complying with the request of a group of atheists to eliminate God and the Ten Commandments from motion pictures. He said:

"The motion picture is concerned with drama, and drama is concerned with everything touching man; his thoughts, his ideas, his aspirations, ambitions are motion picture material. To ask us to eliminate God and man's belief in God, therefore, is to ask us to eliminate one of the most profound urges in man—the spiritual urge. To ask us to eliminate God from motion pictures is equivalent to asking that sunshine be barred from the playground where emaciated, ill-kept children of

the tenements find a moment of respite and happiness. It is equivalent to asking us to blot the stars from the heavens because men may look at them and dare to ask themselves, as Napoleon did of his fellow voyagers into Egypt, 'But who, gentlemen, made all these?'

"We could not do it if we wanted to. God is in every art, in every laudable ambition, in every worthy achievement. He is in our wholesome pleasures and wholesome entertainment.

"The motion picture industry has not been without its faults. Mistakes have been made and will be made. But it is to-day, and will ever be, the hope and the desire of those of us who have at heart the best interests of this industry and of the public to respect the ethics and the codes that man, out of his faith in a Creator and as a goal to life, has cherished."

Those who are not as yet convinced that the Church is persecuted in Mexico, and are unaware that crowns of martyrdom are being won there, should read the letters of Capt. Francis McCullagh to the *Commonweal* of New York. He is one of the most reliable of newspaper correspondents. Besides, being on the ground, he writes from personal knowledge and with a sense of responsibility. If it were possible for him to be in two places at the same time, we should wish that he were now in Russia also. Then it would be feasible to have information that could be relied upon from another distressful country. For reasons that every intelligent, well informed reader must know by this time the great dailies, tools or victims of politicians for the most part, are not to be trusted. From Capt. McCullagh's second communication we quote these significant passages:

I had the honor of meeting the president of the Society of Catholic Youth in Mexico City; naturally, he was "on the run," and in

disguise. He is a young layman, a distinguished lawyer, and all that he told me made a very great impression on me. . . .

He told me how Joaquin de Silva y Carrasco and Manuel Melgarejo, both members of his organization, had met death. . . . Joaquin was twenty-seven years of age and Melgarejo seventeen; neither of them was making war on the government; no weapon was found on them, only religious propaganda. The life of Joaquin was so exemplary and his death so heroic that his intercession is already solicited by pious Catholics all over Mexico. . . . The president of the Society gave me a long list of miraculous cures that had been brought as a result of prayer in his name; and, doubtless, these will be inquired into by the competent authority when the proper time comes.

When told that he [Joaquin] and his companions must die, he said: "As for me, kill me, do with me what you will, but as for this youth, who is only seventeen years old, let him go." The boy answered quickly, however: "No, Joaquin, I wish to die with thee."

Even the officer in charge of the military party told to shoot them seems to have been so touched by the bravery of these two that he wired to Calles personally to know if he was to shoot them or to send them to Mexico City. Calles' reply consisted of one word: *Fusilelos*—"Shoot Them."

On their way from the barracks where they were imprisoned, to the cemetery where they were shot, they said the Rosary out loud. Before the fatal volley was fired, Joaquin declined to be blindfolded. "I am not a criminal," he said; "I myself will give the signal to fire. When I cry 'Long live Christ the King! Long live the Virgin of Guadalupe!' then you may fire."

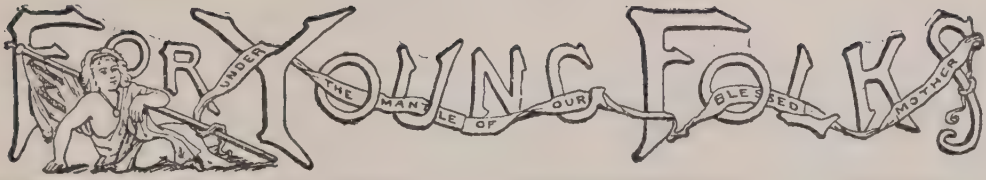
Upon this one of the soldiers threw down his rifle and said: "I will not fire. I think as you do. I am a Catholic." This soldier was immediately arrested, and was himself shot the next day.

Joaquin, when all was ready for the final order, said to Melgarejo: "Take off your hat for we are going to appear before God." Then

turning to the soldiers he exclaimed, "*Vive Cristo Rey! Viva la Virgen de Guadalupe!*" These were his last words.

Not often is the death of an ecclesiastic, however eminent, so widely and deeply mourned as that of Cardinal John Bonzano, who was called to the reward of many virtues and great services to the Church last week. The important offices which he held in Rome brought him into contact with numerous people from all parts of the world, who admired him for his ability and venerated him for his saintliness. He was well known in this country, having been Apostolic Delegate at Washington for eleven years, and representative of the Holy See at the International Eucharistic Congress in Chicago. His charming personality, affable manner and genuine kindheartedness endeared him to all who made his acquaintance. He was of the salt of the earth. There was no mistaking his apostolic spirit, his devotedness and disinterestedness. It was only natural that he should have inspired great reverence and confidence, and won sincere admiration and affection. Peace to his soul!

Statistics of the Negro population of the United States—not to speak of the Indians—show what a vast field for missionaries our own country presents. The number of Negroes is estimated at 10,000,000, and only a quarter of a million belong to the Church. Only 25,566 colored children are in Catholic schools, and of teachers there are fewer than 600. Alas that there should be only a handful of laborers for so immense a harvest! Unquestionable proofs of its being an exceptionally promising one might be cited. We are informed that a zealous parish priest of the Archdiocese of Cincinnati received as many as seventy colored people into the Church within a single year.



To a Bluebird.

BY VIRGINIA McSHERRY.

YOU brave little blue-tinted warbler,
You have stolen a piece of the sky,
Or your wings you have dipped in the azure
That gleams in the sunshine on high.
No songs have you sung all the Winter,
Since southward your comrades have flown;
But now they are hurrying northward,
And gladsome and gay is your tone.
And clear from the blue vault above us
Comes ringing your silvery note,
Bringing joy to the heart tuned to hear it,
Wondrous song for so tiny a throat;
Then welcome you brave little warbler,
Your blithe song of joy we have heard,
Though snowflakes are now falling round us,
You bring us glad tidings, bluebird.

Childerswell Hall.

BY MOTHER MARY THOMAS.

IX.

BETH left the house and went towards Martyr's Crag. Not till she was there, with only Fidèle to bear witness, did her tears begin to flow. All nature looked dull and frowning. Had she too lost the key to all that was glad and beautiful in the world around her? She felt as if she could never be happy again. She was thinking what a terrible thing it must be to live without love; and how could any one be expected to love her! She was not like Dorothea, who, besides being clever and pretty, was always sweet and had no need to write down resolutions on paper—resolutions that Beth broke, even

while she was in the act of making them.

She would try again, and make a good "purpose of amendment" as the Catechism calls it. But first she would make her Act of Contrition. She knelt in the heather, where she had flung herself, and as she repeated the words, the clouds parted and showed a glimpse of radiant blue sky, like a corner of the Holy Mother's mantle. Rising with a sigh of relief she made a little gesture, casting far from her all impatient and gloomy thoughts.

Just then Fidèle poked his wet nose into her hand to attract her attention to the approach of some one whom he evidently regarded as a friend, and Beth looked up to see Gypsy Nance.

Nance did not belong to a Gypsy tribe in the ordinary sense of the word, but she preferred to wander where she would. She was so much at one with the wild life of nature, so closely akin to the shy creatures of the fells and dales, that they paid no more attention to her than if she had been one of themselves. She was a tall, gaunt old woman, but wore her rags with a queenly air. When she curtsied now it was as one queen might salute another. This was not the first time Beth had met her out on the heath, and more than once she had seen Nance kneeling in church.

"'Tis fine to be free!" Nance said, as her gaze travelled over the broad expanse of moorland. "Look at me! the whole wide moors, not to say the whole wide world, for me to come and go as I will, neither stick nor stone to keep me tied down in one place."

"It must be very pleasant in Summer, but what about the Winter?"

"I'd fainer bear the brunt of a few storms, or many, for the matter of that, than spend long years as a bedlier. Bedridden you'd be calling it; bedlier we say in these parts. And talking of storms, there's one brewing now. I've been watching the black clouds passing over like the outspread wings of great birds, ready to swoop down on their prey. And the shadow lies darkest over yonder." She pointed to where the gables of the old Hall were visible down in the valley.

Beth's eyes followed the Gypsy's lean, brown finger.

"Do you mean there's a curse on it?"

"Nay, more like 'tis coming events that be casting their shadows afore them, as the saying goes. Maybe a blessing will follow when the treasure as lies hid there is found."

"Does Sir Francis know about the treasure?"

"He must find before he loses, and then lose all before he finds all."

The first heavy drops of rain had begun to fall, and the sky was growing darker.

"And now I must be on my way," continued Nance. "I'll call in at the White Cottage, and tell the mistress that ye'll be safe in the shelter of the Crag till the storm passes over. Nay, ye needn't be a-minding me; I'll get no harm."

Beth thanked her, and was glad, knowing that Cousin Angela would see to it that Nance was not allowed to set out again until her clothes had been dried.

Beth drew farther back into the shelter of the great hollow rock, and Fidèle curled his big body round her feet, protecting her from the downpour. Though Nance was out of sight, her words still lingered in the little girl's mind. If only there had been some way of lifting the shadows of which the old

woman had spoken! Beth's head was bowed low in her hands, and, like Elfrida at the wishing-well, her wishes took the form of a prayer—a petition to her guardian angel.

"Dear Angel," she implored, "won't you show me—"

A tremendous clap of thunder, echoing among the hills, made Beth spring to her feet. A flash of lightning rent the air, and like a long, white, shining finger of flame pointed along one side of Childerswell Hall. The flash was followed by a double crash caused by another loud peal of thunder and the falling of heavy masonry.

Then the storm, with one last distant rumble, suddenly ceased. The clouds scattered and the birds broke out into song; but as Beth sped homewards through the sparkling, rain-bedewed heather and along the grass-grown path there was no song in her heart—only a tumult of hopes and fears.

Dorothea and Elfrida were standing at the garden gate when she reached the White Cottage. Then Beth remembered only one thing—the reason of her self-reproach.

"Oh, Dorothea, what if the lightning had killed you—or me—before I'd had time to tell you I was sorry!" she exclaimed.

Dorothea threw her arms round her sister, hugging her into silence, while Elfrida tried to take all the blame on herself.

"And now we must go and see what has happened at the Hall. Didn't you hear the crash? No, I don't need to change, I was under shelter all the time. Well, just my shoes and stockings, if I must."

Cousin Angela insisted on this. Tony meanwhile had arrived, having stayed to tea at the farm. He and Beth now hastened to the courtyard at Childerswell Hall.

The huge chimney stack had fallen when the lightning struck that side of the house. A small crowd of by-standers had gathered, and now, in the absence of Sir Francis, Mrs. Purseglove, his housekeeper, was chiefly concerned in keeping back anyone from entering the Hall. Among the fallen masonry she had espied the glint of something that had nothing to do with crumbled bricks and mortar. Her refusal to allow any one to enter had, however, an exception in favor of the children. She felt that their arrival on the scene relieved her of a certain amount of responsibility. She motioned Tony and Beth to follow her and showed them where, half-hidden among the rubbish, lay a heavy, iron-clamped chest from which the lid had been wrenched off by the fall.

From a worldly point of view, it was not much of a treasure that Tony now helped to lift from the chest and to carry into the house. Among other things was an object that looked like a child's slate, a tarnished chalice, some folded vestments and a book which was afterwards found to be a breviary. As Tony shook off the dust from the mildewed, leather volume, a letter, yellowed with age, fell out and was caught up by a sudden breeze.

On and on it fluttered, and after it sprang Beth. She had caught sight of the name of the one to whom it was addressed,—the name of Sir Francis himself. Twice her fingers were about to close upon the paper, and each time it was blown from her grasp. It was within a few inches of the well and about to vanish forever from view when Beth made a final dart after it. She had it safely now, but in rescuing it, she had fallen heavily with her head on the curbstone of the well; and then for some time she knew no more.

When she came to herself, she was

lying on Mrs. Purseglove's bed, the letter tightly clutched in her hand. Her godmother was bending over her, putting something cool on her forehead. Beth looked up with a faint smile, and then, being very tired, she was glad to close her eyes again.

X.

When the next day came, Beth's head was still aching so much that she was content to remain quietly alone in a big garden-chair which had been placed for her in a shady corner near the porch. Dorothea and Elfrida went to the village to see if any letters had come. Cousin Angela was visiting a sick neighbor in the opposite direction from the village, and Tony was watching some workmen who were repairing the Hall.

It was a pleasant sunny afternoon. The drowsy hum of bees and the lullaby that the soft West wind was singing among the branches invited to slumber, and Beth's eyes gradually closed. It was then that she had a dream which made so strong an impression upon her that she never forgot it.

In her dream she found herself in a lovely garden full of blossoming trees and shady valleys leading into fairy-like glades; and in the midst a well of crystal-clear water was springing up. As the sun shone on the spray rising high in the air, a circling rainbow was formed around the head of a child. It reminded Beth of the statue in the old night-nursery. With arms outstretched and welcoming smile, it was standing where daisies and buttercups peeped up from the grass, and, in some mysterious way, all the sunshine and loveliness, all the innocence and content that reigned in the garden, came from it. There were many children and as many angels in the garden, for each child had an angel guardian; and Beth was delighted to see her own angel walk-

ing beside her, for there were many questions she wanted to ask him. First she asked the name of the garden. And he told her: "It is called the Garden of Childhood, for here all are young together and never grow old."

"And may the children stay here always?"

"Yes, but only a very few do, and most of those who go away never find their way back."

Then as Beth began to think that that must have been what Sir Francis had meant, he himself pushed open the gate and exclaimed: "I've found the key."

"Oh, I'm so glad," said Beth, waking up to see Sir Francis standing beside her; but instead of having a key in his hand he was holding out the letter which Beth had saved from the well.

This made Beth wonder if she was really awake, and, if so, where the dream ended and the reality began.

"I must have been dreaming," she added shyly, "and I thought you said you had found the key."

"But I have found it! This letter is the key. Listen, and I will read you some of it. It is dated 'Feast of St. Michael and All Angels.'"

"BELOVED SON:—How long will ye be of two minds? Bethink you of the young man in the Gospel, and go not sorrowfully away, closing your ears to the Voice that has called you from your tenderest years. For to those who become wilfully deaf, even the voices of creation are silent or harsh, and to those who become wilfully blind even Nature is a sealed book; therefore, bathe your eyes afresh in the Well of Clear Seeing, and be born anew by a second baptism. Give all and you will find all, for with you there can be no middle course. . . . The pursuivants are on my track and are surrounding the house. Marvel 'twill be if I escape their hands. Farewell! . . ."

Sir Francis stopped reading.

"I still don't see why you call that letter a key," said Beth.

"It is because it has opened the way to—what shall we call it?—a certain Kingdom of which I had closed the entrance myself, and it has given me a glimpse of what I may find within."

Beth still looked puzzled.

"Will you please tell me something else? What became of the first Sir Francis—the one to whom the letter was really written?"

"He went beyond seas, and placed himself under the banner of the Little Poor Man of Assisi, as had been his dream from boyhood. There was evidently no opportunity of giving him that letter, and he never thought of looking for one in Father Antony's breviary, though he must have known of that hole in the wall where the altar furniture was stored away. It was probably thought safer to leave everything there just as it was. The hole must have been sealed up for the sake of greater security, and the secret of its whereabouts was so carefully guarded that it was lost. Neither was there any need for my namesake of three and a half centuries ago to get that message. The martyred priest's deeds proved of more effect than any words. Francis himself died on the mission-field, only just missing a martyr's crown. . . . Dear little St. Elizabeth, do you ever play at making pictures in your mind of places and scenes where you would like to find yourself?"

The abruptness of this question took Beth somewhat aback; besides she was always embarrassed when Sir Francis addressed her by the title belonging to her dear patron saint. Tony's teasing never moved her in the same way. However, she shyly began to tell Sir Francis of the little house of her waking dreams that she wanted to keep for her father.

At this point Beth stopped short, for Tony, eager and breathless, appeared, having come to say that Father Laurence had arrived at the Hall in response to Sir Francis' invitation to see the discovered treasures.

"And he's been telling me that that thing which looked like a slate with little crosses on it was an altar stone for priests to carry about with them. . . ." Beth heard him saying this to Sir Francis as they went off together.

Tony's voice had scarcely died away when Beth became aware of a sudden rustling of leaves behind her, and she turned to see Jill peering at her from among the bushes.

Jill's wistful little face was so white and drawn, and told more plainly than any words could have done of the pain that the long journey on her crutches had cost her.

"O Missy, I had to come! They told me as how ye were hurt, and I ain't forgot ye were good to me, . . . and I answered back roughly, and said as how ye couldn't understand. But I didn't want ye *ever* to understand. . . ."

And then Jill staggered as if about to fall. Hearing Beth's cry of alarm, Nora came running out of the house. At the same moment Cousin Angela, returning from her errand of mercy, hastened up the garden path. Together they tenderly helped Jill into the house, and laid her on a couch.

Beth had been told to remain where she was: and indeed it was with a tired sigh that she laid her aching head back against the cushions. She looked up on hearing the swift tread of horses' hoofs as a carriage rolled along the road. Then Dorothea and Elfrida had turned in at the gate, and Elfrida's eyes were shining like stars.

"Beth, did you see it? It was a coach and four, and I thought for a moment that it was Daddy come for me like I used to think he would. But it wasn't

Daddy at all, and now the coach is out of sight. And we've brought a letter from the Post Office; it's addressed to me, but it isn't in his writing. When I began to open it, I felt frightened, and waited till we got home."

"We think it's from the princess-aunt," Dorothea whispered to Beth, as she followed Elf into the house.

(To be continued.)

A Boy Missionary.

ANY years ago, some zealous missionaries headed by one named Father Martinez, penetrated into the islands of Fernando Po and Annabon. On landing at a smaller island near Fernando Po, they found on a rock not far from the shore a rudely shaped wooden cross, and around it was a group of black children, directed by a white boy,—all about the same age. They were reciting in Spanish, the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary."

Great was the astonishment of the missionaries to find a cross where they thought the very idea of Redemption was unknown.

On seeing them, the white child cried out, in Spanish: "*curas!*" (priests); and all the little Negroes at once turned to see the missionaries. Father Martinez went up to the boy and asked him to guide him to his parents' house. The boy told him that he had been cast ashore there about a year before, in a shipwreck; that he had lost his parents, and that he had been rescued by some Negroes, who had brought him up with their children. Recollecting what he had seen in his own country, he had made the cross, and taught the little Negroes the prayers which his mother had made him say every night and morning.

"They are Christians, then," said the missionary, "as we have heard them praying with you?"

"I do not know whether they are,"

replied the boy; "when they see me pray, they kneel around me, and have learned some words of my prayers; but I do not know whether they understand them, for I do not know their language. I have taught them the Sign of the Cross, and they always make it as they pass before the cross."

"And who planted the cross?"

"I did," replied the boy; "for I remember to have seen them along the roads at home."

And with these words the poor little fellow burst into tears.

The missionary asked him his name, but he did not know it, nor his native place, nor where he came from; nor did he know precisely how long he had been on the island, as he had no way of measuring time.

The missionaries thanked God again and again that a child, unable to read or to write, nor even well instructed in his religion, had thus begun the conversion of a whole tribe, so that they had only to continue his work.

A Grateful Dog.

Quite a remarkable instance of canine gratitude is vouched for by a former Secretary of Charing Cross Hospital, London. Between 10 and 11 o'clock one night the porter heard the whining of a dog at the gates. On opening them, a rough-haired terrier limped in, squatted on the mat, and lifted up its right forepaw. The porter, seeing the limb was injured, summoned the house surgeon. The dog followed this gentleman across the hall to the accident room, and, in response to his invitation, jumped on a chair and again held forth the injured limb. The surgeon dressed it, and the dog immediately testified his gratitude by licking the hand of his benefactor and barking loudly. So noisy was this demonstration that the animal had to be put out.

The Rosebush of Hildesheim.

One Winter's night, as Louis the Pious, emperor of Germany, was riding at the head of his troops through one of the many thick forests of his country, he lost a Rosary, which he was accustomed to carry with him. This precious object was a gift to him from the Empress his mother, and he was deeply grieved at its loss. He gave orders that the path made by the troops should be thoroughly searched, and promised to build a chapel to the Blessed Virgin on the spot where the Rosary should be found.

The whole of the next day was spent in a fruitless search. But just as the shades of night were falling, a young page in the suite of the Emperor, and greatly devoted to the Queen of Heaven, uttered a cry of joy as he saw the Rosary hanging upon a rosebush, which was in full bloom, though it was the depth of Winter. The Emperor returned thanks to Heaven; and when Spring opened he hastened to fulfil his promise, erecting a beautiful chapel, surmounted by a dome in the form of a triple crown, forming the pedestal of a lovely statue of the Blessed Virgin. The wonderful rosebush grew and extended its branches on all sides, so as to form a rich covering for the walls of this votive chapel.

How Xeuxes Turned a Compliment.

Xeuxes, a famous Greek artist of ancient times, painted so naturally a dish of grapes held by a boy, that birds flew down to the canvas and pecked at the fruit. But, while his friends regarded the act as the best compliment ever paid to an artist, Xeuxes sighed, exclaiming, "Had I painted the boy as true to nature as the grapes, the birds would have been afraid to touch them!"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"English Books, 1475-1900," is the attractive title of a new, two-volume work surveying the whole subject from the beginning of printing in England down to the end of the last century. It is, in fact, an outline history of English literature.

—Fr. Aurelius Bruegge, O. F. M., has prepared and the Herder Book Co. have published a "Manuale Rituum" which American parish priests will welcome, it is so well ordered and of such convenient size. But the editor's *monitum* should not be overlooked.

—Those who have no time for much spiritual reading will welcome "Thoughts from St. Alphonsus," for every day in the year, compiled by the Rev. C. McNeiry, C. SS. R. In this excellent booklet the spirit of the great saint, who loved Jesus and Mary so ardently, is shown to great advantage. There is pure spiritual gold in these thoughts. The book would be a suitable Christmas gift for religious and pious lay folk. Benziger Brothers, publishers.

—Lords and Ladies gay, a king or two, a dashing young Irish military officer and his sweetheart, Madeline O'Brien, make "The Story of Sir Charles Vereker," by Jessie A. Gaughan, an engaging narrative. The story moves through the times of the old Civil War in England and the later invasion of Ireland. Cromwell and his Roundheads are, in this romance, the same villains that they were in history. The courage of Sir Charles will arouse the readers' admiration. The love story that is told is very pretty as well as highly dramatic. P. J. Kenedy & Sons.

—"Life of Mère Saint-Joseph Chanay," foundress of the Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph at Belley, Gap and Bordeaux (1795-1853), is an abridgment of the more extended biography of her by Canon Lebeurier. His Eminence Cardinal Andrieu is preparing Mother St. Joseph's Cause to be forwarded to Rome. The late Cardinal Donnet,

a friend of this remarkable religious, declared that her work was "visibly assisted by Divine Providence." An edifying and inspiring account of a great servant of God is this life of Mother Chanay. Published by Benziger Brothers.

—"Vine and Branch" is the title of a very good little book in a gold paper jacket, written by a Sister of Notre Dame and published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. The Rev. Richard A. Gleeson, says in a foreword: "In these pages the author becomes Christ's little messenger to people living out in the world, who feel within themselves aspirations to a higher life, and are eager to realize them. She identifies herself with them, and in words quivering with light, with strength, with unction from the Divine Friend, Counsellor, King, Rabboni in the tabernacle, she utters their inmost thoughts, feelings, desires and resolutions."

—Correcting a spoiled child is ordinarily a tedious task, but in "That Boy Gaston," by Henriette Eugenie Delamare (H. L. Kilner & Co.), it is made the theme of a rather interesting story. Much that is genuinely bright and pleasant is worked into the pages of this new juvenile, thus lightening the rather heavy and obvious moral of the story. Another book for boys and girls is "Mississippi's Blackrobe," by Neil Boyton, S. J., and published by Benziger Brothers. In it Father Marquette's adventures in exploring the Mississippi River have been put into readable narrative form. Much Indian lore also helps to make the book particularly appealing to young readers.

—Those engaged in erecting new churches and other religious buildings, as well as architects themselves and students of architecture, will be glad to know that the Marshall Jones Co. of Boston, Mass., have published a revised edition of "The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," by Ralph Adams Cram. This valuable work has long been out of print; a new

edition of it is a boon. It is a handsome, well printed, durably bound octave of 290 pages, with fifty full-page illustrations. We are glad to hear that it is the intention of the publishers to bring out a uniform edition of Mr. Cram's writings. A wide welcome will await them. "The Ruined Abbeys of Great Britain," by the way, would be an excellent choice for a gift book.

—"One of the reasons why so few of the laity meditate is because of the want of a suitable meditation book," writes the Rev. Albert Rung in the Introduction to his "Meditations for the Laity," just issued by the Herder Book Co. A few years ago that want was well supplied by "Meditation Manual," so often recommended by us, and in an excellent volume called "Meditations for Layfolk," by Dom Bede Camm, O. S. B. We fear this earlier volume is out of print since no reference to it is made in the list of works consulted by Father Rung, though other books, less to the purpose, are cited. We congratulate the author on his commendable endeavor to promote a practice which is bound to result in much spiritual good.

—Our Lady's Mother is the subject of an interesting study by the Rev. Myles V. Roman, C. C., M. R. I. A., in which he presents exhaustive material on the cult and shrines of St. Anne. Clients of the saint, who know only of the sanctuary at Beaupré, in Canada, will find the chapters on devotion to St. Anne in Palestine and Rome, in Provence and Brittany, in England and Dublin very interesting and informing. "S. Anne" (P. J. Kenedy and Sons) will be a delight to those who pay her special devotion; a source of edification to those who wish to know something about "The Model of Mothers," Our Lady's Mother. A dozen beautiful illustrations enhance the attractiveness of this volume; and it is provided with a helpful index.

—In a disarming foreword to his recently published "Letters of a Bishop to his Flock," Cardinal Mundelein disclaims any attempt at great originality or literary grace in these practical compositions, which are, rather, he

thinks, the *prima facie* materials of diocesan history over a given period of time. Nevertheless, this volume has a value and a charm all its own. The busy prelate has made the most of the occasions which inspired these letters on their first appearance, and, in the writing of them, isolated the telling facts, stressed precisely those points that must impress and appeal; and he secured his effect by a swift "touch and go," which involves no slight literary skill. These "letters" are a really important record of the eventful years which they cover.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xlii. 3.

His Eminence Cardinal John Bonzano; Rev. John Hawc, archdiocese of Dubuque; Rev. Edward Holran, diocese of Brooklyn; and Rev. William O'Neill, C. M.

Sister M. Angela, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Clarus and Sister M. Paula, Sisters of the Holy Cross; Mother M. Benedict, Mother M. Austin, and Sister M. Berchmans, Sisters of Mercy.

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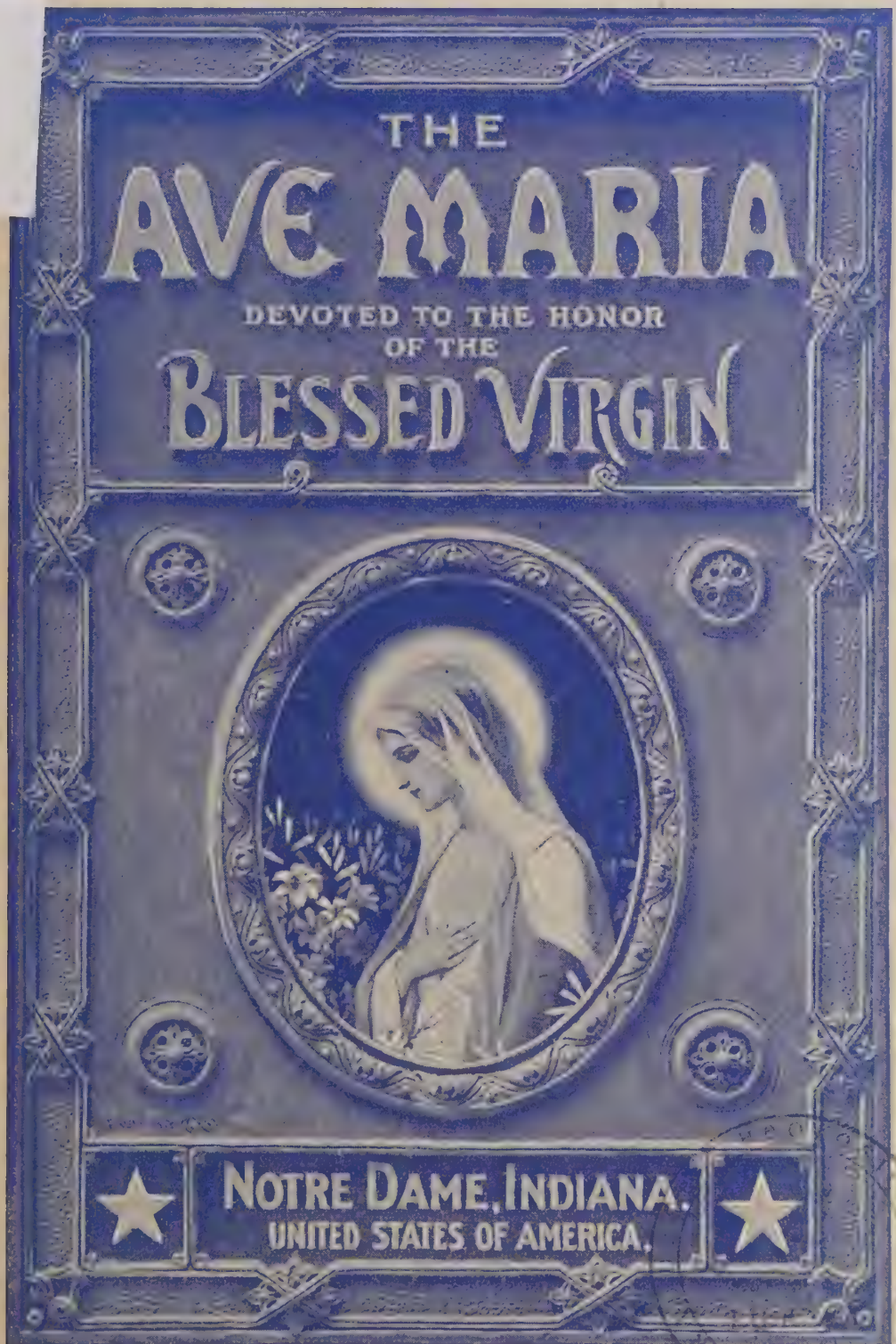
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CONTENTS

If You Should Pass.—(Poem).....	<i>Louise Crenshaw Ray</i>	769
Emblems of the Blessed Virgin.....		769
Ancient Lights.—(Continued)	<i>Agnes Blundell</i>	774
A Thought at Sunrise.—(Poem).....	* * *	777
Early Pictorial Art and Its Significance.....	<i>G. M. Hort</i>	778
An After-Dinner Song.....	<i>Lady Rosa Gilbert</i>	784
Converting the Poet.....	<i>S. B. J.</i>	786
A Book Among Books		788
The Security of Our Faith.....		789
Notes and Remarks:		

The Title of Christ the King.—Harmless but Erroneous.—“Spilling the Beans.”—A Lay Sermon.—An Historic Flag.—President Coolidge on New Mexico.—Catholics in Politics.—Worthy of Remembrance

790

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

Good Night.—(Poem)	<i>V. McS.</i>	794
Childerswell Hall.—(Continued)	<i>Mother Mary Thomas</i>	794
Little Peter's Punishment.....	<i>Emma Florence Bush</i>	798
Milan the Great.....		798
With Authors and Publishers.....		799
Obituary		800

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 17.—St. Lazarus, B. M. Ember Day. <i>Fast.</i>	Philogonius, B. Vigil.
SUNDAY, 18.—FOURTH OF ADVENT. Expectation of the B. V. M. St. Flannan, B.	WEDNESDAY, 21.—St. Thomas, Ap.
MONDAY, 19.—Bl. Urban IV., P. St. Nemesion, C.	THURSDAY, 22.—St. Flavian, M. St. Ischyriion, M.
TUESDAY, 20.—St. Dominic of Silos, Ab. St.	FRIDAY, 23.—St. Victoria, V. M.
	SATURDAY, 24.—St. Tharsilla, V. Vigil of Christmas. <i>Fast.</i>


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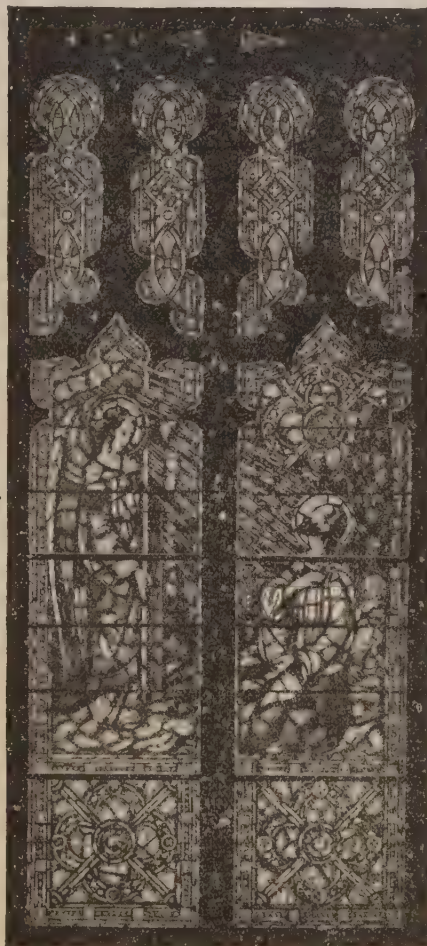
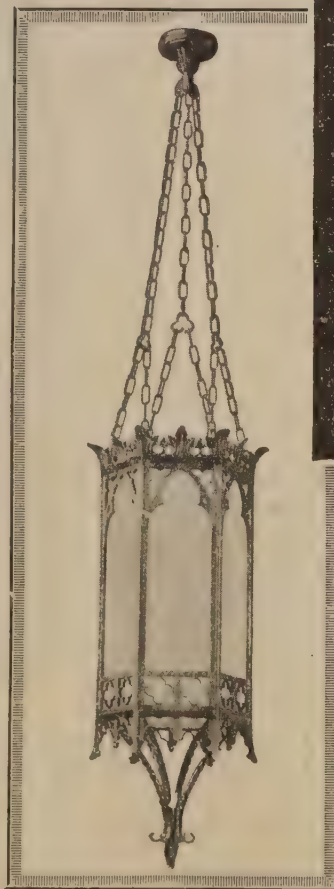
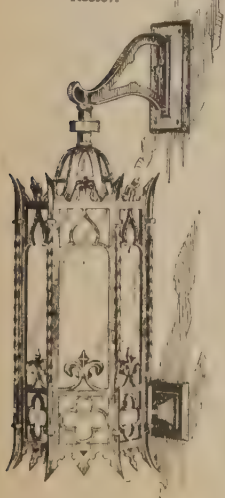
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HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1. 48.

Vol. XXVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 17, 1927.

No. 25.

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If You Should Pass.

BY LOUISE CRENSHAW RAY.

I THINK, beloved, should I be lying dead,
And you should pass in the old familiar
way—

The sunlight glinting on your lifted head,
Smiling a greeting, valiant, warm and gay—

My heart would stir like a Spring-warmed
chrysalis;

My soul return from some star-peopled
sphere,

Where Death stands guard above the lone
abyss;

If you should pass beneath my window,
dear.

Emblems of the Blessed Virgin.



ARDINAL NEWMAN compares the Blessed Mother of God to "a fair tree stretching forth her fruitful branches and her fragrant leaves and overshadowing the territory of the saints." So does her image seem to overshadow the whole history of the human race. Her prototypes are on every page of sacred lore. Prophets saw her with the clear eye of supernatural divination; and the poets and seers of Holy Writ described her in glowing imagery, in immortal poesy, in metaphor and simile, which have been reproduced in the liturgy of the Church and sung in her offices. Many of these figures were taken from the exquisite scenery of those Eastern landscapes: the hills which overlooked

Jerusalem, clothed with the olive, the pine, the cypress, the myrtle or the cedar; from the profusion of nature, where the orange blossoms fill the air with sweetness, where lilies, tulips, anemones grow in rich abundance, decorating the meadows as for a gorgeous festival; where the pomegranate, the golden citrons and green fig, as is related "were simply common plants"; where the grapes grow purple and luscious under fertilizing skies.

Again, there is little doubt that the wonderful language of psalmist and singer gained a beauty and solemnity from those impressive festivals of the Old Law; the Feast of Tabernacles, when the chosen people lived in tents of olive, myrtle or cypress; the Feast of Harvest, when the first fruits of ripe corn were offered; the Feast of the Pool of Siloam, which was celebrated with so much festivity, so much of light and singing, that the Scribes called it emphatically "*the festival*"; and there was a Jewish proverb that "he who has never seen the rejoicings at the pouring out of the water of Siloam, has never seen rejoicings in his life." Of course there were many other festivals, impossible to enumerate, the ceremonies of which were marked with an individuality, an austerity, and at the same time a joyousness which seemed to come from the close intercommunication which the early leaders of Israel had with the Deity or with God's ministering spirits.

The Mother of God is familiarly represented as the Ark of the Covenant, the haven of salvation, which is to open wide and receive the storm-threatened pilgrims of life. For by her share in man's redemption, she offered him a shelter from the general destruction which would otherwise have involved mankind. "The Ark," says a chronicler, "being the most remarkable and conspicuous object in Jewish ceremonial worship, is constantly dwelt upon by the Fathers of the Church with special delight as the great figure of our Blessed Lady." The Ark, too, was made after the design of God: "See that thou make all things according to the pattern shown thee on the Mount," said the Lord to Moses.* It was of a most precious substance, fashioned of incorruptible wood, covered upon all sides with purest gold, in perfect harmony of form. Its cover was called the mercy-seat, because thereon was placed the Seat of Jehovah. There the Lord was consulted and answers were received from Him. The Ark was kept carefully within the Holy of Holies, that nothing profane might approach it. The application of all this symbolism to the Holy Mother of the Redeemer is, indeed, most apparent and most consoling to her faithful children.

Another and very beautiful emblem of Our Lady is the Enclosed Garden, which may be applied in various ways as regards her miraculous preservation from all taint of evil. But it seems to have a direct bearing upon her life in the Temple, the very synonym of peace and tranquillity, of devout contemplation and intimate communing with the Most High. She went upward, with Joachim and Anne, her parents, to Jerusalem, type of the heavenly city upon which her thoughts were ever fixed; crossing the Jordan and ascending the slopes to the Hill of Galilee,

whence Galileans, resting upon their journeys, gained the first glimpse of Sion. Mary parted from her loved ones, and, entering "the house of the Lord," gave herself up to an interior life. In one of the Apocryphal Gospels, respectable because of antiquity, it is recorded that the devout Joachim and Anne returned home blessing God, because the Maiden had not turned back from the immolation of herself in the holy place. She ascended the fifteen steps to the apartments reserved for the women, chanting psalms as the custom was.

The watch kept before the Court of the Women was a very strict one. The priests alone were permitted to open and shut the doors; and it was their bounden duty to remain constantly upon guard that none might enter unlawfully. During the night a priest or levite had to continue this duty of supervision; and if any one was found asleep at his post, he was beaten and his garments burned,—this latter punishment being looked upon as the greatest disgrace. The watchers spent intervals of rest in what was called the House of Burning, and thence were assigned to different posts. When all appointments had been made, and "the heavens were bright all up to Hebron," the lamb was prepared for the morning sacrifice, and a thousand silver bugles called Jerusalem to worship. The Eastern gate leading from the Court of Women to the upper court was called the Beautiful Gate, and therein was erected the altar for the burnt-offering. There Mary joined in the figurative sacrifice and prayed for the coming of the Messiah.

This symbol of the Enclosed Garden has been beautifully used in art, appearing in many of the ancient masterpieces, particularly where the Annunciation or Immaculate Conception is represented. Thus in a celebrated picture by Francia in Munich, the Divine Infant is laid on the flowering turf,

* Ex., xxv, 40.

while Mary looks down upon Him with love, and both are inclosed in a trellis-work of roses.

The Burning Bush is another of the emblems of the Mother Blest. Chaucer apostrophizes her as

The bush unburnt, burning in Moses' sight.

In the Vespers for the Feast of the Circumcision the comparison is directly made by one of the antiphons: "In the bush which Moses saw burning with fire, yet not consumed, we see the emblem of her admirable virginity. Mother of God, intercede for us!" The terse, forcible words of Holy Scripture relate how Moses led the flocks of his father-in-law, Jethro, the Madianite, till he came to Mount Horeb, in the inner desert. A simple, pastoral scene, and yet on a sudden in that wondrous solitude was witnessed "a great sight: a bush burning, yet not burnt." When the Lord saw that Moses "went forward," He called to him from the flame of fire. Moses responded, "Here I am"; and was bidden to remove his shoes before treading the holy ground. Moses, like Mary, having corresponded in every degree with the divine invitation, received from Adonai, the leader of Israel, wonderful promises for the deliverance of the people of God. In artistic representations of the subject, Moses usually appears in the act of untying his sandals; and he is sometimes introduced into pictures of the Madonna because of his connection with this mysterious symbol.

In another antiphon of the Sacred Office Mary is likened to the Fleece of Gedeon. "When Thou wast born in an ineffable manner of a Virgin, the Scriptures were fulfilled. Thou didst descend like the rain into the fleece." Here, again, is a Scriptural scene, dramatic in its very simplicity, and full of exact similitudes to the Immaculate Mother, as well as of lessons for her children. Gedeon was busy at his labor of thresh-

ing wheat when the angeel saluted him with the startling words: "The Lord is with thee, O most valiant of men!" And, though Gedeon was actually preparing to fly from his enemies, the angel added: "Go in this thy strength, and thou shalt deliver Israel out of the hand of Madian. Know that I have sent thee." The chosen one, in his humility, began to argue: "I beseech Thee, my Lord, wherewith shall I deliver Israel? Behold, my family is the meanest in Manasses, and I am the least in my father's house." The angel promised him that the Lord should be with him; and, confident in this power, lowly and self-distrustful, but obedient to the divine command, he went forth to victory. A sign was given him, at his request, to aid him in the struggle; and the sacrifice he had made was consumed by miraculous fire.

Gedeon was, then, divinely commanded to destroy the altar of Baal and to erect another, which he immediately did, despite a fierce storm of opposition. Summoning all the people of God, he exhorted them to unite against the common foe; and for their encouragement he obtained a miracle. He asked that a fleece left upon the ground by night should be wet while the ground remained dry, and that on the following night the contrary should be the case. This event is regarded by the Fathers as a foreshadowing of the miraculous birth of Jesus Christ, and Mary is compared to the Fleece of Gedeon.

Various flowers are emblematical of Mary, and are so used, whether in Holy Writ, in the writings of the Fathers, or in the Liturgy of the Church. The rose, as the most perfect of flowers, symbolical of love and emitting the most exquisite fragrance, is frequently made synonymous of the Virgin of pure love. She is hailed as the Mystical Rose and the Rose of Sharon, giving forth an odor of sweetness and charity, of fervor and

patience. Dante represents Mary as the Mystical Rose blooming in Paradise; "while attendant angels, circle within circle, floating round her and singing the *Regina Cœli*; while saints and patriarchs stretching forth their hands to her, is all a splendid but indefinite vision of dazzling light, crossed by shadowy forms." As the Mystical Rose, an invocation which the Litany of Loreto has made familiar, Mary is introduced into the creations of many artists, giving that ideal touch in which the painters of those Medieval days of exalted faith and fervor so wondrously excelled. Sometimes there is a rosebush, or again a plantation of roses in the background, or vines trailing roses, to point out the perfect rose, the rarest flower of grace.

The lily is, however, universally accepted as the most excellent figure of Mary all spotless. "I am the flower of the field and the lily of the valley," says the Spouse in the Canticles; and she is further described as "a lily among thorns." The Lily of Israel became in all times an accepted appellation of the Blessed Virgin. The austere symmetry of this emblem, its outline, its delicate whiteness, its golden petals, are suggestive of that most exquisite type of female loveliness, which has inspired numberless artists and attracted in all ages the tenderest devotion of noble souls. This title of the Blessed Virgin received its apotheosis, as it were, when the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was proclaimed.

The Cedar of Lebanon, by its incorruptibility, its healing qualities, its fragrance, its grateful shade, and the height which it attains, has likewise become an emblem of the Virgin Blest. "I was exalted like a cedar in Libanus," says the sacred writer, in words applied by the Church to the Mother of the Saviour. In the Canticles she is again compared to the trees of

Libanus, and from the top of that beautiful Galilean hill the heavenly Bridegroom invites her to come and be crowned.

St. Bernard, in one of his Advent homilies, addresses the Virgin Mother as the celestial plant, the true tree of life, alone worthy to bear the eternal Fruit. She is "exalted as the palm tree of Cades and as a rose plant in Jericho, as a fair olive-tree in the plains and as a plane-tree by the water in the streets." Her "branches of honor and grace are stretched out as the turpentine-tree." And again she is likened to a "cluster of cypress in the vineyards of Engaddi."* All these symbols are very fitting expressions of her loveliness, of her manifold attributes of grace, mercy, godliness, and power over the Heart of Jesus. The delicate green of the olive, the cypress pointing heavenward, the plantain stretching its refreshing shadow, the palm indicative of her perfect victory over sin and death, and of the aid which she extends to the pilgrims of earth in their constant warfare and final departure, are all true types of the Mother of fair love and holy hope.

An emblem of singular appropriateness and beauty is that of the Mystic Hill, where rests the celestial Bridegroom "when the day breaks and the shadows retire"; the mountain of myrrh, the hill of frankincense. Mary stood with the calm majesty of the hills amid the storms and tempests of those evil days. So she shall stand till the end of time, the symbol of strength for the weak and weary. There is forever an ideal of repose, of unchangeableness, of immutability about hills, as they arise between heaven and earth, witness to all time of the Creator. Thence, too, magnificent views are obtained, objects are seen afar off, and something of infinitude fills the mind.

* Canticles, i, 13.

Hence, this simile may be extended in all directions with regard to the most blessed amongst women.

Mary is likewise symbolized by the Golden Gate,—in its material sense, that precious gate, richly adorned with jewels and with a wealth of tradition, where Joachim and Anne met after their consoling vision and in the hour of their joy; in the mystical sense, as the golden gate of heaven which Mary opened to mankind through her Divine Son; the Gate, too, through which Jesus, the Prince of Light, came to enlighten a darkened world. The Gate of Heaven and the "Gate ever shut" of the Prophet Ezekiel are other variations of this comparison.

A text from the Book of Wisdom symbolizes the Blessed Mother as Mirror of Justice, a clear crystal reflecting perfectly the justice of God. It is on that account sometimes introduced into pictures of the Immaculate Conception. The Sealed Book, the Sealed Fountain, the "Well ever filled," are all mystically interpreted as referring to Mary. The Tower of Ivory was applied to her because of her beauty, for tradition declares her to have been the most beautiful amongst the daughters of men. House of Gold represented, as it were, her exceeding great price in the sight of the Most Holy Trinity. Tower of David, built with bulwarks, "hung with the bucklers of valiant men," is another similitude of the Canticles, and a familiar invocation of the Litany of Loreto. This Tower, built by Melchisedec, fortified and beautified by David, defended by the noble Maccabees, is described as "showing like burnished gold in the Western sunlight; near it rising a palm-tree almost as lofty and as fair to see. Upon the wall above the gateway David's watchmen had stood looking for tidings of Absalom, and far to the East and West went the wail of Ephraim when Absalom was slain." It was dis-

tinctly a place of refuge and of strength, and as such foreshadows Mary, haven and safe refuge for sinners.

In the Apocalypse the Divine Mother is described as "a woman clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars." The moon is symbolical of her perpetual virginity, and refers to the Immaculate Conception and her complete triumph over the old serpent. The star is one of the most frequently employed emblems, as Star of the Sea, Morning Star, Star of Jacob, the Fixed Star. In art it often appears upon the veil of the Virgin or on the shoulder of her mantle; or again in a crown of twelve, alluding to the twelve Apostles and to the foregoing text from the inspired Seer of Patmos.

The King's Daughter is still another appellation of Mary Immaculate. "The king's daughter is all glorious within, her clothing is of wrought gold; she shall be brought unto the king in a vesture of needlework." Another form of the same idea is the Queen of Heaven with superbly jewelled crown. This crown, in historical pictures, varies with the country wherein the representation is made.

The Blessed Virgin is often addressed as the Dove: "A Dove in the cleft of the Rock." "Come, my Dove, to be crowned." In art, a dove above her head signifies the Holy Ghost; and seven doves, the Sevenfold Gifts. Another symbol used in art as a reminder of Mary's share in the Redemption is the apple, the cause of man's fall; and when it is in the hands of the Mother, she is described as the Second Eve. The serpent under her feet refers to the promise, "She shall crush thy head." The globe signifies her triumph over a fallen world.

So, through the unbroken history of the Church, in the marvellous symbolism of her liturgy, these emblems are re-

called to the minds of the faithful in the antiphons, the prayers, the psalms; and are again reproduced in the painted windows of historic fanes, in Christian art and sculpture; embodying whole pages of sacred mysticism in their incentives to devotion, their exaltation of the Divine Motherhood, and in the constant reminder that as all evil came to man through a woman, so all good proceeds, and shall proceed to the end of time, from a Woman—sweet Mary, Mother of Mercy, who, as ages roll on, sits enthroned beside her Son, while the angels bow before her, and the universe proclaims her blessed.

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXVI.



HE folly of the Cross!" The words rang strangely through the woodland clearing, and the silence that followed was broken only by the noises from the pageant of the road: the jingling of bit and stirrup, the creaking of heavy axle-trees, the shout of the wagoner to his team, and the ribald song of some strolling wastrel.

The stranger had drawn back sharply, when at last Mother Anne spoke again.

"Yea, because he chose rather the way of Christ than of the world, he has come to this. His father has laid down his life for conscience' sake in prison; his patrimony is given to strangers; he is fain to share a beggar's crust."

"A Popish recusant, are you?" asked the other harshly; "one who has plotted against the State no doubt?"

"I am a Catholic," said Richard. "Let her not suffer for her charity. I was released from prison to-day, and have orders to be five miles forth of

London ere sunrise. If you, sir, be a magistrate, detain me if you will, but let this woman go. Her only fault hath been compassion to me whom she found fainting by the wayside."

"Why did you bring me here?" the man demanded, this time of Mother Anne.

"That you might see your neighbor," she returned. "See, he has not even been tried, for they could find no cause against him." She gently lifted up Richard's thick, untrimmed locks of hair. "See here where they stoned him when he was brought bound to London, having been dragged on foot from Liverpool—see these scars where they hung him up by the hands."

"Sir, sir!" called voices in the wood; and two men servants, with clubs in their hands, came into sight, peering anxiously about among the trees.

"I am here and in no peril," returned their master. Then once again he addressed Mother Anne.

"What do you want of me—money?"

"Nay. Take up this man, put him in thy coach and take him to thy house—"

"No—no!" interrupted Richard, choking, "he will send me back to prison. Not that—in God's Name! I fear not death; but prison—the common side!—"

His face betrayed the horror he had no words to tell, and Mother Anne hastened to reassure him.

"Have no fear, child; he will not harm thee," she said soothingly. "I think," she added to the other, "that you are Mr. Robert Hutton of Stoneleys? Is it so? Then," as he nodded assent, "take this youth beyond the limit of present danger. Give him accommodation in your house to-night, food, warmth and such apparel as he needs, and to-morrow set him upon the road for Oxford. The Lord will bless thee, and will give thee again the grace thou hast trampled underfoot."

The stranger started and grew pale. When he next spoke his voice was hoarse and strained.

"Here, Ben and Giles," he said to his servants, "assist this gentleman to the coach. His friends have done me a service, and I must e'en repay it by succoring him."

"What of you?" asked Richard of Mother Anne.

"I'll await thee beyond the bridge," she said, as Richard, leaning on the stout arms of the serving-men, was escorted to the coach by its owner.

Weariness immediately overpowered him as he sank down on the cushions in the dark recesses of the vehicle. He hardly knew how to address his companion, and judged it prudent not to be the first to speak. Mother Anne had laid stress on the name of Mr. Hutton's house, Stoneleys. He had heard of the place before, but could not identify it with the name of the man beside him.

At length Mr. Hutton broke silence.

"If you must needs lie at my house to-night, I am taking you somewhat from your road," he observed. "My dwelling is beyond the hamlet of Willesdon, half a mile or more off the Kilbourn turnpike."

"If you do but set me down five miles from London you will be doing me a great favor," returned Richard. "Mother Anne hath a kindness for me, as indeed she hath for every living creature in distress. Perchance her charity over-runneeth discretion in casting me thus, a homeless wanderer, upon your charge."

"How, sir! You speak fair; can you plead privilege of clergy?" quoth the other sharply.

Richard laughed.

"I might boast of being a graduate of the University of Bologna," he said, "and of some acquaintance with the new learning, but of what avail? I had rather have a good trade in my

hand nowadays, to earn my bread."

His companion was silent for a moment, and then said abruptly: "I'll keep faith with the old woman."

He spoke no more, and the coach jolted forward at a good pace. It was starlight ere Stoneleys was reached, but Richard could perceive the outline of a prosperous-looking building, standing in a small park. On reaching it he was shown into an upper chamber where a servant presently furnished him with water for washing, shaving materials and some fresh clothes, begging him in his master's name, not to issue forth until summoned.

The well-worn black suit hung loosely upon Richard's spare figure, but when he had washed, shaved and trimmed his hair by the help of a mirror on the wall, he felt his courage revive. Though he was glad to don the cast-off clothes of a retired city magnate—for so he justly supposed Mr. Hutton to be,—yet the feeling of personal cleanliness and decent garments somehow revived his courage; and he no longer dreaded pursuit.

The room was lit by a couple of home-made candles set in sconces. The window was set high in the wall, and Richard, gazing forth, made out a moat around the house and the fretted outline of tall trees against the night sky.

Presently came a knock at the door, and in response to his invitation, a lady entered and hastily closed the door behind her. She was a person of middle-age, dressed as a widow.

"Surely, sir," she exclaimed impulsively, "you are not the man whom my father but now brought home in his coach?"

Richard bowed, and pointed to his discarded clothes.

"By Mr. Hutton's assistance I have made some little improvement in my apparel," he said. After a moment's hesitation he added: "Is this place indeed

Stoneleys' Manor? I think I have heard a friend speak of it."

"Aye," said the widow, "that may be. But how am I to know that your friend is my friend?"

"Well," returned Richard, "I am sent hither by one called Mother Anne, who seemed to have some acquaintance with your father. I have lain many months in prison for professing the Catholic faith. Mother Anne brought succor to me and my father, who died there. May God have mercy upon his soul! I have heard this house named among Catholics, but they spoke of one Mistress Wareing of these parts who kept the faith."

"I am she," declared the widow. "I see that we may speak freely. I am, and always have been, a Catholic, and my father, who has conformed to save his estate, is a Catholic at heart."

"God be praised!" exclaimed Richard. "So I am come to a Catholic house." He hesitated for a moment, and then asked: "Is there a priest here?"

"Yea, one Master Joseph Lampton, a secular, with whom you shall presently sup. He is but new arrived and would make his way North."

"Then we may be fellow-travellers, perchance," said Richard.

"He goes to Yorkshire," went on the other. "The Council there have been very busy, and, partly through false brethren, have laid hold of many priests of late. But the blood of martyrs is a goodly seed."

Richard made no reply, but stood with eyes cast down thinking of his father. "I must crave a Mass of his charity," he murmured at last, "since I have not the wherewithal to make an offering."

"Come, we will go to the holy man," said his hostess. "Supper waits, and you must be in need of refreshment."

She led the way into an adjacent

room where a young man was pacing to and fro with an open breviary in his hand. Mistress Wareing introduced Neville, and then withdrew. The priest greeted him in friendly fashion, and seeing his famished look, begged him to satisfy his hunger before they conversed further.

Richard needed no urging. The viands set forth, though in reality plain enough, seemed to him the most exquisite fare. But scarcely was the first sharpness of his hunger blunted than the old fears recurred to his mind. He had, indeed, scrupulously avoided the houses of his friends for fear of bringing them under suspicion. Might he not as easily endanger the lives and property of these charitable strangers, and even that of the priest?

He pushed away his plate, and rapidly informed his companion of his doubts.

Mr. Lampton appeared in no way alarmed.

"You are not a prescribed person, or they would not have set you at liberty," he declared. "Therefore Master Hutton runs little risk in giving you shelter. As for myself, I have the means of hiding. 'Tis a place cunningly contrived by Father Holtley himself, and you know he was a master of the art."

"Then, good sir, do you straightway set therein anything that might betray you at a sudden summons," exclaimed Richard. "That breviary you were reading a while ago—those papers yonder and that book." He had risen and was pacing hurriedly about the room. "The supper-table," he added, coming to a standstill, "had best be removed. Look, sir, I will return to the other room until you make all secure."

The priest smiled, but was prevailed upon by the other's urgency. As Richard pushed open the door, and paused with his hand upon the lock, ponder-

ing in which direction lay his own chamber, a soft knock sounded on the hall door which was already closed for the night.

A sudden ague seemed to strike Richard. He darted forward to the head of the stairs.

"Do not open," he called anxiously to the porter who was unbarring the door.

"Not open!" said the fellow. "Why, 'tis but Master Rawson come for a game of cards with my master!"

"I pray thee, hold!" begged Neville in an agony, but the man, a heavy, stupid fellow, began to unbar the door.

Richard drew back and found the priest at his elbow.

"O Sir, hide yourself!" he exclaimed.

The sound of many feet trampling into the house proved the justice of his fears. "I thought I heard many footsteps approaching," he whispered.

"You too," said the priest, fleeing back light-footed into the chamber he had just quitted; and going directly to the wainscot, he pressed it with his hand. The oak panel and the stone work behind it swung round on a pivot, revealing a narrow aperture and a flight of steep steps, leading down to a small stone chamber, shaped like a grave.

"You first," said Richard.

Then as the priest crouched on the floor and slid backwards through the hole, a doubt occurred to him. Was it prudent to share the priest's hiding-place? Might he not in his endeavor to save himself bring danger upon the Lord's anointed?

Richard had always rated his own courage high, as would any youth of spirit; but now it seemed to desert him. The dread of recapture was so great that it seemed he could not face it.

"Come you in swiftly," urged Mr. Lampton in a whisper; "they must not hear us stirring."

Richard knelt on the floor, but even

as he bent his head, the Squire's words recurred to him; he drew back, glancing fearfully behind him. There stood the supper tray, set for two.

"God first," Sir Nicholas had said. "That is all we have got to think about—God first!"

Richard rose to his feet.

"This table will betray us," he whispered, "and the servants have seen me. I spoke to the porter a moment ago!"

Biting his lip, he snatched up the priest's cup and platter, and thrusting them into his hands, bade him descend at once to the secret chamber.

Mr. Lampton was inclined to protest, but Richard quickly closed the narrow opening.

"If ought befalls me," he said just before the spring shot home, "I pray you remember my father in your prayers."

Hastening back to the table, he began to serve himself with a shaking hand. Hardly had he done so when the door opened, and a numerous company rushed into the room.

(To be continued.)

A Thought at Sunrise.

ENGRAVED in light and color, as of old

The monks illumed with lustrous hues the

Word

Of God, I saw upon the Eastern sky

A prophecy of all the day.—In shades

Of sombre gray that melted into blue,

My hours of toil were traced; deep amber
rifts

That merged with crimson clouds were rays
of love,

By friendship cast across the weary hours;

The long dark lines of purple gloom foretold

The seal of sorrow that each day must know;

But lo! the cloud-page ended in a burst

Of golden promise; and, all else forgot,

I knew God's blessing crowned the gleam and
gloom.

* * *

Early Pictorial Art and Its Significance.

BY G. M. HORT.

HUMAN beings, as everyone knows, share with quite a number of intelligent animals the ability to construct houses in which to live and the desire to migrate from place to place, in search of the means of living. Man, both as home-maker and as traveller, has many humbler comrades, working, according to their several degrees, in the same field.

But the power of observing and remembering things seen and of reproducing their likenesses is an exclusively human power. Man as a conscious artist is a lonely figure in creation; and, evidently, destined to remain so. "Art," as G. K. Chesterton pithily reminds us, "is the signature of man." And so definitely and positively is it *his* signature that wherever the geologists, biologists and archaeologists, in their explorations into the remote past, come upon an outline drawing of some human or animal form, or a decorative design, however simple, they are bound to conclude that *Homo sapiens* has been there—planning with his human brain, working with his human hands, and using those distinctive human faculties of his—memory and imagination.

Needless to say, we do not all possess the artistic faculty in the same degree. The number of great, or even competent, artists is comparatively few. But we all possess the germ of the faculty, and we all know that it exists, and has existed from the very earliest ages, as one of the distinctive gifts of God to man *as* man.

The origin of the English word "art" is said to be from the Latin verb, *arare*, to plough; and this is not only an interesting, but an illuminating, bit of philology.

Ploughing, we all know, was one of the earliest of human arts; but the association of ideas seems to go deeper, and to lead us further than that; for in the work of the plough on the land, it is possible to see an actual resemblance to the work of the pictorial artist on some chosen, receptive surface. The plough traces a pattern, makes a kind of picture, forces, as it were, the yielding earth to reproduce some image which was formed in the husbandman's brain. Whether the first ploughers of the soil were conscious artists or not does not affect the matter. In either case, the resemblance between their methods and those of the earliest picture-makers is obvious enough to explain the origin of the word "art."

Man made pictures before he made furrows. Before he could do anything so practically useful as drive a plough, he had begun to obey the creative artistic urge within him, and to give to his dreams "a local habitation and a name." We do not know the precise date of the earliest pictorial art; but we know that it must have been very early indeed in the world's history, and that it must have far preceded any period which we should call "civilized."

Those strange drawings which have been discovered in various prehistoric caverns of Europe;* those remarkable, vigorous figures of animals, outlined in black and polychrome, in deep recesses and on dim walls, where daylight could scarcely ever have penetrated, are conjectured by experts to date from 12,000, B. C. or thereabouts, and to have been the work of artists of the Paleolithic or Early Stone Age.

Paleolithic man was a wild, untaught creature. He knew nothing of agriculture or the domestication of animals, but lived by the chase. The hunt-

* Those in the caves of Altamira, Santander, Spain, are perhaps the most talked of; but there are a great many others.

er's is an arduous and dangerous life; but it is also, as we know, by the very nature of things, a life in which periods of activity alternate with periods of leisure; a life, that is to say, which gives room for dreaming as well as doing. Some kind of picture-making is one of the earliest forms of expression for an active human brain; and so, on the walls of their cave-homes, on the pieces of stone, wood or bone, which served them for tools and weapons, the more artistic members of these communities of hunters strove to reproduce the forms of things they remembered—or imagined.

Naturally, their technical skill was of the poorest. It matched their crude equipment—the charred sticks with which they traced, the sharp flints with which they carved or scratched, and the colored clays, chalks and oxides with which they tinted their designs. They had none of the confidence with which long centuries of increasing knowledge have endowed the modern craftsman; none of that training of hand and eye which makes the exact reproduction of any given object comparatively easy nowadays for the average art-student. They could only rely on the intensity of their inward impulse, the clearness of their inward vision; could only hope that by the help of these their roughly outlined “impressionist” sketches would resemble the things they wished to represent sufficiently to suggest, or symbolize them, to an understanding eye.

Art pursued under such conditions is literally a venture of faith; it comes into line with other and greater spiritual efforts and aspirations. And there is a sense in which the very weaknesses of such an art may make for its strength: its very limitations serve as its path to freedom. In other words, these pioneers of picture-making could hardly have been distracted by the

modern lust for fame, for popularity, for great material rewards. Such things had little meaning in their twilight world; and there was probably very little to hope for in the way of appreciation or intelligent criticism from their fellow-tribesmen, of whose limited sympathies and want of imagination they must have had constant experience.

It has also been noted that some of the most ambitious of the drawings occur in the most inaccessible places,—in dark recesses and out-of-the-way corners, where spectators would hardly congregate, and where, perhaps, no human eye, save the artist's own, would rest on the work at all.

We can not, of course, make any dogmatic assertions about the inner meaning of this; but there would certainly seem to be nothing unreasonable in the idea held by many scholars that this primitive pictorial art sprang from a religious instinct, and was intended to serve a definite religious purpose. For instance, the crude representation of some wild animal whose flesh was sorely needed to supply food and whose skin would provide clothing may have expressed the wordless appeal of the hunter-craftsman to Divine Providence for success in the chase, or the wordless thanksgiving for each success already gained. In short, it is quite probable that the earliest pictorial art was a form of “prayer,”—an attempt gropingly made in darkness and solitude to establish communications with the Unseen,—with the “Father Who seeth in secret.”

To this and similar kinds of picture-making, we obviously owe the invention of written words.* All writing was once but a kind of picturing; and the

* Note how similar were (and, indeed, still are) the methods of writing and drawing. The Greeks and Romans carved their messages on wax-tablets, and the Chinese scribe still writes with a brush.

various letters of the most ancient alphabets reveal their true character as crude, pictorial signs, little "impressionist" sketches of familiar objects. The Hebrew alphabet is a particularly good example of this development.

Most of us know, for example, that *Beth*, the second letter of the Hebrew Alphabet, and corresponding to our letter "B," is also the Hebrew word for "house." We have heard it again and again in such Scriptural names as Bethel ("House of God") and Bethlehem ("House of Bread") and its meaning has grown sufficiently familiar.

But, in the beginning, *Beth* was not a word, nor even a letter, but just a pictorial sign, representing an attempt to draw a house or tent; an attempt which its form still suggests, or would suggest, to us, if our ideas of houses and tents and of the way to represent them on paper had not become so much more elaborate. The same is substantially true of all the two-and-twenty letters of the Hebrew alphabet, each of which was primarily intended to represent the object whose name it bore. Thus the letter *Yod* represented a hand, the letter *He*, a window, the letter *Teth*, a snake, and so on.

The Jewish legend of the letter *Yod* having once found a voice and spoken to the Lord God takes on a new interest, when we think of the part played in prayer by the human hand. And the practice, observed to this day by pious Jews, of disposing the hands of the dead in the form of the letter *Tau**—the final letter of the alphabet—gains a pathetic significance in the light of the fact that this letter takes the form of the ancient T-shaped cross, which, from the very earliest times, was a sacred sign among the Jews, a recognized symbol of eternity.

Pictures and letters were also very closely allied in ancient Egypt, where words were literally made up of a succession of tiny symbolic drawings, and where the term "picture-writing" exactly suited the case. For the Egyptians, pictorial art supplied a real need of life, and pictures for them had their own magical reality and practical purpose. The elaborate symbolic paintings on the mummy-cases and the tomb-walls were executed with a definite end in view; they were the *vade mecum* of the departing soul, and were intended to instruct, sustain and protect the dead, to depict the successive ordeals and dangers of the last great journey, and to show how they could best be surmounted or avoided.

The religious art of the Egyptians aimed at ministering to the supposed needs of the soul rather than at feeding the instinct for worship; and a study of the curious and, according to our standards, grotesque illuminations in "The Book of the Dead"* may make some of us deplore their materialistic views of the supernatural. None the less, the spiritual possibilities of picture-making were recognized in Egypt, and in such symbols of divinity as the "Eye of Horus" and the "Key of Immortality" we get a challenge to the imagination to visualize the invisible.

The pictorial art of the Assyrians seems to have been of a more worldly order. Chaldea, with its magic, its strange imagery of ghosts and demons, fell under the hand of a competent militarist people; and in the Empire of Assyria, pictorial art seems to have been mainly prized as a convenient means of recording victories.

The pictures and symbols of their clay tablets, the color-schemes of their glazed tiles, suggest a certain self-glori-

* The literal meaning of the Hebrew word *Tau* is "sign." This *Tau*, or T, is the most ancient form of a cross known to us.

* "The Book of the Dead" is the rather misleading popular name given to the scrolls of papyrus which were placed in each tomb.

fication and self-satisfaction which, whenever and wherever they have appeared in human history, have always proved fatal to real art. We get the impression that the Assyrians employed craftsmen to chronicle the exploits of the kings and the triumphs of the nation under certain cramping conventional conditions. If a certain event were recorded, and a certain space filled up, no more was felt to be necessary; and it is impossible not to think that much creative artistic work was denied expression, and that the mechanical and uninspired worker was most in demand.

Yet the Assyrian temples were sometimes glorious in decorative design. Tiglath-Pileser I. (1100 B. C.) boasted, for example, of a sanctuary which he had caused to be built that its interior was like the dome of heaven and its walls like the splendor of the rising stars. . . . Even this ostentatious pictorial art could not avoid the upward look, the heavenward aspiration.

It ought not to be forgotten, by the way, that the old Hebrew dread of imagery was, strictly speaking, a tribute to the religious significance of pictures and images; not a denial of it. The idea of a graven image seems to have been inseparable, for the Hebrew mind, from an object of *worship*; and the same, though in a modified degree, was true of a picture, a representation on a plane surface. That also might be sufficiently stimulating to the imagination to arouse the instinct of awe and reverence which the worshipper of the One God wished to feel only for the Unseen—and Unseeable.

We know what drastic methods were taken to avoid this peril. We know that though the Hebrews, like their neighbors, were acquainted with certain vivid colors, such as Tyrian purple and sapphire-blue,* spoke of them in terms

which suggest loving appreciation of their beauty, and used them freely in the furniture of the Temple and their own dress, they never used them to create what we understand by a picture. The Hebrew language has no equivalent of the verb "to paint." In Hebrew thought, pictorial art was so thoroughly associated with heathenism, with the ceremonial of heathen shrines and heathen gods, as to constitute a practical danger to monotheism.

On the other hand, we must not lose sight of a certain abstract reverence which the Hebrew always retained for art, as for something taught, or revealed, to man by God Himself—the gift and attribute of the Divine Wisdom. On this the more enlightened Jewish teachers of all ages have invariably insisted; and it almost seems as if the prohibition against the use of imagery may have been a form of that reverence—a protest of real art devotees against the abuses and limitations to which the thing they loved and honored was subjected in irreverent and uninstructed hands.

We are accustomed to think and talk of Greek art as the greatest known to the ancient world; and so, in a sense, it was. But the greatest work of the Greek artists—at least, the greatest work that has come down to us—was done in the realistic art of sculpture. The Greek genius was more at home when making out of marble the actual facsimiles of objects than when striving, as it were, to throw the shadows of them on a plane surface.*

Perhaps the intense love which the Greeks had for life on earth, the intense joy they took in grasping and handling its visible and tangible beauties and

* "Early Greek Painters." We have not forgotten, of course, that early Greece had her great painters: e. g., Apollodorus of Athens, who made such memorable advances in technique, and the ever-famous Zeuxis. But these do not really affect our point.

* Sapphire-blue, for instance, is compared in Scripture to the color of the heavens.

pleasures, kept them from appreciating to its full the peculiar province of pictorial art, its power, that is to say, of suggesting things invisible and far-away. As the shadow suggests the existence of the substance, and the view glimpsed through a door ajar suggests a wider prospect still unglimped, a picture has its own way of sending a challenge to the imagination, of leading the thoughts onward.

The Romans, when they painted the walls of their villas with outdoor scenes, with representations of gardens and meadows, understood something of this. These landscape frescoes gave to the inmates of the room an impression of greater space and freer air than the room itself afforded; and we may note that the strength of that impression was the real measure of their success. The picture which really fulfilled its purpose was not the picture which made the barrier wall look most solid and imposing, but, rather, the one which subtly suggested the non-existence of the barrier wall and the reality and nearness of things beyond it.

This way of treating blank walls, whether of cave, tomb, or dwelling house, is of considerable importance in any history of early pictorial art, in any attempt to understand that art's significance and relation to human life. For such a manner of treatment hints at the immemorial attitude of the human mind towards limitations and obstructions. The enclosing walls were, no doubt, admitted to be necessary and desirable enough in certain times and under certain circumstances; but the impulse to illuminate them, to convert them, as it were, into a sort of window through which the imagination could escape into a fairer world even than the one it was their province to shut out, is worth emphasizing.

What, in the familiar, vigorous phrase, we describe as "a dead wall"

has never (it would seem) been acceptable to the living spirit of man. Nor (so far as we can tell) will it ever be acceptable. For the spirit of man stands always at gaze towards distant horizons and greater heights, still waiting and expecting to see

The phantom walls of this illusion fade,
And show us that the world is wholly fair.

The truth of this idea gets further confirmation from those ever-famous examples of early pictorial art—the frescoes of the Catacombs. For these pictures, like the budding branches of a tree of life, grew and spread over some of the deadest walls the world has ever known.

We must not look to the artists who labored in that subterranean twilight for any of the things we have come to expect from the modern craftsman. Of the laws which govern the gradation of color, light and shade, perspective, and the rest, they knew little or nothing; and even if they had been familiar with these laws, we may doubt if the conditions under which they worked and the lines of thought they followed would have made them very eager about displaying their technical knowledge.

The art of the Catacombs is one of naïve symbols and cryptic signs. It makes, primarily, an appeal to the imagination of the spectator to supply what is lacking, and to add to what he sees represented something which must always remain unrepresented and beyond sight.

The Christ of the Catacombs, for instance, does not appear "in His habit as He lived"—either on earth or in heaven. He wears the allegorical disguise of an Orpheus, playing on his lute and capturing men's souls by its irresistible sweetness, or of a Hermes, leading them upward from the realms of death, or of a Phoebus Apollo, feeding them like a flock of sheep. Simpler signs, too—a lamb, a branching vine, a

fish, or a monogram,—were freely employed, and, we can not doubt, readily understood. Any one of them, considering the part played by symbolism in daily life, would be sufficient to touch the responsive chord of association, and make the dumb wall speak to the convert's heart.

The joyous character of most of the frescoes, the absence of any painful insistence on the mortal sufferings of Christ on the Cross, or on the agonies of the martyrs, has often been noted; and, indeed it is notable. The minds of the artist will always be acutely sensitive to the needs of the time in which he lives and works; and in those troublous days of the Early Church, when the fear of persecution was ever-present and the possibility of imprisonment and death lay, like an abiding shadow, over all the innocent joys of human life, men's hearts needed rather to be eased and exhilarated with supernatural peace than bowed with supernatural grief and terror. So, though the Sorrowful Mysteries were not forgotten—and probably just because it was so impossible to forget them,—it was of the Joyful Mysteries that the walls spoke oftenest and in clearest tones.

The oft-repeated story of how the picture of the Good Shepherd, carrying a kid instead of a lamb on His shoulders, was drawn as a silent rebuke to the "fierce Tertullian," with his favorite dictum that Christ would save only His chosen sheep, is probably a survival of many similar stories; and, even if not literally exact, is true to the spirit of the Early Church. The fresco in question, still recognizable on the dim walls, is, as Matthew Arnold calls it, a "hasty image." The artists of the Catacombs had little leisure for finished works of art. But, to this day, its appeal remains powerful, and its message of hope and divine charity defies time and decay.

We have spoken of the cryptic nature

of the representations of Christ and of the challenge to the Christian imagination to discover and recognize Him and His attributes under one pagan symbol and another. The same thing may be said of the representations of Our Blessed Lady.

The figure of the *Orante*, or suppliant, which is such a favorite in pagan art, is a favorite figure in the Catacombs also; and with its outstretched arms and attitude of prayerfulness would signify, for the Christian, the Blessed Mother herself in her "mood of vocation"—her intercession for others. Indeed, the relations between pagan and Christian pictorial art are, at some points, almost startlingly sympathetic. It is consecration rather than execration that seems aimed at.

Images, which must have been endeared to many of the converts themselves by early religious associations, reappear again and again, and apparently without rebuke, on the walls of what had practically become a Christian sanctuary. It is as if we were allowed for a moment of time to see these images, transfigured and shining with a light other than theirs, before they fade finally away into that light's fulness. On the other hand, there are not lacking significant hints of the attitude of the Early Church towards a kind of pictorial art which remained frankly and obtrusively heathen, and forced, on eyes and minds, its own heathen meaning.

For instance, we are told that Christians often met for worship in an ordinary villa or dwelling-house. Evidently, it was a convenient custom which, as in all persecuting days, made for safety; and also, without doubt, it was prized for the opportunities of friendly intercourse and fellowship it would afford to the little community. But there was one significant rule about such meetings: they could not take place in

a room the walls of which were decorated with unsuitable pictures. So the power of a pictured wall, for good or evil, over the occupants receives yet another significant recognition.

Pictorial art has travelled very far and in many varied directions since those early days. Resources which seem practically inexhaustible are now at its service. Ignorance of technique and unfavorable conditions no longer hamper it in its dazzling onward progress. And yet there is a sense in which its first stumbling steps, its first twilight gropings, possess for us a significance and a value greater than anything that has succeeded them.

We are told of that eccentric mystical genius, William Blake, that he objected to the practice of painting from models, because, in his opinion, the range of the artist's vision was limited thereby. It is a characteristically extravagant saying, and one which few pictorial artists could be expected to follow literally. But under the extravagance there is a hint of the great artistic truth that the main business of pictorial art is not the representation and faithful imitation of things visible to the eye, but rather the suggestion of things invisible, of which they are but shadows, and which the artist desires the spectators to try to visualize for themselves.

When Pablo de Cespedes, the Sixteenth Century Spanish artist, was painting for the Cathedral of Cordova, where it still hangs, his picture of the Last Supper, the story goes that, as he worked at his easel, he continually heard the bystanders comment admiringly on the lifelike manner in which he had painted some jars and pots, standing beside the supper-table. When this had gone on for some time, Cespedes beckoned to one of his pupils, drily observed that his long and reverent labor on the principal figures

seemed likely to be in vain, while these unimportant accessories attracted so much notice, and ordered the pupil to rub out the jars and pots and give the spectators *a chance to see the picture*.

The story has its moral, though, of course, we are glad that the jars and pots were allowed to remain on the canvas.

Preoccupation with detail is one of the temptations which nowadays may most easily beset the technically accomplished artist, and he himself is often aware of it and regrets it bitterly. Perhaps the early picture makers, with their crude methods and imperfect knowledge, found it easier to concentrate on their main end, to follow the leading of their inner vision. At any rate, they have left behind them work which, even to this day, has its special inspiration and significance.

An After-Dinner Song.

BY LADY ROSA GILBERT.

"**S**AD story. His wife and he coming from Africa; collision, shipwreck; getting into the boats they were parted; the wife was lost; poor Grant was like a lunatic; returned to Africa; comes home and takes up life again reasonably enough."

Mr. Wimbleton gave this brief history of the guest whom he had met by accident that day and invited to the dinner party, only just before a servant opened the drawing-room door and announced "Mr. Grant."

Mrs. Wimbleton and her daughter Selina were cordial in their welcome of the stranger—a man with a streak of white across his dark hair.

Miss Wimbleton at once appropriated the hero of her uncle's romance, whom she found interesting in conversation, eloquent on subjects that touched him, willing to inform his listener concerning striking incidents of his travel. Yes,

he had given up wandering and was going to settle down. He really did not know why he had returned to England.

Selina was piqued. Here was a man of breeding and charm who paid her no compliments, and whose attention wavered from her while she was putting forth all her arts to give him pleasure.

"I wish I could ask him to tell me the story of that shipwreck," she thought. "But it would be cruel. What shall I say to him?—Mr. Grant, are you fond of music?"

"Yes—no. I was fond of it; but as one grows older too many voices are gathered into the chords."

"Do you know the song, *Che faro senza Eurydice*?"

"I know it very well."

The young girl noticed a change in his voice, and inquired:

"Do you like it?"

"I have associations with it which prevent my wishing to hear it again."

"I *am* cruel!" thought Selina; but she said: "I am sorry, for I think we shall hear it this evening."

"Do you sing it yourself?"

"No; but the governess of a neighbor of ours who sings divinely is coming to entertain us, and it is a favorite song of hers. She is a delightfully spiritual person with a sad story. A widow,—her husband was drowned."

"The only musical creation that is satisfactory, I think, is an oratorio. The soul is catered for there. With other music only the heart and imagination are affected, and often intolerably."

Selina thought of her favorite waltz and hesitated to reply.

In an upper chamber of the house the governess who was to entertain the company was preparing to descend to the drawing-room. She was a pale young woman, with a pallor that suggests sad experiences. Her dress was a grey silk with which she wore a fresh white flower which well suited her per-

sonality. She looked more ghostly than real as she made her way solitarily into the vacant and softly-lighted drawing-room.

Arrived there, she crossed the floor mechanically, pausing here and there to look at various beautiful objects, but with eyes that expressed no interest in what they looked upon. Finally she ensconced herself behind the grand piano at the farther end of the room. Here she turned over one piece of music after another, softly and almost inaudibly touching the notes, as though following unheard melodies.

The door at the other end of the drawing-room was heard to open. Voices and rustling movements rather than her eyes told her that the ladies had arrived from the dining-room to be entertained; and while they talked languidly and observed one another's dresses she played Chopin and Schumann until at last the gentlemen of the party also appeared, treading softly, so as not to interrupt the music which had drawn them (some of them reluctantly) away from their wine.

The playing over, there was a burst of lively conversation, the arrested group of men near the door having broken up and dispersed themselves among the women; but, after an interval of lively conversation and laughter, a lady stood up from behind the piano—the singing governess, whose moment had come. Selina slipped into her place at the piano to accompany her song, *Che faro senza Eurydice*.

Selina glanced toward Grant as the anguished sweetness of the first phrase fell on the ear and stilled all voices except that of the singer. He was standing about the center of the room and had been talking to his hostess. His profile was to the piano, his eyes directed to the fireplace. Selina was wondering whether he found the enchanting song intolerable, when he

turned round and fixed his eyes full upon the songstress.

What had happened? There was a sudden sensation, a succession of confused sounds, exclamations, movements. A man and woman rushed forward to meet each other. The woman fell in a swoon. The word "wife" somehow got into the air and palpitated there, vibrating in everyone's ears. Grant was kneeling on the floor; tenderly moving the stricken woman, he placed her in a position that revealed her features.

"The sea has given up its dead!" he whispered.

Some of the guests pressed around, unable to understand what had taken place, while others who understood were weeping silently.

Converting the Poet.

BY S. B. J.

"GENERAL" BOOTH, the founder of the Salvation Army, used to say that he did not see why the devil should have all the good tunes; and he therefore proceeded to adapt music-hall melodies for the purposes of Christian hymnody. We may dispute the "General's" conception of good tunes, but the principle he enunciated is a sound one. It is one on which the Church has constantly worked, redeeming things harmless in themselves from evil associations and baptizing them into the Faith. In the days of the Roman Empire pagan rites were sometimes treated in this way. Statues of Apollo and Venus were converted into representations of Our Lord and His Mother; vestments and ceremonies used in the worship of the old gods underwent a like process. It might be said that a large measure of truth that the Empire itself was "converted" in this manner. Though the fact has been ex-

aggerated by those anxious to disprove the divine origin of the Church, it is perfectly correct to say that St. Peter received and hallowed the dominion of the dying Cæsars.

It is a process constantly going on. Our Lord Himself recommended His disciples to learn from the children of this world, and His followers have, in numerous cases, followed His counsel. They have not been above borrowing methods of organization and mechanical devices perfected, in the first place, in the interests of Mammon. But it is of this method in the realm of literature, and especially in that of poetry, that I am now thinking. To adopt "General" Booth's remark, there seems no reason why we should not consecrate the verbal music wedded to pagan thought to the service of God.

An example and illustration of what is implied by this is to be found in the work of the greatest Catholic poet. It is profoundly significant that Dante, in his imaginary pilgrimage through the infernal regions, took as his guide the author of the *Æneid*. Virgil was his master in poetry; to that great singer he owed a large measure of his inspiration; it was Virgil who taught him to soar above the petty versifiers of his day; it was Virgil whose example encouraged him to extend his flight beyond the drawing-room themes in which those versifiers delighted. What more fitting, therefore, than that the Mantuan should be pictured as leading his fellow-poet through the regions of the dead? But Dante, of course, was no blind imitator; he adopted, but he also adapted, what Virgil had taught him. He rose on Virgilian wings, but it was to a Heaven of which the pagan writer had never dreamed.

We have another example of the same thing in the works of an Elizabethan poet-priest, Father Robert Southwell. The Church honors him as one of those

martyr-heroes who gave their lives for the Faith. The story of his death at Tyburn is one of the most affecting of all those told of the English martyrs. But he has other claims upon our attention besides this fact: he was no mean poet. Catholic though he was, his poetry was published in edition after edition in the years succeeding his death; and it is said that even Queen Elizabeth herself was among his admirers. Ben Johnson declared that he would have been well content if he had written nothing else but one of Southwell's poems, the one called "The Burning Babe."

The method adopted by this Sixteenth Century priest was that of deliberately transposing the work of his contemporaries into a Christian key. Says the editor of a recent edition of his works: "He was evidently well acquainted with the works of Shakespeare and other contemporaries, and his longest poem, 'St. Peter's Complaint,' is in the same metre as 'Venus and Adonis.' A poem, 'Fancy,' on the sorrows of love, by Sir Edward Dyer, is converted by Father Southwell into 'Master Dyer's Fancy Turned to a Sinner's Complaint.' Again, his verses 'Love's Garden Griefs' bear a somewhat similar relation to Nicholas Breton's 'Strange Description of a Rare Garden Plot.'

"Father Robert Southwell," says this editor, "did not write his poems only for his own pleasure and recreation: he had also a very definite aim and object. It was an age both of moral and artistic license,—an age, moreover, which loved to contrast sacred and profane love. With open sin paraded before his eyes, even in his own family, it is not surprising to find this gentle priest turning with disgust from the secular verses of his day as belonging wholly to this world, and yet endeavoring out of the very same words and in

the very same style to compose poems to illustrate the love of God instead of the lusts of men." This is confirmed by non-Catholic authorities. The Cambridge History of English Literature says: "His object, like Milton's in the following century, was to rescue the art of poetry from the worldly uses to which it had been almost solely devoted," and adds: "In his hatred of vice and worldly pleasure, at times Father Southwell does, indeed, appear to be a very Puritan of the Puritans; but he is saved from coldness and severity by the underlying graces of Catholic love and fervor, which are never far absent even in his sterner poems."

The mention of Milton recalls another great master of song who attempted to set Christian themes to pagan strains. The Puritan poet was steeped in the literature of Greece and Rome; and all his work shows how fully he shared the enthusiasm of his age for those models. But as he grew older he turned from the lighter themes of his youth to sing of "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained;" and it is interesting to note with what wealth of classical learning his treatment of those subjects is enriched.

But a better illustration, because more modern, of the method I am describing is to be found in the great Catholic poet of the Nineteenth Century, Francis Thompson. Thompson's chief models, in so far as he may be said to have had models, were devotional poets, like Crashaw, Cowley and Donne, and Catholic contemporaries, such as Coventry Patmore and Mrs. Meynell. But every critic has recognized also in his work the influence of Shelley, on whom, it will be remembered, Thompson wrote a notable essay. In reading the latter, one catches strains that carry the mind back to the writer of "Prometheus Unbound" and the "Ode to the West Wind."

Thompson is able to reveal the fact that the beauty of thought and phrase which was Shelley's can grow and flourish on Catholic soil. Nay, he seems even to suggest that it is more at home on that soil, and finds its real and appointed setting in the shrine of Catholic devotion. But Thompson could transpose verse-forms even less adapted than Shelley's to Christian uses. An interesting example of this is to be found in the verses entitled "The Veteran of Heaven," where he successfully captured the lilt of Macaulay's "Battle of Naseby" for no less a purpose than that of glorifying Our Lord Himself. Listen to this, and say whether he has not redeemed the jingles of the original and given them an unexpected grandeur!

O Captain of the wars, whence won Ye so
great scars?

In what fight did Ye smite, and what man-
ner was the foe?

Was it on a day of rout they compassed Thee
about,

Or got Ye these adornings when Ye wrought
their overthrow?

'Twas on a day of rout they girded Me about;
They wounded all My brow, and they smote
Me through the side.

My hand held no sword when I met their
armed horde,

And the conquerer fell down, and the Con-
quered bruised his pride.

That suggests a parody, but it is the very opposite of what is generally understood by a parody. Here verses with a rattling swing, such as Macaulay was a master of, are translated into something that stirs the blood and moves the soul. The battle-song of an earthly conflict is adapted to celebrate the home-coming of the Divine Warrior fresh from the victory of the Cross. Reading these stirring lines, the pugnacity of the natural man becomes sublimated, and warms to the grandest of all themes.

What a field does this suggest for our Catholic poets and, it might be

added, for our Catholic novelists and dramatists! Why should Catholic literature be, as it often is, so poor in craftsmanship, so lacking in vigor? It is useless to complain of the popularity of pagan writers, and imagine we can decrease that popularity by denouncing their paganism. Superior art has, for vast multitudes, an attraction which unadorned truth can not emulate. If we would oust paganism from the field of literature, we must fight with the weapons of paganism; that is to say, we must bring to the treatment of Catholic themes the technical skill that now glorifies lust and avarice and scepticism. The weapons have been sharpened and adorned ready for us; we have only to appropriate them. In our hands they will gain a power they never had before. In the soil of the Faith these literary beauties will flourish as they never flourished, for beauty belongs to truth; and is never so much itself, never so beautiful, as when it is used to glorify Him who is Truth.

A Book Among Books.

NICHOLAS HERMAN, of Lorraine, better known as Brother Lawrence, of the Order of Mt. Carmel, though unlearned and of humble origin, became famous after his death on account of a little book made up of conversations with him and a few letters which he wrote to friends and fellow-Carmelites. Of his life little is known. Before entering the Order he had been a servant and a soldier; as a religious he was employed in the kitchen. He lived to a great age, and his mental faculties remained unimpaired to the end. The last of the letters was written only a few days previous to his death, which probably took place toward the end of the Seventeenth Century.

There have been many editions of the little book which has made the

name of Brother Lawrence so celebrated. It is supposed to have been prepared for publication by M. Beaufort, Grand Vicar to Cardinal Noailles, who recommended it to the public. One edition of this work, which treats of the practice of the presence of God, emanates, strange to say, from a Baptist publication society; and the preface declares that it has been "a means of blessings to many souls."

We have often commended the conversations and letters of Brother Lawrence to our readers; we now give a few brief extracts from them as a further recommendation of the book:

"Brother Lawrence said that we ought to quicken—i. e., to enliven—our faith; that it was lamentable we had so little. The way of faith, he declared, is the spirit of the Church, and that it was sufficient to bring us to a high degree of perfection.

"One way to recollect the mind easily in the time of prayer, and preserve it more in tranquillity, is not to let it wander too far at other times. You should keep it strictly in the presence of God; and being accustomed to think of Him often, you will find it easy to keep your mind calm in the time of prayer, or at least to recall it from wanderings.

"God knoweth best what is needful for us, and all that He does is for our good. If we knew how much He loves us, we should always be ready to receive equally and with indifference from His hand the sweet and the bitter,—all would please that came from Him. The sorest afflictions never appear intolerable, except when we see them in the wrong light. When we see them as dispensed by the hand of God, they become even matter of consolation."

These passages will serve to show that the little book by Brother Lawrence contains, as our Baptist brother declares, "very much of that wisdom which only lips the Lord has touched can express."

The Security of Our Faith.

IN the course of a decidedly notable address on the subject of Agnosticism delivered at a conference of the English Catholic Truth Society, the Rev. John Gerard, S. J., after combating the agnostic system on its own ground—showing the fallacy of its arguments, and exposing its root-principle in the light of pure reason,—was careful to state that it is not by such means that a practical antidote to the malady of doubt and disbelief is to be obtained. While it is a matter of duty and necessity to deal with the attacks of all adversaries, it should never be forgotten that "the man who enjoys security against them is one who relies upon something far more efficacious than logic and argument to sustain his faith,—namely, on the knowledge of God, which comes of his own personal experience in the practice of religion. The Catholic who says his prayers, who frequents the sacraments, who strives to live in communion with God, has means of knowledge concerning Him of which the unbelieving philosopher has not the faintest conception."

It has been well said that knowledge upon which salvation depends must be as accessible to the humblest and most illiterate as to the most favored and enlightened. "There is no Christian dogma," declares De Maistre, "which has not its root in the depths of human nature, and consequently in a universal conviction."

Convinced that in the Church we have a divinely appointed teacher, and having submitted ourselves to her authority, "we at once become cognizant of much which to those outside her pale is as imperceptible as the forms and hues of a painted window are to those without the building in which it is placed. Just as a child brought up on the system of Plato's 'Republic' in a

State institution, knowing nothing of father, mother, brother or sister, could have no notion of the charms of home or family ties, so those who have not been privileged to enter the household of the faith can have no conception of the overpowering sense of security and peace which her faithful children enjoy and in which they find the most convincing assurance that God is there; while the unerring instinct with which she divines and provides for all the wants and needs of humanity 'is in itself a proof that [she] is really the supply of them.' (Newman.)"

"It is a fatal mistake," continued Father Gerard, "so to occupy ourselves with the arguments furnished by reason solely as to make it seem, and perhaps ourselves to fancy, that in them alone is to be found the justification of our faith, losing sight, or allowing others to lose sight, of what is the real strength of our position. It is not by arguments, however cogent, that men are converted or that their hearts are touched; and we shall never arrive at anything satisfactory regarding religion if we discuss it like a point of law or a maxim of political economy. 'I do not want,' says Newman, 'to be converted by a smart syllogism; if I am asked to convert others by it, I say plainly I do not care to overcome their reason without touching their hearts; I wish to deal not with controversialists, but with inquirers.' And inquirers are just what most agnostics are not."

Thoughts like these make us understand more fully the true foundation of our faith and help us to realize the full strength of our position. Controversialists may be left to the mercy of those skilled in controversy; but honest inquirers have a right to the guidance which it is always in our power to afford them, and to the example of virtue which it is criminal on our part not to present.

Notes and Remarks.

Those Catholics of our own country—and others, too—who find it difficult to stir up devotion to Our Divine Lord under the title of Christ the King need not be discouraged on that account. It is true enough that in our day the title of King has lost much of its sacrosanct meaning and noble connotation. Most of the world is more familiar with presidents and even dictators than with monarchs. Those few royal personages who still occupy thrones are generally regarded as mere figure-heads. Moreover, the term has been usurped by the unworthy in shameful travesty of its original splendid state. Only very recently, one of the most unsavory trials ever conducted in our courts had to do with the criminal prosecution of the head of a sect who set himself up, and was recognized by his deluded followers, as a "king."

Nevertheless, it should be understood by all that the title of King as applied to Our Blessed Lord has no connection with either social conventions or political conditions in our changing world. He is the Lord of heaven and earth. He is the Unchanging One amid all change. Whatever name we give to His supremacy, all must recognize and adore His sovereignty. And under the mantle of His royal power He is the same gentle Jesus, who died for us upon the Cross and who said, "My Kingdom is not of this world."

Occasionally there finds its way into some of the less carefully edited Catholic papers a letter purporting to be that of a certain "Lentulus, Governor of Jerusalem," addressed to the Roman Senate, and describing the personal appearance of Our Blessed Lord. The last time we saw it was in an Irish magazine for young people. It can do no par-

ticular harm to any one, but it may be well to know that it has no authoritative standing, and those who are not ready to take our word for it will find the matter fully discussed in the Catholic Encyclopedia by the Rev. A. J. Maas, S. J., who says that the letter is certainly apocryphal, adding: "There never was a Governor of Jerusalem; no Procurator of Judea is known to have been called Lentulus; a Roman governor would not have addressed the Senate but the emperor; a Roman writer would not have employed the expressions 'prophet of truth,' 'sons of men,' 'Jesus Christ.' The former two are Hebrew idioms, the third is from the New Testament. The letter therefore shows us a description of Christ as Christian piety conceived Him."

At a time when politicians are "straddling the fence," making their awkward position as comfortable as possible, and cautiously refraining from a word that would be apt to alienate friends or to increase the number of enemies, it is surprising to find Senator Borah declaring, in an address delivered in Connecticut last week, that the political party of which he is so prominent a member should at its coming convention make a plain statement of principles, and in particular show its stand on the 18th Amendment, with no attempt "to shirk behind a smoke screen of meaningless phrases," in the hope of placating or attracting voters.

Judge Thompson, of the Illinois Supreme Court, had already said in an address before the Chicago Bar Association: "Nullification is a perilous remedy, but history proves it is not the menace to our existence that some calamity howlers would have us believe. It is sometimes the only safety valve which enables a self-governing people to choose between tyranny and revolution. When our Congressmen come to

learn that they are not sovereigns issuing edicts, but only trustees formulating into law crystallized public opinion, our people will not be obliged to choose between the danger of lawlessness, which follows nullification, and the danger of tyranny, which involves passive obedience."

Judge Harrison White, former Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Colorado, recently elected to Congress on an anti-prohibition platform, opposes the law because it is the most demoralizing force in American history, because it has produced official and private hypocrisy and general disregard for all law, because it is breaking down the character of the American people, debauching the youth of the land, and setting up a horde of petty tyrants who under authority of a bad law are making outrageous invasions of the rights of the people, etc.

These distinguished citizens must be credited with having the courage of their convictions, but the politicians will be sure to accuse them of what is called "spilling the beans." Whatever it may be called, however, the partisans of Prohibition will soon learn that it doesn't pay to denounce those who venture to question the wisdom of the law and the amendment as "rummies" in league with bootleggers.

The Gospel for the First Sunday of Advent, with its prophecy of the end of things, is assuredly a soul-stirring document. Reflecting on its tragic significance, the editor of the *Commonweal* has written what he probably would not like to have termed a "lay sermon," yet it is really that in substance. The contrast in the ultimate judgments of Lazarus and Dives moved the editor to this heart-searching conclusion, in which journalism becomes genuine literature. We quote:

Believers in the Poor Man of Nazareth,

who face the season of His birth with the prophecy of final catastrophe ringing in their ears, will never make the mistake of regarding Lazarus as a social symptom. To them he will be the realest thing that crosses their path in a season very largely concerned with vanity and shams. All the exegesis of doctors and schoolmen will never take the sting out of the amazing assurance given us by the God-Man who conquered the world from a crib and a gallows, that, in the final assize of all, our eternal doom is to depend upon how the simple demand for food and drink, shelter and clothing, made by the man who had missed the clue to life, was met by the man who had found it. We are blinder than the blindest beggar, more foolish than the most hopeless social misfit, if, in the hands importunate or hesitant that will be stretched out to us during the next few weeks, we do not perceive a gift surpassing in value the gold, frankincense and myrrh of the Magi. These are the people who are to lift up their heads for the first time when the stars fall and the sea comes tumbling in upon the land. Lucky shall we be then, if, pointing us out to our eternal Judge, they bid us lift up our sleek and honored heads with theirs.

In John Boyle O'Reilly's poem "Fredericksburg," he tells of how the Irish Brigade, under Thomas Francis Meagher, attacked the Confederate works which were defended by the

Georgia militia, an Irish brigade—
 Their caps had green badges as if to remind
 them
 Of all the brave records their country had
 made.

Thus it was Irish against Irish—"Greek to Greek—now for the rest of the fight," as O'Reilly put it. The Irish Brigade of the North failed to capture the works at Fredericksburg despite their desperate bravery—"twelve hundred they came and two hundred went back." And this story of their struggle is recalled by a recent incident in Massachusetts where the flag of a Geor-

gia command of Confederates, the Irish Jasper Greens, has, since the Civil War, been in the possession of a man who has now returned it to the organization which at present bears that name in Savannah, Ga.

The banner is of green silk, on which is painted the figure of a man in coat of mail, and gold helmet, the whole surmounted by an eagle. One arm is extended supporting a shield, the other grasps a spear. The two sides are similar; and though the flag is in a tattered condition the words "Georgia" and "Irish Jasper Greens" can be read. The shamrock is painted into the design in several places.

President Coolidge made known some facts of which many American citizens—Catholic citizens not excluded—are ignorant in his address, evidently a carefully prepared one, at the dedication, on the 2d inst., of New Mexico's stone in the Washington monument. After referring in fitting terms to the spontaneous tributes already paid to the illustrious patriot who brought our country into being, President Coolidge said in part:

"New Mexico gained statehood less than sixteen years ago. But she has claim to the earliest civilization on the North American Continent. None of our states is richer in historic lore, in legend and in romance; none more interesting to the archæologist and the ethnologist. In 1539, eighty-one years before the "Mayflower" reached Plymouth Rock, Marcos de Niza, a Franciscan Friar, pushed toward the North from Mexico City to explore in unknown regions. The Spaniards called the territory he discovered New Mexico. There he found Pueblo Indians, clad in cotton and woolen clothing woven by themselves, living in well-built adobe villages, with houses of several stories. They were apparently

well versed in the agricultural arts.

"An expedition under Juan de Onate formed a colony in 1598, and in 1605 Santa Fé was founded and designated as the seat of government. It is the second oldest city in the United States, being outranked only by St. Augustine, in Florida. In 1821 New Mexico, which originally vaguely included all of what are now the states of Arizona and Utah, nearly all of Colorado and parts of Texas and Kansas, became a province of Mexico, which had declared its independence of Spain. General Stephen W. Kearny in 1848 took possession of this rich country in the name of the United States. Two years later it became a territory. The sections now parts of other states were gradually given up. In 1863 western New Mexico became the Territory and in February, 1912, became the State of Arizona. A month earlier New Mexico had arrived at full statehood.

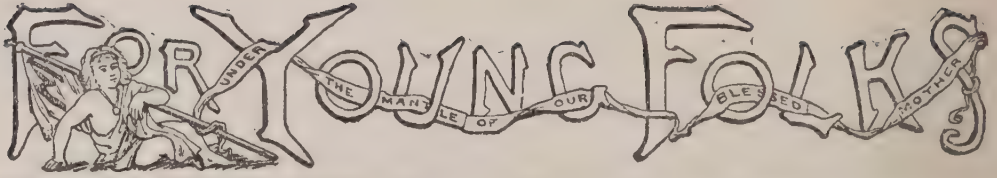
"Too little is known of the beauties, advantages and possibilities of this Commonwealth. It is an empire in itself, ranking in size fourth of all the States, having 123,000 square miles, or 78,000,000 acres. Its area equals New York, Pennsylvania and South Carolina combined. The estimated population—about 400,000—is less than four persons to each square mile."

Citizens of the "Sunshine State" may well feel proud of the President's address. In saying that some facts set forth in it would be new to Catholics as well as non-Catholics, we had in mind a text-book for schools by a Catholic writer in which there is no reference to Father de Niza, De Onate, or Gen. Kearny,—at least their names do not appear in the index. The same might be said of not a few other text-books.

Alluding to the hesitancy of some Catholics to enter public life, the London *Tablet* recently remarked that

"they do not seem to have heard that the Penal Laws were mainly abrogated nearly a hundred years ago." There does not seem to be any hesitancy on this side of the Atlantic on the part of Catholics to enter politics; but we hope it is not treason to say that not every Catholic so entering is always the man best fitted. With us over here, the man who feels that he has heard a call to serve his community or his country in the holding of political office has sometimes made a mistake, and has really heard some other noise. What is needed most among us is the Catholic who will enter public life, not for the money there is in it, but for the good he may be enabled to do to his fellow-citizens by a life of honorable service and generous self-sacrifice. This sort of Catholic does not loom large in the public life of these United States. We have more than enough of politicians, but not enough men who are public-spirited.

In his "Chapter from an Autobiography" running in the *Irish Rosary*, Mr. Theodore Maynard testifies to an experience which we ought to remember when we are tempted to be disturbed by anti-Catholic attacks. He writes: "Anti-Catholic bigotry was in the air we breathed at home. I can see my young brothers in their zeal spitting every time they passed a certain convent on their way to and from school. But this bitter preoccupation with Catholicism did one invaluable thing for me—it made me interested in Catholicism." As some one has well said, every anti-Catholic movement is "good advertising," for the Church. When a fair-minded person comes in contact with bigotry such as that indicated by Mr. Maynard, he instinctively wants to know what the object of such bigotry has to say for itself. The result in a great many cases is conversion to the Faith.



Good Night.

BY V. MCS.

GOOD night, good night! the daylight's flying,

But with us stays God's love undying,
A torch that gleams with heavenly light
To guard and keep us in the right—
Good night, good night!

Childerswell Hall.

BY MOTHER MARY THOMAS.

XI.

EVERY possible care had been taken that the letter addressed, in Italian handwriting, to Miss Elfrida Walton, should not go astray. There was "Please forward" written at the top left-hand corner of the envelope, and at the bottom were the name and address of the sender.

The letter consisted of only a few words which were a little puzzling. They simply told her she must be brave and think what a happy place heaven was; and she was to be sure to give the enclosed letter to whoever was taking care of her. And her Aunt Zena sent her best love, and was hoping to have her little niece with her very soon. . . .

The sealed letter enclosed was addressed to "The present guardian of Elfrida Walton," and began by explaining that the writer was Captain Walton's stepsister by an Italian mother. On being left a widow, she had lately returned from Russia to her own country. The writer went on to say that she had written to Elfrida's nurse, Mrs. Gimpson, but this letter had been returned.

However, as she felt sure that the parish priest would know where Elfrida was, she begged that the tidings of Captain Walton's death might be broken to his little daughter with all gentleness. She further asked that the child might be sent to her with an English governess, if possible, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made. She was herself too much of an invalid to undertake a journey to England.

It therefore fell to Cousin Angela to tell Elfrida. For a long time no sound came from Elfrida, though Cousin Angela's voice trembled as she read the letter. Then Miss Norton tried to rouse Elfrida, who continued to gaze before her as if she neither saw nor heard, by telling her Jill's adventure, and of how she was now lying on the couch in the garden room. Elfrida appeared neither moved nor surprised.

The arrival of the doctor was soon afterwards followed by that of the ambulance. It was at the sight of Jill, still half-conscious and moaning with pain, being carried out to the ambulance, that Elfrida's tears at last flowed. She had so often planned how, when all the other village children were to have a share in the joy of her father's homecoming, it was Jill who was to have the best of all. She could only be comforted on being promised that she should go to see Jill very soon.

Elfrida had become so much a part of the household at the White Cottage that the thought of the approaching separation was a painful one on both sides. The children held closer together than ever in those days following the news of Elfrida's loss, though they spoke little of what lay nearest their

hearts. However, Tony felt bound to give expression to one point of self-reproach.

"I say, Elf, I'm sorry I said that about your aunt living in Fairyland."

Elfrida made a pathetic attempt to laugh. "I don't think I'd mind much if she did, and I was silly to be hurt."

Elfrida's knowledge of the world lying beyond Childerswell was of the vaguest, and she naturally shrank from going among strangers. Cousin Angela wrote to ask Alice Murray if it would be possible for her to take the child to Italy, and first come to Childerswell to spend a few days.

"But you've not stopped adopting me altogether? I shall belong to you always just the same, and you'll let me come back soon?" pleaded Elfrida.

"Yes, of course," Cousin Angela assured her, sealing the promise with a kiss. "As soon as your aunt can spare you. But we mustn't forget that she has the first claim on you."

Meanwhile the story of the secret hiding-place and relics of Elizabethan days had travelled far beyond the country-side. Many people came to visit the old Hall in a spirit of devotion to one who had endured great things for the Faith, and yet others came moved by simple curiosity.

Sir Francis had left Childerswell the day after his talk with Beth and was generally supposed to be at Valentine Towers while the workmen were busy with repairs.

Mrs. Purseglove, his housekeeper, did her best to rise to the occasion as guide. It was on one of these occasions that Beth and Tony, who had come to see how the restorations were getting on, overheard an interested visitor exclaiming: "It's a thousand pities that no one has made a special study of the local history and tradition of Childerswell."

"But there *is* some one," said Beth,

forgetting her shyness, as she remembered a certain big pile of manuscript penned by a beloved hand, that her god-mother had shown her.

The stranger regarded her through his eye-glasses in a manner that reminded her of Sir Francis.

"Meaning yourself, perhaps?"

"Oh, no! some one who is a very clever man and knows more about Childerswell than any one else. He was born here, and when he was quite young he used to collect the stories about it from the old people. He has written ever so many pages."

"My sister knows a lot, too, about how to write things down—especially in poetry," Tony made haste to add.

The stranger drew out a card bearing the name and address of a well-known monthly magazine which he represented, and gave it to Beth with a polite bow.

"Send some of your own contributions, if you wish. And please tell the writer you mentioned that I strongly advise him to publish his researches."

"I will be sure to tell him," returned Beth, feeling nothing but gratitude.

"No one would ever think you could write at all. It was plain he would never have guessed it, if I had not gone out of my way to tell him," said Tony as they hurried home.

"Of course if your verses are put into print, any one will be able to see they were not written by a grown-up person," continued Tony, anxious to correct any flattering impression he might have made on his sister's mind.

"I don't want to pretend to be grown up; I shall be honest, and sign my verses. 'Beth Halliday, aged fourteen.'"

"Perhaps Beth will really be a poet some day, if she doesn't hide her things away, so that she never has the chance of learning the truth about them. As for me, I'm going to be a priest," said

Tony later, in the airy manner he had of announcing any fact likely to surprise his family.

"A priest!" exclaimed his two sisters in one breath.

"Yes. Neighbor Christopher asked me this morning what I meant to be when I'm a man, and that's what I told him."

"But I thought you meant to be an explorer," exclaimed Dorothea.

"I'm going to be a priest *and* an explorer. That will be quite simple on the mission field in Africa, for instance."

"When did you first think of this?" asked Cousin Angela, with gentle seriousness.

"When you told us the story of Fidelis; and I thought more about it when the lightning struck the hiding hole and those things were found. . . ."

The following day Father Laurence called, and was shown by Nora into the room where Beth was reading to her godmother. Beth raised questioning eyes to learn if she was to go or stay.

Father Laurence caught the glance, and answered it himself:

"Please let her stay, Miss Norton. What I have to say concerns Beth nearly as much as her brother. It is this: Yesterday Farmer Christopher Dale approached me on the subject of Tony. As you know, he has taken a great liking to the boy, partly because of his pluck in the matter of working on the farm, and partly because Tony reminds him of his own son. Since the death of the little lad, whom he had hoped would some day have been a priest, Farmer Christopher has saved a certain sum of money each year with the idea of educating a boy for the priesthood. To his great delight, Tony, who of course knew nothing of this, told him yesterday that he intended to be a priest. But even if the boy changes his mind, or proves to have no voca-

tion, the good man still wishes to pay for Tony's education, if his father will permit. But that will be for later."

"It is extremely kind and generous of Farmer Christopher, and of you too. I hardly know how to thank you," replied Cousin Angela.

"Please don't try. And of course I quite understand that nothing can be settled till Tony's father returns. There is no reason why Beth should not share Tony's lessons at the presbytery."

"I'd love to come with Tony," Beth said.

And to this plan her godmother readily agreed. So for a few mornings, Beth spent some happy hours at the presbytery, and soon proved that she had more than kept pace with Tony's studies. And then something happened.

XII.

Beth lingered in the garden on the way home from Mass to fill her arms with a bunch of Michaelmas daisies—big white and purple blossoms and tiny white ones. The flowers were to grace the breakfast table in honor of her godmother, whose name-day it was. Then the garden gate opened and the postman came up the path. There was a letter addressed, in her father's handwriting, to Miss Angela Norton who at that moment was engaged in pouring out the coffee.

"Godmother, there's a letter from father. Please hurry and open it, and tell us what he says."

The other three children watched Cousin Angela's face with interest as she scanned the contents of the letter.

"Your father writes from London. It appears he has been in England some days, but illness has prevented him from writing; or rather he would not do so till he could tell us he was better."

"Isn't he coming to Childerswell?" asked the children in chorus.

"You may be sure I begged him to come in my letter which reached him before he left America. He says, however, that it is out of the question to leave for the present. The auction of the house and furniture takes place next week. Then he must set about finding a position."

"Then if he won't come to us, we *must* go to him," said Beth. "I can travel quite well alone. Dearest godmother, please let me go!"

"My dear, he wouldn't hear of that. Besides, as I was going on to tell you, he is staying in a boarding-house kept by your old nurse, so it isn't as if he had no one to care for him."

"May I at least write and ask him if he will have me," persisted Beth, with tears in her eyes.

Her godmother remained silent a few moments before replying.

"There is no reason why you should not at least suggest to your father that you would like to come to him. Besides, it might even be a desirable arrangement for the present, and then you might be able to persuade him to come back with you."

Beth's letter was written and sent with as little delay as possible. Then for three days she waited in vain for a reply. Finally it was decided that Beth would go to London.

Neighbor Christopher had offered to see her safely to the large city; otherwise her godmother might not have let her go so easily.

"And if your father comes to Childerswell and Miss Norton is cramped for house-room, my sister and I will be only too glad to have you stay with us at Dale Farm," the farmer had assured Tony. "There's the little lad's room," he added in a lower tone, "which can be yours as long as you like."

"And we had all been thinking that Elf would be the first of us to go away,"

said Dorothea, as she and the other two children watched Beth's preparations for departure. "How queer it is, we never know what is going to happen next."

"But at least that makes it more interesting," remarked Tony, "and not like a story where you can guess exactly how it's going to end."

Beth felt she had never loved the moors so dearly as she did that October afternoon when she went to bid them farewell. As she climbed the hillside, she recalled how, on that first morning, she had heard the story of Martyr's Crag. Now, as on another memorable occasion, Beth looked up to see Gypsy Nance coming towards her.

"I'm going away to-morrow," said Beth sadly.

"May happen 'twill be with you like as 'tis with me. The heather bells will be a-calling you and ne'er give you a moment's peace till ye come back to them."

"If they call I shall not listen to them, unless father comes too," replied Beth. "He's been ill, and that's why I'm going to him." The words trembled on her lips.

Nance did not appear to be listening to Beth. All her attention was fixed on the gables of Childerswell Hall shining in the red glow of the sun.

"Belike the shadows have passed," she said, "and a blessing is coming back to the old place."

(Conclusion next week.)

THE title of "Our Lady" first came into general use in the days of chivalry; for she was the Lady "of all hearts," whose colors all were proud to wear. Hundreds upon hundreds had enrolled themselves in brotherhoods vowed to her service, or devoted to acts of charity to be performed in her name.

—Mrs. Anna Jameson.

Little Peter's Punishment.

BY EMMA FLORENCE BUSH.

"PETER! Peter," called his mother, "it is time to start for school."

Peter came slowly; he hoped his mother would not look into his eyes because, if she did she would be sure to see what he had just done. But she only gave him a kiss, and again told him to hurry.

The first part of the way to school lay through a pleasant grove. Many wild flowers grew there, and birds built their nests in the trees. Peter knew where some of the nests were, but he did not stop to look at them this morning.

A little bird flew down into the path before him. She hopped along and chirped: "He did it! He did it! He did-did-did-did-did it! did it! did it!" Peter was so surprised that he stood quite still for a moment. Then he picked up a stone and threw it at the bird; but he missed it, and the stone struck a pine tree. The little bird flew away singing, "He did it! He did-did-did-did it!"

An owl that lived in the pine tree, woke up when the stone hit it. She poked her head out of the hollow that was her home and asked, "Who-who-who? Who-who-who?"

"Petr! Petr!" sang a merry little voice from an alder bush.

Peter had often heard this little bird calling his name. He used to laugh when he heard it, but now he felt more like crying. He wondered if all the birds had seen him do the dreadful thing.

"Petr-Petr-Petr," sang the little bird.

Then near the path, a hoarse voice croaked: "What did he do? What did he do?"

How Peter jumped! It was only a frog, but again it asked: "What did he do? What did he do?"

"Beat her, beat her, beat her!" answered another little bird in the alder bush.

"Who-who-who?" questioned the owl.

"Littl Kitty! Littl Kitty! Littl Kit-Kit-Kitty!" came from the top of a wild cherry tree.

Then all the forest folk seemed to talk at once. "He did it! did it!" "Who-who-who?" "Beat her! beat her! beat her!" "Littl Kit-Kit-Kitty!" "Beat her! beat her!" "Did-did-did-it! did it!" "Petr! Petr!"

And as the old frog slipped under the lily pads he grunted: "Ugh! ugh! coward-coward! Ugh!"

Poor Peter! He ran home as fast as he could and told mother that he had struck his little sister. "Did all the birds see me when I hit her?" he sobbed, snuggled in his mother's arms.

"No, dear," answered mother. "But your heart spoke to you, and you heard it in every twitter of your little friends in the woods. They have punished you."

Milan the Great.

All the large cities have some favorite designation illustrative of their peculiar excellence. Thus Rome is "The Holy"; Naples, "The Happy"; and Venice, "The Rich." Milan is called by the Italians Milan the Great. In the Fourth Century it was deemed the sixth city of Italy. It was founded by the Gauls, and in 452 was sacked by Attila, the Hun. In 1162 Frederick I. destroyed it. Some years after, it was rebuilt by the combined forces of all the towns most active in its destruction: Brescia, Cremona, Verona, and Bergamo. Eighty years after its reconstruction, began the rule of the Viscontis and the Sforzas. Milan then became celebrated throughout all Europe, and gave fashions to the world: hence comes the word "milliner."

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Sacramentals and Some Catholic Practices" is the title of a new book by Cardinal Gasquet, to be published by Messrs. Harding and More, London.

—A volume of collected sermons by Fr. Ronald Knox; and "Roma Sacra; Essays on Ancient Rome," a new book by Mgr. Canon William Barry are announced.

—Not all of the best of the older books are crowded out by new and inferior ones. "Abbé Pierre," by J. W. Hudson, is now included in the Appleton Dollar Library, which is advertised as a popular library of literary masterpieces.

—Fr. Placid Wareing, C. P., has written a small book on Our Lord's Passion, "The Highway of the Cross." It is composed of vivid yet simple pen-pictures which can not fail to arouse love of Jesus Crucified in the hearts of those who meditate on the sorrowful scenes presented. The readers of it will be moved to contrition, which is the natural result of following Christ's Way of the Cross. P. J. Kenedy and Sons.

—An unusual series of conferences originally delivered to women, may now be found in "The Art of Christ," by Dom Anscar Vonier, O. S. B. They contain much excellent advice, especially when they treat of fundamentals. There is, for example, this good warning against mechanical prayer,—“as if we were to put a penny in the slot and something must come out at the other end.” We doubt if we follow at all times the author's "art" of things spiritual, and we wonder if his hearers will do so. Benziger Brothers.

—We like the gallant message which Mr. Humphrey J. Desmond sends out in his latest volume, "The Ways of Courage" (Herder Book Co.). It is a practical rendering in prose of that inspiring bravery which distinguished the poetry of Louise Imogen Guiney, while it shone in her life, too,—not the least in her loyalties and fine good hu-

mor. Humor and urbanity and sympathy and chivalry come under the illuminating touch of Mr. Desmond's treatment in these virile essays. Anecdotes and quotations abound, as evidence of wide reading, except that the poetical quotations suggest the aid of some thesaurus. A commendable, bright book to be remembered for Christmas giving.

—Catholic authors as well as publishers must feel gratified and encouraged by the growing interest in Catholic publications. Never before were books in greater demand as gifts by our people; and the custom of presenting subscriptions for Catholic periodicals to relatives, friends, and institutions is becoming more and more general. This is as it should be. A great many excellent books by Catholic authors, suitable to all ages, tastes, and conditions, are now to be had, and they deserve the patronage of those for whose benefit they are produced. A good book, discriminatingly chosen, is one of the best of gifts, indeed, few others are likely to prove more acceptable. A subscription to a standard Catholic magazine, review, or paper is also sure to be appreciated, and has the advantage of spreading the Christmas spirit over the whole year.

—As a man and as a hero Isaac Jogues is conspicuous; as a Christian martyr and as a *beatus* he is now venerated all over the world. The Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J., in "Isaac Jogues, Missioner and Martyr," has written an excellent biography of this valiant missionary priest, who met his death at the hands of the Mohawk Indians. The thrilling story is interwoven with accounts of the seven other Jesuits who labored among the Five Indian Tribes and recently became the first beatified martyrs of the New World. The author has adapted his work from the Life of Father Jogues by Fr. Martin, translated by Dr. John Gilmary Shea; and he has used effectively the Jesuit Relations whenever possible to carry on the narrative. Edifying

reading is this remarkable story of a great martyr. The Brief of Beatification, which forms an appendix, is in itself a source of fruitful spiritual reading. Published by P. J. Kenedy and Sons.

—German readers will doubtless be interested in some, or all, of the following books published by Mr. Joseph Bercker, of Kevelaer, who will gladly furnish a complete list of his publications to any one desiring it. Joseph Bercker Verlagsbuchhandlung, Fernsprecher No. 47, Drahtanschrift, Berckerverlag.

"Hosanna dem König, Die Herz-Jesu-Thronerhebung in Gedichten und Liedern, poems and songs," by P. Ch. Lauenroth, SS. CC.; "Besuchungen des heiligsten Altarssakramentes," by the Rev. Franz Giesen, S. J., contains thirty-one Visits, prayers for morning and night, for Mass, Confession and Holy Communion, also a few songs; "Warum katholisch und Nicht 'Evangelisch,'" by Th. Mönich, S. J. Thousands of copies of this controversial pamphlet have been circulated, owing to its practical answers. "Lebensquelle zur Erneuerung der Welt," by Peter Vogt, S. J., containing abundant spiritual reading and numerous prayers for various occasions. "Ewigkeitswerte im Alltag," by the Rev. Dr. M. Gickler, O. P., explains the Lord's Prayer, etc. The author's endeavor is to lead the sinner back to God and to remind him of heaven, the eternal home for which he was created and destined. "Neues Testament," a pocket edition of the New Testament, by the Rev. Dr. Jacob Ecker, is for school use, and is provided with excellent foot-notes. "Jesu, Jesu, komm zu mir!" by K. Vogt, a book of instructions and prayers for young people. "Gloria in excelsis Deo, oder Wie lebe ich mit der Kirche?" by Fr. X. Brors, S. J., affords a good explanation of the Sacred Liturgy. "Der Okkultismus unserer Tage," by George Beyer, S. J., which, in simple and plain words, warns people against being misled by the pernicious doctrines of the occultists. "Liturgisches Gebetbuch," in Latin and German, by the Rev. Fr. X. Brors, S. J., is full of useful instruction, and contains a variety of prayers for Mass, Holy Communion and the principal festivals.

"Das Herz Jesu unsere Hoffnung und Zuflucht," by Ludwig Soengen, S. J., consists of devotions for the First Fridays and all the days of June. Songs and prayers are included. "Klipp und Klar," by Fr. X. Brors, S. J., an apologetic pocket dictionary, of which as many as 75,000 copies are now in circulation. "Ein klein Marienspiel," a Marian drama in well rhymed verse, by Fr. William Wiesebach, S. J.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. Matthew Bor, of the diocese of Lincoln; and Rev. John B. Scheier, C. S. C.

Sister M. Thomas, of the Sisters of Mercy.

Mr. Harold Warkentine, Mrs. Loretta Blair, Mrs. James Reid, Mr. John O'Neil, Mrs. E. Brown, Mr. James Leamy, Mrs. Margaret Frank, Mr. Patrick Lynch, Mrs. McGarry Thompkins, Miss Mary Garrett, Mr. Patrick Donnelly, Mrs. M. I. Weller, Miss Matilda Ott, Mr. John O'Malley, Mrs. Louis Hartman, Mrs. C. Dittman, Mr. and Mrs. John Loomis, Mrs. Anne Brennan, Mr. George Bickel, Mr. John De Walle, Mrs. M. E. McHugh, Miss Alice McGlinchy, Mr. John Dillman, Mr. F. X. Goeke, Miss C. H. Gallagher, Mrs. Edward Walsh, Mr. Theodore Kessing, Mr. E. R. Pesold, Mrs. Mary Gaffney, Mrs. Nellie O'Neill, Mr. A. A. Rembold, Mr. James Rowe, Miss Mary Finnegan, Mrs. Bridget Ryan, Mrs. Julia Logan, Mr. R. W. Schwarz, Mr. Thomas McMahon, Miss Mary Mangan, and Mr. F. B. Winter.

May they rest in peace!

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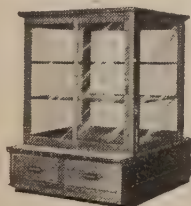
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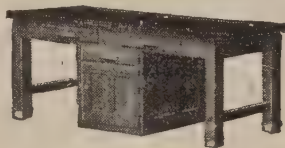
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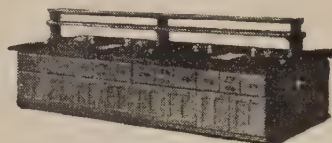
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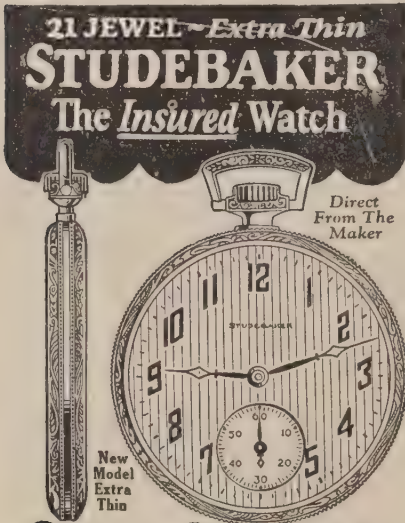
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THE AVE MARIA

A FAMILY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE HONOR OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND MONTHLY

THE AVE MARIA is the only periodical of its kind in the language. Its primary object is to honor the Blessed Virgin and to make her better known and better loved; and it thus commends itself to all who venerate the Mother of God and who wish to see devotion to her widely extended. The Holy Father has given his special blessing to all who, as subscribers or in any other way, contribute to the support of this Magazine. It has readers all over the world, and is encouraged by prelates and priests in every part of Christendom.

It embraces the two great essentials of a popular periodical—viz., Rational Amusement and Sound Instruction. In its successive issues will be found articles on Questions and Events of the Day, on the Recurring Festivals; Essays and Short Papers, Serials and Short Stories, Sketches and Poems; besides Editorial Paragraphs, Reviews of Books, Literary Notes, etc. There is also a department for Younger Readers.


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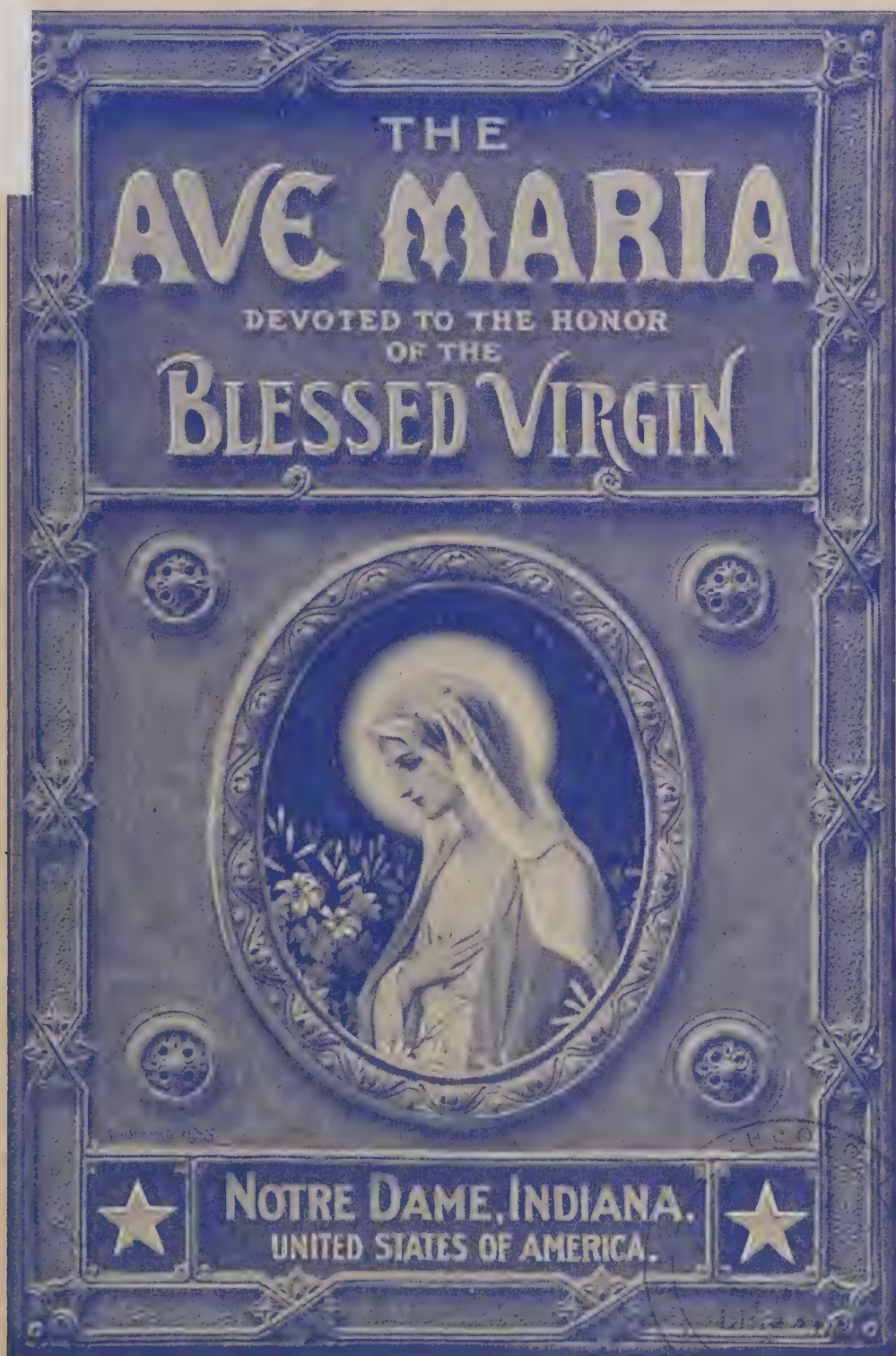
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CONTENTS

Bethlehem.—(<i>Old Book of Hours</i>).....	Frontispiece
Christmas Eve in Ireland.—(Poem).....	<i>Edward Wilbur Mason</i>801
A Cradle for the Infant King.....	<i>Mary E. McGill</i>801
Little Paul's Madonna.....	<i>Katherine Hook</i>803
A Record of Sublime Constancy.....	<i>William H. Cooke</i>808
Her Little Son.—(Poem):.....	<i>Isabel Neill</i>813
Ancient Lights.—(Continued).....	<i>Agnes Blundell</i>813
Where a Holiday Star Shone.....	<i>L. M. Frazier</i>817
Flower Lore	<i>F. M. Verrall</i>821
How to Celebrate Christmas.....	821
Notes and Remarks:	
An Inspiring and Consoling Fact.—The Next Eucharistic Congress.—A Great Man's Patience.—The Persecution in Mexico.—To be "Salted Down."—An Incident with a Moral.—Blunt, Plain Words.—	
Holiday Gifts.—Appalling Statistics.....	822

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

At the Crib.—(Poem).....	<i>Uncle Christopher</i>826
Childerswell Hall.—(Conclusion)	<i>Mother Mary Thomas</i>826
Some Christmas Trees.....	<i>M. R.</i>830
With Authors and Publishers.....	831
Obituary	832

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 24.—St. Tharsilla, V. Vigil of Christmas. <i>Fast</i> .	TUESDAY, 27.—St. John, Ap., Evg.
SUNDAY, 25.—CHRISTMAS DAY. St. Anastasia, M.	WEDNESDAY, 28.—The Holy Innocents.
MONDAY, 26.—St. Stephen, First Martyr.	THURSDAY, 29.—St. Thomas of Canterbury, B. M.
	FRIDAY, 30.—St. Liberius, B. C.
	SATURDAY, 31.—St. Silvester, P. C.


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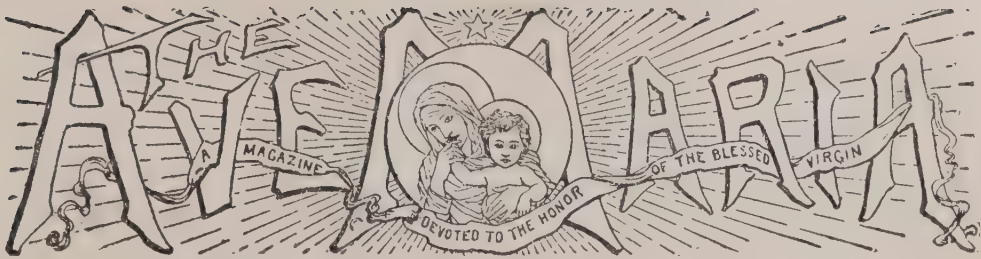
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(Old Book of Hours.)



HENCEFORTH ALL GENERATIONS SHALL CALL ME BLESSED. ST. LUKE, 1. 48.

Vol. XXVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 24, 1927.

No. 26.

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Christmas Eve in Ireland.

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

OH, Christmas Eve in Ireland, 'tis then the
angels spread the snow,
A quilt o' fleecy white on all the waitin' earth
below!
The frost king does his lovely bit; he scat-
ters diamond stars
On the four great fields o' Erin from peak to
pasture bars.
The brightness spreads its magic a mist like
Cleena's wave;
An' "Oh, it's the Lord's good shining!" quoth
the wise ones an' the grave.
And the vanithee scours the kitchen an' sets
all the house aright,
For Mary an' her little Son will come at
twelve to-night!

An' a hush falls soft on Ireland, the hush o'
the oulden morn,
Whin the star shone over Bethlchem the time
whin the Babe was born.
An' something touches an' tames the hills,
an' something tames the soul
An' heart o' the race in the isle where the
winds an' waters roll.
For Mary has promised to show herself to all
without guile or blame,
An' grant the thing that is humbly asked an'
proffered in His name.
So they heap the hearth wid blazin' logs an'
set the panes alight,
For Mary an' her little Son will come at
twelve to-night.

Blest legend o' the holy land o' Padric an'
Columbcille!

Thy children cling unto its truth; they see its
beauty still.

They ask for but the simple things, the gift o'
peace an' faith,

An' that the Milk White Hind they love shall
never suffer death.

An' now that the goose is ready an' the fra-
grant cake is made,

An' the doors are wreathed wid holly an' the
walls wid green arrayed,

They open the doors to their simple hearts
clean as the house an' as bright,

For Mary an' her little Son will come at
twelve to-night.

A Cradle for the Infant King.

BY MARY E. MCGILL.



ESUS in the Crib brings us
His message of joy, His gift
of love and His promise of
salvation. The song of His
angels thrills us, our hearts grow
warm, our blood tingles, and our steps
quicken. In the rush of our enthusiasm
it is to be hoped that we may not for-
get our courtesy: consideration is a
component of love. Hilaire Belloc
strikes the true chord of harmony
when he muses:

Of courtesy, it is much less
Than courage of heart or holiness;
Yet in my walks it seems to me
That the grace of God is in courtesy.

And again, referring to "Our little
Lord," he sings:

He was so small you could not see
His large intent of courtesy.

'A lovely thought is this!—"His large intent of courtesy."

If we grown-ups wish to be truly courteous to the Infant Jesus in our Christmas welcome, I believe we may hope to reach our desire, if, first, we clasp to our hearts the blood-stained foot of the Cross, press our lips to our Master's Sacred Feet, and there learn the price of sin, the redeeming value of humility; the charm of simplicity, the heroism of pain patiently endured, and the fathomless depths of charity, which in its essence is sacrificial.

Perhaps the day will come—it will be a truly Christian epoch—when greater numbers will read in the eyes of the Divine Babe on Christmas morning, not only His message of infinite love, with its hopeful notes of joyful redemption, but will pause, as did His Blessed Mother, to gaze into the years of His ministry and vicariously to suffer in union with the Heart of Jesus, so far as is humanly possible.

Realizing that the humblest of us are snugly warm and luxuriously cared for, in comparison with the body comforts of the Babe in the Stable of Bethlehem, it hurts our shrinking flesh to recall that He experienced physical contact with rough straw, and was chilled by the cold sting of the Wintry elements, warmed only by the breath of dumb animals and the intensity of His Immaculate Mother's and St. Joseph's love. Also, it is painful to remember, though we know it is true, that the Heart of Our Infant Saviour anticipated the overwhelming anguish of His future atonement.

Day after day we express our faith, our hope and our love; hourly we battle with temptation and struggle against evil; frequently—perhaps even daily—we receive into our hearts the Lamb of God; often we confess our sins and imperfections, and as often are we washed with the Blood of this Divine

Infant whom we adore in the manger. And as practical Catholics, at this Christmas time, we kneel before the Crib, enraptured with the contemplation of holy innocence in this divine masterpiece of babyhood, our souls athrill with loyalty for our newly-born King. Painfully wise to life, aware of its quicksand treacheries, even on fairest shores, and remembering our frequent forgetfulness of "Our little Lord," our love should throb to a different form of appreciation than that of the guileless impulse of an undefiled child.

Though tiny feet, with their ten baby pink and white toes, may at first thought suggest a certain old nursery story, a discerning soul will easily pass from sweet human contacts to the spiritual; and whimsical eyes will sense no shock of transition as their whimsicality merges to brooding sympathy. Such sympathy readily pictures the tendons of Christ's Sacred Feet ruthlessly torn, while a closer search will reveal the rich blood of that beautiful Child coursing over the toes of the grown God-man, nailed to the Cross. And the Babe's shell-like hands, creased and dimpled, if studied attentively, will mirror in their cushiony softness the cruel punctures of spikes.

Venturing farther on sacred ground, and inclining nearer that the ear may closely press the scant white garment which dulls the sound of the rhythmic beating of the Heart of Jesus, the soul will be captured by the magnetic charm of infancy divine, while the cheek is perfumed with the fragrance of His baby breath, and the intellect is lighted with a glimpse of divine perfection.

One should not be startled to have this radiant bliss suddenly removed by the sudden heaviness of the Divine Babe's heart beats. Over the Christ Child hangs the cloud of original sin, which He has come to remove; and all the iniquity from the beginning

to the end of time passes before His clear vision and oppresses Him. His baby features, celestially illuminated, will not disclose his anticipatory sufferings, but a sympathetic listening-in will record His heartache.

Having learned from our crucifix the method of designing a permanent cradle in our heart for the Infant Jesus, not only for Christmas morning, but for every moment until we again celebrate His coming, we will leave the Crib hearkening to the joyous harmonies of the stirring *Adeste Fideles*, with our souls transfigured by our consecration to Our Saviour, and our hearts overflowing with gratitude for His gifts of peace and good will. We will chant with the angels: *Gloria in excelsis Deo!*

Little Paul's Madonna.

BY KATHERINE HOOK.

NEAR the cathedral, in the heart of the New Orleans' French quarter, dwelt Mère Roget and her grandson, "Tite Paul," the mender of images. Mère acted as portress at an ancient mansion, rented the rooms, and kept the place in some sort of order.

The old house strutted behind its ragged veil of lacy Spanish iron work, the peeling blue-green paint of its *jalousies* and tawdry pink curtains, fluttering in the breeze, like a wilfully bedraggled beldame sneering at the restorations of her modern neighbors.

Some say the old house had been a court of justice in the brief second French régime; one can still see the towering wall of an inner courtyard, called the prison wall, so near the street that it laughs at the unsuspecting tourist, and hides a gem of atmosphere, —a tiny barred cell where many a prisoner must have awaited his turn at the inscrutable bar of justice, two impenetrable walls away.

Mère ruled this tumble-down world with tight-lipped satisfaction, her dark eyes an augur for another's secret, a batten door for her own. The old Creole knew perhaps least of any how intensely she defended her right to keep "Tite Paul out of the sunny world, helpfully helpless, his horizon bounded by the prison wall, mounting high against the metallic Southern sky, screening him from view; and his refuge at night, ironically, the barred room where prisoners of a far different sort once ate out their hearts in longing.

That strange power which might do beautiful things had made Petite Paul lame: not a lameness where one can limp with a crutch, throw stones, tantalize and bully the neighborhood, curse the policeman and then run away. Scarcely; it was a visitation, sad but free of much that might annoy. The God who had set Paul unprotesting in his chair had lightened the burden by giving the boy a gift with his hands. What but His will had made Paul lame, and then allowed him to take up his grandfather's vocation, not where Old Paul had left off, but with an added cunning that brought the world to Mère Roget's shabby door when their broken saints needed repair? The arrangement was perfect.

No one saw the image-mender, and few urged the necessity for seeing him; it was all part of the atmosphere. "My artisan is fatigued, or absent,"—or anything that could be expressed by the inimitable gesticulations of Mère on the defensive. However, she did allow "Tite Paul an eye upon her world, a providential crack in the shutter of her room, where he could watch people as they came and went quite unobserved by them.

Little Paul laughed at Mère, not unkindly, but with a feeling of knowing better; not the result of selfishness or lack of love, but because he could not

help himself. Poor Mère, she could not believe! All sorts of things coming true assured the boy that some day everything would come right; he knew in his heart that he would walk again. But not Mère! Each morning she was certain she would not have money for her marketing, yet every day she returned with enough for their needs, and had set her candle, and even spared St. Anthony a penny for his poor.

"But the market is fierce, yes," she grumbled. "No more *lagniappe*; you have to *buy* parsley; and as for the onion! to ask for one is to offer an insult. Who in the world would not give an onion! I remember the time, me, when the whole French market would be proud to offer their wares, when no one would have offered me *one* onion *lagniappe*; and now they refuse even to sell that. Fifty cents for make the market,—it is an outrage! Only this morning I set my candle to St. Raymond again, and please God, for to-day we shall eat. To-morrow!—"

"Mère! Mère! don't you tell me all is as God wills? Is it not His market? Surely, if He gave me such legs and then the broken saints to mend, He will give us food. We always *do* eat."

"Ah, yes, yes; 'we always do eat.' But what if we did *not*? Suppose I had to go, as others, to strangers? The time might come, with potatoes two pounds for fifteen cents, and red beans and rice what they are! No more *quarti*. The good old days are gone and customs with them; we may yet have to beg. It is the will of *le bon Dieu*."

Here Paul would laugh, a sunny, tooth-gleaming laugh, crinkling into an indulgent smile, as he turned again to his clays and paint and flowers and shattered saints upon the lapboard before him. Nevertheless, that forbidding will-of-God invaded the house, and at times overflowed like a fog into the covert of his tiny *patio*. Here, most of

all, he felt the tragedy of his withered limbs, and would sigh, when Mère could not hear, for what might have been. Then it was he would grasp the big brush and wheel his chair over the worn flags, awkwardly drag his pails of paint within reach, and work with dash and vigor. Then came forth upon that old gray prison wall the Place of Trees. From what age-old memory models 'Tite Paul drew, no one can know; but there it grew: giant live oaks, a vista to the shimmering water; the depth, the strength were there, the sureness of touch, the broad sweep that stretched the diminutive *patio* into a plantation "yard," as they are known in Louisiana, of a nobility that even Mère Roget felt.

This one distraction she did not disapprove of, but would stop her work, scan the landscape, her eyelids heavy and brooding, until something akin to courage shone in her thrift-driven eyes, as they lost their hard look in the shadows of those imaged trees,—a background against which her penury faded into nothingness. But the thing of beauty was, alas! not long a joy. Thoughtless rain beat upon that yard; the inquisitive sun burned and cracked the paint with his smile, making the trees wither and die under a too-ardent approval. The vista became in time a ghastly thing.

As I told you, 'Tite Paul had his peephole on life. When some one came bringing work, Mère would walk behind him into the dark hall, rubbing her hands, whether the day be December cold or September hot, and ask crossly, "What is it?" The person would answer: "A lily for St. Anthony," or "Do this 'Little Flower' over, and see that the paint does not stick." And 'Tite Paul, peeping at the patron, would make the lily for St. Anthony, and be careful of the paint on the "Little Flower," feeling sorry that the customer did not the

more impress him, and thereby put an individual stamp upon his saints.

People loved 'Tite Paul's images more than their brand-new saints. A feeling for the statues and their owners drifted across to him through the little window he had on life. To make his restorations express their owners, and so express his love for life, for work, for the world and the part he played in it, unconsciously became the child's ruling passion. It seemed somehow to make up for his helplessness,—he could forget his useless feet in the busy, sensitive, useful hands, and be happy.

After work the long evening in the *patio* with the Summer moon high; in the short Winter, rest beside the coal fire in Mère's barricaded, Moorish-pink bedroom, where the dancing shadows made a ghostly "Place of Trees" inviting to dreams. One day was so much like another that there seemed no possibility of change. Mère disappeared daily in the early mornings, and mounted guard all the long waking day; set her candles at the cathedral shrines for special favors, and infrequently went to Canal Street to replenish Paul's mending materials.

As the long Autumn wore on, the boy did not know Mère was now carrying an added burden. The house had changed hands. Strange things were to be done to it, after the fashion of its neighbors; and after the first of the New Year Mère would no longer be portress. Where to hide Paul away to keep from him the buffetings Mère knew only too well, seemed daily no nearer of solution. For where would Mère Roget, at her age and with a helpless grandson, find work? 'Tite Paul's earnings she scrupulously kept for him. The shortening time determined her upon a most desperate course. When next she visited Canal Street she would give in her name to the strangers she feared and hated, and at last swallow

the bitter herbs of charity. Anything was better than exposing 'Tite Paul to the cruel world.

The decision made, Mère became a shade more grim, a trifle more flat-sided, her hair closer to her scalp somehow, her apron folds more starchy, her gown tighter. 'Tite Paul observed that as Christmas approached and his heart expanded Mère's seemed to shrink; the will-of-God grew more desperately rigid, and was invoked for the merest trifle, as when Paul spilled his sienna tube over his blanket, and had to do St. Christopher in green when the dull color was just suited to the good saint. And to think that all the world was preparing to be gay!

No change came until Christmas Eve. Even then, Mère could not bring herself to tell 'Tite Paul she was going to ask for a Christmas basket, and that next week they would leave the old refuge for an alien world. Paul would, no doubt, laugh at her for her fears; and as for the basket, it was best he should not understand.

Next morning Paul was awakened by the cathedral bell, and dimly heard Mère depart, her firm, protesting heel clapping down on the flags in counterpoint to the shuffling crescendo of the feet of passing worshippers on their way to Mass. Old women's feet, dragging along with the sideways swish of their full skirts; young feet, tripping on high staccato heels; old men's feet, with the t-lap, t-lap of age feeling along the banquette behind exploring cane; stubbed toes of altar boys sleepily reporting for their holy duties. 'Tite Paul knew them all.

Now the pale light reaches with its ghostly finger and plucks at the boy's bright eyes. He turns his face to the pillow. But not for long, for the chittering of a thousand saucy bird throats brings the day still nearer. Soon Mère appears, gloomily apprehensive, her

prayers bringing her no vision and no hope, forgetful too that this day she might turn away from Christ on His Cross to the Babe in the Crib, as tender and as helpless as her own 'Tite Paul on the pallet before her.

Very soon *café-au-lait* and a *brioche* on a tiny black tray are served. Mère places Paul's helpless legs against the long cushion of the worn wheel chair, and rolls him into his little room, where he takes up his station for the day, full of holiday spirit. He rolls himself gaily into the courtyard to have a peep at Mère, and to find that for the first time she had failed to open his little window upon her world.

"*Ma foi!* What you say always about making those blessed saints like people is a sin. I have confessed for you and received absolution. I expected a penance, no less. *Voilà*,—it is no more."

"But, my people, they love their images more than ever. Do they not always say that? They *do* say that, I hear them often. You would not want to take away their joy to-day?"

"Joy!" The door bell's pealing interrupted Mère's snort of contempt. She returned with a tiny Christ Child, whose broken feet and marred face 'Tite Paul must make whole.

"You are to repair this at once; it is a hurry-up call. The person will come for it very soon, so make haste."

"But how am I to please, Mère, when I don't know how to model His face? Oh, why did you close my little window? I care for this One most of all."

"Things change, child, like the market! You can make Him like He was. That is enough."

"But how *was* He? Even that I do not know,—the face is all gone."

"Well enough I know your grandfather could have done it. Bah! Set to work."

Reluctantly Paul picked up the Babe while Mère bustled in her room and out

into the echoing hall, where she slipped the chain grating in the lock, barring his little world from any danger of intrusion. Alone with necessity, some alchemy flowed into the child as he touched the statue. For the first time he saw himself as he was before fever had weakened his legs. A lovely shadowy form bent over him; a silvery something shone above her hair, and her trailing robes were blue. Paul laid the Babe down and modelled feverishly.

The sun had crept from the flags beneath his window, up along the scrawny grapevine to the rickety gallery below the roof before Paul, suddenly weary with his travail, knew his task was complete. He loved the little Babe lying there, perfect, with a warmth and strength so unlike his own. A great rush of loneliness and longing overpowered him. Long sobs wrung his slight frame until in sheer pain he laid the Babe away, and grasping the big brush rolled himself out into the silent courtyard.

The long shadows crept across the blue-green sunset sky as 'Tite Paul worked his magic upon that prison wall. A grotto digs deep into it,—low-ceiled, crude, cold with the Winter starlight, rough of floor and rugged of wall. The lowly ass is tethered there; the patient ox now chews his cud. Above now shines a glorious light, its lucency spraying the manger where soon will lie the Christ Child with tiny arms outstretched, the burden and blessing of the world upon His infant shoulders. Feverishly the boy works, he has the feel of the thing in his finger tips as it runs off the brush—the Nativity. Something of glory went from his worshipping soul into that manger.

'Tite Paul drew his chair back across the yard, and lifted the Babe in his hands to lay Him in the straw, so real had the scene become, when the sweetest voice he had ever heard said softly:

"My little one!"

Paul wheeled about, and there in the shadows appeared his Madonna, her arms outstretched to him, to her Son, her eyes brooding compassion and love, waiting to gather her Babe to her breast. Her silver veil shone in the dim light; her floating draperies were blue. The boy rose in worship, rose on his withered feet; and, tottering towards the vision, laid the Babe in her arms.

At that moment Mère shuffled into the *patio*. In her tired hands she carried a basket—the Christmas basket of the poor. Something floated past her as she dropped it and ran to her child.

"You frightened me, Paul! You're out of your chair!"

"Did you not see her, Mère? The Madonna came to me for her Baby. She made me walk. She was like my own mother, Mère."

"Hush! You must not say that. No one has been here. Sit down!"

"Mère, I don't want to sit,—I can walk. I tell you she *was* here. She came for her Baby, and held out her arms to me, and I went to her. I can walk!" Paul took a feeble step in proof.

"Oh, *mon petite* Paul!"

"Oh, see, Mère, she brought you a lovely basket. Help me to walk to see it, Mère."

"No, no! You do not understand. The basket is—"

But Mère did help Paul; she shook more on her weary feet than Paul on his new-found limbs.

"A Merry Christmas!" read Paul. "Merry Christmas!" he laughed. "I should say it *is* a merry Christmas when I can walk."

"Merry Christmas, son! It is the good God's will. What a gift, 'Tite Paul, —to walk!"

Paul sobbed now, for he knew not what nameless joy had invaded his soul, while Mère tore away a tell-tale tag, watering it with her tears.

"Merry Christmas!" repeated Mère, smiling herself now, as the old cathedral bell rang out the hour of prayer with a clangor of joy, a warming, friendly voice that loosened all the tight scrumping of the old woman's soul.

"Oh, I must not forget the Christ Child," laughed 'Tite Paul, laboriously working his way back to the unfinished picture, chuckling to himself the while, "Merry—happy—Christmas."

.

The cast of the altar-play, "*Cantique de Noël*," impatiently awaited Angela Bouquillon who was to portray the Madonna. She was never on time, and left everything to the last moment. She called it temperament; but everyone else knew the play would be a failure. To-night she had even forgotten the Christ Child who was to lie in the manger, so she nonchalantly ran around the corner for the statue.

While the players waited Angela stole just one more moment. She telephoned to her real estate partner not to disturb the old janitress at their latest purchase, and to have the lock which she had to break, repaired at the earliest possible moment.

"My dear," she added (her partner happened to be her husband), "I am thrilled to death. I've found the very artist we want for our little shop. Isn't Christmas wonderful?"

YOU will find, as you look back upon your life, that the moments that stand out, the moments when you have really lived, are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love. As memory scans the past, above and beyond all the transitory pleasures of life, there leap forward those hours when you have been enabled to do unnoticed kindnesses to those round about you,—things too trifling to speak of, but which you feel have entered into your eternal life.—*Drummond*.

A Record of Sublime Constancy.

BY WILLIAM H. COOKE.

IF ever there were a fascinating subject for research well worthy of the seeker's interest, it is surely that time so full of incident and fruitful legend when England was experiencing the so-called Reformation. In those days the Church was attacked with such tremendous violence that all public forms of worship in the true religion disappeared. Her monasteries were sacked, her cathedrals despoiled, her ministers persecuted, till hardly a sign was left to indicate her ancient glories.

In those days there was but one source of comfort for her people: the occasional visit of a hunted priest. In these times, when Catholicism has regained a great measure of its former liberties, and its priests are honored as no other ministers of religion, it is difficult to capture the atmosphere of that penal age. The arrival, the parting, the safe journeying of the hunted priest was a matter of which every whisper spelt fines, prison, and often enough death. But those occasional arrivals lit up in many a household a spirit that bore it bravely through countless dreary months of darkness and sorrow. What then were the secret rejoicings whilst the news was spread so carefully to the rest of the faithful!—the rapid preparations for assembly, for confession, for a secret Mass! Who shall not speak in praise and honor of those scattered and fearful congregations, of their much-hunted, valiant pastors, of those great souls who housed the clergy at mighty risk?

Yet the very circumstances of such activities kept them mostly secret. The written record was too dangerous a document to have existence; and so our histories of those exciting times are generally scraps of information, of brilliant

achievements, sacrifices, heroisms unbounded; of tortures, of pillage, of murder. Above all, however, there stands out like the evening star in the heavens the one characteristic common to them all,—a perpetual, ever-glorious chord that inspires while it astonishes those who know not the Church. It is the tale of constancy: an epic with every scene depicting the one invariable theme—the constancy of rich and poor, the learned, the lowly, the persecuted, the hunted, the tortured, and the eternally inspiring example of the priests of the ancient Faith.

Here and there records survive of these things in old manuscripts, carefully prized in antique houses. Other records, too, more grim, speak in silence the stories once so living. And just at intervals there have come forth writings, not so old, as the ever-famous “Memoirs of Missionary Priests,” by Bishop Challoner, which have collected for posterity the histories and traditions of the past. The whole story, however, will never be written. Too much that was is no more, either in records, in books, in tradition, or in legend. There is left to us simply a skeleton of incidents connecting two long and black centuries. For the rest, only the present position of the Church in England serves to indicate that the price its forefathers paid for the faith was worthy of them.

In the England of those days, no part of the country was more staunch, more unyielding, in the struggle for Catholicism than the Northwest,—Lancashire and lonely Westmoreland. And it is no mark of disrespect to the great work of the Irish to say that Lancashire has the greatest Catholic population of England to-day, because the famous “red rose” county was most obstinate of all in the black centuries. There is no need here to write in praise of Ireland's sons for their magnificent

avowal of faith in the county—or anywhere else. But of proud Preston and Lancaster, of the Fylde and of Blackburn, the world knows less; it knows little of its priests who worked there, and nothing of its laymen who lived there; and probably it knows not at all that there are at present before the Sacred Congregation the names of thirty-five martyrs of Lancashire, whose beatification, please God, will not long be delayed.

Yet it is so, and these names represent no collective butchering by Elizabeth's minions, but the slow accumulation of rewards earned and obtained in different parts at different times. The frenzy of the human chase faltered very little over many decades; the numbers grew one by one, and with them grew the fame of that lonely agricultural county.

The powers in the land objected; they set up ordinances, commissions, and special bodies to persuade the people to conform to the new religion. We read of the effect in a report from their Bishop of Carlisle. "In Lancashire on all hands the people fall from religion, revolt to popery, refuse to come to church; the wicked popish priests reconcile them to the Church of Rome, and cause them to abjure this Christ's religion, and that openly and unchecked. . . ." Four years later, in 1574, came this tribute from the Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Earl of Derby: "Lancashire is the very sink of popery, where more unlawful acts have been committed and more unlawful persons holden secret than in any other part of the realm."

Thus did the reputation of the people grow as persecution followed persecution. Complaints kept pouring in to the authorities, and the authorities increased the fines, filled the gaols, widened the meaning of "High Treason," confiscated, racked and executed; but

all to no purpose. President of the Commission, Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, and Secretary Francis Walsingham wrote and reported, and urged their subordinates; but the same subordinates were powerless to move the will of the people. Of necessity these bowed to the storm; united in spirit they would not flee from it. According to their estate they suffered, and they suffered gladly.

A certain old man, John Towneley, of Towneley, on being found to profess continually the Roman Catholic Faith was imprisoned, in turn, at Chester, Marshalsea, York, the Blockhouses of Hull, the Gatehouse in Westminster, at Manchester, at Broughton and at Ely. Finally, because they could produce no evidence against him, he was, at the age of seventy-three, charged to remain within five miles of his home and fined £20 a month (which fines had amounted, when the report was made, in 1601, to £5000). Of such a mould were the laity. Of what glorious casting were the clergy?

Let us take the names of two whom all England knows well to-day, the names of Cardinal Allen and Blessed Edmund Campion.

William Allen, son of John Allen of Rossall, had, early in the reign of Elizabeth, journeyed abroad to Louvain that he might study for the priesthood. Bad health sent him home for three years, and during that time, though still unordained, "he began a ministry of encouragement and consolation among his afflicted fellow-countrymen." Three years he remained, observing the trials and difficulties of the people, observing the ever-diminishing supply of priests, and wondering all the while how the ranks were to be filled. Out of this wondering there arose at length world-renowned Douai—the great French seminary which was for so many long decades to substitute the

English lack. Here small boys half-terrorfully, half-joyfully arrived from distant English homes. Years later they would return to their own country grown men, priests, to serve perhaps a long while, perhaps a short while, but almost inevitably to end with the crown of martyrdom.

In time of want Providence has always produced the necessary things. It would be foolish therefore to say that without Douai the Church in England would have perished. But it is certain that this foundation of the great cardinal was chiefly responsible in saving the country. Nor was it an exaggeration that described the cardinal himself as "the father, under God, of the Catholic Church in England after the destruction of the hierarchy."

Through him it was that the Society of Jesus sent Father (now, Blessed) Edmund Campion and Father Robert Parsons to work among the scattered congregations. The latter went into the West and Father Campion to the North. Through Nottingham, Derby and Yorkshire he travelled, till he arrived in Lancashire for Eastertide. By Whitsun he had gone, and soon after he was betrayed and taken, to suffer later the grim execution of those days. Even to the present details of that first and last tour remain. There are lists of houses where he stayed, and of families who both sheltered him and consequently suffered for their loyalty. One such list is still preserved and in the British Museum itself; and the names there inscribed are mostly famous to-day,—names living still in Lancashire. The Heskeths, Houghtons, Allens and Southworths are immemorially linked with its activities.

Unlike Blessed Edmund Campion in that their missionary labors took them no farther afield and that their martyrdom was not at hallowed Tyburn but at Lancaster are Fathers Arrowsmith and Barlow. Of the former a

brief account has already appeared in *THE AVE MARIA*.* Suffice it here to mention that he was born at Warrington, and educated at Douai. On returning, he ministered in his native county till he was taken by the justices, tried in the farcical fashion of the times on a charge of treason, and executed at Lancaster. To this day there remains a miraculous relic of his hand which pilgrims visit regularly at Ashton.

The Venerable Ambrose Barlow, monk of St. Benedict, came from Barlow Hall, Manchester. Having been educated at the Benedictine monastery of St. Gregory, Douai, and at the English College, Valladolid, he was professed in 1616 and ordained in 1617. His work was mostly in South Lancashire. For a time he resided with a certain freedom at a Wardby Hall, which now treasures his skull as a relic. He was apprehended and imprisoned several times before he was finally arrested at the instigation of the Protestant Vicar of Eccles on Easter Sunday, 1641. At Lancaster he also was tried—for the crime of being a priest,—and in September went to his reward.

And this is the story of them all, cleric and layman. Under Elizabeth and the succeeding sovereigns, the persecution rolled on cruelly and unceasingly. For more than two hundred years, till the country's wearied "let it be" brought freedom back to the faithful by the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, there was no relenting of the oppression. In the face of a rapid and suddenly passing persecution, the spirit of a people has often remained unaffected. It is when generation succeeds generation and prospects of relief are never any nearer, that the strength of the resistance is tested; and to that the lists of scattered martyrs are glorious testimony. One may only single out a few names for mention—for indeed the

* July, 1925. "The Holy Hand of Ashton."

lists are long when examined in detail; yet the history of one man inscribed therein differs little from that of another. The priests lived and died so that they might minister to those who needed them; the laymen lived, suffered, and oftentimes died also that their pastors might be enabled to do the work to which they were devoted; and generation followed generation without a change. Heroism in a battle is expected, during a war admirable, but throughout a lifetime, an era, it is sublime. Rare? It was common then.

Father Newdigate, writing on the same topic, tells the story of one layman who happened to leave an account of his later experiences. His name was John Rigby, and he was "a younger son of Nicholas Rigby, a gentleman of moderate means of Harrock Hall, near Wigan. . . ." In 1600, we find him, a young man of thirty, a gentleman servant in the retinue of a good Catholic widow in London, a Mrs. Fortescue. His mistress had been summoned to the Newgate sessions "for causes of religion," but was sick and unable to attend in person, and Rigby presented himself in Court to make her excuses. He soon found himself compelled to answer for himself. "What countryman are you?" asked the Lord Mayor. "A Lancashire man, my Lord," he proudly answers. "Will you go to the church?"—"No."—"When received you the communion?"—"Never, my Lord; nor will I. I know it to be no sacrament, and therefore will not receive it."—"O damnable creature," said they, "what religion art thou of?"—"A poor Catholic, my Lord." And so they led him to confess that he "had indeed been reconciled."—"By whom?"—"By one Mr. Buckley, my Lord, a Catholic priest" (This was the V. Father John Buckley, the Franciscan martyr). But Rigby was not betraying him: he was only playing with the Court. "Where is Mr. Buckley now?"—"In

heaven, I make no doubt."—"In heaven? How know you that?"—"He suffered martyrdom for the Catholic religion." The prisoner was remanded and ordered to be put in chains. "Put it on, in God's name," said he cheerily to the gaoler; "I would not change my chain for the Lord Mayor's great chain. And I gave the fellow sixpence for his pains," he adds.

In due course he was had up for trial. His indictment was read again, "and," he adds, "it was a sharp one." Up to the very end the judge sought by promise of pardon to induce him to submit and go to church. John would have none of it. "My Lord, if that be all the offence I have committed, I would not wish your Lordship to think I have risen thus many steps towards heaven and will now wilfully let my foot slip into the bottomless pit of hell. I hope in Jesus. He will strengthen me rather to suffer a thousand deaths." Of course, he was condemned to death, and the judge uttered the usual cruel sentence. "Which when he had ended, I said, '*Deo gratias!*' All is but one death, my Lord, and a flea-biting in comparison with that which it pleased my sweet Saviour Jesus to suffer for me." Three days later, in the morning, news was brought to him that he should die that day. He answered very cheerfully, "*Deo gratias!* It is the best tidings that was ever brought to me." And he was himself to the last. When about to start on his last journey to St. Thomas Waterings, the Southwark place of execution, "rising from his prayer, he smote his hand upon the horse merrily, saying 'Go thy ways, this is the joyfullest day that ever I knew!' Like another More he went laughing to the scaffold."

In those days there were many John Rigbys, many that were known, and many of whom there is no longer trace. The records of some are bald, but signi-

ficant: the name, the degree, the death; the rest may all be guessed. In forgotten archives scraps of information await the seeker; in museums, libraries, in government reports, and in ancient houses are the only fragments telling of past glorious careers. Here a relic, there a letter; and elsewhere a more immediate tribute, a relative cured by a pilgrimage, evidence of the heroism and sanctity of those Lancashire martyrs, priests and laymen.

It is obviously impossible to present an account of them in detail here. We can but mention one or two of them as typical of the whole group with incidents of characteristic interest. Thus there is the story of the Lancashire maid and Blessed Edmund Campion. The latter had been staying at a certain house, and was about to leave when some inquiring pursuivants arrived. The stranger would have been instantly noticeable in the group about the courtyard. He was therefore pushed unceremoniously into the water by the quick-witted maid.

We may take a different kind of story, that of Fr. Robert Middleton, nephew of Margaret Clitheroe. Of him there is this report: that he was arrested by chance near Preston, that an attempt to rescue him by four Catholics was frustrated, and that after a long and exciting struggle, one of them, the Venerable Father Hunt, was also captured. Both were treated thereupon with great inhumanity, heavily ironed night and day, and then with their feet tied beneath the bellies of their horses, they were carried to London, and back again to Lancaster where they were condemned and executed for their priesthood. But all to no effect, for even the felons condemned to die with them were reconciled to the Church.

No one will ever write of that triumphal failure to rescue a beloved pastor; no poet sings of that Calvary journey

to the capital and back. Only in certain faithful quarters is it known and remembered; for the rest it is entirely forgotten history.

Rome, however, has not forgotten. Half a century ago their equivalent beatification was declared by Pope Leo XIII., and at the same time the Cause of many others was introduced. Of that immortal group known as the English Martyrs more than one-eighth belonged to Lancashire,—not the prosperous, intensively populated industrial area of the present, but the thinly peopled and remote agricultural county of three centuries ago.

"The state of Lancashire is lamentable to behold. The offenders continue in their disobedience. Masses are said in several places. If her Majesty do not proceed in this Commission, our country is utterly overthrown: no lenity will do any good." Thus was it written of the county to Queen Elizabeth. And no parts were excepted in the accusation. Preston and the Fylde are mentioned as harboring Jesuits and Massing priests; Wigan and Prescott are chosen for summary commissions; Manchester's people are obstinate, etc.

They lived and they died for the Faith. It was not vain sacrifice. There are seven hundred thousand Catholics in the same region to-day. There are three flourishing dioceses; priests, churches, and schools almost without number. Scarcely a week passes now without the foundation stone of a new church or of new schools being laid. In a short while there will arise the first great Catholic cathedral, after Westminster, to be built in England; and it will arise in Liverpool, the port of Lancashire—port indeed of the world. No longer is the "Papist" forced to build his priest-holes, to conceal himself in hidden cellars, in caves, and on desolate moors. To-day his churches stand proudly in the main thoroughfares.

Processions through the streets are no longer the signal for riots. Where had been strife there is now almost universal peace, and there is no man more honored of his fellows than the same once despised Catholic. The persecution is over, and the Lancashire martyrs of old are enjoying their doubly earned glorious reward.

Her Little Son.

BY ISABEL NEILL.

HER little Son is coming home to-night:
On countless hearths the leaping flames
dance high,

In countless homes are mirth and revelry—
Her little Son is coming home to-night.

He would have come when Spring winds wove
a song

Of rapture round the white-robed cherry
trees;

He would have joyed in Summer's mysteries,
But selfish hearts forgot Him overlong.

We did not seek Him when the Autumn cast
Her lovely mantles over hill and wood;

O gentle heart, brave and misunderstood,
We waited till these glories all were past.

To-night, when leafless trees bow to the blast,
When earth is frosty white, and skies are
gray,

We make our festival, for but a day,
And welcome home her little Son at last.

O sad, blind men! When He could bring each
day

The constant peace that every soul desires,
The love that humble deeds with beauty fires,
We go unheeding on our stumbling way.

And yet, He loves us! Yet He joys to know
That candles burn, that many hearths are
bright,

That weary hearts are, for a moment, light,
That through His love is lost a whole earth's
woe.

Her little Son is coming home to-night:

On countless hearths the leaping flames
dance high,

In countless homes are mirth and revelry,
Her little Son is coming home to-night!

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXVII.

HERE he is! Here, mates, we have
him!" shouted the head of the
band of intruders.

Richard sat at the table as though paralyzed. His lips parted, but no words came. The fellow, emboldened by his passivity, rushed forward and laid his hand on his shoulder. At the impact a shock seemed to strike Nevile, galvanizing his whole frame. He sprang up, roughly shaking off his adversary.

"How now, sir! Touch me at your peril!" he exclaimed, and stepped back until his shoulders touched the wall. He was unarmed, but looked so fierce as he stood there at bay, glaring from face to face, that the men gathered round in a semicircle.

Richard's brain was reeling, but with a tremendous effort he pulled himself together.

"There is some mistake here," he said, speaking as calmly as his hurried breathing would allow. "Surely I have obeyed orders duly, and am not liable to rearrest."

As no one answered, he drew himself up and came a step forward.

"You, sir, hold a warrant, I see. On whom do you seek to serve it?"

"I am searching for one Lampton, a Romish priest," returned the other, who was a magistrate.

"You will not find him here," said Richard boldly. "Indeed, Mr. Hutton was loath to take *me* in, but yielded to importunity. He would not willingly disoblige my cousins—the Throckmortons—with whom he hath acquaintanceship."

He said this rather loud, yet without glancing towards Mr. Hutton.

"And who may you be, then, who speak so glibly of what we shall and

shall not find here?" inquired the Justice.

"Faith, sir, I am but Richard Nevile—a poor prisoner lawfully discharged this morning, and obliged to the charity of good Mr. Hutton for the raiment I wear and this supper."

The man stared at him surlily.

"We have warning there is a priest in these parts," he said, "and that old witch, who is known as Mother Anne—"

"If this person speaks of the old woman who bears the Bedlam badge, I know her well," interrupted Mistress Wareing, who stood by her father on the threshold, her frightened child in her arms. "She is a licensed beggar and calls here regularly for alms. Indeed, Master Godfrey, I think she goes to your house also. She was here this forenoon, and my father spoke to her on the highway, when he took this young man into his coach. There is no harm in giving him a lodging for the night is there, if he is, as he says, lawfully discharged?"

"No, no," returned Mr. Kempe uncertainly. He kept glancing from Richard to the paper in his hand; and it was evident that the description of the man he sought did not tally with Nevile's appearance. "We will, however, search the house. There has only been one at table," he muttered to his followers, "and our informant spoke of only one stranger in the house."

"For my part I think we have been misled," said another gentleman; "and I'm sorry we should have disturbed you at this hour, neighbor Hutton. Why, the man is as regular at church as myself," he added, in a low voice to his leader.

"I trust you will bear no malice, Master Hutton," said the Justice. "If information is laid and a warrant brought down, you know it is our duty to make a search. Come, Master Pursuivant, scatter your men. Pray Master Hutton,

allow me to detain you and your daughter here while the search goes forward."

"And you'll not take it ill if this poor lad finishes his meal?" said Hutton, clapping Richard on the shoulder condescendingly.

Mistress Wareing swept in and sat down, her dress billowing about her; and Master Godfrey having graciously given leave, Richard took his place at the table.

Meanwhile the search party could be heard tearing open drawers and cupboards, stamping about the rooms overhead and beating in dark corners with their measuring rods. Their enthusiasm was soon gone, however, and they returned at length with a little book of the Office of Our Lady, the sole result of the foray.

"Tush," said Kempe, flinging it aside; "this is some of your trumpery, Mistress Wareing. Well, neighbor, I trust you will see that your daughter goes to church, else you are like to have further visitations. Good e'en to you!"

Hutton made no reply, acknowledging the Justice's farewell with a very slight bow. He then turned to the window and stood looking out gloomily, watching the unwelcome visitors ride away in the starlight.

Maids and men-servants came running to the room with indignant tales of the damage and disorder left by the searchers. The widow gave her little girl to the nurse, and then called up her servant, Solomon Barrett, and bade him calm the excitement and see that the house door was barred.

Then softly approaching her father, she thrust her arm through his.

"Look father," she said in a low voice; "we owe this young man thanks: it is his courage and ready wit which saved us to-night."

"Where is the other?" asked Hutton in a hollow tone.

His daughter pointed to the moveable panel.

"He had best stay hid to-night," she said, "lest they return. I think they knew a priest was in the neighborhood, and suspected that he lay here. Mr. Lampton must move forward out of danger immediately."

Richard had sunk back in his chair, intensely weary.

"That must be my business," he murmured.

As the others faced him in surprise, he raised himself and explained his meaning.

"I wish to act as a guide for priests. I have a tolerably good eye for country; I am a strong walker—and," he added with some hesitation, "I have but little to lose."

"Why did you not hide with the priest?" asked Mistress Wareing. Then as he did not immediately answer, she turned to her father again. "You see this youth has modesty as well as courage; he faced the danger of being dragged back to prison rather than expose us to peril."

"That, at least, I owed you," answered the young man.

Still Hutton did not speak.

"The priest could say Mass ere dawn, and then hurry away. Solomon is safe and honest. They must ride to Uxbridge, and he shall attend them and bring back the horses. Father dear,"—she clasped his arm again beseechingly, "the priest can only stay with us a few hours more."

He gave a deep groan.

"I can not, nay, I can not! I know the Catholic Faith is true; but pity me, good sir, if thou canst. I have not the courage to see myself stripped of everything—my family ruined."

His voice died away.

"As to that," replied his daughter, "you know that my only desire is to retire abroad where I can practise

my religion in peace. Oh, my father, think not of this life but of eternity!"

The older man turned to Richard, and said with something of a sneer: "You, sir, may now go forward merrily, since it seems you have no more to lose."

"I have my soul," returned Richard—"and my honor; for I do not think honor impugned by the loss of worldly estate."

"You are conscious forsooth of a vast moral superiority," continued the other in a bitter tone.

Richard flushed hotly.

"You know little of the terror of temptation to speak so," he cried impetuously. "Indeed, you taunt one of the weakest of men. God knows—even to-night—only for His mercy—"

He broke off, twisting his hands in an effort to master his agitation.

Catherine Wareing interposed between the two men.

"Master Richard, you must rest," she said. "Have no fear; you are not one of those who will ever betray our Captain Christ, for you rely on God's grace, not on your own strength. You must to rest, but first tell us your plans."

Before Richard could make any rejoinder, Solomon returned to announce that the doors were made fast and that the household had retired. Hutton bade him keep watch in the hall lest they be again surprised.

The priest was released from the secret chamber as soon as they were alone; and sitting close together, the four took council in low voices.

Mr. Lampton desired to make his way immediately to Yorkshire where friends and relatives awaited his coming. He wished, however, to pass by Worcester, as he had received word in London that there would be a gathering of Jesuits at Pater Oldcorne's, and he wished to consult them before taking up his residence in Yorkshire. Richard undertook to guide him as far as

Mr. Abingdon's home where Father Oldcorne dwelt.

"A good number of the Catholic gentry are known to me," said Richard. "I doubt not we can pass from house to house, and thus avoid being in inns, which is dangerous. I would fain visit my kinsfolk too, the Throckmortons. It was my angel guardian who put their name into my mouth, for it was while with them I heard the Stoneleys spoken of. And it is true, I think, that Master Edward was of some assistance to you once in a law suit, was he not, Mr. Hutton?"

"Master Edward is indeed my good friend," answered Hutton. "But as for you, I took you in rather at Mother Anne's entreaty. Troth! a man can not serve all his friends and relatives nowadays, or he would soon be ruined."

"It was strange that Mother Anne should meet you so pat in our need," remarked Richard.

"Nay, there is nought marvellous there," answered the other abruptly. "The old woman had guided the priest here this morning, and knew that I was expected from London at sunset. She had indeed been watching the road that she might warn me of the priest's arrival. We run a risk here—a fearful risk."

He raised his head suddenly, listening intently and holding up his hand for silence. For a moment there was no sound except that of their own hurried breathing.

"It is nothing but the wind," said the woman at last. "Come, we must go to rest. I will call Solomon to bring you some coverings. Reverend sir, I fear you had best stay hid."

"They may meet the pursuivants on the road to-morrow," said Hutton.

"We must risk that," returned Richard. "Mother Anne said that she would wait for me at Uxbridge. There is much wild park and woodland, but a mile or two beyond—indeed all that part of the

Chiltern Hundreds is forest. Mr. Lamp-ton could await me there, and I might return to seek Mother Anne by the river."

"'Tis scarce ten miles from here," said his host. "How will you proceed on your journey?"

"Why, afoot," said Richard with an interrogative glance at the priest. "Mother Anne may bring me some assistance, but I doubt it, as she will have had no time to place herself in correspondence with my friends."

"Come," commanded Hutton. "I will now show you to your chamber."

Richard followed him in silence, a little hurt at his brusque manner. Mr. Hutton bade him a curt "good-night," as he was leaving the room, but came back and laid his hand on Nevile's shoulder.

"Young man, I ask your pardon," he said in a low voice. "I have spoken discourteously to you—forgive a most miserable man. You stake your body in this hellish conflict, but I have staked my soul."

"Why not withdraw from the realm, and seek safety abroad?" suggested Richard.

The other answered by a short groan.

"It is too great a sacrifice," he said. "But let me at least merit what I can by helping you and the priest on your journey, Master Nevile. Accept this purse from me; it will enable you to purchase horses."

Richard started back, but Hutton held him by the arm.

"Are you to lose all for the Catholic cause?" he said; "and am I not to contribute even a few gold pieces? Come, take the gift as though it were from thy father."

"My father!" repeated Richard, with a low cry.

He would fain have spurned the offering, but he knew well that it would be wrong to do so—the priest's safety as

well as his own, might depend on his provision for their journey.

"I thank you, sir," he said. "I know well my father would have bid me accept. But I must warn you 'tis a loan I may never be in a position to repay."

"You can repay it by your prayers."

He hastened from the room.

Richard put the purse in his bosom without inspecting its contents; and then, having said a brief prayer, flung himself on the bed, not daring to undress lest there should be some fresh alarm.

(To be continued.)

Where a Holiday Star Shone.

BY L. M. FRAZIER.

I.

MADAME X had lost her husband, her sons and her fortune. Forced to abandon her luxurious mansion in Lyons, she and her two daughters took up their residence in a country house inherited from her father. It is in a little-frequented and rather inaccessible region of the Dauphiné.

The house is spacious and comfortable, well-furnished with heirlooms of value and antiquity; and the grounds are admirable, having been laid out and planted by one of France's most esteemed landscape gardeners. The gardens and fruit-trees could be made to supply Madame and her daughters with practically all the nutriment they would require. But alas! there are no funds with which to pay gardener and other servants, to say nothing of taxes and general upkeep.

"We must have some paying guests," said Madame X, and her two daughters agreed to the idea.

And so we were there—some eight of us—"living on Madame's charity," as a venerable Scotsman, one of our number, expressed it. And it did seem, con-

sidering the rate of exchange, that what we paid for our charming rooms and delicious food, not to mention the other features of Madame's hospitality, was very little indeed. But if we remonstrated, and offered to pay more, Madame would smile reassuringly, and say: "Oh, we only want to live. It is just to keep things going."

Christmas was approaching; we wondered what it would be like. The Scotsman doubted whether there would be turkey; Cyril, a lad of seventeen, who was there to learn French, was sure there would be no plum pudding. And what would Christmas be without plum pudding? he queried querulously. Miss Brown suggested that we might combine to make a gift of money, but she thought we should distinctly specify that it was to be spent on Christmas fare or festivity.

As the day came nearer, no stir of preparation was apparent, no hum of expectancy. Madame and her daughters, sitting at the august oak table in the *salle à manger*, put in the afternoons writing letters—that was all. And that seemed to have nothing to do with us, and so from our point of view was not interesting. What a host of friends they must have!

The twenty-fourth of December arrived. Tea passed off as usual. We sat in the dining-room, around the great table with its Persian cover, sipping our tea and nibbling our dry bread-and-honey. We chatted about French literature and writers, and Madame passed around the Christmas number of *L'Illustration*. Its pictures struck a high note of originality, and we all admired it volubly in our best French. Then Madame fell to writing again, with that bland expression on her face which it habitually wore, and which, no doubt, was the outgrowth of her adjustment to misfortune. She was a real philosopher. Her thoughts were soon far away

from us; and she did not appear even to notice when Mademoiselle Bèrthe came in with a huge basket of mistle-toe and holly.

The advent of these festive branches banished our foreboding, and we had a jolly time helping to twine them through the scroll work of the *candelabra*. Cyril was in high spirits, and Ruth, the fifteen-year-old granddaughter of the Scotsman, sparkled like a Summer brook. After decorating the dining-room, we took what was left of the greenery into the *salon* and the hall. The others were still merry and busy inside, when I slipped away for my customary walk in the garden.

There had been a light fall of snow, and the immense pines made impressive Christmas-trees, grandly decorated in Nature's purest white. I walked around by the fountain, and saw the stars reflected in the still, dark water. From a knoll near the fountain, I could see over the garden wall to the village lights, twinkling on the hillside, half a mile away; and then the *Angelus* rang out crisp and clear, reverberating through the valley undisturbed by other sounds.

II.

Dinner that night was rather a brilliant little affair. Madame was looking her loveliest in black velvet and pearls; Mademoiselle Bèrthe was all graciousness in shimmering grey, and Mademoiselle Simone was subtly iridescent. We had all paid somewhat more attention than usual to our appearance. The table was bright with flowers, glass and silver. Flowers had arrived in great quantities just before dinner, from friends who have an estate near Nice. They had sent mimosa, carnations and marigolds, and also a great hamper of fruit—mandarins, oranges and luscious grapes.

There were new arrivals too. Much seemed to have taken place since tea.

There was a slight dark girl in pale-yellow lace and pearls—a Mademoiselle Gérard, who was eager, so they said, to learn English, because she was engaged to be married to a young American, and was shortly to go to far-away Connecticut to live. She and her brother, a year or so younger than herself, had arrived on the six-o'clock train from Lyons. They were evidently scions of a family long connected by ties of friendship. On the same train had come a young Englishman, not handsome, but distinctly attractive in manner and speech, a Cambridge don. It was not his first visit to Madame's, and one soon divined that he had returned because he was in love with charming Mademoiselle Simone.

One wished that something might come of the little romance. Their affinity was apparent, and they seemed admirably suited in every way. It was easy to imagine Mademoiselle the centre of a group of admiring new friends in the classic old town on the Cam. My observation has been that these international marriages, particularly when the husband is English or American, and the wife French, are apt to be satisfactory. Yet I seemed to feel instinctively that this pretty bud of romance was not to open into a flower. Mademoiselle would never leave her mother and sister. The three had been drawn very close together in their united efforts to combat misfortune; and they formed a natural partnership that would not easily be disrupted.

Usually after dinner there was chat for a little while in the *salon*. Then, after the table was cleared in the dining-room, Madame and her daughters would settle down to a quiet evening of reading and writing. One table of bridge was likely to be made up in the *salon*, and sometimes Mademoiselle Simone was one of that group. The others might read or knit for a time by the

great log fire before gradually drifting away to their own rooms.

To-night, however, all was to be sociability. Miss Brown, it is true, excused herself on the ground of a headache. We were most of us glad that she went, I think, for we (the other guests) had often had occasion to feel ashamed of Miss Brown. She had shown a singular lack of adaptability. Often she was irritable, and sometimes even shockingly rude to ever-gracious Madame. She was not well—poor thing! Madame was charitable, and the rest of us tried to follow her good example. But I, for one, was relieved when Miss Brown went upstairs after dinner on Christmas Eve.

Madame, all smiles, went to the piano. What gaiety, what laughter rippled out from the keyboard! The rhythm was so potent that it fairly compelled the feet of all to the dance. We had magic too. Young Monsieur Gérard was skilful at sleight-of-hand, and we stood gaping at his tricks, and trying to worm their secret out of him. The Cambridge don let us hear his well-trained tenor, and I am sure he sang better because he had Mademoiselle Simone to play his accompaniments. Later, games were started—foolish parlor games,—and we entered into them in a spirit of genuine hilarity.

At eleven, I slipped away to my room to rest a little, for I am not very good at keeping late hours, and I intended to go to the Midnight Mass with the family. I had not rested long, however, when Marie, the little *bonne*, came to summon me back to the *salon*. There was tea being served to keep us awake at the Mass. *Louis Quatorze* silver and priceless old china made the tea-wagon appear sumptuous. These things were not in daily use, and it was my first introduction to their splendor. Various assorted biscuits and little frosted cakes forced us to imagine that we were

really hungry, and we ate them with much enjoyment. A few of Madame's nearest neighbors had been invited to partake of this collation on their way to church.

A gay quarter of an hour it was, and then we were hustled off to put on thick shoes and warm wraps before going out into the night. The church was about ten minutes away; and we walked there to the sound of its bell calling across the snow.

All the village was there; the whole countryside was there. The manger was there, and the star; and the sanctuary was ablaze with candles, and redolent with incense. The service was long, and I'm afraid that in spite of the tea, I fell half-asleep on my knees, for afterwards, it all seemed more like a dream than reality.

III.

It must have been nearly two o'clock before we returned to the house. And what a welcome awaited us! Madame had not gone with us, as she is not very strong. She had been listening for our return, and greeted us at the door with outstretched arms, with kisses on both cheeks and with many fervent good wishes! It was now Christmas Day! It seemed to dawn upon me with new meaning in the warmth of Madame's smiles. She was the personification of hospitality, the very apotheosis of the Christmas spirit. We went to our rooms to leave our wraps, and then hurried down to the *salle à manger* as quickly as possible.

Dear Madame! How beautiful she had made that room during our absence. She had adorned the table with her most precious heirlooms of silver and glass. Surely, had she not wanted to open her doors to paying guests, by selling off only a portion of her fine old property, she might have realized a sum large enough to live on for a long while. I am glad that she chose the

more sociable way, and made of her home in that remote region an international nest for the promotion of mutual love and good feeling. And I can not but believe it was the happier way for her.

Had the table not been such a substantial one, I think it must literally have groaned under the weight of good things it held for that *réveillon*. There were bottles of champagne among pyramids of fruit and gay "crackers." I don't remember the whole menu, but I think we began with good hot *bouillon*, which was very welcome after our walk in the cold night air. That was followed by some other hot dish, and then there was cold chicken in jelly, served with salad. After that came the particular kind of cake that is always eaten in France at the feast of the *réveillon*; *gâteau de la buche*, it is called, being in the form of a yule-log. We had two of them—one frosted in chocolate, the other in a coffee confection, and they were twined about in sugar ivy. It seemed a pity to demolish them, for they were, in a sense, works of art. However, the chief appeal of their art was, after all, to the palate. We did ample justice to fruits, nuts, bonbons and champagne, made a great noise with the "crackers," and laughed at the jokes inside far more than they merited. Finally, there was delicious black coffee in tiny cups encrusted with gold.

It was after three o'clock when we went to our rooms laden with fruit and sweets that Madame had pressed upon us. As if this lavish hospitality had not been enough, on my pillow I found a dainty parcel. Madame was not likely to get rich off her paying guests, I thought.

Next morning, it must have been after ten o'clock when my *petit déjeuner* arrived, and it was quite soon enough. Upon going for my walk, I met Miss Brown, and found her much

humbled. She told me that when her breakfast tray arrived, great had been her surprise to find it laden with all the good things of the feast of the night before that she had missed. She had been much touched by this courtesy, and the tears were actually glistening on her lashes as she told me about it. Here was the real Christmas spirit; she had found it at last. During the rest of her sojourn at Madame's, she was a different woman, and her changed mental attitude seemed to improve her health.

At lunch, we had with us two fairy-like little girls with their English Nanny. They danced for us in the afternoon, and sang some of their charming nursery songs, the older one reciting some of Stevenson's verses in English, while the little one enviously stood by.

Before going to my room to dress for dinner, I walked in the garden and watched the stars come out, and I felt that the true Christmas star was shining over this country-house in France.

There was turkey for dinner that night, and there was old wine served out of cobwebby bottles, as well as a wonderful *gâteau au rhum*. I don't think Cyril missed the plum pudding. I wonder if his mother, far away in Yorkshire, would have felt a bit jealous if she could have heard him saying, as he started off to bed that night, that it had been the very nicest Christmas he had ever had.

I felt that way too. At least it had been the happiest Christmas since the days of my childhood. And I think it is likely to retain that unique position in my memory. For, while I hope that I may pass other Christmases *chez Madame X*, there can never again be the surprise of a first time.

"I WOULD rather save one citizen than kill a thousand enemies," said Scipio.

Flower Lore.

BY F. M. VERRALL.

WILD flowers of the countryside, old-fashioned garden herbs, were associated by our simpler minded forefathers with the Stable at Bethlehem.

On Christmas Eve, the tradition had it, that St. Joseph, grieved at the barrenness of the manger bed, went out to see if he could find hay or straw. He could get nothing, until at last, noticing that the field was covered with withered, straw-like stems, he took them to line the manger for the Holy Child. A few days later he saw that the lifeless stubble had revived and was covered with rosy-pink flowers, the *sainfoin*, or Holy Hay. But sometimes the honor of softening the Holy Infant's bed is given to another plant, the yellow-blossomed Lady's Bedstraw.

After the Kings had entered Bethlehem, the guiding star, meteor-like, burst into a million sparks of glory. From each fiery speck that fell on the Palestinian fields sprang a small bulb bearing a six-petalled white flower—the Star of Bethlehem.

Still another sign awaited the Magi. As they went through the village, they saw a star-like flower, the chrysanthemum, hanging over the door of a poor building; and on entering "found the Child with Mary His Mother."

The Kings offered myrrh; and the name is enshrined in an old herb, with the wild Ploughman's Spikenard for the country counterpart of frankincense. When the royal visitors had gone, a little servant maid crept away disconsolate from the Crib, for she had nothing to offer. Whereupon, so says the legend, an angel appeared, and, learning the cause of her sorrow, told her to look upon the ground. All around her blossomed pink and white flowers—the first Christmas roses.

How to Celebrate Christmas.

THE literature of Christmas is filling the book shops and stands. The magazines and papers are full of allusions to that season

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,—
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

But, with all these allusions, there is a lack of something Christian. It is a long step from the dislike of Christmas which the Puritans cherished, to the love of it which their descendants show; and yet it is a question whether the celebration of the material side of Christmas is not more hopeless than the Puritan ignoring of the feast. After all, the Puritans did not deny the spiritual significance of Our Lord's birth, though they objected to the outward celebration of it. But in our time many of those who celebrate it with joy and gifts, merriment and demonstration, do not trouble themselves to remember the *fact* which the great feast symbolizes. It is a time of pleasure, of cordiality,—a time for the outstretching of hands and of benevolence. But all this is insufficient, if the great Centre of this rejoicing, the little Child-King born in Bethlehem, is ignored.

Charles Dickens did more than any other English-speaking writer to popularize the celebration of Christmas. He looked at it from the human side. "Tiny Tim" softened many hearts. What sorrow is there in the world, one asks oneself after reading Dickens, that can not be comforted by cakes and ale, holly berries and a warm fire? If our Christmas merrymakers, like the great novelist, insist very much on the material side of the celebration, they are not so hopeful about all things as he was. The modern Christmas story is "clouded with a doubt," and it does not end with the happiness of everybody concerned.

But how can we be surprised at the absence of the spiritual in the literature

written for this time when that Mother from whom Our Lord took His humanity is left out of memory? The farther the world gets from her, the farther it gets from Him. And, in spite of the general celebration of this happy time, our world is still very far from her; but—and the evidence is near us—it is getting a little nearer to her; for from the heart of this very humanism, this over-belief in comfort, in luxury, this horror of suffering and sorrow, comes a genuine cry. It is for a Mother who has suffered and who knows the needs of other mothers.

As to the giving of gifts at this time, there is a complaint that the poor are ungrateful. As a rule people are grateful only for love: we give gifts to the poor, but no love with them. The perfunctory gift had better not be given. It produces no good; nobody is grateful for it. A gift with love, the gift of cheerfulness, however small it may be, makes the heart warm; but the gift wrung out by fashion or custom is never appreciated.

Let us teach the children to give. That child not taught to give something with its own hands at Christmas is an unhappy child; that child not allowed to sacrifice some of its treasures for others does not know the spirit of the Infant Jesus. If children become selfish and hard, it is because they are taught that they are to receive, but never to give.

An old priest, one who had seen much of the world, strongly recommended his friends, for one thing, to pay all their small debts before Christmas. "If you can not give yourself," he said, "help others to give by paying what you owe. A few dollars may make all the difference between sadness and joy to a family of poor children." And he was right. "Happiness never comes except through the happiness of others," he often repeated.

Notes and Remarks.

What an inspiring and consoling fact it is that Mass is offered uninterruptedly in the Cave of Bethlehem—in the immense church covering it—from midnight on the eve until sunset on the day of Christmas! Thus is the Saviour of the World born anew in the very place where He was first adored. His three-fold birth is commemorated in the three Masses of Christmas—His birth on earth as related in the Gospel of St. Luke, read at the first Mass; His birth in the hearts of men of good-will as portrayed in the Gospel of the Second Mass, which tells of the ready acceptance by the Shepherds of the angel's invitation to visit Bethlehem and to show their love to the Divine Child; His eternal birth from God the Father as commemorated in the Third Mass, and referred to in those sublime words of its Gospel: "In the *beginning* was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

In a joint pastoral letter, announcing the International Eucharistic Congress, to be held in Sydney, N. S. W., next September, the Australian bishops, after briefly outlining the history of the Congress, write:

"We, who dwell in the vast spaces of the Southern Continent, were compelled to gaze from afar off at the wonderful manifestations of faith and devotion in these great Eucharistic assemblies. We read the glowing accounts of the gorgeous pageants at Lourdes and Malta, and more recently at Chicago; and though some of our bishops and clergy and laity joined in these international tributes of homage, we hardly hoped that our own dear land under the Southern Cross would ever enjoy the same unique privilege, yet thanks to God we have been honored by the choice of the Sovereign Pontiff, and next

year—1928—the Catholic people of Australasia will be called upon to show how deep and how sincere are their faith and love towards their Eucharistic King. Lately we Australians in every State of the Commonwealth vied with each other in demonstrations of loyalty and affection towards the son of our British Sovereign. . . . Now we are called upon to show our faith and love and loyalty, not to an earthly king, but to the Son of the Living God—to Christ the King of the whole human race—to Jesus the lover of the whole human race—to Jesus the lover of human souls,—who dwells in our churches that He may attract the love of men.

"The Congress will be the means of teaching the Catholic doctrine about the marvellous presence of Christ in the Eucharist to many who deny it, or whose human interests forbid them to avow and to reverence it. The Congress will tell the glory of the hidden life of Christ in the Eucharist, as recorded in the annals of His Church since the night of the Last Supper. The Congress will proclaim the discipline of the Catholic Church in the ordering of the priesthood of Christ, and will put forth and utilize its sublime ritual in promoting devotion and reverence to the Sacred Victim of the Altar. The Congress will encourage us to add each year more architectural gems to the galaxy of magnificent cathedrals and basilicas and churches which, coming down from the Early and Middle and even recent times, adorn all the countries of the world and testify to the living faith of those who built and decorated these priceless temples to be the earthly dwellings of the Eucharistic Lord. The Congress will broadcast the sacred chants and heavenly harmonies that will sing the new canticles in honor of the Son of God. And most of all, the Congress will show, as it has often shown, that the Eucharistic Presence of

Christ is the faith not of one small nation, but of every nation whatever be its color or tongue or clime in the whole universe. The Congress will show the faith of over 300,000,000 of the people of the world."

If all the great and the near-great were as ready to apologize for loss of temper as was Abraham Lincoln, the world would not be so unpleasant a place for numerous persons to live in. The patience and forbearance of the great President are already so well known as hardly to need insistence upon; but Lincoln was only human, and there were times when his temper was sorely tried by those who besought him to do something or another which his good judgment condemned. In a collection of hitherto unpublished letters recently discovered in London, there is one which strikingly illustrates his characteristic fairness. It was written to a Union general, who had been making extravagant demands on the Government at a time when the fate of the Union hung in the balance. Lincoln in his reply to this officer had very likely shown some pardonable irritation at the latter's tactless insistence. But he was too big a man not to acknowledge his fault when it was shown to him. So he at once wrote to the aggrieved soldier: "—thinks I was a little cross in my note to you. If I was, I ask pardon. If I do get up a little temper, I have not sufficient time to *keep* it up."

The persecution of Catholics in Mexico is not without parallel in the history of the Church. Indeed, history repeats itself, not alone in broad general lines, but in accidental details as well. In these days when the whereabouts of a particular archbishop furnish conjectural stories and sensational headlines in the daily press, it is interesting to note that the same sort of thing,—the

hiding out of bishops—was constantly necessary in the persecution of the Church in England nearly two centuries ago. We quote from "The Church in English History," by J. M. Stone:

On the flight of King James, the two bishops Leybourne and Gifford were arrested and sent to prison, but were afterwards released. Dr. Leybourne, who had been appointed Vicar Apostolic of all England in the reign of James, was carefully watched, and frequently summoned to appear before the Council and to notify his place of abode. On the death of Leybourne, Dr. Gifford, who had been bishop of the Midland District, continued his ministrations to Catholics in the vicinity of London. These were not discharged without great risk, and he was constantly obliged to change his lodgings to avoid arrest, as often, he himself tells us, as fourteen times in the course of six months. He died at Hammersmith in 1734. Bishop York of the Western District wrote to Propaganda in 1747: "We are compelled to fly from house to house and from city to city. I have been for eighteen months a fugitive from my ordinary residence, and as yet have no fixed abode." Arrests were of frequent occurrence, thanks to the ever-ready informer and the large rewards to be gained.

Formerly it was a very unusual experience to hear of anything said by a prominent sectarian, minister or layman, in favor or defence of the Church, but now this experience is quite common. That the world really does move can not be questioned. The editor of the *Catholic Standard and Times* quotes a Methodist lawyer, of Raleigh, N. C., as saying to his fellow citizens:

"When you first exercised the elective franchise in North Carolina, you promised upon the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God to support the Constitution of the United States. The Constitution of the United States (Section III., Article 6) says, 'No religious test shall ever

be required as a qualification to any office or public trust under the United States.' Therefore you have sworn never to require a religious test as a qualification for any Federal office. If you oppose a man for President solely because he is a Catholic, you are using his religion as a test of his qualification; therefore, you have sworn never to oppose a man for President solely because he was a Catholic. . . . He who avers that American Catholics are less loyal to their Government than Protestants is either a maligner, an ignoramus or a bigot."

A strong argument, well made is this. It ought to be "salted down" for general use next year.

Once upon a time a Protestant scholar, interested in certain phases of the Church, asked a Catholic friend and fellow-worker, a layman, a question about Church Latin which the friend could not answer. A little while later, however, he discovered in a Catholic magazine an article on the subject which he at once brought to the attention of his Protestant co-laborer. The latter, having read it with evident pleasure, said: "I should like to write to the learned author of that article and ask his opinion of a certain statement about Church Latin which I am about to embody in a book. I wish to be perfectly right in the matter, and say nothing to give offence to Catholic sensibilities; and I am sure this writer could tell me at once whether what I have prepared myself to say ought to be said or not. But I have had little or no acquaintance with Catholic priests, and so I do not know whether it would be considered good form in your Church for an outsider like myself to write to one of them direct. Do you think he would answer if I were to write?" The Catholic replied: "Why, of

course, he will answer you. He is a gentleman as well as a scholar; and the fact that you are not a Catholic will not make the least bit of difference."

So the Protestant scholar wrote, and wrote with great courtesy; but from that day to this, for some reason, he has received no reply. And the Catholic friend is much embarrassed, and feels like apologizing whenever he meets his Protestant colleague, for being so confident that the learned Catholic author would be sure to reply to a courteous question sent by another scholar.

There is a moral to this story, but it need not be pointed out. Most readers will like to think that the letter could never have reached the person to whom it was addressed; or perhaps he is one of those people who so often resolve to do things that they end by regarding them as already done.

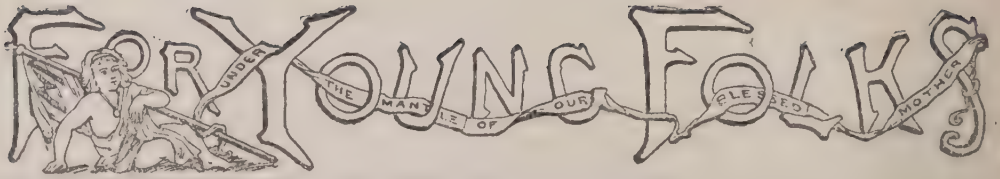
Although they were widely quoted, no attempt that we know of has been made to refute Senator Norris' statements as to the results of the World War in our country. Very blunt, plain words are these of his:

"The real heritage of the war is to be found here at home. It was here that the soul of America was to have been purified. The millions of our youth, who went into that orgy of murder, were promised a new and better order of things. For the thousands of our young men killed and maimed, for our billions spent, for the countless number of heart-aches, we have what? We have political corruption such as was never dreamed of before; we have a new crop of millionaires such as the world has never before witnessed; we have a crime wave that staggers the imagination; we have gigantic, war-grown combinations of trade and money that are squeezing billions out of the people who 'gave till it hurt,' and they are doing it under the

fawning and paternalistic eye of the government. We have a national avariciousness, and sense of grab, grab, grab, that can not be eradicated from the national consciousness for generations. This we have. Why? Because the war did what a few of us believed it would do—stupefied and paralyzed the moral consciousness of the American people as nothing else could have done, and because it was a war of gigantic commercial interests from beginning to end."

The question of holiday gifts is probably causing much concern to a great many persons. They are anxious to give, but are asking themselves what should be given. The shops are now filled with all sorts of attractive objects, more or less worthy. But what may seem useful to the one who gives may be useless to the one who receives. There is an easy way of answering this question. Give books—not luxurious and costly books, but books that may be as friends, books that can be kept always within reach. In this way one may be not only a giver but a benefactor. Everybody bestows ordinary gifts; but a good book as a present from the poor to the rich, from the rich to those who are not so rich, from husband to wife, from father to children, from friend to friend, is both appropriate and may prove "a joy forever."

If recently gathered statistics on suicide are to be relied upon—statistics are not always to be trusted—self-murder holds the sixteenth place among thirty-eight causes of death in this country. It would appear that suicide now takes the same number of lives as old age itself, and that it is on the increase, being 2.1 per one hundred thousand of population in 1900; 5.9 in 1910; and 8.4 in 1922.



At the Crib.

BY UNCLE CHRISTOPHER.

MAKE room, O little sheep of plaster,
Let me adore with you our Master!
Since nothing that our hands could do
For this scene would be real and true,
I think it pleases God on high
That we should do our best and try
With plaster, straw and bits of cotton
To represent the unforgotten
Birth of Our Lord on Christmas night,
And sing with hearts both pure and light.
It doesn't matter if our sheep
Stand open-eyed and never sleep.
It is a gracious thing to do,
I wish that you and I could, too.
So let us gather round and sing
A song to greet our new-born King.

Childerswell Hall.

BY MOTHER MARY THOMAS.

XIII.

THE next morning it was with varied feelings that Tony and the two girls watched Beth drive away with Neighbor Christopher. Cousin Angela was smiling through her tears—tears of which Beth had only been aware when she felt her cheek wet against her god-mother's.

The two fellow-travellers were silent during most of the journey. Christopher was never given to many words; and having settled Beth comfortably in her corner of the railway carriage, he retired behind his newspaper, only raising his eyes from time to time to satisfy himself that she wanted for nothing. And Beth almost forgot she had any other companion than her own

thoughts. The train sped along, but it could not keep pace with her thoughts which rehearsed her meeting with her father long before the train arrived at the station.

She had felt sure that he would be on the platform to meet her. When no familiar form came in sight, it was not until all the other passengers had moved away that she could realize her disappointment. An anxious fear took possession of her, and made her heart sink. Perhaps he was too ill to leave the house. But when they reached the small boarding house from which her father had written, it was to learn that he had been called away on important business.

"But he may be here any moment now," said the landlady, Mrs. Baxter (once the children's nurse). "He hardly thought you'd come, but there's a little room as was to be ready for you if you did; and now, I knew there'd be a kiss for me. 'Tis a sight for sore eyes to see you again, Miss Beth, and talking of sore eyes—but there, it's no use meeting trouble half way."

Meanwhile Beth's bag had been set down in the narrow hall, and Beth turned to ask Neighbor Christopher to come in and await her father's return. But, having seen his charge in safe hands, the good man had disappeared.

Beth followed her guide upstairs to the little room prepared for her on the top floor.

"It was got ready all in a hurry this morning," said Mrs. Baxter, "for that was the first word I'd heard of you coming. But I'm glad, for your father's sake, that you've come as well as for my own; and now I must tell John to bring up your luggage."

When Beth heard the opening and closing of the hall door below, she peeped over the banisters, and heard the tones of a well-known voice. She sped down the stairs, and the next moment was locked in her father's arms.

"My dear little girl! But didn't you get my letter telling you not to come? It must have crossed with the one I received from you this morning. This is no kind of a home for you, and you were well and happy at Childerswell."

"And I shall be well and happy here, till you are ready to go back with me."

He shook his head a little sadly, though he smiled at her.

"That can not be for several reasons, some of which I explained to Cousin Angela." And as he spoke, he drew his hand a little wearily over his eyes as if the light tried them, and then drew out a pair of dark glasses.

That her father was broken down in health and aged before his time, was only too easily to be seen. He looked at least ten years older than when she had seen him last.

Beth felt that her father was pleased to have her with him, though he never told her so. But if her companionship was a comfort, he had none the less decided not to allow this state of things to continue.

"My dear Beth, you can not stay here. Cousin Angela assured me that she was willing to have you children until I can get a position of some kind, and arrange for your future. You are barely fifteen, and there is your education to be considered."

"Father, I've been thinking about things too, and I've found out that if I helped to teach the small children at the convent school, I could have lessons in exchange and time to study. And then in the evenings I could help you to write letters, or read to you while you rested your eyes. You'll see—"

"That's just what I shan't be able to

do much longer, I fear," he replied. "It's only right you should know what the oculist says. He told me to-day that I must be prepared for the worst unless I take care."

"And unless you come back to Childerswell with me, and bathe your eyes in the Well of Clear Seeing."

"So Cousin Angela has been telling you those old stories!"

"Yes, but she said you could tell them much better. And now other people are wanting to hear them too, and to know all about the old Hall, and the martyr who was harbored there. To think that I should have forgotten to tell you something very important, about how you ought to write a book.—That was what you meant to do when you were grown up, wasn't it, father?"

"Did Cousin Angela tell you that too?"

As Beth went on to repeat to her father more of what the visitor to Childerswell had said, she saw that her words were not without effect. That night she wrote and told her godmother all about everything.

XIV.

A reply, short and to the point, came from Cousin Angela. Enclosed was a letter to Beth from Sir Francis, but Cousin Angela's own letter was addressed to Giles Halliday Esq.

"Dear Giles," it ran, "I am expecting you both at Childerswell to meet the afternoon train the day following the one on which this note will reach you. The children and I will be deeply disappointed if you delay your coming."

Beth's father then decided to go to Childerswell.

"Though it can be only for a very short time," he took care to add. "However, under the present circumstances it is necessary to talk things over with Cousin Angela. Your eyes are stronger than mine, so will you write and tell her we are coming?"

Beth read Sir Francis' letter before she wrote to Cousin Angela.

"Do you remember once telling me that you used to play at making dream pictures? I happen to have a picture at Childerswell, which I should like to flatter myself may be something like the house of your dreams. Miss Norton writes that she is expecting you and your father at the White Cottage in a day or two, so that will be the opportunity for you to view the picture. You may or may not have heard that I have been trying my chances again with Lady Poverty."

"Let me know as soon as possible how the picture impresses you. If it meets with your approval, and you care to have it, there is no reason why it should not be yours."

A picture! It would be interesting to see what sort of an artist he was; for he had certainly meant it to be understood that the picture referred to his own work. Then Beth put the letter away; she would show it to her father later.

True to her word, Cousin Angela was at the station to meet them. Beth was a little surprised, however, that she had come alone.

"You're tired, Giles," said Angela when the first greetings were over. "And now I'm not going to ask or answer any questions till we reach home."

Beth felt that her cousin was shocked to see the change in her father. But the tight hand clasp and glance of godmother and goddaughter told each other: "But wait and see what Childerswell will do for him!"

He leaned back and closed his eyes, so that he did not even notice when the cab turned in at the gate of the old Hall, instead of continuing its way to the White Cottage.

"I'll tell the driver it's a mistake!" exclaimed Beth.

"No; he was told to drive here," re-

plied her godmother quietly. "Did you not get a letter about the picture Sir Francis wanted you to see?"

"Yes, but I thought we should have come another time for that," said Beth.

Nora flung open the heavy oaken door with the air of one about to usher in royalty, though her dignity was nearly upset when Beth threw her arms round her and warmly kissed her.

Meanwhile Cousin Angela had led the way into the big panelled room where, in the thickness of the wall the hiding-place of Father Antony's treasures had remained so long a secret. A wood fire was burning in the great open hearth, and the ruddy glow was playing on the carved mantelpiece.

And a still sweeter sight for Beth was that the firelight shone on the fair, pictured face of her own mother, smiling down upon her little daughter as it had from its frame in the drawing-room of the house in the London square. There were other strangely familiar pictures and engravings on the walls; and two sides of the room, from floor to ceiling, were lined with well-stocked bookcases, which Beth had last seen in her father's library. Beth looked round with inquiring wonder in her eyes.

"But where is the picture that Sir Francis wanted me to see?" she asked at length.

There was no answer, for her godmother had left her alone with her father to unravel the mystery. Then all at once the answer flashed upon Beth. This pleasant scene framed in oak panels, and even Childerswell Hall itself, was the picture about which Sir Francis had written her. It was like a happy dream become a happier reality.

Her father was the first to speak.

"For my part, I don't in the least understand what this all means. I only know it is like coming home again as a boy—better even than that, for then there was no Beth on the scene, nor yet a

Dorothea and a Tony." At that moment the door burst open to admit the two younger children.

Elfrida was not with them. Under the charge of Miss Murray, she had gone to join her step-aunt in Italy. A letter from her had lately arrived.

"Read it, Giles," said Cousin Angela that same evening before leaving Childerswell Hall for her own fireside. "You will see that we shall not be called upon to part altogether with our little Elfrida."

The letter was as follows: "I wish I knew how to show you a little of my gratitude for all that you have done for my niece. As I feel any attempt at thanking you must be wholly inadequate, I am going to ask another favor instead. It is a request which I should long have hesitated to make if you had not so especially asked for Elfrida to spend part of every year with you. If you would have her back with you at Childerswell, at least during the next few years, and would allow Beth and Dorothea to share her studies, either under a governess, or at a school in your near neighborhood, it would place me under a great obligation to you. Of course, it is to be understood that all expenses would be placed to my account, if you will agree to my suggestion."

"So you see," said Cousin Angela in conclusion, "if Alice Murray is really willing to make her home with Elfrida and me at the White Cottage, and if Beth and Dorothea come in every day to study with her, I shall not feel I have lost the children altogether."

"We shall have two homes instead of one,—that will be all the difference," said Dorothea.

"Three," amended Tony, thinking of the welcome that was always held out to him at the Dale Farm.

"And this will be godmother's home too," added Beth. "Father, tell her it is hers as much as it is ours."

XV.

AFTER THREE YEARS.

Beth tied the strings of her hat under her chin and set out towards the high ridge of the moors where, as a child, she used to fancy the four winds met. It had been a busy day full of new impressions. It was the Feast of St. Michael, the anniversary of the day when Father Antony had escaped from the priest-hunters on Martyr's Crag.

In honor of the occasion, a pilgrimage had been organized. The pilgrims had gathered at the little church in the village, and then taken the road to Childerswell Hall. After having been shown the hiding-hole and all that related to the history of the martyr, they had gone to the Crag, which they had explored.

So the day was nearly over when Beth was able to go to the moors alone. The mist was rising, recalling the legend of how the angels of the children, who had been brought to Childerswell to be baptized by the heropriest, had sheltered him beneath their wings in his hour of need. And then another picture rose before Beth's imagination. Other children would come to Childerswell and the old house would be a holiday home—children of all ages like those she had seen in her dream of the Garden of Childhood.

At this point of Beth's musings, Fidèle yawned. Perhaps he missed his other playmates nearly as much as Beth did. Tony was away at school, and Dorothea and Elfrida were paying their yearly visit to the princess-aunt in Italy. A letter had come from Dorothea that morning. Beth sat down at the edge of a boulder to finish reading it at her leisure.

". . . Do you remember," the letter went on, "how, when we used to talk about what we'd do when we were grown up, you said you wanted to keep house for father and help him to write


his books? So that wish at least has already come true. About my being an artist, it'll be nobody's fault if I'm not. Aunt Zena, as she says we are to call her, is going to give me every opportunity to study. She would have liked to see Childerswell and the moors for herself, and still more she wants to see you; but as her health won't stand the English climate, she hopes you and father will come to Italy.

"In another month Elf and I will be coming back, and soon after that Tony will be home for the holidays, so it will be just like old times. I'm longing to see you all again. Wasn't it queer how we first met dear Sir Francis? How happy he must be now that he is a Franciscan! . . ."

(The End.)

Some Christmas Trees.

BY M. R.

F all flowering trees that put forth blossoms on the Feast of the Nativity, none is so widely celebrated as the Glastonbury Thorn. Glastonbury is a small town in Somersetshire in the West of England. Just outside the town is a hill called Wirrall, or Weary-all-hill, and on it for centuries the holy thorn blossomed at Christmastide. Its branches were often placed in the coffins of the dead, and the old-time merchants carried boughs and blossoms from it to other lands. The thorn had two trunks, one being cut down in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The man who cut it lost his eyesight, for a chip of the wood struck him in the face. The second trunk was cut down during Cromwell's reign. A flat stone now marks the spot where the thorn once grew.

The legend of its origin is that in the year 63, Joseph of Arimathea sailed up the Sedgmoor to Avalon, the Apple Tree

Isle. He rested "all weary" from his journey on Wirrall Hill, and there planted his pilgrim's staff among the snows of Christmas. To the astonishment of the pagan Britons the staff took root and immediately blossomed; and each succeeding birthday of Our Lord saw the holy thorn white with bloom. The lord of the district gave Joseph and his companions permission to build a church. The Archangel Gabriel is said to have directed that this, the first Christian Church of Britain, should be dedicated to the Mother of God; and in it was placed the Holy Grail, or cup from which Our Blessed Lord drank.

The Dagnay Thorn, in France, is also said to have blossomed in a miraculous manner. The Abbé Geroche was parish priest and confessor to the nuns of the convent of Farmoutiers, in what is now the department of Seine-et-Marne. One Christmas Eve this holy old priest was called to attend a dying woman. The weather was severe and his path was rough, and once he would have fallen had not his staff upheld him. It remained firmly fixed in the earth, and at once began to bud and bloom.

Saint Patrick's Bush at Tours had a somewhat similar origin. One Christmas, while the Saint was on a journey, he came to the Loire. The river was in flood; but he swam across and spread his cloak on a thorn bush to dry, with the result that leaves and flowers sprang out on the bare boughs. This bush grew outside the little village that bears the name of Ireland's patron—Saint Patrice.

ONCE there lived an old woman who was always so cheerful that everyone wondered at her. "But you must have clouds in your life," said a visitor.—"Clouds?" she replied. "Why, of course. If there were no clouds where would the blessed showers come from?"

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—"Tokens," by Father Jerome, O. S. B. (The Torch Press), is a brochure of verse in honor of the Blessed Virgin. No one who reads it can for a moment doubt the author's devotion.

—Friends and admirers of the late Fr. Fidelis, C. P. (Dr. James Kent Stone), will be glad to learn that "Fidelis of the Cross" is now in the third edition. The price has been lowered to \$3.50.

—We are glad to note the appearance of a third edition of Bishop Hedley's "Lex Levitarum" (Burns, Oates & Washbourne). This book may well be regarded as a seminary classic, and it should be in the possession of all aspirants to the priesthood.

—The December issue of *Thought* offers, among several important articles, two which seem to us of especial significance: "Thomas Edward Shields, Apostle of Progress in Education," by Pierre J. Marique; and "The Bee and Evolution," by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alexander MacDonald.

—"My Pretty Maid," by Eithne, with a preface by the Archbishop of Tuam, is a collection of "talks to girls," issued as a brochure. (Herder Book Co.) It is to be hoped that these papers accomplished much good among the Irish girls to whom they were originally addressed.

—The stories of men who have played an important part in the great drama of our nation's history, from Ericson and Columbus to Lincoln and Wilson, are simply yet vividly told in "Builders of America," by Mr. Thomas B. Lawler (Ginn & Co.). This book might well be used in connection with regular text-books of history in the primary grades. It has numerous excellent illustrations.

—Tertiaries of St. Francis will be interested to hear that a new, improved manual for their use, "The Seraphic Standard," has been compiled from authorized sources by Father Aloysius, O. S. F. C. It is divided into

three parts: "The Constitution of the Third Order"; "The Ceremonial," and "Devotions," to which is appended a number of hymns and canticles. A convenient index is also provided M. H. Gill and Son, Dublin.

—Some articles which appeared in the *Civiltà Cattolica* and the *Osservatore Romano* have been translated from the Italian of Mario Barberi, S. J., by Gabriel A. Zema, S. J., and issued as a pamphlet with the title, "Catholic Foundations in Secular Universities." The argument against the "Illinois Plan," one feels on reading these pages, would not be less sound if the controversy were somewhat less acrimonious and personal. Woodstock College Press.

—We are hoping that numerous readers will be found for these new pamphlets, issued by the Paulist Press: "Modern Psychology and The Mass," by the Rev. John A. O'Brien, Ph. D., a valuable study in the psychology of religion; "What is Love?" by the Rev. J. Elliot Ross, C. S. P., which treats of marriage in a most excellent way; "The Communion of Saints," by Joseph McSorley, C.S.P., a refreshing explanation of this consoling doctrine; "Dorothy's Divorce," by the Rev. John Handly, C. S. P., which achieves its purpose in the form of letters; Cardinal Newman's exquisite "Stations of the Cross," illustrated by Leon Perrault; and the Rev. John J. Burke's translation of Paul Claudel's "Stations," which are in verse.

—Educators especially will be grateful to the Rev. Francis P. Donnelly, S. J., for collecting into a volume various writings of his on problems of special interest in the field of pedagogy. These may now be found in a substantial book, entitled "Literary Art and Modern Education" (P. J. Kenedy & Sons). It might, perhaps, have been better to have made two books of this matter rather than one, since the unity of the present volume is almost entirely mechanical, and by far the more valuable portion is that conveyed in the last six-

teen of the thirty-six chapters. However, from the first chapter, "Modern Views of Humor," throughout, Father Donnelly is interesting and readable, if not always so authoritative as in the chapters designated. His criticism and evaluation of the so-called "Mental Tests" is a genuine contribution to pedagogical science.

—Willia Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop," we are pleased to notice, is receiving high praise on all sides. This is all the more remarkable inasmuch as the story is so unlike what happens to be the prevailing type in fiction. Lee Wilson Dodd, who reviewed the book for the *Saturday Review of Literature*, tells of a rebellious young person in short skirts—"the incarnation of average public taste in America"—who declared that the novel bored her, to whom Mr. Dodd replied: "You say, my dear child, that Miss Cather's novel has bored you; that you could not get through it; that it is not really a novel at all. When I ask you why it is not really a novel, you maintain that there's no story in it, by which obviously you mean a love story. In this, as in most things, you are wrong and—don't bother to forgive me, sweet child—rather pathetically stupid. There's a great, a very great love story in Miss Cather's masterly quiet narrative. It is a severe, purely-designed chalice of hand-beaten silver, filled to the brim with the essential wine of love,—love of man to man, love of God to man, love of man to God. True, it nowhere lures you to identify yourself with some fair and conceivably frail heroine whose neurotic organism is asquirm with sexual desire. In this respect, I am forced to admit, it fails your expectations very badly. . . . But if you can manage to survive this disappointment and attune your mind (may I daringly presume you have one) to less customary harmonies,—harmonies both throbbing deeper and lifting higher than the common range, I venture to assure you that you will soon forget to be bored. . . ."

Willia Cather is not a Catholic, but she has written what may well be called one of the great Catholic novels of the year.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HUB., xiii. 3.

Rev. Jean G. de la Corgnais, of the archdiocese of New Orleans; Rev. Edmund Kean and Rev. Daniel Cherry, diocese of Brooklyn; Rev. Francis Moser, C. M.; and Rev. Otto Stanble, O. F. M.

Sister M. Vincent, of the Sisters of St. Joseph; Sister M. Fidelis, Order of the Visitation; and Mother Rosalinde, Sisters of St. Francis.

Mr. Thomas Fox, Mr. Edward Perdue, Mrs. Robert Blakewell, Mr. Thomas O'Brien, Mrs. Patrick Gorman, Mr. Donald McDougal, Mr. Hector Lemire, Mrs. Joseph Lanonette, Mrs. Francis Wintrick, Mrs. Bridget Sands, Mr. Duncan McDonald, Mr. James Campbell, Miss Catherine Fahy, Miss Agatha Maguire, Mr. Lawrence Costigan, Miss Winifred Costigan, Mr. Joseph Lubbe, Mr. Raphael S. Payne, Miss Mary L. Donahue, Mr. David Gorman, Miss Mary Carlin, Mr. M. Delohery, Miss Mary Scone, Miss Mary Edwards, Mr. P. M. Norboe, Mrs. Annie Davis, Miss A. B. Gallagher, Mrs. M. Fitzgerald, Miss Margaret Harkins, Mr. Louis Belangie, Mrs. M. A. Chase, Mr. Michael Nichol, Mr. Bennett Fleeje, Miss Mary Daugherty, Miss Loretto Tobin, Mr. James Horn, Mr. John Campeau, Mr. William Bennett, Mr. Frederick Burgess, Mrs. Mary Perkins, and Miss Jenny Seery.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

Our Contribution Box.

"Thy Father, who seeth in secret, will repay thee."

For the Sisters in charge of lepers in the Fiji Islands: R. M. F., "in honor of the Blessed Virgin," \$2; L. Bertorelli, \$1; friends, \$1; friend, \$2; Elizabeth Walsh, \$5; Charles Erpenbeck, \$5; friend, \$2; A. E. M., \$1; Ella Murphy, \$5; F. O'Brien, \$25; Mary Lesley, \$1; M. E. Sheridan, \$1. To help the Sisters of Charity in China: Charles Erpenbeck, \$5; A. E. M., \$1; Ella Murphy, \$5. "For the Contribution Box," T. B., \$50.



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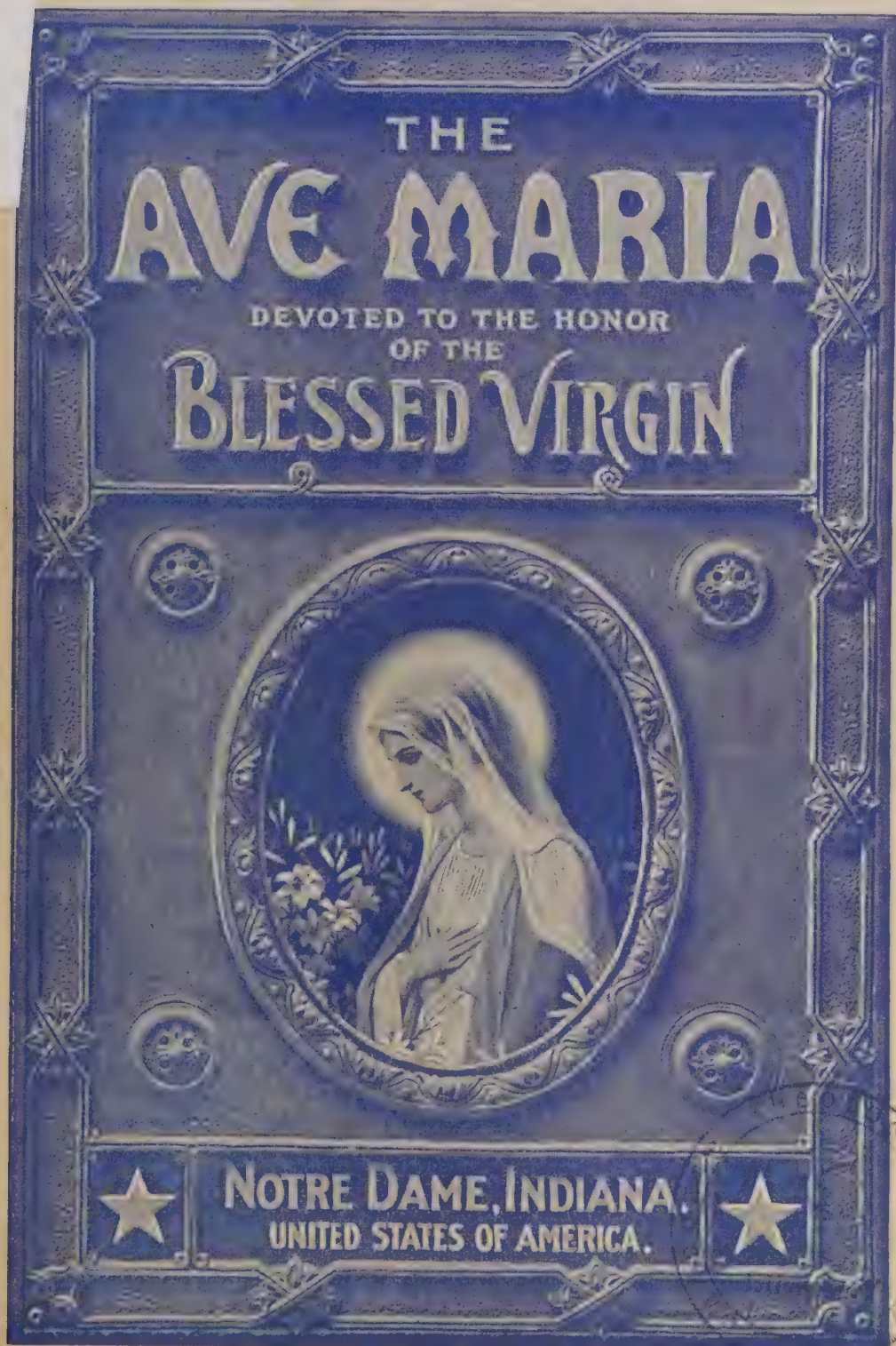
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CONTENTS

Adeste Fideles.—(Poem)	<i>Translated by R. O'K.</i>	833
The Power of the Blessed Virgin to Work Miracles		833
His Last Sick Call.....	<i>E. D.—M. E. M.</i>	837
Bethlehem.—(Poem)	<i>Brigid Teresa Dillon.</i>	842
Christmas Memories.....	<i>A. J. Reilly</i>	843
Ancient Lights.—(Continued)	<i>Agnes Blundell.</i>	846
Christmas Time in Italy.....	<i>N. Tourneur</i>	850
Flower-lore of the Holy Family.....		851
Thoughts on the Incarnation.....		852
Notes and Remarks:		

Early Mass on Christmas Day.—From Rome.—Decidedly Significant.—Wrought by Prayer.—Confessions of Faith; Interesting Opinions.—Sound and Salutary Advice of Cardinal O'Connell.—Memorable Words of Newman.—Unanswered Questions.—A Tribute to Bishop Shahan.....853

FOR YOUNG FOLKS

As I Looked Out of My Window.—(Poem)....	<i>L. M. C.</i>	857
How Frank's Stocking was Filled.....		857
The Baron's Story.....	<i>Octavia Hensel</i>	860
A Curious Christmas Ceremony.....		862
With Authors and Publishers.....		863
Obituary		864

CALENDAR OF THE WEEK

Blessed is the man that heareth me and that watcheth daily at my gates.—PROVERBS, viii, 34.

SATURDAY, 31.—St. Silvester, P. C.
JANUARY.

SUNDAY, 1.—THE CIRCUMCISION OF OUR LORD.

MONDAY, 2.—The Holy Name of Jesus.

TUESDAY, 3.—Octave of St. John, Ap. Evg.
St. Genevieve, V.

WEDNESDAY, 4.—Octave of the Holy Innocents.

THURSDAY, 5.—Vigil of the Epiphany. St. Telsphorus, P. M.

FRIDAY, 6.—EPIPHANY OF OUR LORD.

SATURDAY, 7.—Of the Octave. St. Lucian, M.


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Vol. XXVI. (New Series.)

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 31, 1927.

No. 27.

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Adeste Fideles.

TRANSLATED BY R. O'K.

OH, haste ye to greet Him;
Ye who dwell in sadness,
Haste in joy and gladness
To Bethlehem!
The Angels' King this morn
For us a Babe is born;
Oh, come, let us adore Him,
And cast ourselves before Him,—
Heaven is bending o'er Him
In Bethlehem!

God of God begotten;
Light of Light forgotten,
Hid in Mary's bosom
Nine months to-day!
True God of God is He
From all eternity;
Oh, come, let us adore Him! etc.

List the Angels singing,
Gladsome tidings bringing,
On bright pinions winging
Their flight to earth.
'Glory to our God on high,
Peace on earth to men,' they cry!
Oh, come, let us adore Him! etc.

Praise be then to Jesus,
Who hath vouchsafed this morn
Thus lowly to be born
For love of men!
Our flesh The Word is made,
And in a Manger laid;
Oh, come, let us adore Him! etc.

ALL you can hold in your dead hand is
what you have given away.—*Anon.*

The Power of the Blessed Virgin to Work Miracles.

ILAINLY established in the Gospel itself is the power which the Blessed Virgin Mary holds from God to overrule natural laws, or, as we say, work miracles. Let us turn to the promises of her Divine Son, our Lord Jesus Christ. "Amen, amen, I say unto you, he that believeth in Me, the works that I do he shall do also, and greater than these shall he do."* To render this promise yet more impressive, Our Lord vouchsafed to strengthen it by a striking illustration—namely, of faith ordering a mountain to remove, and the mountain obeying. The circumstances which called forth this wonderful declaration are remarkable in several respects.

"There came a man to Jesus, who fell down on his knees before Him, saying: Lord, have pity on my son; for he is a lunatic, and suffereth much; for he fall-eth often into the fire, and often into the water; and I brought him to Thy disciples, and they could not cure him. And Jesus answered and said: O unbelieving and perverse generation! how long shall I be with you? How long shall I suffer you? Bring him hither to Me. And Jesus rebuked him, and the devil went out of him, and the child was cured from that hour. Then came the disciples to Jesus secretly, and said: Why could not we cast him out? Jesus said to them: Because of your unbelief;

* St. John, xiv, 12.

for, amen I say to you, if you have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, you shall say to this mountain: Remove from hence to yonder place, and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible to you."*

We see by this that the unbelief of the disciples displeased their Master. He was indignant, grieved, and, if we may so express it, apparently surprised, that they had been unable to relieve the suffering child at the prayer of his father. He wished them, rather than Himself, to work this wonder. In like manner He rebuked the weak faith of the disciples in the storm, and of Peter walking on the waves. Indeed, Our Lord seemed to avail Himself of every opportunity to show the intimate connection between faith and miracles, both as to working them and receiving them. "Take courage, daughter: thy faith hath made thee whole," was His reply to the unspoken prayer of the woman who touched the hem of His garment. "Do you believe I can do this unto you?" He asked the two blind men who followed Him; and when they answered, "Yea, Lord," He touched their eyes, saying: "According to your faith be it done unto you."

If, therefore, we put aside for a moment Catholic dogma respecting the Blessed Virgin, and try to regard her as merely "Christ's Mother"—the mother of an historical character,—whose faith in Christ could equal Mary's? Who believes in a man as strongly, as tenderly, as unshakenly as his mother? Everyone knows that the greatest reprobate is not all bad in his mother's eyes; that the most commonplace of men is a hero, a genius, a saint, if you take his mother's estimate; and if you hesitate to accept it, she deems you blind, stupid, or envious. We call it one of nature's mysteries, this strong faith in a son's virtues or abilities. Now

are we to suppose the Mother of Christ different from all others in natural feeling and instinct?

When the joyful Shepherds, and those to whom they related the Angels' visit and the mystery of Bethlehem, conversed of these things, Mary kept and pondered them in her heart, just as our mothers treasure in their hearts the good sayings they hear about "the baby," and can repeat them years after. She was amazed at the wisdom of her Child in the Temple, disputing with the learned doctors of the law; and, after returning to Nazareth, "kept these sayings in her heart." Again, we remember our own mothers always being surprised at our sense and knowledge, and delighting in recalling what we said or did. Even the interpretation which has been given to certain texts as showing that Christ did not recognize her maternal authority, or care for her solicitude—alas that the commentators did not perceive that in trying to depreciate the Mother they were blaspheming the Son, as disregarding one of His own Ten Commandments!—even this would make the Mother's picture more touchingly true to life, when we see her loving, faithful, and devoted to the last,—to the bitter end on Calvary.

Thus, then, it is plain that, viewing the Gospel narrative as mere biography, it must be admitted that Mary's belief in her Son must be greater than any other person is capable of, from the fact of being His Mother, and having the natural feelings that belong only to the maternal relation. And it follows as a necessary consequence that whoever holds the New Testament to be inspired, and believes Christ is God, must admit His Mother's power to do more wonderful works than it pleased Him to do during His mortal life.

Now, let us rise from the natural to the supernatural, and study for a few

* St. Matt., xvii, 14-19. Protestant version.

moments the Mary presented to us in Scripture,—the Mary honored by the Church. But, first of all, let us pause to acquire a distinct idea of what a “miracle” really is.

“Miracles form the most intelligible language by which men learn to understand Divine Providence,” says the eminent Jesuit, Père Martin.* “As the admirable order which His laws have established in the universe is the general expression of the greatness of God, so the prodigies by which these laws are suspended are the particular expression of His wish. God willed to found His religion on miracles, in order that these proofs of its truth might be equally accessible to all minds. Thus, from the epoch of its creation, prodigies have never ceased on earth. We are familiar with the dread majesty of those which characterized the Mosaic Law, and with the touching sweetness of those belonging to the Gospel. In proportion to the vividness with which the saints reproduce in their lives the humility of the Saviour of the world, God is pleased to bestow on them a larger share of the glory of His power; and this power, by a sublime contrast, appears to be attached particularly to their earthly dust, and sometimes to the simplest representations of them.”

We shall content ourselves with indicating the rules, fraught with wisdom, which the Church invariably follows in judging of miracles. They are principally these:

(1.) First of all, the fact of the alleged miracle must be duly established; and it is to be established, as all facts are, by proofs carefully collected and considered.

(2.) The fact being established, its utility must be shown; for God does not waste His power, nor does His wis-

dom lend its aid to scenes for the gratification of the idle and inquisitive.

(3.) The object being worthy of God, it must be proved that the means employed are not less so: it is by prayer and approved practices of religion that these favors are obtained.

(4.) The event, finally, must bear a supernatural character; that is to say, it must derogate from the laws of nature either in itself or in its accompanying circumstances. It derogates from natural laws in itself when it surpasses the limits of created powers, or the means which human wisdom and strength can furnish. Although we can not tell precisely the utmost limit of these forces, we know with perfect certainty many things to which they are unequal. Without being able to say the exact number of pounds a strong man may carry, we can indicate a number that no man, however strong, will ever bear. A fact is miraculous in its circumstances when these manifestly co-operate with a superior intention. Thus the cure of a disease may enter into the natural course of events; but to obtain a sudden and complete cure at the very instant it is implored, and after having tried all remedies in vain, is one of those things which can not be explained as accidental, or natural, and which must compel every sensible person to recognize that the power of God has been exercised.

That the favors obtained at Lourdes and other shrines of Our Lady are in accordance with these four rules is self-evident. The cures are testified to by numerous and disinterested witnesses thereof; they are beneficial to the sufferers, and therefore worthy of Him who during His mortal life went about doing good; they are obtained through prayer offered in places approved by the highest ecclesiastical authority; and they take place inexplicably, often instantaneously, after every remedy ac-

* “*Le Pèlerinage de Sainte Anne d'Auray*,” pp. 147, 150, 151.

cessible to the patients had been tried in vain during months, or years.

Let us get firmly into our minds that the Blessed Virgin is as truly our Mother as she is the Mother of Jesus. This truth is so implicitly received from our earliest years that it is not easy to form an explicit idea of its importance. The impossibility of any one outside the Church receiving it, shows it to be an integral part of Christianity; and shows again how far from the real faith which Christ established is the "fragmentary Christianity" now so much in vogue. Outside the Church, no one, however earnest in seeking the truth, or pious in practising its accepted duties, ever attains to that unhesitating belief in Christ being our Brother, which even to the lukewarm Catholic seems the most natural thing in the world. Unwittingly enunciating the grandest truth of Christian faith, the Catholic claims Mary as Mother. Just as unconsciously denying that fundamental dogma, the non-Catholic claims Christ as Brother, but not Mary as Mother; and, in not recognizing her, rejects Him. There can not be a clear and practical acceptance of the fraternal tie which binds our Saviour Christ to us, without a quick and undoubting recognition of His Mother's maternal relationship to us likewise. Hence even the Episcopalians, while holding to the Nicene Creed, have but vague impressions of the Hypostatic Union. They can not take in the grand definition of the Incarnation so clearly given in the Athanasian Creed:

"Now the right faith is, that we believe and confess that our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is both God and man. He is God of the substance of His Father, begotten before the world; and He is man of the substance of His Mother, born in the world. Perfect God and perfect man, of reasonable soul and human flesh subsisting. Equal to the

Father according to His Godhead, and less than the Father according to His manhood. Who, although He be both God and man, yet He is not two, but one Christ. One, not by the conversion of the Godhead into flesh, but by the taking of the manhood unto God. One altogether, not by confusion of substance, but by unity of person. For as the reasonable soul and the flesh is one man, so God and man is one Christ."

Here we have the divine personality of Mary's Son as fully elucidated as human words can do so. Our separated brethren, unable to grasp this truth of "unity of person," imagine a certain "confusion of substance," and so receive not "one Christ," but "two." The Virgin Mary is the Mother of Christ the Man, but not of Christ the God; thus they argue, because they can not see that the two natures of Christ are united in one person—a divine Person. It is a mystery that can only be believed through that little phrase so familiar to Catholic lips from infancy: "Mother of God." Not more truly is God the Father of the Divine Redeemer than the Virgin Mary is His Mother. If, therefore, we have a right to call Almighty God our Father, because His Divine Son is our Brother, we have precisely the same right to call Mary our Mother. Father and Mother are indissolubly united here; and the stupendous fact that the Father is the Creator of all things, while the Mother is but a human creature, the work of His hands, furnishes us with no excuse for doubting it.

It is precisely this fact that gives us the *children's* claim on God. If one of our earth-born race were not as truly the Mother of His Divine Son, Christ Jesus, as God is the Father, both Father and Son would be no nearer nor dearer to us than they were before the Incarnation. The first two Persons of the Holy Trinity held that relationship

from all eternity: what would it matter to us mortals if they were pleased to have it take on a new form in some strange way? But it *does* matter to us that one of ourselves was necessarily connected with it in the closest, sweetest, tenderest and strongest of all ties—as Mother. This it is—only this—which enables us to love God as our Father. Without the mother there is no family. Through Mary we have an inalienable right to call the great God our Father; He is brought nearer to us, and, without for a moment losing sight of His transcendent majesty, we use our privileges with the native grace of children enjoying their birthright.

It is only needful then to remember that as our Father, God, is both powerful and willing to help us in all wants, so is our Mother Mary; the only difference being that He has the power and will in and of His own adorable self, while she receives both from Him. That she has a right to them follows from her office of Mother; for it is God Himself who teaches us intuitively that a mother can not be indifferent to her children's woes. Thus, both naturally and supernaturally, Mary may be expected to work miracles for her children; and all human beings are her children, being all the children of her Divine Son's Father; and she is ever showing, to those who petition for her favor, the wide world over, that she recognizes her relationship to them. Now, as at the marriage-feast of Cana in Galilee, Mary is the advocate with her Divine Son of all who petition for temporal or spiritual favors.

"OFTEN," says the Abbé Perreyve, "on hearing any one remark of a person whose life was steeped in wickedness, 'He is lost!' Ozanam would reply: 'After all, if it be true that God has His own secret, as I believe, we may rest assured it is a secret of mercy.'"

His Last Sick Call.

BY E. D.—M. E. M.

I.



E were touring Auvergne; and one day, in a particularly charming region, we halted at a quaint, old-fashioned inn, where they seemed very glad to see us, and made much of us, as though we had been specially invited or expected guests.

The village, on the outskirts of which stood our delightful inn, was called Nestards. It was situated at a very high altitude and close to a celebrated mountain pass. There was nothing to distinguish it but a lovely Twelfth-Century church, a few small outlying farms, and perhaps a dozen cottages.

There was a magnificent view from the church. Standing on the broad stone steps, one could see Mont Dore in the background, looming high above the nearer Dôme Mountains, their sharp, serrated peaks outlined against the azure sky. So far away as to be hardly perceptible, three or four small farms, distant also from each other, told a tale of solitude and loneliness that almost made one shudder.

While we were eating the excellent dinner our hostess had prepared, she told us of the privations and toils that Winter brings to the residents of this beautiful but wild mountain region. Snowstorms are sudden and terrible; for weeks and even months they are cut off from communication with the outside world. And if it be so at Nestards, the suffering is much greater among the dwellers in the isolated mountain-farms. It is no unusual thing, at the end of the Winter, to find shepherds and travellers buried under the deep snowdrifts. It was in this way that we heard the pathetic story of the Curé of Nestards.

It is quite unnecessary to say, we

presume, that the post of Curé of Nestards is not much sought after, or considered an enviable one. The parish, besides being very small, is widely scattered, the stipend a mere pittance, and the hardships and dangers are almost incredible.

Some years ago the village had been without a curé for nearly a year. The people, who are very devout, were greatly distressed at being deprived of the Sacraments for so long. Happily for them, a young and very fervent priest, recently ordained, offered to take charge of the parish.

The Abbé Leray was prepared for what he would have to encounter,—the scanty means of subsistence, the lonely life, the difficult and tiresome journeys. One thing only had deterred him: the thought of his mother. She was a widow, and he her only child. She had endured bitter privations to educate him for the priesthood, hoping, as her only reward in this world, that she might be permitted to take charge of his little household, and thus cheer and comfort him in his sacred calling.

Her son hesitated to ask her to share the hard life which he knew lay before him; but when she heard of his intention, she assured him it was the very thing she would have desired. She was used to poverty, and was never lonely. How could she be, with God and her own Jean! Her willingness to accompany him decided the young priest. A few weeks later they were installed in the small, poorly furnished presbytery, where they were eagerly welcomed by all the parishioners.

They arrived at Nestards in the Summer time, and were entranced with the wild beauty of the place, and the charming old church. They soon made friends with young and old; and then began the toilsome but uneventful life that continued for several years. It was

fruitful, however, in the saving of souls.

At the end of the Abbé Leray's third year at Nestards, one of the most distant farms in the parish changed tenants. When the Curé heard of it, he at once proceeded to call upon the new incumbent. To his great surprise, he was not only treated with coldness, but insolently requested never again to darken the doors of the house where he had expected a welcome.

The new owner of the farm was M. Duret, a young man about thirty years of age,—a gentleman by birth, who had led such a dissolute life that he had wasted nearly all his patrimony, which had been considerable. He carried with him into his solitude a hatred of mankind, especially of priests.

After the first visit, the Abbé Leray did not venture to call at Duret's again; but he always treated the young man with the greatest kindness whenever they met. Instead of reciprocating politely, Duret would reply rudely to every salutation. But the good Curé's patience never once failed, indeed there seemed no limit to his forbearance. This so exasperated the farmer that his prejudice developed into a positively fiendish hate. To gratify it, as well as to introduce some variety into his monotonous life, Duret conceived a plan which he at once proceeded to put into action.

One bitterly cold night, when the wind was blowing a hurricane, and the snow beating against the windows, covering every projecting rock, and filling the deep gullies with treacherous whiteness, Duret decided it was time to play the practical joke on the Curé of which he had for some time been thinking. Wrapping himself in his splendid fur coat, he rode his sure-footed little mare down the mountain-side, and knocked loudly at the presbytery door.

"Who is there?" asked the Abbé

Leray, hastily springing out of bed.

"It is Duret," answered the visitor.

The priest was already at the door.

"Come in,—come in!" he exclaimed.

"What has happened? Have you lost your way in the snow?"

"No, Father," rejoined the man with the greatest respect. "I am all right, but you must hasten. Paul Maillot over yonder fell from the roof of his house this evening, and they think he will die. He was calling loudly for a priest, and his wife begged me to come for you. It is too bad on such a night; but I suppose it can not be helped. These people *will* have the priest."

"For me, it is nothing but my duty," answered the Curé, while dressing rapidly as possible. "But I thank you very much for coming. The good God will reward you."

"I don't know about that, Monsieur le Curé," answered Duret, with a laugh that grated unpleasantly on the ears of the priest.

In five minutes the Curé was ready. Overjoyed that his black sheep had undertaken the difficult journey for a neighbor in spiritual need, he hastened to the church, got the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils, and was prepared to set out.

"Get up behind me, Monsieur le Curé," said Duret.

The priest mounted. As he was carrying the Blessed Sacrament, he made no effort at conversation; and supposed that Duret, aware of this, refrained from talking for the same reason. They were obliged to proceed slowly because of the snow. Duret was warm and comfortable; but the priest, wearing a threadbare cassock and an outworn overcoat, suffered severely.

At last, as they emerged from a narrow pass, Alphonse turned and said:

"Monsieur le Curé, you will have to alight here. We are nearly at Maillot's,

and I am sure my mare could not make the rest of the journey without falling, stout as she is. You can easily get there on foot; it is but a few yards distant. See, over yonder! The snow has probably banked the windows, and hidden the light."

The meek and patient servant of God slid from the horse's back, and found himself standing in the snow.

"Thank you, and God bless you, Duret!" he said fervently.

Duret had gone only a few steps when he turned, and again, with his bitter laugh, exclaimed:

"You are very welcome, Monsieur le Curé. But I think you will need all your unfailing good-humor to carry you to any cottage hereabouts. So far as I know, there is none. That was only a joke of mine. Ha-ha! I thought I would give you a little practice in night-walking, so that you might be familiar with the paths, provided you ever were really needed. It will be easy to scatter absolutions as you plunge through the snowdrifts."

So saying, with another loud, mocking laugh, he rode away, leaving the poor Curé alone in the dark, in the face of a driving wind, in a desolate wilderness of ice and snow.

In spite of his quiet, gentle nature, the Abbé had plenty of pluck and endurance. He knew that his life depended upon the courage he should display in the fearful and hazardous journey he was now to undertake. Bravely, then, he began to retrace his steps. After he had gone what seemed to him an incredible distance, the snow ceased falling, and in a few moments the moon broke through the clouds. After that the way was not so difficult. But it was only after two or more weary hours of exertion that he saw the village before him, in the early dawn.

He managed to drag himself to the

church, replace the Blessed Sacrament in the tabernacle, and kneel for a brief space in thanksgiving to the God who had brought him safely home. Nor did he forget to ask repentance and pardon for the man who had so cruelly deceived him. Afterward he had only strength left to stagger to the house and open the door. There he fell in a faint at the feet of his mother, who had been sitting up praying for his safe return.

II.

The farm which Duret occupied was one of the most lonely and desolate in that lonely and desolate region. It had been part of the patrimony of his father, who had never laid eyes upon it; and it was only as a last resource that the son took up residence there. An old cousin presided over his household, which was increased by a maid-servant and two farm laborers.

Very soon after his midnight adventure, Duret began to drink hard. The life he led in the mountains having become unbearable, he endeavored to drown his harrowing and gloomy thoughts in liquor; but the attempt was vain. Finally, the cousin felt obliged to summon the doctor, fearing that Duret might be seized with an attack of delirium-tremens. The physician gave him some medicine to soothe his nerves, informing him at the same time that if he did not change his habits the end would come speedily.

Some time after, having continued his dissolute course, Duret again became very ill; and his cousin, fearing he would die, determined to make another effort to have him see the priest. It was a cold but bright morning in February when the messenger, a young boy, left the farm. There seemed no immediate danger of bad weather; but by the time he reached Nestards heavy snow clouds were darkening the air, presaging one of those fearful storms

that often occur in the mountains in the Winter months.

This prospect, however, did not daunt the Curé in the least. In a few moments he was ready to accompany the boy on his homeward journey. As he was about to start, his mother, who had been busy in the kitchen, tried to prevent him. Seizing him by the hand, she pointed to the lowering sky and said:

"Jean, my son, remember how near you came to death before upon yonder mountain. For my sake as well as your own, I beseech you wait until to-morrow, when the fury of the storm will have passed. Duret is not in immediate danger of death."

For answer the priest patted the wrinkled old hand; and, gazing tenderly into the wistful eyes, said:

"Dearest mother, Our Lord has confided this little flock to my care. What if, through my neglect or procrastination, the blackest sheep of all should be lost eternally? Will you, who have loved the Good Shepherd so well, and have sacrificed so much to make me a priest, be the first to tempt me to be faithless to the charge God has given unto my hands?"

The eyes of the poor mother filled with tears; a sob arose in her throat. After a moment's silence she kissed her son and said: "Go, my Jean, and do your duty. You are in the hands of God. May He bring you safely home! In any case, you are right: I would much rather see you dead than unworthy of your sacred calling."

When the Abbé Leray and his companion left Nestards, it was only three o'clock, but the storm clouds gathering above them made it seem almost like night. As they toiled up the mountain paths, beating their way against the wind, they feared the tempest might burst upon them at any moment. They barely reached Duret's farm as the first

snowflakes were beginning to fall.

"Am I in time?" asked the priest, as the door was opened.

"Yes," answered Duret's cousin, who had been waiting for him. "But I am sorry I sent for you, with this terrible snowstorm coming on. And, more than that, my poor Alphonse has been railing against priests and religion all the afternoon. O Monsieur le Curé, I fear he will not consent to see you! But whether he does or not, you must pass the night here; for it promises to be an awful one."

"I shall go to him, nevertheless," said the priest; and without further delay he entered the sick-room.

He was greeted with a shower of oaths and curses, and ordered to leave the house. Finding that his presence was useless, Père Leray left the room.

"But you shall *not leave the house*, Monsieur le Cure!" exclaimed the cousin. "One would not turn a dog out on a night like this."

She had hardly spoken when the sick man rushed into the room, threatening to kill the priest if he did not depart that very moment. Without a word, the Curé rose to go, thinking that he might be able to spend the night elsewhere; but Duret seemed to divine his purpose. Half-clad as he was, he followed the Curé until he had passed well away from the farm buildings and was already on the mountain road. The Abbé Leray then resolved to retrace his steps homeward; for to remain on the mountain-side in such a snow-storm was to invite certain death.

It was not long before he heard shouts behind him, and turned to see the boy who had accompanied him running after him with a lantern.

"Here, Monsieur le Curé, take this!" he said. "The mistress sent it to you, with a box of matches. She asks me to beg your pardon for having brought

you here on such an awful night."

"Tell your mistress," said the priest (the lad related it afterward), "not to be disturbed; she only did her duty. Tell her also that whatever I may have to endure or suffer on my homeward way, even though it be death, I shall offer to Almighty God for the conversion of her cousin's poor soul."

That was the last time any one ever saw the Abbé Leray alive.

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The next morning his mother, who had not gone to bed all night, opened the door at daybreak. The snow had long ceased falling, the wind had abated, and dawn was just breaking above the white-capped mountains.

Something was lying on the path in front of her,—something black,—something that stretched stiff, straight arms, like a cross, along the snow. On one side a lantern, with the candle burned to the socket, lay overturned; on the other, a pyx, closed and empty. From the candle, entirely consumed, they could guess that the Curé must have been long on his journey; and the empty pyx told that at the last, wearied, bewildered, lost, he had consumed the Sacred Species, and lain down to die in the darkness, not fifty feet from his door. And later, when they traced his footsteps in wandering, concentric circles round and round through the deep snow, they found that he must have spent whole hours within sight and sound of its sheltering walls, behind which his mother wept and prayed for his return. They placed the body in a rough coffin and laid it in front of the altar where he had so often dispensed the Bread of Life.

It was almost a fortnight before a priest could be brought to officiate at the obsequies. On the morning of the interment, when the Mass was about to begin, the sorrowing congregation

were astonished to see a man enter the church, pass up the aisle, and take his place beside the mother of the dead priest, who sat alone in the front pew. It was Duret; but, great as was their indignation, no one ventured to remonstrate: all were afraid of him.

When Mass was over, the officiating priest preached a short sermon, relating the circumstances of the Curé's death as well as he knew them, and enumerating the saintly deeds that had from the first distinguished the dead pastor, who had given his life to save a wayward sheep of his flock. The preacher, who was a stranger, concluded by saying: "Oh, that that misguided man could listen to my words! They could hardly fail to pierce his heart, to bring him to repentance and pardon."

"That man is here, and I am he!" exclaimed Alphonse Duret, springing to his feet; and then, passing into the aisle, and standing beside the coffin, he told the story of his dealings with the dead priest from the time he had arrived at Nestards. Concealing nothing, he dramatically and forcibly related the incident of several months before, when he had perpetrated so cruel an imposition upon the devoted Curé; how he had left him in the middle of the night upon a lonely mountain path, piled high with driving snow; how he had jeered and mocked at him; how, on the night the faithful shepherd had been summoned to his bedside, he had driven him forth to his death.

"And now," he continued, "after asking pardon of the poor mother whom I have bereaved of her son, of the flock whom I have deprived of their pastor, of the God whom I have insulted, outraged and blasphemed, I say to you, when all is over—when you have laid the saint in his last resting-place,—do with me what you please. Hang me to the nearest tree, or fling me from some

frowning precipice. Whatever death may be decreed me, I shall submit without a word. But first let me make my peace with the God whom I have so long derided and despised; let me go to confession. That is all I ask. And let me say in conclusion that I have made provision during her lifetime for the poor mother of whom I have made a veritable *Mater Dolorosa*. I have done!"

The people of Nestards and its environs are true Christians; but how could they be otherwise when she who had lost her only son, fully and tenderly forgave his murderer? She was still living at Nestards when I last visited it, occupying a small cottage with the cousin of Alphonse Duret, the rent of whose two farms was ample provision for both, their simple wants being few. Duret has been for several years a monk of La Trappe.

Bethlehem.

BY BRIGID TERESA DILLON.

OTHER, I left the market-square,
 I passed the crowded inn,
 Missing what wealth could give me there,
 Missing what work could win.

Out in the dark I went my way,
 Bearing the least I might,
 Losing the friends that chose to stay,
 Lost in a moonless night.

Far have I come, and painfully—
 Nothing at last I own,
 Sharing this humble hostelry
 With two dumb beasts alone.

Labor dumb and patience dumb,
 None to arrest my prayer.
 Mother! now I may bid you come,
 Now for His birth prepare.

Here is room for the Holiest,
 Poor, but by love swept clean;
 Over the Crib where He shall rest,
 Labor and patience lean.

Christmas Memories.

BY A. J. REILLY.

LIFE still holds something of sweetness and light for one who has never spent Christmas in Ireland, for Ireland, not some mythical Northland, as we believed in our childhood, is the true home of the Christmas spirit. And to the Scrooges of this age, whose smile grows more and more cynical with each succeeding December day, I would heartily say: "Go to Ireland, to some rain-drenched countryside, and there await the miracle."

To one whose associations had ever been Christmas and bare trees, Wintry winds, snow and ice, the green fields of Ireland cut across with gleaming ribbons of furze whose golden blossoms never seem to fade and the cattle quietly grazing in the meadows was indeed a revelation, but no more of a revelation than the spirit which filled the air as Christmas approached, something intangible and indefinable, like sunshine, permeating everything. Not that the sun shone very often nor very long. They say it does not always rain at Christmas time in Ireland; but as cold and snow have come to be associated with Christmas in America, so an Irish Christmas will ever bring memories of lazily drifting rain, drenching the countryside, and, as evening comes, enveloping the little cottages in a soft gray blanket of moisture, but never dampening that indefinable spirit of good cheer nor hushing the laughter. Gentle laughter, kindly laughter, joy in simple pleasures, joy in earthly hearts, because on this day Heaven itself rejoices—this is the essence of the Christmas spirit.

In America, try as we will to prevent it, the complexities and sophistication of life rob Christmas of that simplicity associated with the manger

at Bethlehem and the Divine Babe. Life is not simple in America; even our children are not satisfied with simple pleasures. And a certain amount of the veneer of commercialism dulls the shining spirit of Christmas. When it comes, Christmas Day itself is slightly shopworn, since we have been watching for spurious Santa Clauses, wandering the streets with placards on their backs, and reading "Christmas slogans" on car cards and sign boards until our senses become somewhat dulled; and very likely we have been wrestling for weeks over some gift around which we wrapped a few loving or happy thoughts.

But in Ireland Christmas is not primarily a season of gift giving. It is rather a season of home-comings, of feastings, and of merrymaking with an undercurrent of poignant sadness, recollections of bitter partings, of hopes too long deferred, of loved ones gone to a great, unknown world. For few are the families in Ireland who have not seen some of the dear ones set out upon that long journey to America or Australia. And through all the joyous feasting, mother hearts yearn for those far away in a strange land where no Christmas candle lights them home; for among no people are family ties stronger than among the Irish, and never do these ties bind more closely than during the Christmas season.

The season is ushered in by a perfect orgy of cleaning and polishing. Every inch of the house is scrubbed until even the stone floor in the big kitchen shines like a new mirror. The ware is taken down from the dresser and polished until its brightness rivals the glow of the fire; the door step is polished until it might be used for a table. And, despite the protests of outraged American efficiency, all the windows are washed and polished as if no rain was drifting mistily across the green fields

and rolling like teardrops down the smiling panes. The doors and the floors, the furniture "up in the room," the "creepy" by the fire—such a riot of cleaning as goes on the length of the short December day—such running hither and thither, such merry scoldings, and such bubbling laughter!

Then into the midst of all this bustle comes the postman smiling. "The American mail, ma'm." He thoroughly enjoys his part in bringing joy to his neighbors, and almost guiltily he slinks past the cottage to which no American mail comes at Christmas time. All work is suspended while letters and cards are read with many an exclamation, and gifts are examined by eyes strangely dim. It is the moment when sadness wins through. Mother abruptly leaves the room to shut a door already firmly latched, father vigorously polishes his spectacles and mutters huskily about failing sight, gay voices break unaccountably in the middle of exclamations of delight, for each message from far away touches home hearts doubly,—with the joy of remembrance and the sorrow of absence. If the wanderers only knew the warmth and passion of those yearning hearts at home, the flood of memories each message evokes! Home hearts never grow cold. Treasured as some precious jewel is every message from absent ones, too often forgetful, too busy about many things, and negligent of that greeting to yearning hearts among the distant Irish hills. In busy, thriving America it is so small a thing; but in loving, loyal Ireland what joy and what sorrow the American mail brings!

Letters, cards, and gifts are set in place on the shelf against the home-coming of Maureen from Dublin and Pat from Liverpool and Katty and her husband from their farm beyond, for all roads lead to the parental roof at Christmas time. There are cakes to be

baked and favorite dishes to be prepared and little practical jokes arranged to give the holiday-makers a true taste of home.

When the home is in order at last and Christmas Night—in America, Christmas Eve,—is but one day away, it is time to go to town "to bring home the Christmas." And it would seem the whole countryside is moving on the town that day—on bicycles, in carts, or on foot, walking all the long miles, baskets gaily swinging. The accommodation train is filled with hatted or shawled figures, and the streets of the town are crowded with pedestrians and vehicles, inextricably mixed, it would seem. The air of the place is filled with neighborly greetings and good wishes. There is a constant stream of jesting purchasers in and out of the shops, and the shopkeeper, bland and smiling, has a word and a handclasp for all. Yet how simple are the purchases to the mind accustomed to the extravagant buying of the worried-looking American Christmas shoppers! A bag of "sweets" for the children and perhaps a toy or two, raisins, currants, sultanas for the Christmas Night currant cake, and, if the last market day was good, loaf bread and sweet cakes, and the Christmas candle, without which no home would be complete,—this, with little variation, comprises "the Christmas" the elders "bring home" to the eager-eyed children.

The simple purchases made, with many a gay jest and good-natured scolding, the purchaser leaves with an exchange of good wishes and a special blessing for the shopkeeper whose "Christmas box" has the place of honor. For every shopkeeper, large or small, presents his customers with a gift box usually containing sugar, raisins, currants, and, if he is also a "spirit grocer," a bottle of wine. Then there is the return journey to the little white-

washed farmhouses. The children have gathered holly, twining it about the pictures, and draping windows and doorways with this symbol of Christmas. The little Sacred Heart altar, to be found in every Catholic home in Ireland, is almost hidden in the rich green of the thorny leaves.

Suddenly it is Christmas Night. The soft, velvety darkness settles down on the land, and it is time for the ceremonial of lighting the Christmas candle. Holders have been made by cutting and scooping out the largest turnip to fit the candle which is settled securely and placed in the window; and just as darkness begins to fall the candles are lighted. The Christmas candle is being adopted as a feature of interior decoration in this country more and more each year it would seem from the display of many-colored candles in all the stores; but the candles we see here bear little relation to the traditional Irish Christmas candle which is always white, about two feet long, and two inches in diameter. Few who buy our decorative American candles know the lovely legend from which arose the custom of lighting the candle on Christmas Night in Ireland. It could have originated only among a pitying and warm-hearted people.

It is a legend which would seem to fit in naturally with the ancient custom of the pagan Gaels to keep a light burning on the lawn of the *bruideans*, or public houses of hospitality, to indicate to the traveller that within he would find rest and refreshment. To a people both by law and by nature so hospitable as the Irish, the churlishness of the innkeeper of Bethlehem on that first Christmas Night seemed unforgivable; and in the childlike faith which marked Ireland's conversion they undertook to make reparation to those Holy Ones, who found no room at the inn. Therefore, each Christmas Night the candle

is left burning in the window, and the door "on the latch" to indicate a house of hospitality for the heavenly visitors.

According to the legend, on each recurring Christmas Night, the Blessed Mother again walks the earth with the Divine Infant, seeking shelter as she did so long ago; and the candle will lead her to the warm hearth and eager welcome of loving hearts. Which is another reason, or perhaps the main reason, for all the cleaning and tidying of the house. Surely that sweet Mother from her white throne in heaven must drop tears of pity and love upon a people who, down the ages, have remembered, not her joy and her glory but her sorrow and her need, and have welcomed her, not because she had great gifts to give, but because she had need of shelter and warmth. And so through the mist and rain the candles, one by one, like stars lighting up a darkening sky, send their message from hillside to hillside. Their faint gleam even shines out across the seas and blots out a city's glare, bringing back the smell of damp earth, the thick darkness, the softly falling rain, the glowing turf fire, and bright faces gathered around the table for the feast.

The traditional Christmas Night dinner of fish with white sauce, tea and currant cake is deferred until after the candles are lighted, when the fasting ends and Christmas feasting begins. But how that dinner is prepared amid the confusion of greeting home-comers is a mystery, and how any one manages to eat with all the talk and laughter is still another mystery. But these things are accomplished, and the gossip of the neighborhood is related with many a merry jest; the experiences of Dublin and London and Manchester are heard with delight. No neighbors will drop in, for all over Ireland, Home is reaching out and gathering the children within its close embrace.

And then, miraculously, it is Christmas Day. The Day of days drops upon one out of the darkness. There is something a little breath-taking in the suddenness of it. The day begins with Mass in the stone cold chapel, which realistically illustrates the barrenness of the manger cave. But since everyone seemed to accept the coldness and dampness of that flagged floor, it little behooved a pampered stranger to complain; and to hear the old, old story of the first Christmas told in soft, mellifluous Gaelic is a never-to-be-forgotten experience, giving to it something of the newness and the wonder with which it was first heard by the Shepherds. Whatever the revelry to follow, Christmas Day is essentially a home day and a family feast. The dinner is a sumptuous affair, whether it consists of one course or many. Poverty, itself, hides its head in shame before the royal gesture of hospitality with which the simplest feast is served in the humblest cabin.

And with the same generous impulse, Christmas festivities are spread over several days, a special day, the Feast of the Epiphany, being set apart as the "Women's Christmas," which ends the festal season. Although the custom of chasing the wren on St. Stephen's Day has generally died out, the day is usually marked by other sports; and the "wren boys" still go from house to house bearing their branches and piping their shrill song of the wren, finishing with a little song in Gaelic which is sure to bring the response of "coppers" from hearts ever stirred by the liquid notes of the old tongue.

FAR more real good would be done for God's glory and the salvation of souls if more time were spent in prayer.

—*Father A. H. Law.*

ONLY the Baby in the manger can give back what we . . . have wasted.

—*John Ayscough.*

Ancient Lights.

BY AGNES BLUNDELL.

XXVIII.

IT was still dark when the three horsemen rode forth, the unshod feet of their steeds ringing hollow as they crossed the bridge over the moat. The moon had set, but the stars shone brightly and the air was soft and balmy.

The lanes which they traversed were deep in mud, and they could advance but slowly. By Neville's advice they spoke little, and it seemed to him they were like three shadows riding through the country of the dead. He strove to continue his thanksgiving, for had he not received Our Lord but an hour since at Mr. Lampton's Mass? Mistress Wareing, her child and some of the servants had been present, but the master of the house had not appeared. Richard felt every sense upon the alert, for it was only too likely that the place was being watched in spite of the abortive search of the previous night.

The sleepy birds in the hedges fluttered, striking their wings against the leaves as the horses brushed past the twigs. There was a flickering light in one or two farmhouse windows. In the semi-obscurity, Solomon's grey horse could just be descried rising and falling in a jog trot in the narrow, miry road.

The dawn began almost imperceptibly; then suddenly the East was aflame, tree-shapes showed, breaking the long hedge line, and the smoke of village and hamlet went up in spirals, smirching the clear sky.

"God send us safe to our journey's end!" fervently exclaimed the priest.

Richard, who had been riding last, urged his horse forward to Mr. Lampton's side.

"Amen," he said, and then added thoughtfully: "'Tis the beginning of a new life for me."

As they pressed forward, Mr. Lamp-ton questioned him as to his fellow-sufferers in Newgate.

"There was Father Beasley," he said. "He left Douai just as I entered the college, and I know his brother. Does he still lie in prison?"

"Nay," said Nevile, "he suffered gloriously last July in Fleet Street. I saw him but once at a distance." He shuddered involuntarily at the recollection. "For the last weeks he was very strictly confined, not suffered to speak to any one, except to the ministers whom they sent in to torment him with arguments and importunities."

"They say Topcliffe used him most cruelly," said the priest.

Richard nodded.

"He was young and strong when he fell into their hands, but when he was dragged forth on the hurdle to die, he was so changed by continual torture that he was like a skeleton; and 'tis said his own friends did not know him."

"We may come to this, too. God grant us the like constancy! But look, Solomon stays for us!"

The servant had reined in his horse to inform them that they were approaching Uxbridge. It was not yet seven o'clock. The town lay buried in a faint haze through which ran the silver loops of the Colne. They crossed the bridge presently, and passed through the cobbled market-place, going straight forward on the Oxford road until they reached a thicket a few miles beyond the town, where the priest could remain concealed while Nevile returned to his tryst with Mother Anne. He dismounted short of the town, and bade Solomon a kindly farewell, judging that he would be safer without his company.

After the three horses had disappeared from view, slipping and floundering on the soft, unpaved road, Richard found himself alone. The sky was blue overhead, the beeches in the way-

side copses were already glittering with burnished Autumn tints; but the sun was hot and late flowers still bloomed in the grassy borders of the way—blue scabious and those brilliant members of the hawkbit tribe which men call weeds, but which Richard thought were as gay as hardy little suns. Insensibly his gait grew more springy, he held up his head. The smell of leaves and grass and of broad fields was like incense in his nostrils. He drew in the sweet fresh air with conscious joy, and pulled a knot of red berries to wear in his cap. It almost seemed as though he might awake and find that the last six months were but a woeful dream; then he glanced down at his ill-fitting clothes and sighed.

Richard had no difficulty in finding Mother Anne, for she had ensconced herself on the bridge, which, like most such structures, had triangular refuges over each buttress for the accommodation of foot-passengers. She had a bundle of ballads in her hand which she was offering for sale. When she saw Richard she came immediately towards him. In a few words the young man told her all that had happened on the previous night and of his plan to escort the priest into Worcestershire. They had wandered from the main street and stood talking in a deserted alley.

"In that case as you have money for horses you had best go forward," said the old woman. "I had thought I might have accompanied you as I have been warned by my friends to leave London for a while. Mr. Hunt has already preceded us to Lancashire, and thinks I may be of use there in teaching the Catechism. You have seen Vaux's Catechism, of course?"

"Yes," said Nevile; "but I wish to be better acquainted with it, that I may follow humbly in your footsteps, Mother Anne. To instruct in our holy religion and to be a guide to priests,—that is all that I can do now."

"If you want horses, I have a friend here who will procure them for you."

Richard had taken out his purse and was hurriedly surveying its contents.

"We will not leave you, however," he said smiling. "Could you not ride a mule, or a quiet palfrey, Mother Anne? The priest and I can mount and walk by turns, and so we can make two beasts serve for three of us."

Mother Anne joyfully agreed, and led the way to a Catholic merchant with whom she was acquainted. He agreed to sell them a jennet and a stout cob.

The day was still young when the travellers set forth again, Mr. Lampton emerging from the woods to join them. The road was deserted, and they judged it better to keep to it, making a deflection where it passed through large towns. Richard walked beside the priest's horse in silence, until Mr. Lampton begged him for a brief account of the Penal Laws. "For," said he, "having been these five years abroad, I scarcely know which press most hardly upon those of our religion, and which have been allowed to fall into disuse."

"None have fallen into disuse that can bring goods or money to the informers," returned Richard in a low voice. "But there are different methods: either a man's property may be seized outright, appropriated by the Crown, as in my case, and sold again to another party; or the real owner may—as the law expresses it—be suffered to compound by 'a free offer' of a yearly sum, to be paid to the Queen, and thus be freed from the penalty of the statute. You understand while so much money is poured into the royal coffers these laws are little likely to be abandoned."

"Then there are the early statutes," added Mother Anne. "By these 'tis made high treason to name the Queen a heretic or a schismatic; it is also treason to introduce any Papal Bull or letter into England. And by another

enactment any subject of the Queen who passes overseas without license and does not return within two months forfeits all the profit of his lands during his lifetime, together with all his movable goods."

"And, O sir, there are sore penalties against priests," said Nevile. "It is high treason for one to be in England at all, high treason to deny the Queen's spiritual supremacy. To receive faculties from the See of Rome is treason, and to absolve or reconcile any of the Queen's subjects is treason; and we are forbidden to keep any Catholic book."

"They seem to be armed against us at every point," said the priest thoughtfully. "But what matter so we be not separated from the love of Our Lord Jesus! In our present straits it is wonderfully comforting to read the words of St. Paul."

"The recusancy fines press terribly upon the remnant of our people," pursued Mother Anne after a pause. "Twenty pounds each lunar month must be paid by every householder, and twenty shillings a week for not attending the parish church, and ten pounds a week if a man have a Catholic tutor in his house—"

"And power to distrain if the money can not be produced on demand. 'Tis a terrible weapon that—and the continual searching and plundering of houses," added Richard.

"Yet if the folk could but realize that what they lose is but dross, and what they stand to gain is life eternal!" exclaimed Mother Anne. "Has not God raised up priests when we thought our pastors had all died? He has raised up devoted priests that He may continue to dwell among us in hidden tabernacles. As long as Christ is with us what need we fear?"

Her wrinkled old face was flushed, her uplifted eyes shone with a youthful brightness.

"To-morrow is Our Blessed Lady's birthday," said Mr. Lampton, after a thoughtful pause. "The road seems quite empty, and now that we are come to this rising ground, we can see a long way about us. Could we not say the Rosary as we go?"

The others assented gladly, and they began to whisper the well-known prayers. Before the minds of each there was unrolled the immortal pageant of the life and death of Christ, from the first announcement of the angel, through the agony and the Cross, to the crowning in heaven of Mary and those faithful ones who had served God on earth and now praise Him in heaven. And as each scene was contemplated, the humble petitions were uttered. Our Father—give us this day our daily bread, the Bread of the Altar, for which martyrs shed their blood, for which the faithful perish in prison, but which we still devoutly adore. Give us the Mass, even if we hear it under danger of torture and death, behind closed doors, in caves and wild places. Take all else from us, but leave us this—without which we can not well live,—the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar! Holy Mary, of whom Our Lord was born, intercede for us as thou didst at Cana, plead for us to Him by whose Cross thou didst stand! Accept us, as thou didst then accept us in the person of St. John, to be thy children. Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death!—our death!

By his very presence in the realm Mr. Lampton had rendered himself liable to a cruel and lingering death,—to being hanged, cut down alive, torn limb from limb. Richard, too, walked in the shadow of death, and Mother Anne, in her long, hard life, risked at every moment the penalty of the gibbet.

So they went forward like pilgrims, their conversation mainly of heavenly things, their food sparing, their night's lodgings in the humble dwellings of the

poor. Thus with the help of Mr. Hutton's purse, the three Recusants reached Worcestershire, and presented themselves at Henlip, the seat of Mr. Abingdon who had suffered imprisonment for the Faith.

Though now at liberty, the poor gentleman dared not dwell in his own home, a fair large mansion set on rising ground. It was said that its eminence and fine aspect gave great offence to the Puritan neighbors, who would fain have seen the estate sequestered. But God willed otherwise, and for many years Henlip proved a refuge for Father Oldcorne and a rallying point for the members of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Abingdon visited his home by stealth from time to time. He was away when Richard Nevile and his companions arrived, but they were very kindly received by his wife and his sister Dorothy, who made them most heartily welcome.

The house had been full of Jesuits but lately, for Father Gerard, Father Hunt and others of the Order had gathered there for the feast of Our Lady to meet the Provincial, Father Garnet, to make the Spiritual Exercises together and to renew their vows. They had separated at the end of the eight days, for Father Garnet could not keep them all in safety for any length of time. And though these meetings were renewed yearly, to the great spiritual joy of those who took part in them, no raid was ever made during the time of the retreat.

Richard was happy to hear news of Father Hunt who had gone to the North. He resolved to press on to Lancashire as soon as possible, and hoped to rejoin his friend, or to learn news of him in the vicinity of Greenhalgh.

Mr. Oldcorne was glad to greet Mr. Lampton, and begged him to tarry with him until he could procure him a companion for the remainder of his jour-

ney. Mistress Abingdon seconded the invitation, rejoicing as always to receive one of Christ's ministers.

Richard and Mother Anne stayed but one night, not wishing to put their kind hostess to the charge of entertaining so many. Nevile was in a fever to go forward, in the hope of overtaking Father Hunt, though it scarcely seemed possible. Father Lampton embraced the young man and blessed him fervently at parting; and Richard, having set aside the sum of money which was to be paid to Rolf Carr in pursuance of his promise to his father, begged the priest to accept the remainder.

"Do you use it for your journey, good sir," he urged. "And when you can with safety celebrate, I trust to your charity to offer some Masses for the repose of my good father's soul—and for the conversion of our great benefactor, Mr. Hutton."

"I will remember you both in my Mass every day," promised the priest. "Mr. Hutton also shall not lack my poor prayers. Farewell, dear brother! We shall meet no more in this life. Pray for me."

As Richard rode up the long avenue leading Mother Anne's little ambling mount, they, both of one accord, turned and looked back. Mr. Lampton stood bareheaded in the sunshine before the door; when he saw them turn, he waved his hand.

"There is one who will be a martyr," said Mother Anne. "O happy man, to shed his blood for Christ!"

"Why, Mother Anne, what mean you?" began Richard in astonishment.

But the old woman made no answer. Her face was of one absorbed: she had forgotten earthly things.

(To be continued.)

IN order to obtain from God what we ask, we must do what He commands us.—*"Meditation Manual."*

Christmas Time in Italy.

BY N. TOURNEUR.

CHRISTMAS time in Italy is like Christmas nowhere else. Not even in Southern Portugal and Spain do such golden oranges hang on trees, such a turquoise-blue sea reflect such a turquoise-blue sky, such a silvery moon greet the Eve. In Italy, except, of course, in the Northern parts, nature is just as is told in the old legend of the first Christmas. For then, on the birth of Our Saviour, did not the deep snow on the ground in His vicinity disappear, and the trees burst into leaf, and the earth blossom forth with the most beautiful flowers? The cock crowed "Christ is born;" the raven asked "When?" the ox lowed "Where?" the sheep bleated out, "Bethlehem." And a voice from Heaven sounded, "Glory be to God on high!"

In every Italian Catholic home at Christmas, the Manger is found to gladden the children's hearts and eyes, with its many candles burning bright, and the Infant, in wax or porcelain, lying on the straw or in a tiny cot, watched over by the Virgin Mother clothed in her blue mantle. St. Joseph is there also, and the lamb, the ass, the ox, the dove, and other animals; and the Three Wise Men are there with the peasants and nobles who thronged to the stable to see and adore Him.

Already, however, some days before Christmas men from the Sicilian mountains come and chant "novenas" inside the houses, where an altar has been erected and the Babe is reposing. They play traditional tunes sweetly to words that change day by day, one stanza following another, till the entire song of praise is completed. And in Calabria the *Pifferari* repeat strange native carols at the shrines of the Madonna and the Crib.

Italians, men, women and children

have Christmas trees and presents and toys and greeting cards and Christmas fare; but in place of plum pudding they eat *panettone*, which is a huge, plain, current loaf; and, of course, there is no end of chestnuts, ices, whipped cream, *torrone*, bonbons and confectionery of every kind. Much ado is made over the Yule Log, especially in Tuscany, where Christmas is often called *Festa del Cepo*, or "Festival of the Log."

The pageant of the Magi and their wonderful caravan, with resounding trumpets and horns, and camels, apes, baboons,—all sorts of animals and a multitude of people, is yearly performed by *marionettes*. The Italian pageant of the Three Magi—a survival of the *Sacre Rappresentazioni*, or ancient Mystery Plays—is really a most beautiful sight to witness.

In Rome, the two chief centres of Christmas devotions are the churches of Santa Maria Maggiore, where is preserved the relic of the Saviour's cradle; and the Ara Coeli, the home of the most famous bambino in the world. This bambino, carried by a priest, blesses Rome on the Octave of the Epiphany. In front of the *Presepio* or Crib in which it lies, a wooden platform is erected. Here young Catholics of both sexes make speeches in praise of the Infant Redeemer. Messina also has a *Bambino festa*. There, at two o'clock on the morning of Christmas Day, a statue is carried in procession from the Church of Santa Lucia to the cathedral and back, with enthusiastic demonstrations of devotion.

What is particularly noteworthy about Christmas in Italy is that there is a much greater intensity of joy and a far greater degree of heartfelt worship, with much less of the grosser pleasures of eating and drinking, than in any other European country, except perhaps the Catholic districts of the Highlands of Scotland.

Flower-lore of the Holy Family.

Much flower-lore surrounds the Flight into Egypt. It was on that journey that Our Lady, wishing to bleach a smock, hung it over a sweet-smelling shrub. That shrub was rosemary, and its once white flowers have been of a bluish color ever since in honor of the Blessed Mother.

Both rosemary and sage were thought to have sheltered the Holy Family on different occasions during the Flight, concealing them safely from Herod's soldiery. Sage, as a reward, has had its aromatic, pungent smell ever since; while rosemary, together with holly and bay, was the popular garnishing plant in Mediæval days for church and home, for wedding and funeral.

But in contrast to the sage is broom, one of the few accursed plants. The crackling of its dry seed pods nearly betrayed the holy fugitives to their enemies. It has been degraded to its function of sweeping floors.

Rose of Jericho (*anastatica*) is a curious plant which, after being dried and withered for months, apparently comes to life again, opens its branches and frees its seeds when it is moistened. The Mediæval pilgrims in the Holy Land seeing this (to them) wonderful phenomenon, thought that it grew in the desert wherever the Holy Family had stopped on their way to Egypt; and also that it had flowered first at the Nativity, had died on the day of the Crucifixion, to revive in harmony with the Resurrection.

THE Infant Christ is often represented as holding an apple, the fruit of paradise, that became the cause of Adam's fall,—an emblem, therefore, of sin, which Our Lord came to expiate.

GOD is so good that He never sends us a cross without providing a Cyrenian to help us carry it.—*Anon.*

Thoughts on the Incarnation.

IT is a quality of goodness to diffuse itself,—to communicate itself; and He who is the supreme Good, absolute, illimitable Goodness, would not remain the only Being, the only Blissful One. By the act of creation He poured out goodness and beauty and happiness upon the beings whom He made. But that was not enough: He would give even *Himself*: He would unite a created nature to His own divine nature. He would bridge over the seemingly impassable gulf that separated His infinitude from our finiteness. And so God became Man; "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

And what was the reason for this great thing that God has done? It was because man had sinned. "For us men and for our salvation He came down from heaven, and was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man." O happy fault, that merited such and so great a Redeemer! O wonderful mystery of love and mercy, that through the offence resulted the great salvation; that, because sin superabounded, grace was made to superabound still more! Man fell from innocence and grace. By the Incarnation his nature is raised up, through his brotherhood with God made Man, to a nobility that it had not even in Eden; for now, in Christ, human nature sits enthroned at God's right hand.

How was God's justice to be reconciled with His mercy? Divine goodness found the means. Justice was fully satisfied; but mercy had its triumph. Divine Omnipotence has worked marvels greater than the creation of the universe. Not with the lightnings of His wrath, but with poverty, humility, the emptying of Himself, suffering, death, has He conquered sin and death and hell. From His lowly manger-crib, and from the shameful throne of His

Cross, He has drawn all men unto Him, and established His empire over their hearts. Not by one act of the divine will, as in creation, but by manifold wonders, has our Redemption been accomplished, God has become Man, Omnipotence an infant.

"Whoever reads the history of the world by the torch of faith," says Cardinal Wiseman, "will discover in every occurrence, in every revolution, a guiding hand. . . . The pride of an emperor leads to the fulfilment of a prophecy concerning the birthplace of the Son of God; and the restless ambition of the Roman state prepares the ground for the scattering of the seed of His doctrine. But if we look close to ourselves, and see the wisdom of God's providential counsels in regard to us individually, . . . we shall be brought to admire and partly understand the immensity of that wisdom which takes in all extremes, the greatest and the smallest, the loftiest and the meanest, and weaves them into one magnificent web of providential dispensation."

How blessed a truth is that of the Incarnation for every one of us, for each one individually! Because Jesus Christ our Lord is God Incarnate, true God and true Man, we have in heaven a Brother, an Advocate, a Friend. And, because He is God made Man, we have a Mother who is His Mother also, and an advocate and most solicitous intercessor at the high court of heaven.

May that Mother pray for us during this holy season, that, while we kneel before the Crib, these thoughts may sink into our inmost souls! May we endeavor, with all our strength, to love Our Lord truly in return for all the love He showers upon us; to satisfy that yearning desire for our affection which burns within His Sacred Heart; and to fulfil, by our sanctification and salvation, that merciful purpose with which He became Incarnate!

Notes and Remarks.

Mr. Mark O. Shriver, in an article entitled "That Christmas may be Christian," in the current issue of the *Commonweal*, makes an observation which we have never before seen in print. Describing the celebration of Christmas in the old Maryland home of his boyhood, he writes: "There is a chapel in that old white house, which was and is today an official station of the archdiocese. Always there was a priest to hear confessions and to say the Masses very early in the morning. The call of the angels may indeed have come, as the carols tell, upon the midnight clear, but there has never seemed to me to be one-half the devotion in a midnight Mass that is found in one very early on a Christmas day while the stars are yet shining. It was dark when the adorers gathered for Mass in that chapel of fond and sacred memory."

There will be many, we believe, to agree with Mr. Shriver, that the Mass, early on Christmas morning, is far more devotional than the Midnight Mass. Our own notion is that, except in religious houses, the practice of celebrating Midnight Mass at Christmas might well eventually be discontinued. People come to church, tired from labor and worn from want of sleep, or else feverishly excited from merriment which has only been interrupted by the Holy Sacrifice, and will be resumed. Besides, regulations made in certain parishes, with regard to fasting before Communion at Midnight Mass, invariably raise questions of conscience. Finally, for all too many, attendance at Midnight Mass is the sum-total of their religious celebration of Christmas.

Rome correspondents of the great dailies were evidently disappointed that in the allocution delivered by the Holy Father when "creating" the new cardi-

nals he made no reference to the vexed Italian, Mexican and French questions. Like all leaders, his Holiness is obliged to exercise reticence in these times of public excitement. It is so easy for listeners to misunderstand, and so natural for them to misinterpret what they hear. When the time comes for him to speak on the questions referred to, his Holiness will be sure to express himself in words so plain as to admit of no misconstruction. The correspondents were obliged to limit themselves to a description of the impressive ceremony that took place, naming those who participated in it, etc. They were careful, however, to note the interesting fact that the five new cardinals are all non-Italians—that the Sacred College is now composed of an equal number of Italians and foreigners. Another interesting fact, not noted, is that three of the five new cardinals are members of religious Orders.

"Significant"—decidedly so, and most gratifying—according to the reverend editor of the *Liguorian*, are these headlines from a single issue of one of our Catholic weeklies:

"Nine Religious (girls) Pronounce Vows at Motherhouse"—"Received Habit of Carmelite Sisters"—"Twelve Novices Pronounce Vows and Fourteen Postulants Receive Habit of Sisters of Charity"—"Twelve Sisters Make Profession in Order of the Holy Child Jesus and Five Postulants Receive Habit"—"Twelve Sisters Receive Habit at Stella Niagara."

"These headlines are significant," says our confrère, "because they bring to our mind the convents that stud this fair land of ours, filled with men and women who devote their lives to the service of God and man. They bring to our mind the affecting picture of those days of consecration, when maidens and young lads, freely and lovingly, sacrifice all life's prospects and enter on the 'high adventure' of religious life.

They also bring to our mind the generosity of fathers and mothers who gladly offer to God the children they have so carefully trained.

"We feel stronger, better, prouder, because our Faith still has this wonderful vitality and force that for its sake youth is ready to make the great sacrifice—not to die for it, but to live and labor for it till death."

How often one is reminded of Tennyson's immortal line,

More things are wrought by prayer than
this world dreams of!

A Sister of Charity, who has labored many years in China and could tell of many extraordinary answers to prayer, declares: "Where God is concerned, all things work together for good." Of an old Buddhist priest, for whose conversion she and her companions had often prayed, she writes:

"Yesterday, we admitted a very sick Buddhist priest. He had come to our hospital before with various complaints, but this time he appeared to be dying. A Sister said to him: 'You often come for treatment to God's house, so you must act loyally to it. If you continue to adore idols, you ought to go for treatment to a temple hospital; if you stay here, you should make up your mind to adore the Creator of Heaven and Earth.' To which the Bonze replied: 'I feel this time that I am dying, and I come to be made a child of God and to receive Holy Baptism.' The missionary has just seen him, and finds him so well disposed that he is going to baptize him; and if God allows him a few more days on earth for instruction, he will be enabled to receive all the Sacraments. This is not an isolated case. Every year idolators find at St. Joseph's Hospital the road to Heaven."

In the same letter from which we have quoted, the writer mentions another interesting convert, a young man

named Lin-kon, who was married a while ago to one of the orphan girls, under the care of the Sisters. He himself was brought to them at the age of twelve. His story runneth thus: "He and all his family were pagan. According to Chinese custom, Lin-kon had been betrothed, as a little boy, to a child of his own age, who died at the age of eleven. This was a tragedy for him, not on account of his affection for his fiancée, whom he had probably never seen, but because Chinese custom, in such a case, decrees that the boy has the 'evil eye,' must never be betrothed again, and is altogether an object of suspicion. Lin-kon is very good and well-mannered. He is now twenty-two and has never given an hour's trouble. It is good to see him at Holy Communion every morning. . . ."

For thoughtful notices of important books commend us to the London *Times Literary Supplement*. A Catholic can not, of course, always agree with the opinions expressed, but he can admire the manifest sincerity of them. Preliminary to an extended review, under the title, "Confessions of Faith," of "I Believe in God," by A. Maude Royden, "The Belief of Catholics," by Fr. Ronald Knox, "Man and the Supernatural," by Evelyn Underhill, etc., the reviewer remarks: "If we hesitate to say that we are living in the midst of a conflict of religious ideas, it is clear that we are passing through a period when so many varying and often divergent conceptions of religion are forced upon us that we are driven for very sanity's sake to ask ourselves what religion really is. . . . For Prof. Julian Huxley religion is the necessary accompaniment of a man holding certain things in reverence and from his feeling and believing them to be sacred. Obviously this does not describe religion in the sense in which it is employed by the other

writers whose names stand at the head of this column. But they in turn do not agree among themselves. They do not even agree to differ."

Miss Evelyn Underhill holds that religion is either an illusion or a revelation, and that a life which mainly consists in a correspondence between the natural world and the natural creature leaves the soul's innate thirst for reality unquenched. The true demand and invitation of religion, she affirms, is that man shall respond to the call of Supernatural Reality, receive its generous dower of light and grace, and move on and grow up into a fuller being and more abundant life. The reviewer expresses his belief that this description of religion embodies its chief functions. "Whether they accept it or reject it," he says, "readers will find that the author's arguments and pleas become a specially impressive exposition of what faith in the supernatural implies, the satisfaction it brings, the gifts it confers, and the work it accomplishes in the individual and the community."

What is said of the books by Fr. Knox and Miss Royden calls for quotation at length:

We are driven to the conclusion that neither Miss Royden nor Father Knox helps us greatly to grasp the precise significance of the faith as it is interpreted by the Churches to which they belong. Father Knox seems as anxious to prove that Protestants are in error as he is to tell us what Roman Catholics believe, and this, in our judgment, lessens the value of his book as a statement of the main features of what as a Roman Catholic is his faith. He writes with good temper, but gives us the impression that he is rather puzzled to be compelled to admit that, after all, members of non-Roman communions may be Christians. He does not hesitate, however, to challenge their position and to controvert their beliefs. The Protestants' appeal to the Bible, he declares, is illogical. What right have they to base any arguments on its inspiration? That

was a doctrine accepted on the mere authority of the Church, and rests on exactly the same basis as the doctrine of Transubstantiation. If they reject Transubstantiation, and so repulse authority, how can they go on believing in the inspiration of Scripture, which is believed only because it is insisted on by the same authority? . . . In a chapter on "The Truths Catholics Hold" there is an admirably clear and impressive statement of the Roman doctrine of the Mass, and this makes us wish all the more strongly that Father Knox had appropriated more of his space to similar descriptions of the teaching in faith and morals of the Church to which he now belongs.

Though Miss Royden writes as a member of the Church of England, she disowns any claim to speak as a typical Anglican. It would be interesting to ask, Who can be justified in claiming that description? The difficulty men find in giving a satisfactory answer to such a question may to some appear a sufficient proof of the Church of England's weakness, uncertainty and confusion. But Englishmen, in religion as in all else, are never anxious to give a logically consistent account of themselves, their beliefs or their actions.

"A careful reading of the books we have mentioned," the reviewer says in conclusion, "suggests a caution against an easy description of the present discussion on matters of faith as evidence of a conflict either against religion or between religions. That there is a clash of ideas and convictions is evident, but if we may well be puzzled, we need not be hopeless. Beyond all these divergencies, oppositions, counter-affirmations and demands we find evidence of a love of truth and righteousness, the homage of earnest men and women to the beauty of a noble ideal. The varying forces of heredity, temperament, personal experience and spiritual receptivity are, no doubt, the source of much in the marvellously different ways in which men respond to the claims of religion; but so long as the search for truth is sustained with fidelity men will not wander far

from the source of that light which shines ever more and more into the perfect day." To which is significantly added these wise words: "Only by the power of the Divine Spirit working in men energized by His might, and giving themselves in the service of the faith of the Gospel with utter self-sacrifice, can the Kingdom of God be established in the world."

Some sound and salutary advice was given by Cardinal O'Connell in an address delivered at the recent annual convention in Boston of the St. Paul of the Cross United Retreat League of America. His Eminence said:

"It is morally certain that without some spiritual aid our faith is weakened as is also our grasp on the spiritual life of the soul and our duties toward God and our neighbor. . . .

"The only remedy for the excess and for the tyranny of what in the end is only purely monetary success is repose—physical, mental, and above all, spiritual repose; time to think as well as to do; time to deliberate as well as to act; time to plan as well as to execute. And above all, to think, to deliberate, and to plan for that which is eternal, not merely that which to-morrow will turn to ashes."

One of the most striking and memorable passages in the works of Cardinal Newman is this:

"All virtue and goodness tend to make men powerful in this world; but they who aim at the power have not the virtue. Again, virtue is its own reward, and brings with it the truest and highest pleasure; but they who cultivate it for the pleasure-sake are selfish, not religious; and they will never gain the pleasure because they never can have the virtue."

It may be truly said that a man who puts his personality first in any work,

however good that work may be, at once sows seeds of failure. The man who does a great good thing will be found out, whether he wishes it or not. No truly great man has ever attained greatness through the desire to be called great. The sole desire of serving Almighty God is the strongest weapon the world has ever known; by this St. Francis, in an age much like ours, transformed it.

Naturally enough, there has been a great deal of speculation as to the reason of Col. Lindbergh's spectacular flight into Mexico, especially since the publication of President Coolidge's message to President Calles, which reads: "I am deeply gratified by Your Excellency's cordial message of congratulation on the occasion of the successful completion of Colonel Lindbergh's historic flight, which I sincerely trust may serve to unite more closely our two nations."

Are the governments of the two countries then already in sympathy? Is it a fact that President Calles officially authorized the expenditure of a large sum of money in this country for efforts on behalf of Mexico, to be made by United States senators? Did any of them accept the bribe? What efforts were made? Did our Government have something to do with Col. Lindbergh's flight into Mexico? Such questions as these are still being asked.

Noting the retirement of the Rev. Bishop Shahan from the rectorship of the Catholic University of America, and paying a tribute to his scholarship, and to his devotedness as an ecclesiastic and an educator, the editor of the *Daily American Tribune* declares—which nobody can deny—that "the University to-day stands with a record of material and intellectual progress unequalled by any other seat of learning of the same age in the United States."



As I Looked Out of My Window.

BY L. M. C.

LOOKED out of my window,
When stars all silver shone;
My little sister murmured,
"When will this night be gone?"
But I saw
The Shepherds on the hill,
The Angels bright thro' the starry night,
And the white sheep lying still.
Undressed, I said my prayers,
That God Himself would keep
His little child in safety
Through all the hours of sleep.
But I saw
The Wise Men on their way,
I saw the star that had led them far
And the place where Jesus lay.
And when my eyes were closing,
Although I could not see,
I felt my mother standing
And looking down at me.
But I saw
Where Mary bent and smiled,
The Shepherds again, and the three Wise
Men,
Worshipping a little Child.

How Frank's Stocking was Filled.

NOT many years ago a remarkably bright little boy of about ten years of age, whom we will call Frank, although that wasn't even his middle name, was living at St. Pierre, a small village among the Alps. His mother was an invalid—at least that is what she was considered; but, to tell the truth, her illness was caused chiefly by want of the necessities of life. All the little property of the family—house and cat-

tle—had been destroyed by fire as so often happens in the Alpine villages, the straw roofs of the houses being easily set on fire. The family was entirely ruined. Being obliged to hire lodgings for themselves, it is hard to tell how they lived, because the father could not earn anything in the Winter season. In consequence of all the privations to which they were subjected, the poor mother fell ill.

On Christmas Eve Frank's father said to him: "My son, do not think of hanging up your stocking in the chimney to-night; your mother is ill, and we must keep up the fire for her." Another reason why he did not wish him to hang up his stocking was that there was nothing to put in it.

Frank loved his mother dearly, and on her account he felt very sorry; but after a while hope revived in his heart. "I wish," he said to himself, "that Little Christmas"—the name given to Santa Claus by the children in that part of the world—"would bring me something real nice. I would take it to the store and change it for a bottle of good wine; the doctor says that it would cure mamma." Then he studied over this hard question: "Where could I hang up my stocking? The other children of the village will not let me put it in their chimneys; I must find one that belongs to nobody." After thinking for a while over the matter, he exclaimed: "Ah! I know now where there is one! It is far away, and there is lots of snow on the ground; but that is nothing: I can get there."

So about noon on that Christmas Eve Frank put his stocking and his slate under his arm, and left the village, taking care not to be seen by any of his com-

panions, for fear they should want to find out where he was going. In spite of the snow, which whitened the whole country, he trudged bravely on, in the direction of a high mountain, called the Grand Som.

Towards sunset on the same evening a mild dispute took place at the door of the Grande Chartreuse, which is situated at the foot of the Grand Som, but on the side opposite to St. Pierre. The mountain rises straight up 3000 feet above the monastery. Hence tourists wishing to ascend the Grand Som must go around very far in the direction of the village that was the home of our little Frank.

"Je voulais vos ouvrir la porte pour laisser sortir moa," said an Englishman, who had lately arrived at the monastery. His bad French meant: "I want you to open the door, and let me out at once."

The porter protested: "But, my friend, you do not realize what a hazardous venture you contemplate. Climb the Grand Som when the snow is so deep, and at night! One can hardly go to St. Bruno's Chapel, which is only two miles distant. Besides, no guide would venture out with you on such a night."

"I have made a bet that I would go without a guide and light up the top of the Grand Som at midnight, and go I will. If you do not open the door, I shall have to jump out of the window."

The Brother, seeing that further resistance would be useless, and observing that the traveller was provided with all that he needed, opened the door. As the man left, he said: "At midnight look up there, and you will see Bengal-lights; then you can say: 'The Englishman has won his bet.'" And sinking up to his knees in the snow, he was soon out of sight.

On the opposite side of the mountain, Frank was just returning to the village. He must have gone a long way

to be coming back so late; evidently he had walked fast, for his brow was covered with perspiration. Though tired, he went to bed feeling very happy; for he intended to return next day, and he felt sure that Little Christmas would not forget him.

The place where Frank hung his stocking was a shepherd's hut, situated a good way up the Grand Som. During the Summer months the shepherds of Provence come there to pasture their sheep. Whilst the flocks sleep in the open air, the shepherds take up their abode in this hut or cabin, in one end of which there is a great fireplace; for in those high regions the cold at night is very sharp, even in the month of August. As soon as the snow begins to fall they return to Provence, and during the four or five months of snow the cabin is entirely abandoned.

It was of this cabin and its chimney that Frank had thought. It was no easy task to reach it; however, the remembrance of his poor mother kept up his courage; and besides he was sure that the Infant Jesus would not forget the chimney of the shepherds, because the first to visit Him at Bethlehem were shepherds. He finally reached the place, found the key of the cabin under a large stone where he saw the shepherds put it, and hung up his stocking in the big chimney. Then sitting down, and resting his slate on his knees, he wrote as follows:

"GOOD LITTLE CHRISTMAS:—This is my stocking—mine, Frank's; and I belong to St. Pierre. My mamma is very sick, and I can not hang it in our chimney, because it would be burned. We are keeping up the fire for her. Bring me something nice and good, please, so that I can change it for wine to cure my dear mamma."

Frank was going to start for home, when he thought: "Maybe Little Christmas can not read my writing in the dark." (He forgot for the moment that

Jesus, being God, sees all things, even our most secret thoughts.) In one corner of the cabin was a statue of the Blessed Virgin, before which the shepherds used to have a light burning. Frank, who knew the hole in the wall where they kept the matches and wicks, and also the place where the oil-can was, filled the lamp, lighted it, and put it in its place before Our Lady. Then he knelt and said three "Hail Marys," after which he closed the door, put the key back under the stone, and went home as fast as he could.

Frank slept soundly that night, and dreamed that Little Christmas was filling his stocking to the very top.

It must have been about eleven o'clock when the traveller, who had set out from the Grande Chartreuse, and was still struggling up the Grand Som, made a false step and rolled in the snow. "My box of matches is gone!" he exclaimed; "the bet is lost!" In his vexation he stamped on the ground, but his anger brought its own punishment; for he again lost his balance, and began to roll down the steep hill-side at such a rate that it seemed as if he would soon reach the bottom. But during his descent something stopped him for a few moments; then he heard it cracking under his weight, and down he fell through what turned out to be a big chimney. Fortunately, he was not seriously hurt.

The Englishman was in the shepherd's hut. The branches, with which they had covered their chimney to keep out the snow, had broken under his weight, after having first stopped his downward course. As soon as he had recovered from the effects of his fall, he saw the light dimly burning before the statue. "A light here!" he exclaimed; "then my bet is not lost, even if I have to carry the lamp all the way to the top of the mountain." But soon he saw that this would not be necessary, be-

cause the matches were close at hand—just where Frank had left them.

At midnight the Bengal-lights illuminated the top of the mountain, and threw their reflections on the walls of the Grande Chartreuse. Many a peasant hurrying to Midnight Mass, seeing these strange lights, blessed himself, and wondered what could be the cause.

One hour afterwards the Englishman was back in the shepherd's cabin, where he made a fire, and determined to pass the night. He found Frank's slate and stocking where our little friend had left them. Touched by the simple words of the letter to Our Lord, and at the same time feeling grateful to the unknown child who had enabled him to win his bet, he put into the stocking his gold watch and chain and a bill of 1,000 francs (\$200). Then, taking a sharp-pointed stone from the fireplace, he wrote on the slate:

"The watch and chain are for Frank, and the money is to procure comforts for his mother"; and, although his name was George, and he was almost as big and strong as a Goliath, he signed the writing: "Little Christmas." Early in the morning he made his way back to the monastery.

As soon as the last Mass was over, Frank, with a heart lighter than the snowflakes, started once more for the distant shepherds' hut. It would be hard to describe his joy and wonder when he found the watch and chain and the money, and when he read the answer to his letter. The door of the cabin was closed, and the fireplace was covered with snow, which had put out the fire after the Englishman had gone. It was evident to the boy that the Holy Infant had come to answer his petition. My young readers know, of course, that if Our Lord Himself did not come, be it was He who put the impulse into the heart of the traveller to answer the petition of our little friend.

When Frank's father saw the watch and money he felt very uneasy, and went immediately to ask the advice of one of the Fathers in the monastery, where the Englishman was still a guest. On being summoned, he explained how the money and watch came into the stocking. Besides, he promised to see to the education of a boy of so much courage, and possessed of such a good heart. We are glad to say that he faithfully kept his word, and that little Frank profited well by the opportunities that came to him.

The Baron's Story.

BY OCTAVIA HENSEL.

"Good King Wenceslaus looked out
On the Feast of Stephen,
Where the snow lay round about,
Deep and crisp and even—"

VOICE after voice took up the carol, as the children gathered in the sitting-room of a great Bohemian castle. An old English Christmas carol, sung by Czech children in the native land of King Wenceslaus, who sought the poor old beggar gathering dead branches from the forest of the Hirschgraben;—only an English Christmas carol, as the fire blazed on the hearth, and soft rugs of Turkish looms were scattered over the stone pavement of the great hall, where good old Baron Jelineuka sat "keeping his Christmas holiday."

A huge wooden table, thirty feet in length, extended through the middle of this hall, and the windows were very wide, so that seats resembling couches could be placed below the ledge-like window-sill. Chairs with strangely carved wooden backs and uncushioned seats stood about the long table; but at the head of the room, near the open fireplace, huge armchairs, embroidered with armorial bearings, and footstools of cloth of gold gleamed in the glow of the firelight.

And here sat the Baron and his wife, and around them were gathering a troop of guests, young and old—companions of their own little daughters, Andulka and Seta, who, with their English governess, were singing the old carol of Wenceslaus, whose story their father had promised to tell them at the hour of *abendruhe*, as the Germans call the hour of evening twilight.

"Good King Wenceslaus!" exclaimed Seta; "and did he really live, papa?"

"And did he look out of the window and see the beggar gathering sticks?" questioned Andulka, leaning on the arm of her father's chair, and crossing her little hands, prepared to listen to a long story.

"Of course he lived," said the Baron; "September 28 is his festival—'Duke of Bohemia, and Martyr.' But in those days dukes were like kings, and ruled our country right royally."

"He had a good grandmother, too," said the Baroness; "she it was who took care of him when he was a little boy. You have often heard of her—St. Ludmilla, patroness of Bohemia."

"But where was his own mother?" asked Seta.

"That belongs to my story," said the Baron. "Now sit down, and I will tell you an old, old Christmas story. You all know the little town of Bodenbach, on the Elbe,—the principal pass from Saxony into Bohemia. It is through this town tourists must travel who wish to visit Teschen and its old castle, where St. Ludmilla was born, and where she lived—yes, and where she suffered martyrdom. Her son Wratislaus, who ruled over Bohemia, had married a heathen princess, Drahomira, and she, not wishing to have the care of her little son Wenceslaus, sent him to the castle of his grandmother Ludmilla, at Teschen. But her oldest son, Boleslaus, she loved very much, and kept him with her, forbidding him

Christian education, and poisoning his mind against his brother Wenceslaus, whom his father and the people loved. Little Wenceslaus lived at Teschen, and became a very good man. He was kind to the poor, and loved by everyone.

"At last his father, the Duke Wratislaus, died, and, counselled by his mother Drahomira, Boleslaus seized the crown and sceptre of his father, although it belonged to his brother Wenceslaus by right of gift. The nobles hated Boleslaus, and petitioned their Princess Ludmilla to send her grandson Wenceslaus to reign over them, according to his father's will. This she did, and gave him such wise advice after he ascended the throne, and placed about him such faithful ministers, that she made his reign a very happy one, but won for herself the hatred of Drahomira. Some time after, this wicked princess, unknown to her son, sent murderers to Princess Ludmilla; and one night, as she was praying before the altar in the chapel at Teschen, masked men rushed upon her, and strangled her. She is patroness of Bohemia, and is honored as a martyr."

"What did Wenceslaus say when he heard of her death?" asked the children in chorus.

"He was overcome with grief, and gave so little heed to affairs of State for a few days, that his wicked brother Boleslaus began a conspiracy against him. He was living at that time on the Hradschin at Prague, in the old part of the royal palace, through which we went last Summer. You remember the council-chamber, its brick floor, and rudely white-washed walls? It is supposed that King Wenceslaus used the little room just off the council-chamber as his chapel, and through its window saw the beggar-man, as the carol says, 'on the Feast of Stephen.'

"Christmas was royally kept on the Hradschin, and the festival days fol-

lowing were also devoted to mirth and feasting. The castle court was kept open to all, and beggars from all quarters of the kingdom flocked to rest and refresh themselves at the King's table. On Christmas night, the eve of the Festival of St. Stephen, the good King had gone to his chapel to pray. He was alone and very sad. Crowds had feasted at his table, strangers had wandered about the castle court, but he, the kingly Duke, felt a strange presentiment of coming danger. His brother Boleslaus and his mother Drahomira were conspiring against him; he knew this now, but he did not know how far they had gone, and what success they had met with in securing aid from the lawless tribes of Lombards that then wandered through Central Europe. That morning Wenceslaus had heard Mass in the Wratislaus Chapel, which he had erected in memory of his father, adjoining the palace on the Hradschin, above the River Moldau.

"You have often seen this beautiful chapel, but never when it was lighted; so you can not imagine what a flash of glory it must have been,—the candles burning on the high altar, the jewelled shrines and niches of saints lit up with tall wax-lights of silver and gold; purple amethysts, blood-red carnelians, set in vases of carbuncles and garnets, flashing the splendor of sunset; while chrysoprases and topaz gleamed green and orange through the rainbow hues on every side.

"But at evening, alone in his own tiny chapel, the King knelt. The moon was bright, and snow covered the hill of Hradschin, and filled the deep, dark ravine of the Hirschgraben with shadows of tall, leafless trees on its crystal surface. A step was heard beneath the palace walls; then it was that the King looked out and saw two figures—an old man and a little child—picking up the dead branches of trees, and

binding them into fagots. He descended the narrow turret stair, and, opening the doorway at the foot of the tower, stepped out upon the snow-covered terrace, and stood before the beggars. They paused in their work, while the King asked: 'What are you doing here, my friends? Why are you not in the castle court, and feasting with my people?'

"Then the old man answered: 'It is not enough, O King! that you bid your table spread, and proclaim days of feasting, when friend and foe, citizen and stranger, may partake of your bounty; rather should you mingle in the throng, and learn to know your friends from those who falsely flatter, and all the while intend to do you evil.'

"'Then would I be more in their power,' replied the King.

"'And do you dread the crown of martyrdom?' asked the old man.

"And as the King gazed upon the speaker, the beggar's mantle fell from his shoulder, and a young man clothed in white garments, holding the martyr's symbolic branch of palm, stood before him, and said:

"'I am Stephen, the first to follow the infant band, the Holy Innocents, who lead that noble army of martyrs to which you are soon to belong. I come to warn you, O King! Go forth bravely to meet your doom.'

"And the figure faded from sight, but the little child remained, and, taking the King's hand, led him back to the palace.

"Whence this child came, who he was, and where he lived in the palace, no man ever knew, but he always seemed near the King; try as they would, the courtiers could not separate him from Wenceslaus. Many plots against the monarch's life failed; Winter, Spring and Summer passed away, and unharmed, the good King moved among his subjects. But at last the time was ripe; Wenceslaus had finished his

life-work. In the gray dawn of a September morning he was awakened by the voice of a child whispering his name, and, looking up, an angel-boy stood beckoning to him. It was the child who had watched beside him. 'Arise, O King!' he said; 'seek sanctuary; thy enemies are upon thee.' And, gliding before him along the castle halls towards the Wratisslaus Chapel, the angelic figure disappeared.

"But, hasten as the King might, Boleslaus and his murderous band gained upon the monarch, and just as he reached the door of the sanctuary—just as his hands caught the heavy ring that served as handle, the dagger of his brother pierced his heart. Wenceslaus, Duke of Bohemia, fell dead at the door of the chapel which his filial piety had raised."

"And the child—the little child—who was he?" asked Andulka.

"The Christ-Child, who bears good gifts to all. To Wenceslaus He brought the gift of life for a time, watched over him, warned him, and led him to the church door, where a crown awaited him,—the crown of martyrdom, the most precious crown of all."

A Curious Christmas Ceremony.

Certain towns on the river Danube observe a peculiar ceremony at Christmas time, called "Blessing the River." The people, many of them dressed to represent Biblical characters, wearing gay turbans of paper and carrying long white wands, go to the river-bank, and the priests vested in surplice and stole bless the water. After the last prayers have been said, the ice is broken, and a small wooden cross upon which all eyes are fixed, is reverently cast into the river. This cross is supposed to bring good fortune during the following year to any one who ventures into the water and rescues it.

WITH AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS

—A new book that will be welcomed by readers all over the world is "Irish Fireside Hours," by William O'Brien. It is published by M. H. Gill & Son, Dublin, and will soon be on sale in this country.

—"The Catholic Church: Her Indefectibility and Perpetuity" is the title of a new pamphlet, by the Rev. M. A. Schumacher, C. S. C., just published by the International Catholic Truth Society, for which we are hoping there will be a wide sale. It is a brochure of exceptional excellence.

—Very timely, especially in England, is the issue, in brochure form, of "The Reformation and the Eucharist," by Francis Woodlock, S. J. The historical evidence and the logical deductions from it make it impossible for an honest Anglican to hold that the Mass exists anywhere but in the Catholic Church. Sheed & Ward, publishers.

—"Correct Serving at the Altar," by the Rev. Gilbert F. Esser, C. PP. S., contains complete instructions for the principal liturgical functions. The author has prepared this manual for the use of young men rather than boys; and they will find it practical, authoritative and complete. Pastors, and Sisters also, train altar-boys, will also find Father Esser's booklet helpful to them. Published by The Messenger, Carthage, Ohio.

—As useful a little book as we have seen for a long time, a veritable *multum in parvo*, is "Catholic Facts," by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Noll, published by Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Ind. It is a booklet of ready reference on a great variety of subjects, interesting to Catholics and non-Catholics. It is provided with a complete index and flexibly bound. Part II., Data on Religious Conditions in the United States and elsewhere, is an especially welcome feature. We hope there will be many editions of "Catholic Facts."

—Historians of the Catholic revival in Germany will, no doubt, take account of the in-

fluence there of G. K. Chesterton, some twelve to fifteen of whose books have been translated into German. A number of volumes of Belloc, Newman and Benson have likewise been translated. We are informed, further, that in a forthcoming German anthology of poetry, there will be translations of the poems of the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., and Sister Mary Madeleva, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, as representative Catholic poets of America.

—Members of religious communities commonly experience and regret the dearth of books for meditation and spiritual reading proper to the seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year. Mother Clare Fey, Foundress of the Congregation of the Poor Child Jesus, has in her publications repeatedly distinguished herself for genuine piety and exalted common sense. Her new book, "Meditations for Advent and Christmas" (Benziger Brothers) offers extended evidence of this. Its composite of fitness, devotion, and practicality makes it a book eminently useful for personal or community use, particularly during the seasons to which it is devoted.

—It is difficult to evaluate "The Catholic Spirit in America," by George N. Shuster (Dial Press). So much of it is splendid, sound in its thinking and better than brilliant in its presentation, that one can not help regretting all the more those few points where following is not so easy. The result, none the less, is not unevenness. Few books are more unmistakable and compelling in their general drift. Simply, the author has not always succeeded at achieving finality. Doubtless, Mr. Shuster himself would be the last to imagine that he had said the last word. Aiming at effecting a *rapprochement* between the Church in the United States and all phases of life not Catholic, he reaches this end with most satisfactory precision and force in his study of the Catholic Church and government, in the chapter entitled, "The Oath of Allegiance."

His historical surveys, while in the main accurate, and even luminous, have here and there a cryptic character apparently intended to baffle. The chapters on education and literature are substantially an indictment of the Catholic achievement (or lack of achievement) in these two important fields. An undertone of dissatisfaction, which the author indicates is not merely personal, but somewhat general among the more intellectual of our lay folk, rumbles through this criticism. The criticism itself is not specifically constructive. Mr. Shuster's quarrel with the colleges and their "mass" education results in the proposal of no better way of meeting a situation which, after all, has to be met. In the matter of literature and the arts generally, it seems to us that he is saying of Catholic life in America what not a few Europeans have been saying of America in general.

The Chicago alderman's famous reply, "We haven't taken up culture yet, but when we do we'll make it hum," is perhaps more in touch with reality and closer in spirit to the national genius than the impatience of the philosopher who would hurry to meet his vision. As Father Ronald Knox justly observes in his "The Belief of Catholics": "He that believeth, let him not make haste—it is commonly, among Catholics themselves, where faith is weakest that clamor is loudest for a policy and a world-attitude." Whatever the Catholic spirit is, it is not abortive, and that is the one lesson the official Church has seldom been able to teach the unofficial layman, or for that matter, the unofficial cleric. The legion whose name is Maurras may be matched, in the history of the Church, by another legion whose name is De Lamennais. And while no one who reads Mr. Shuster's book can for a moment question the faith that inspired it and irradiates it, nevertheless, its final appeal from "the crimson or purple magnificence" of what its author terms "political or public manifestations of religion" to simple, unimpeded, personal contact with the "Beyond," is somewhat open to misinterpretation. The volume is dedicated, with his permission, to the Most Rev. Archbishop Dowling.

Obituary.

Remember them that are in bands.—HEB., xiii. 3.

Rev. A. M. Ellering, of the diocese of Fort Wayne; and Rev. Lukas Ettin, O. S. B.

Sister M. Florian and Sister M. Camilla, Sisters of St. Dominic; Mother M. Patrick, Order of St. Augustine; Sister M. Alexis, Sisters of Mercy; and Sister M. Blandina, Sisters of St. Joseph.

Mrs. James Levens, Mr. William Rouse, Jr., Mrs. M. Holt, Mrs. S. Bernin, Miss Pauline Penault, Mr. Thomas Shanahan, Mrs. B. Gleason, Mr. James Clarke, Mr. Frederick Schmidt, Miss M. A. Molarky, Mrs. Nellie Slattey, Mr. Samuel Thompson, Mr. William Potter, Mr. Francis Bush, Mrs. R. Castle, Miss Anna Regan, Mrs. Thomas Egenrider, Mr. John C. Grace, Mr. George A. Grace, Mr. Michael Keanny, Mrs. B. Burrey, Mr. Frederick M. Odena, Sr., Mrs. Anna Golden, Mrs. Alexander McDonald, Mr. R. W. Murphy, Mrs. W. C. Fisher, Mrs. Cornelius Scherger, Mr. J. E. McDonald, Mr. Thomas Gabourie, Mr. David Benville, Mrs. William Dowling, Mrs. Margaret Murray, Mrs. F. Reinke, Mrs. Jennie E. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Heslin, Mrs. Margaret Hart, Mr. Thomas B. Cornden, and Mr. Hugh Scott.

Eternal rest give unto them, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon them. May they rest in peace! (300 days' indulgence.)

Our Contribution Box.

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